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THE OXFORD AMERICAN HYMNAL

FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

EDITED BY

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To

My Mother

"THERE is so much discussion as to how one can again revive the common expression of the religious life; but it scarcely occurs to anyone that the best results could most easily be achieved if one would again place the song in a more correct relation to the word. What the word has clarified, the tone must vivify, must transport straightway as a harmony into the innermost recesses of one's being, and there must hold it fast."

Schleiermacher: "Die Weihnachtsfeier"

PREFACE

NOTHING has been more striking in the musical advancement of America in recent years than the new standards which have been set and achieved by the school and college glee-clubs. In view of this fact it would seem that the time has also come for a similar advance on the part of the entire student body in its corporate act of worship. Both in England and on the continent recent hymnals reveal a great revival of interest in the best in church-music and show standards superior to those of most of the American books.

In case some are prone to comment: " De gustibus non disputandum est," let it at once be remarked that the judgments of serious church-musicians would reveal a surprising unanimity in their estimate of the good or poor hymn-tune. This being the case, why should our schools and colleges, whose duty it is to sow the best seed, and whose prerogative it is to form new associations, be content with anything but the best? Experience has amply taught that the school and college student is not only sensitive to, but is also ardent in his appreciation of the best in church-music. The battle for the best will not be fought with the younger, but with the older generation. It would be well if the latter would realize that the lamentable quality of much of the congregational singing at the present day is in fact an index of the sound aesthetic judgment of the congregation.

In the present compilation the editor has striven to eliminate whatever is poor and weak and to present only the good and the best. If the extreme purist should insist that the book still contains too many examples of the so-called " devotional " tune of the nineteenth century, the editor would reply that, while he heartily endorses the strong condemnation by Ivor Atkins, the organist of Worcester Cathedral, of " that vicious production of the nineteenth century, with its intolerable sentimentalities," one must nevertheless be on one's guard against becoming a "Prinzipienreiter" or rider of principles. While the Holy Spirit in the form of the muse of church-music would certainly seem to be more operative at certain periods than at others, He is scarcely likely to limit His activity to certain periods only, and it would be strange indeed if one should not find in the great output of the composers of the "devotional" tune some thoroughly good melodies. Incidentally, it may also not be amiss to point out to the strict purist that, while the German distinction between "das Kirchenlied" and "das geistliche Volkslied" is, of course, a perfectly valid one, in a hymn-book intended for student congregations the spiritual folk-song may have a limited place beside the strict hymn-tune.

However, the editor, doubtless, will have much less to fear from some few critics who will consider the book not sufficiently conservative than from a much greater number who will deem it *ultra* so. With regard to the latter, however, he is very willing to take both the aggressive and the defensive rôles; the former, in insisting that much of the so-called church-music in our modern hymnals is a combination of maudlin sentimentality, of shallow, secular jingle, or tonic-dominant Philistinism; the latter, the defensive rôle, in pleading the incomparably superior vigor, depth, spirituality, genuine melodiousness, and rhythmical vitality of the classical and later examples here presented. The more one steeps oneself in the classical church-music, the more is one impressed by the last-named quality of rhythmical vitality due to rhythmical freedom. For in the classical periods the melody was generated by the free word; in later times, the free word was made servile to a common three- or four-part measure, a movement natural to the step or the dance, but artificial as applied to the spoken word. It is of course a commonplace to regret that Bach lived in a time when a less vigorous Pietism had extensively emasculated the strong rhythm of the Choral, and that his glorious harmonizations are not made still more effective by the greater power and richness of a varied rhythm.

One might the more readily condone the poor quality of so many tunes found in our hymnals if it were a difficult task to find melodies expressing the qualities referred to. As a matter of fact, however, there is such a wealth to choose from that not a few genuine pearls must be rejected. One need merely mention in passing, in the English field, prior to the period mentioned above, such names as Tallis, Gibbons, Ravenscroft, Henry Lawes, and Jeremiah Clark; in the French field, Bourgeois and Goudimel; in the German field, almost the entire unsurpassed Choral, whether in its rhythmical form or in the magnificent harmonizations of Bach. Add to these the fine tunes of the Bohemian Brethren, the splendid melodies of the Welsh, the tunes of Gregorian origin, or the Gregorian settings themselves, and one begins to realize the richness of the harvest.

Some of the settings presented in the present book will doubtless never be sung by the entire congregation. They are incorporated, as are the Plainsong settings, on account of their intrinsic beauty, and they will be found effective when sung artistically as choir numbers. The congregation, by being able to follow both the words and the music, will doubtless appreciate them the more.

The congregation should regularly sing the hymns in unison, and indeed it is very desirable that choirs also should cultivate the difficult art of unison-singing. It has been well said: " Only too often do we employ part-singing to conceal our incapacity for unison-singing, or to deceive ourselves, through the harmony, into thinking that the melody has neither vitality nor sufficiency in itself." The practice of antiphonal unison-singing between the choir and the congregation will be found both interesting and inspiring.

More difficult than any musical problems which confront the editor of such a hymnal are the textual ones. No one of course is oblivious to the changes in theological points of view and the attendant changes in the religious atmosphere that have taken place within the last decades. The editor has taken cognizance of these by omitting occasional stanzas or by making slight alterations in cases where a superseded theology was either too crassly expressed or did not lend itself easily to reinterpretation. However, since one is doubtless granted a greater liberty of interpretation in the singing of hymns than in the reciting of creeds, it has seemed better to retain the hymns for the most part unaltered, instead of attempting to modernize them or to present modern substitutes.

It is the fashion of the present day to stress the sociological hymn, or the hymn of brotherhood. We trust that any user of the present book will find therein a sufficient number of hymns that will inculcate or vitalize the second part of the Great Commandment. But it may not be amiss at the present day to reemphasize the first part of that commandment, which demands the love of God and the communion with the Infinite. These still remain the core and essence of religion, and their cultivation must ever remain the ideal of every hymn-book.

One cannot send forth such a work without expressing one's ever-growing realization that the ideal hymnal is the product not only of a long life, but indeed of many generations; that it is still a work of the distant future. Nevertheless, such a realization should not deter one from endeavoring to assist in ushering in that future day and that ideal book.

Every effort has been made to adjust all questions pertaining to copyrights. In case any oversight should nevertheless have occurred, the editor will gratefully receive information of any failures to make proper adjustments or acknowledgments, and will rectify these in subsequent editions of the book.

In conclusion the editor wishes to express, besides the acknowledgments enumerated under that heading, his especial indebtedness to the following: The Church Pension Fund of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for permission to use the Plainsong settings found in the New Hymnal, and Mr. Bradford Locke, its secretary, for assistance in questions pertaining to copyrights; Dr. A. T. Davison, musical editor of the Harvard University Hymn Book, for the union of several tunes and hymns; Canon Winfred Douglas, for permission to use the Plainsong settings aforenamed; Mr. Herbert H. Fletcher, secretary to the Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," for his generous assistance in questions pertaining to copyrights; Prof. Charles Henry Forbes, for a new translation of the Carol: "Bergers, pour qui cette fête?"; Mr. James C. Graham, for several new translations of German hymns; J. B. Metzler'-scher Verlag, Stuttgart, Germany, and the Evangelischer Oberkirchenrat in Stuttgart, for numerous settings from the "Choralbuch für die evangelische Kirche in Württemberg"; Emil Niemeyer, editor, and C. Bertelsmann, Gütersloh, Germany, publishers, for a generous arrangement in granting permission to use several settings from the "Grosse Missionsharfe"; The Oxford University Press, for generous assistance in copyright matters; The Parish Choir, Boston, publishers of the "Church Hymnal Revised," for assistance in copyright questions; The Pilgrim Press, Boston, for assistance in copyright matters; The Publication Board of the United Lutheran Church, for generous permission to use settings from the English and German Sunday-School Books and the Common Service Book, and the musical editor of the last-named, the Rev. Dr. J. F. Ohl, for assistance in copyright questions; Prof. Luther D. Reed, for permission to use the Gregorian settings of the Canticles in the Appendix, as found in "Psalter and Canticles" by Reed and Archer, General Council Publication House, Philadelphia; Messrs. Stackpole and Ashton, editors, and Messrs. Ginn and Co., publishers, for use of settings found in "Hymns for Schools and Colleges"; The Yattendon Hymnal, published by the Oxford University Press, for permission to use both settings and translations; Dr. Henry van Dyke, editor, and Ginn and Co., publishers, for permission to use a number of selected passages from "Responsive Readings"; and finally, Prof. Harry Jepson, organist of Yale University, for kindly reviewing a great portion of the MS.

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Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	26 (ii)	Toulon. Old 124th.
Abide with us, Lord Jesu	84	Christus, der ist mein Leben.
Abroad the regal banners fly	340	St. Luke.
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Again, as evening's shadow falls	27 (ii)	Ach bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ.
Ah, holy Jesu, how hast thou offended	354	Herzliebster Jesu, was hast du verbrochen?
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All hail the power of Jesus' name	262 (i)	Miles Lane.
All hail the power of Jesus' name	262 (ii)	University.
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All my heart this night rejoices	319 (i^2)	Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen? (Harm. Bach).
All my heart this night rejoices	319 (ii)	Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen.
All people that on earth do dwell	102	Old Hundredth.
All praise to God Who reigns above	87 (i)	Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.
All praise to God Who reigns above	87 (ii)	Nun freut euch lieben Christen g'mein.
All praise to God Who reigns above	87 (iii)	Lobet den Herrn, ihr Heiden all.
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All praise to Thee, my God, this night	28	Tallis' Canon.
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Awake, Thou Spirit, Who didst fire	239	Ich will dich lieben, meine Stärke.
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Come, my soul, thou must be waking	8 (i)	Haydn.
Come, my soul, thou must be waking	8 (ii)	Matins.
Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life	142	Oundle.
Come, Thou Almighty King	380	Moscow (Italian Hymn).
Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come	App. 18	Veni, Sancte Spiritus (Mode I, 11th cent.).
Come unto me, ye weary	211	Christ, alles, was dich kränket.
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	360 (i)	Martyrs.
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	360 (ii)	St. John Damascene.
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	360 (iii)	St. Kevin.
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	360 (iv)	Ave, Virgo Virginum.
Come, ye thankful people, come	65	St. George's (Windsor).
Comfort, comfort ye, my people	312	Freu dich sehr, O meine Seele.
Commit thou all thy griefs	212	Herzlich thut mich verlangen (Befiehl du deine Wege).
Create in me, God, a clean heart	App. 40 (i), 40 (ii)	Offertorium, Winer.
Create in me a clean heart, O God	App. 41 (i), 41 (ii)	Offertorium, Freylinghausen.
Create in me a clean heart, O God	App. 42 (i), 42 (ii)	Offertorium, Tonus Regius.
Create in me a clean heart, O God	App. 43	Offertorium, Tone VI.
DARKENING night the land doth cover	34	Bourgeois, Ps. 38.
Day of wrath, O day of mourning	App. 12	Dies Irae.
Day of wrath, that day of mourning	280	Dies Irae.
Dayspring of eternity	11	Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.
Dear Lord and Father of mankind	143	Hammersmith.

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First Line	Number	Name of Tune
Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness	383^{1}	Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele (Harm. Crüger).
Deck thyself, my soul with gladness	383^{2}	Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele (Harm. Bach).
Dies irae, dies illa	280	Dies Irae.
Draw us to Thee, Lord Jesu	372	Kocher (Zeuch uns nach dir).
Eia, mea anima, Bethlehem eamus	App. 1	Eia, mea anima.
Enduring soul of all our life	144	Dedham.
Eternal beam of light divine	145	Uffingham.
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round	237	Christians, awake.
Evening and morning	9	Die güldne Sonne.
Every morning mercies new	12	Jesu, Jesu, du mein Hirt.
Father, hear Thy children's praises	88	Stuttgart.
Father, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling	146	Strength and Stay.
Father, Thy wonders do not singly stand	147	Farley Castle.
Fear not, thou faithful Christian flock	238^{1}; 238^{2}	Old 113th. (Es sind doch alle selig, die) (O Mensch, bewein dein Sünde gross).
Fight the good fight	240	Pentecost.
Fill Thou my life, O Lord, my God	91	Plenitude.
Fling out the banner! let it float	263	Deus tuorum militum.
For all the saints	279 (i)	Sine Nomine.
For all the saints	279 (ii)	Atonement.
For joys of service Thee we praise	309	St. Venantius.
For the beauty of the earth	96 (i)	Dix.
For the beauty of the earth	96 (ii)	Jesus, meine Zuversicht.
For thee, O dear, dear country	284 (i)	Meirionydd.
For thee, O dear, dear country	284 (ii)	Keinen hat Gott verlassen.
For thee, O dear, dear country	284 (iii)	Homeland.
Forsake me not, my God	149	O Gott, du frommer Gott.
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go	13	Angel's Song (Song 34).
Forty days and forty nights	342 (i)	Aus der Tiefe (Heinlein).
Forty days and forty nights	342 (ii)	Halle.
From heaven come, O angels, come	App. 2	The Christ-Child's Cradle Song.
From Thee all skill and science flow	150	Du, Gott, bist über alles Herr.
Give light, O Lord, that we may learn	151	Rothley.
Glorious things of Thee are spoken	97	Austria.
Glory be to the Father	App. 38	Tone VIII.
Glory be to the Father	App. 39	Tone VI.
Go! labour on! spend and be spent	244	Richard.
Go to dark Gethsemane	344 (i)	Gethsemane.
Go to dark Gethsemane	344 (ii)	Redhead.
God bless our native land	294	America.
God crowned Thee, Lord, with gladness	370	Aus meines Herzens Grunde.
God Himself is present	78	Wunderbarer König (Arnsberg) (Wynnburg).
God is my strong salvation	213	St. Theodulph.
God liveth still	210	Gott lebet noch.

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God moves in a mysterious way	223 (i)	London New.
God moves in a mysterious way	223 (ii)	St. Mary.
God, my King, Thy might confessing	92	Gott will's machen.
God of our Fathers, Whose almighty hand	295	National Hymn.
God of the earth, the sky, the sea	98	Mendon.
God of the living in Whose eyes	273	David's Harp.
God of the morning, at Whose voice	14 (i)	Lledrod.
God of the morning, at Whose voice	14 (ii)	Park St.
God that madest earth and heaven	37	Ar Hyd Y Nos.
God, the All-terrible! King, Who ordainest	296	Russian Hymn.
God, the Lord, a King remaineth	94 (i)	Caesarlem.
God, the Lord, a King remaineth	94 (ii)	Bryn Calfaria.
God, the Lord, a King remaineth	94 (iii)	Regent Square.
God, Who madest earth and heaven	10	Gott des Himmels und der Erden.
God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world	246	Devonshire.
Good news from heaven the angels bring	331	Vom Himmel hoch, da komm ich her.
HARK! a voice saith: All are mortal	278	Alle Menschen müssen sterben.
Hark, hark, my soul	286	Pilgrims.
Hark, my soul, how everything	71	Aller Gläubgen Sammelplatz.
Hark! the glad sound! The Saviour comes	313	Bristol.
Hark! the herald angels sing	326	Mendelssohn.
He that is down needs fear no fall	152	King's Norton.
Heaven and earth and sea and air	15	Gott sei Dank durch alle Welt.
High in the heavens, eternal God	100	Duke Street.
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God, Almighty	16	Nicaea.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabbaoth	App. 44 (i), 44 (ii)	Sanctus, Bach.
Holy Spirit, Truth divine	378	Ohne Rast und unverweilt (Vienna).
How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord	95	Liverpool.
How firm a foundation	216	Adeste Fideles (Portuguese Hymn).
How gentle God's commands	220	Carlisle.
How great, Almighty, is Thy kindness!	99	Wie gross ist des Allmächtgen Güte.
How happy is he born and taught	148	Wareham (All Saints).
How shall I sing that majesty	101	Old 137th.
I HEARD the voice of Jesus say	215 (i)	Tye.
I heard the voice of Jesus say	215 (ii)	Old 77th Psalm.
I say to all men far and near	358	Bishopthorpe (St. Paul's).
If I but possess Him	189	Wenn ich Ihn nur habe.
If thou but suffer God to guide thee	217	Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten.
Immortal, invisible, God only wise	103 (i)	St. Denio.
Immortal, invisible, God only wise	103 (ii)	O christliche Herzen.
Immortal love, within Whose righteous will	153	Sandon.
In Bethlehem's low stable	App. 9	Zu Bethlehem geboren.
In dulci jubilo	App. 3	In dulci jubilo.
In life's earnest morning	154	Laus tibi, Christe.

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In the cross of Christ I glory	343	Cross of Jesus.
In the hour of trial	155	O wir armen Sünder.
In the morning I will raise	17	University College.
In Thee is gladness	104	In Dir ist Freude.
In token that thou shalt not fear	381	Tallis' Ordinal.
It came upon the midnight clear	327	Pentatone.
It fell upon a summer day	157	Childhood.
It singeth low in every heart	274	Kingsfold.
JERUSALEM the golden	281	Ewing.
Jerusalem, thou city fair and high	287	Jerusalem, du hoch gebaute Stadt.
Jesu, grant us Thy assistance	59	Hilf, Herr Jesu, lass gelingen.
Jesu, help conquer! Thou Prince ever living	160	Jesu, hilf siegen, Du Fürste des Lebens.
Jesu, I my cross have taken	190	Will mich denn mein Gott ersticken.
Jesu, I never can forget	345 (i)	Ein Lämmlein geht und trägt die Schuld. (An Wasserflüssen Babylon) (Harm. Bach).
Jesu, I never can forget	345 (ii)	Ein Lämmlein geht und trägt die Schuld.
Jesu, Lover of my soul	192 (i)	Hollingside.
Jesu, Lover of my soul	192 (ii)	Jesu Leiden, Pein, und Tod.
Jesu, Lover of my soul	192 (iii)	Aberystwyth.
Jesu, priceless treasure	194^{1}	Jesu, meine Freude (Harm. Crüger).
Jesu, priceless treasure	194^{2}	Jesu, meine Freude (Harm. Bach).
Jesu, still lead on	60	Seelenbräutigam. (Jesu, geh voran).
Jesu, the very thought of Thee	205 (i)	Metzler's Redhead No. 66.
Jesu, the very thought of Thee	205 (ii)	St. Agnes.
Jesu, these eyes have never seen	193	Wiltshire.
Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts	195	St. Bernard.
Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts	App. 20	Christe, Redemptor (Sarum, Mode I).
Jesu, where'er Thy people meet	79	Caradoc.
Jesus Christ, my sure defence	363	Jesus, meine Zuversicht.
Jesus lives! Thy terrors now	361 (i)	St. Albinus.
Jesus lives! Thy terrors now	361 (ii)	Resurrection.
Joy dawned again on Easter-Day	App. 10	Puer nobis nascitur.
Joy dawned again on Easter-Day	App. 16	Chorus Novae Jerusalem (Sarum, Mode III).
Jubilate Deo	App. 26	Chant, Goss.
Judge eternal, throned in splendor	300	Sieh hier bin ich, Ehrenkönig.
KINDLY spring again is here	63	Da Christus geboren war.
King of glory, king of peace	106 (i)	Jesu, meines Herzens Freud.
King of glory, king of peace	106 (ii)	Gwalchmai.
King of glory, king of peace	106 (iii)	Yattendon No. 22.
Kyrie, Eleison	App. 46 (i), 46 (ii)	Christ, du Lamm Gottes.
LAMB of God without blemish	351	O Lamm Gottes, unschuldig.
Land of our birth, we pledge to thee	297	Illsley.
Lead, kindly light	158 (i)	Lux Benigna.

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Lead, kindly light	158 (ii)	Patmos.
Lead, kindly light	158 (iii)	Yattendon No. 11.
Lead me, Almighty Father	162	Song 1.
Lead on, O King eternal	241	Llangloffan.
Let all the world in every corner sing	108	Universal Praise.
Let saints on earth in concert sing	277 (i)	St. Magnus.
Let saints on earth in concert sing	277 (ii)	St. Magnus.
Let the whole creation cry	107	Francis.
Let the words of my mouth App. 45 (i),	45 (ii)	Chant, Barnby.
Let us with a gladsome mind	105	Monkland.
Like silver lamps in a distant shrine App.	4	The Manger Throne.
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates	314	Macht hoch die Thür.
Light of gladness, beam divine	33	Song 13.
Light of light, enlighten me	56	Jesus ist mein Aufenthalt (Meinhold).
Light's abode, celestial Salem	288	Regent Square.
Lo! God is here, let us adore	81	Vater unser im Himmelreich.
Lord, all my heart is fixed on Thee	197^1	Herzlich lieb hab ich dich, o Herr.
Lord, all my heart is fixed on Thee	197^2	Herzlich lieb hab ich dich, o Herr (Harm. Bach).
Lord, as we Thy name profess	156	Tunbridge.
Lord, from far-severed climes we come	163	Federal Street.
Lord, give me light to do Thy work	170	Abbey.
Lord God of morning and of night	18	Germany (Walton).
Lord, have mercy upon us App. 46 (i),	46 (ii)	Agnus Dei (Christe, Du Lamm Gottes).
Lord, it belongs not to my care	218	Ragleith Hill.
Lord Jesu Christ, be present now	80	Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend.
Lord Jesu, when we stand afar	346 (i)	Ach bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ.
Lord Jesu, when we stand afar	346 (ii)	St. Cross.
Lord, keep us steadfast in Thy Word	257	Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort.
Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb	229	Hamburg.
Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace App. 30 (i),	30 (ii)	Chant, Tallis.
Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace App.	34	Tone VI.
Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace App.	35	Tone VII.
Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace App. 36 (i),	36 (ii)	Tonus Regius.
Lord of all being, throned afar	110	Gonfalon Royal.
Lord of the living harvest	243	Greenland.
Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's rest	165^1	Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr.
Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's rest	165^2	Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr (Harm. Mendelssohn).
Lord, Thy death and passion give	348	Christe, wahres Seelenlicht.
Lord, who can be with Thee compared	112	Herr, dir ist niemand zu vergleichen.
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee	113	Womit soll ich dich wohl loben.
Love came down at Christmas	324	Cumnor.
Love divine, all loves excelling	166 (i)	O du liebe, meiner Liebe.
Love divine, all loves excelling	166 (ii)	Moriah.
Love divine, all loves excelling	166 (iii)	Lieblich, dunkel, sanft, und stille.

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Love divine, all loves excelling	166 (iv)	Halton Holgate.
Love of the Father, Love of God the Son	169	Song 22.
MAGNIFICAT	App. 26	Anon.
Magnificat	App. 32	Tonus Peregrinus.
Make me a captive, Lord	171	Ich halte treulich still.
Make sure of truth	248	Gregynog.
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	85	Salve crux, beata, salve.
Mine eyes have seen the glory	298	Vision.
More than all one thing my heart is craving	386	Herr und Ältster, deiner Kreuzgemeine (Die wir uns allhie beisammen finden).
My country, 'tis of thee	301	America.
My faith's the greatest joy to me	230	Mein Glaub ist meines Lebens Ruh.
My God, my God, why dost Thou me forsake	173	Genevan Psalm No. 22.
My God, how wonderful Thou art	114 (i)	Windsor.
My God, how wonderful Thou art	114 (ii)	Westminster.
My Jesu, as Thou wilt	219 (i)	O Sünder, denke wohl.
My Jesu, as Thou wilt	219 (ii)	Hawarden.
My Jesu, as Thou wilt	219 (iii)	Annue Christe.
My soul, awake and render	19	Nun lasst uns Gott, dem Herren.
My soul doth magnify the Lord	App. 23	Chant Anon.
My soul doth magnify the Lord	App. 32	Tonus Peregrinus.
My soul, praise the Lord	118	Ravenscroft's 104th.
My soul, repeat His praise	109	Camberwell.
My soul, there is a country	285	Christus, der ist mein Leben.
NOT always on the mount may we	191	Whitehall.
Now all the woods are sleeping	35^1	O Welt, ich muss dich lassen (Rhythmical setting).
Now all the woods are sleeping	35^2	O Welt, ich muss dich lassen (Harm. Bach).
Now at Thy manger here I stand	328	Ich steh' an deiner Krippe hier.
Now at Thy manger here I stand	App. 5	Ich steh' an deiner Krippe hier.
Now God be with us	39 (i)	Diva servatrix.
Now God be with us	39 (ii)	Christe sanctorum.
Now God be with us	39 (iii)	Christe fons jugis.
Now Holy Spirit, we pray to Thee	379	Nun bitten wir den heiligen Geist.
Now, my tongue, the mystery telling	App. 21 (a)	Pange Lingua (Sarum, Mode III, trans.).
Now on land and sea descending	38	Batty (Ringe recht, wenn Gottes Gnade).
Now thank we all our God	116	Nun danket alle Gott.
Now the day is over	41 (i)	Eudoxia.
Now the day is over	41 (ii)	Gilboa.
Now the labourer's task is o'er	275 (i)	Requiescat.
Now the labourer's task is o'er	275 (ii)	Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr (Pressburg).
Nunc Dimittis	App. 30 (i), 30 (ii)	Chant, Tallis.
Nunc Dimittis	App. 34	Tone VI.

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Nunc Dimittis	App. 35	Tone VII.
Nunc Dimittis	App. 36 (i), 36 (ii)	Tonus Regius.
O be joyful in the Lord	App. 26	Chant, Goss.
O beautiful for spacious skies	299	St. Maria (Haydn).
O bless the Lord, my soul, His grace	111	St. Thomas.
O bless the Lord, my soul, let all	115	St. Edmund.
O brother-man, fold to thy heart thy brother	245	Der Tag ist hin (O höchster Gott, o unser lieber Herre).
O child of lowly manger birth	168 (i)	Wells.
O child of lowly manger birth	168 (ii)	Brockham.
O come, let us sing unto the Lord	App. 28	Chant, Boyce.
O come, let us sing unto the Lord	App. 29	Chant, Russell.
O come, let us sing unto the Lord	App. 33	Tone VIII.
O come, O come, Emmanuel	315	Ancient Plain Song.
O darkest woe	347^1	O Traurigkeit, O Herzeleid (Harm. Vopelius).
O darkest woe	347^2	O Traurigkeit, O Herzeleid (Harm. Bach).
O day of rest and gladness	57 (i^1)	Herzlich thut mich erfreuen.
O day of rest and gladness	57 (i^2)	Herzlich thut mich erfreuen (Harm. Prätorius).
O day of rest and gladness	57 (ii)	Es flog ein kleins Waldvögelein.
O everlasting light	20	Day of Praise.
O for a faith that will not shrink	228	Bristol.
O gladsome light, O grace	42	Nunc Dimittis (Yattendon No. 88).
O God, beneath Thy guiding hand	302	Wareham.
O God, I love Thee, not that my poor love	196	Adoro te devote.
O God of love, O King of peace	303	O Amor quam exstaticus.
O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent	117	St. Bartholomew.
O God, the Rock of Ages	177	Magdalena.
O God, Thou faithful God	174	O Gott, du frommer Gott.
O God, we praise Thee and confess	129	Dundee.
O God, unseen, yet ever near	384	Old 132nd.
O Holy Spirit, enter in	376 (i)	Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern.
O Holy Spirit, enter in	376 (ii)	Komm Gottes Geist, komm höchster Gast.
O how shall I receive Thee?	316 (i)	Valet will ich dir geben.
O how shall I receive Thee?	316 (ii)	Wie soll ich dich empfangen.
O it is hard to work for God	249	Kingsfold.
O Jesu, I have promised	198	Munich.
O Jesu, King, most wonderful	199 (i)	Harlech.
O Jesu, King, most wonderful	199 (ii)	O Christe, Morgensterne.
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace	21	O Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht (Breslau).
O Jesu, Thy dying, and all that Thou hast borne	349	Ach Jesu, dein Sterben.
O Jesu, welcome gracious guest	334	Ermuntre dich, mein schwacher Geist.
O Light, Whose beams illumine all	175	Bickley.
O little town of Bethlehem	329 (i)	Ach lob den Herrn, o Seele, mein.
O little town of Bethlehem	329 (ii)	Nun seht und merket, liebe Leut.

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O Lord, how happy should we be	222	Chapel Royal.
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	121	Es ist kein Tag.
O Lord of hosts, Almighty King	307	Duke Street.
O Love, That wilt not let me go	164	Du, des sich alle Himmel freun.
O Master, let me walk with Thee	207 (i)	Alfreton.
O Master, let me walk with Thee	207 (ii)	O Salutaris Hostia.
O morning star, how fair and bright	317	Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern.
O Paradise, O Paradise	289	Paradise (Barnby).
O praise the Lord forever	119	Nun lob, mein Seel, den Herren.
O praise ye the Lord	120 (i)	Laudate Dominum (Parry).
O praise ye the Lord	120 (ii)	Laudate Dominum (Gauntlett).
O quanta, qualia	290 (b)	O Quanta Qualia (Regnator Orbis).
O sacred head, now wounded	350	Herzlich thut mich verlangen.
O saving victim	App. 22	Aeterne Rex (Sarum, Mode VIII).
O Saviour, precious Saviour	206	Meirionydd.
O sing to the Lord, Whose bountiful hand	66	Psalm 67.
O sometimes gleams upon our sight	264	Illsley.
O Son of God in coeternal might	201	O Gottes Sohn, voll ewiger Gewalt.
O Son of God, my life, my beacon	176	Mein Schöpfer, der mit Huld und Stärke (O Gottes Sohn, du Licht und Leben).
O sons and daughters, let us sing	362 (i)	Gelobt sei Gott im höchsten Thron.
O sons and daughters, let us sing	362 (ii)	O filii et filiae.
O Source divine, and life of all	167	Sursum Corda.
O spirit of life, O spirit of God	377	O heiliger Geist, o heiliger Gott (O Jesulein süss, o Jesulein mild).
O strength and stay, upholding all creation	43 (i)	L'Omnipotent.
O strength and stay, upholding all creation	43 (ii)	Strength and Stay.
O strength and stay, upholding all creation	43 (iii)	Welwyn.
O, that I had a thousand voices	122	O, dass ich tausend Zungen hätte.
O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men	200	Langran.
O Thou in all Thy might so far	172	Die helle Sonne ist dahin.
O Thou, Whose feet have climbed life's hill	180	Bangor.
O Thou, Whose Spirit witness bears	181	Westminster (New).
O Trinity of blessed light	36	Bromley.
O valiant hearts, who to your glory came	305	Limpsfield.
O what their joy and their glory must be	290 (a)	O Quanta Qualia.
O where are kings and empires now	259	St. Mark.
O worship the King, all glorious above	123 (i)	Lyons.
O worship the King, all glorious above	123 (ii)	Hanover.
O worship the King, all glorious above	123 (iii)	Old 104th.
O'er the spacious country meadows	App. 6	Bergers, pour qui cette fête? (Quem vidistis, pastores?)
Of the Father sole begotten	330	Corde natus ex parentis.
Of the Father's love begotten	App. 14	Divinum Mysterium.
Oft as we run the weary way	247	Innsbruck.
Oft in danger, oft in woe	254	Advent.

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Once to every man and nation	306	Ton-y-Botel.
Onward, Christian soldiers	250	St. Gertrude.
Open now, thy gates of beauty	82	Unser Herrscher, unser König.
Our day of praise is done	44	Kerry.
Our fathers' God, from out Whose hand	304	Mach's mit mir Gott nach deiner Güt.
Our God, our help in ages past	231	St. Anne.
Out of the depths I cry to Thee	208	Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir.
PRAISE God from Whom all blessings flow	128^1	Old Hundredth.
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow	128^2	Old Hundredth (Harm. Bach).
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	130	Praise, my soul.
Praise the Lord, O my soul!	App. 24	Chant, Beethoven.
Praise thou the Lord, O my soul, sing praises	134	Lobe den Herren, O meine Seele.
Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation	131^1	Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren.
Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation	131^2	Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren. (Harm. Bach.)
QUIET, Lord, my froward heart	178	Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr.
RANK by rank again we stand	311	Reunion.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye Christians	333	Freut euch, ihr lieben Christen.
Rejoice, the Lord is King	76	Gopsal.
Rejoice, ye pure in heart	125	Marion.
Ride on, ride on, in majesty	355	St. Drostane.
Ring out, wild bells	61	Cantate Domino (Jordan).
Rise up, O men of God	256	Festal Song.
SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name	46 (i)	Ellers (Benediction).
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name	46 (ii)	Pax Dei.
Silent night, holy night	App. 8	Holy Night.
Since now the day hath reached its close	40	Nun sich der Tag geendet hat.
Soldiers of Christ arise	251	From strength to strength.
Sometimes a light surprises	221 (i)	Schwyz.
Sometimes a light surprises	221 (ii)	St. Catherine.
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	252	Morning Light.
Strong Son of God, immortal love	202 (i)	Rivaulx.
Strong Son of God, immortal love	202 (ii)	O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht.
Sun of my soul	45	Hursley.
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	58	Church Triumphant.
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	47	Gottlob, es geht nunmehr zu Ende.
TE Deum laudamus	App. 27	Chants, Havergal; Rimbault; Tallis; Bennett.
Te Deum laudamus	App. 37	Tone VIII.
Teach me, my God and King	183	Gratz.
The church's one foundation	258	Aurelia.
The city paved with gold	265	Christchurch.

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The day is gently sinking to a close	49	Nachtlied.
The day is past and over	50 (i)	St. Anatolius (Brown).
The day is past and over	50 (ii)	St. Anatolius (Dykes).
The day is past and over	50 (iii)	Du Friedefürst, Herr Jesu Christ.
The day, O Lord, is spent	48	Combe Martin.
The day of resurrection	365 (i)	Rotterdam.
The day of resurrection	365 (ii)	All Hallow's.
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	52 (i)	Grace Dieu.
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	52 (ii)	Les Commandemens de Dieu.
The first Nowell	App. 7	The First Nowell.
The God of Abraham praise	132 (i)	Leoni.
The God of Abraham praise	132 (ii)	Covenant.
The God of love my shepherd is	232 (i)	Lobt Gott, ihr Christen, allzugleich (Hermann) (Harm. Bach).
The God of love my shepherd is	232 (ii)	Frisch auf, mein liebes Töchterlein.
The God of love my shepherd is	232 (iii)	Ach wann, doch, Jesu, liebster mein.
The happy Christmas comes once more	335	Emmanuel.
The head that once was crowned	371	Yattendon No. 15.
The joyous life that year by year	253	Forest Green.
The King of love my shepherd is	203 (i)	St. Columba.
The King of love my shepherd is	203 (ii)	Dominus regit me.
The Lord is come on Syrian soil	336	Wer da wohnet.
The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want	126	Forest Green.
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	234	Surrey.
The radiant morn hath passed away	53 (i)	Time.
The radiant morn hath passed away	53 (ii)	St. Leonard.
The radiant morn hath passed away	53 (iii)	St. Gabriel.
The royal banners forward go	App. 15	Vexilla Regis (Sarum, Mode I).
The spacious firmament on high	72 (i)	Creation.
The spacious firmament on high	72 (ii)	Addison's (Creation).
The strife is o'er, the battle done	366	Palestrina (Victory).
The summer days are come again	64	Soll's sein.
The sun is sinking fast	51	St. Columba.
The world is very evil	282 (i)	Pearsall.
The world is very evil	282 (ii)	Crüger.
The year is swiftly waning	67	Dieweil ich auferstehe.
Therefore we, before Him bending	App. 21 (b)	Tantum Ergo (Spanish, Mode V).
These things shall be, a loftier race	267	Gonfalon Royal.
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	179	St. Matthew (Modern form).
Tho' it was distant, Lord, Thy great throne I've seen	224	Nun preiset, Alle, Gottes Barmherzigkeit (Ich hab' von Ferne, Herr, deinen Thron erblickt).
Thou art, O God, the life and light	73	New 113th.
Thou didst leave Thy throne	337	Margaret.
Thou gracious Power, Whose mercy lends	182	St. Olave.
Thou hidden love of God, Whose height	204 (i)	David's Harp.
Thou hidden love of God, Whose height	204 (ii)	Aus Gnaden soll ich selig werden.
Thou hidden love of God, Whose height	204 (iii)	Brecknock.
Thou Whose almighty word	268 (i)	Moscow (Italian Hymn).
Thou Whose almighty word	268 (ii)	Fiat Lux.
Through the day Thy love has spared us	54	Wurzen.

Index of First Lines

First Line	Number	Name of Tune
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	260	Handel.
Thy hand, O God, has guided	261	Thornbury.
Thy kingdom come, O God	266	St. Cecilia.
Thy kingdom come, O Lord	270	Quam Dilecta.
'Tis winter now, the fallen snow	70	Gott Vater, Herr, wir danken dir.
To my God I would be singing	133 (i)	Sollt ich meinem Gott nicht singen?
To my God I would be singing	133 (ii)	Sollt ich meinem Gott nicht singen?
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise	68	St. Gall.
To Thee, O Lord, will I sing praises	127	Dir, dir, Jehovah, will ich singen.
Up, my soul, gird thee with power	185	Mache dich, mein Geist, bereit.
Up to the throne of God is borne	25	Bucklebury.
Up, up, my heart, with gladness	368	Auf, auf, mein Herz, mit Freuden.
Upward where the stars are burning	291	Alles ist an Gottes Segen.
Venite, exultemus Domino	App. 28	Chant, Boyce.
Venite, exultemus Domino	App. 29	Chant, Russell
Venite, exultemus Domino	App. 33	Tone VIII.
Wake, awake, for night is flying	318^1	Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.
Wake, awake, for night is flying	318^2	Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.
Was there ever kinder shepherd	225	Hyfrydol.
Watchman, tell us of the night	269	St. George's (Windsor).
We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God	184 (i)	In Bethlehem ein Kindelein.
We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God	184 (ii)	St. Peter.
We come unto our fathers' God	124	Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit (Luther's Hymn).
We give Thee but Thine own	310	Carlisle.
We plough the fields and scatter	69	Wir pflügen und wir streuen.
We praise Thee, O God	App. 27	Chants, Havergal; Rimbault; Tallis; Bennett.
We praise Thee, O God	App. 34	Tone VIII.
We pray no more, made lowly wise	159	Dundee.
We walk by faith and not by sight	233	Hermann.
Welcome, happy morning	367	Fortunatus.
Whate'er my God ordains is right	226	Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan.
What shall I render to my God	135	Richmond (Chesterfield).
What Thou wilt, O Father, give	161	Ohne Rast und unverweilt (Vienna).
When all Thy mercies, O my God	22 (i)	Belgrave.
When all Thy mercies, O my God	22 (ii)	Belmont.
When all Thy mercies, O my God	22 (iii)	Nun danket all', und bringet Ehr.
When I, O Lord, Thy might behold	137	Wenn ich, O Schöpfer, deine Macht.
When I survey the wondrous cross	353	Rockingham.
When in the hour of utmost need	308	Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein.
When morning gilds the skies	23 (i)	O Seigneur.
When morning gilds the skies	23 (ii)	Beim frühen Morgenlicht.
When morning gilds the skies	23 (iii)	Laudes Domini.
When my last hour is close at hand	272	Wenn mein Stündlein vorhanden ist.
When on my day of life the night is falling	276	Langa.
When spring unlocks the flowers	74	Gosterwood.
When the Lord of love was here	186	East End.

Index of First Lines

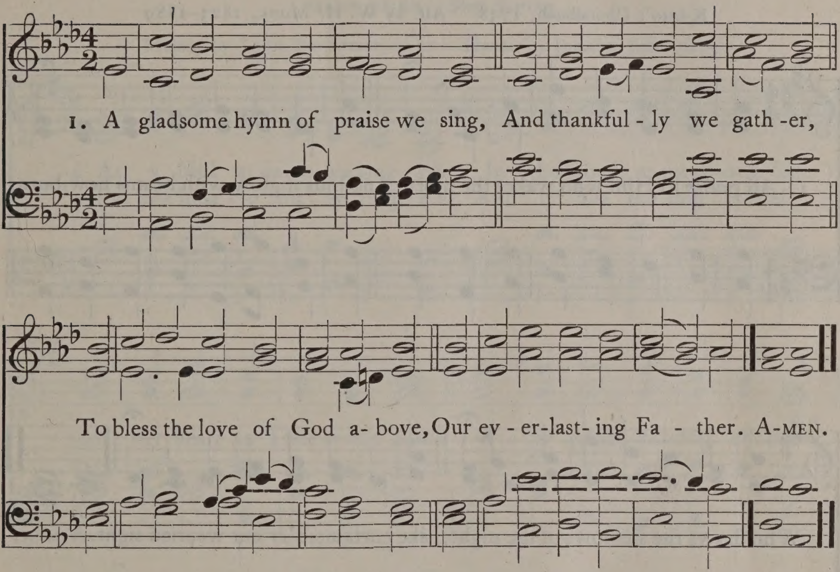
First Line	Number	Name of Tune
When wilt Thou save the people	187	Kendall.
Where ancient forests round us spread	83	Rockingham.
Where cross the crowded ways of life	271	Song 5.
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	332	St. George.
Who trusts in God a strong abode	235	Was mein Gott will, das g'scheh' allzeit.
Who would true valor see	255 (i)	Monk's Gate.
Who would true valor see	255 (ii)	Communion.
Who would true valor see	255 (iii)	St. Dunstan's.
With songs and honours sounding loud	75	St. Maria (Haydn).
Ye boundless realms of joy	136 (i)	Croft's 136th.
Ye boundless realms of joy	136 (ii)	Warsaw.
Ye holy angels bright	138	Darwall's 148th.
Ye servants of God	369	Lyons.
Ye that have spent the silent night	24 (i)	Old 44th.
Ye that have spent the silent night	24 (ii)	St. Maria (Haydn).

Morning

I

DEGANWY 8. 7. 8. 7.

B. Williams, 1838–1918


1. A gladsome hymn of praise we sing, And thankful - ly we gath -er,
To bless the love of God a- bove, Our ev - er-last- ing Fa - ther. A-men.

2 In Him rejoice with heart and voice,
Whose glory fadeth never,
Whose providence is our defence,
Who lives and loves for ever.

3 From shades of night He calls the light,
And from the sod the flower,
From every cloud His blessings break
In sunshine and in shower.

4 Full in His sight His children stand,
By His strong arm defended;
And He, whose wisdom guides the world,
Our footsteps hath attended.

5 For nothing falls unknown to Him,
Or care, or joy, or sorrow;
And He, whose mercy ruled the past,
Will be our stay tomorrow.

6 Then praise the Lord with one accord,
To His great name give glory,
And of His never-changing love
Repeat the wondrous story.

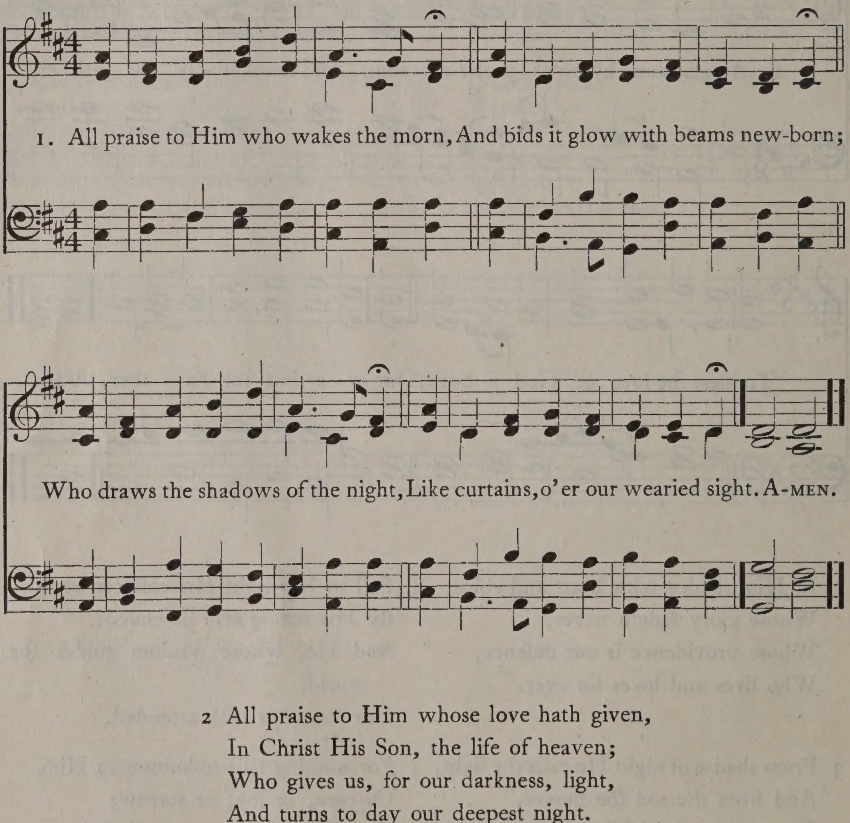
A. N. Blatchford, 1842–1924

2

ST. GREGORY L. M.

CHORAL: Zeuch meinen Geist

KÖNIG's Choralbuch, 1738. Alt. by W. H. MONK, 1823–1889


1. All praise to Him who wakes the morn, And bids it glow with beams new-born;
Who draws the shadows of the night, Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight. A-MEN.

2 All praise to Him whose love hath given,
In Christ His Son, the life of heaven;
Who gives us, for our darkness, light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

3 All praise to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God:
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
The Fount of joy and holiness.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–1889

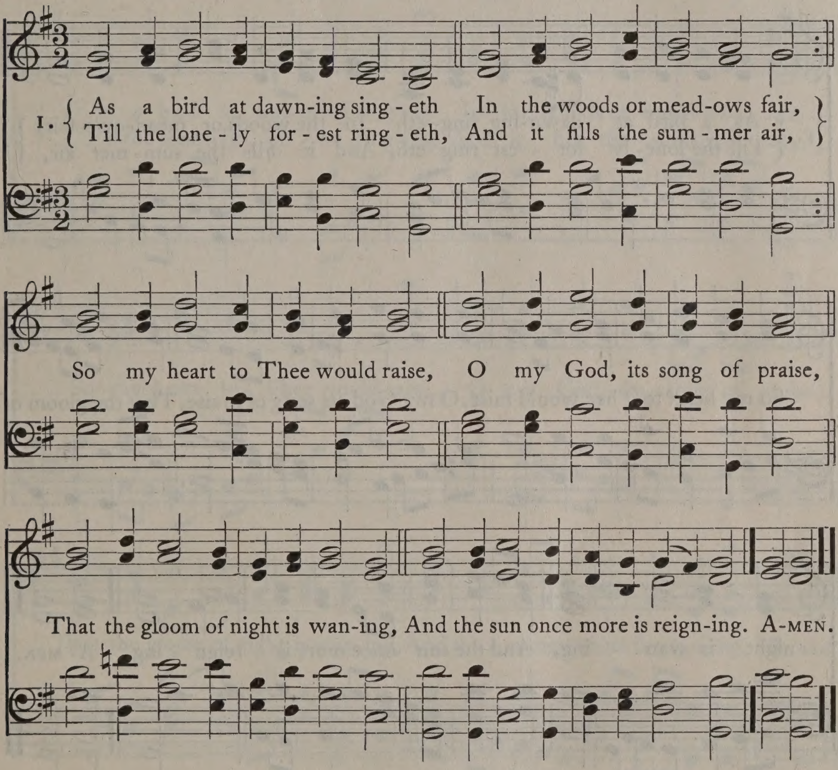
3

AINSI QUE LA BICHE RÉE (Ps. 42)

CHORAL: Freu dich sehr, O meine Seele 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

FIRST TUNE: First Setting

Melody by LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551. Harm. by JOHANN JEEP, 1629


1. As a bird at dawn-ing sing - eth In the woods or mead-ows fair,
Till the lone - ly for - est ring - eth, And it fills the sum - mer air,
So my heart to Thee would raise, O my God, its song of praise,
That the gloom of night is wan-ing, And the sun once more is reign-ing. A-MEN.

2 Sun of Love, when Thou dost greet me
All my heart with joy is stirred;
And it upward flies to meet Thee,
Gladsome as yon little bird.
Shine Thou in me clear and bright,
Till I learn to praise Thee right;
On the narrow way now speed me,
Let not darkness e'er mislead me.

3 Bless to-day what I am doing,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
With the morn my powers renewing,
Let me ne'er from virtue rove;
By Thy spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee,
So through life to journey fearless,
Heir of heaven, to glories peerless.

Anon., 1690. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

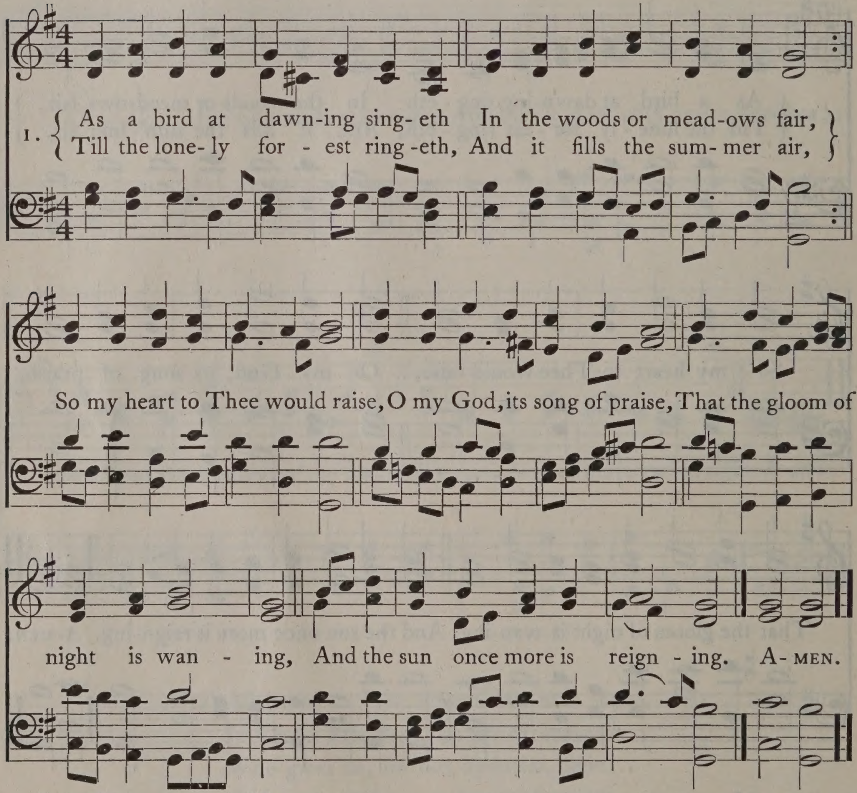
3

AINSI QUE LA BICHE RÉE (Ps. 42)

CHORAL: Freu dich sehr, O meine Seele 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

FIRST TUNE: Second Setting

Melody by LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551. Harm. by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750


1. As a bird at dawn-ing sing-eth In the woods or mead-ows fair,
Till the lone-ly for - est ring-eth, And it fills the sum-mer air,
So my heart to Thee would raise, O my God, its song of praise, That the gloom of
night is wan - ing, And the sun once more is reign - ing. A-MEN.

2 Sun of Love, when Thou dost greet me
All my heart with joy is stirred;
And it upward flies to meet Thee,
Gladsome as yon little bird.
Shine Thou in me clear and bright,
Till I learn to praise Thee right;
On the narrow way now speed me,
Let not darkness e'er mislead me.

3 Bless to-day what I am doing,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
With the morn my powers renewing,
Let me ne'er from virtue rove;
By Thy spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee,
So through life to journey fearless,
Heir of heaven, to glories peerless.

Anon., 1690. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

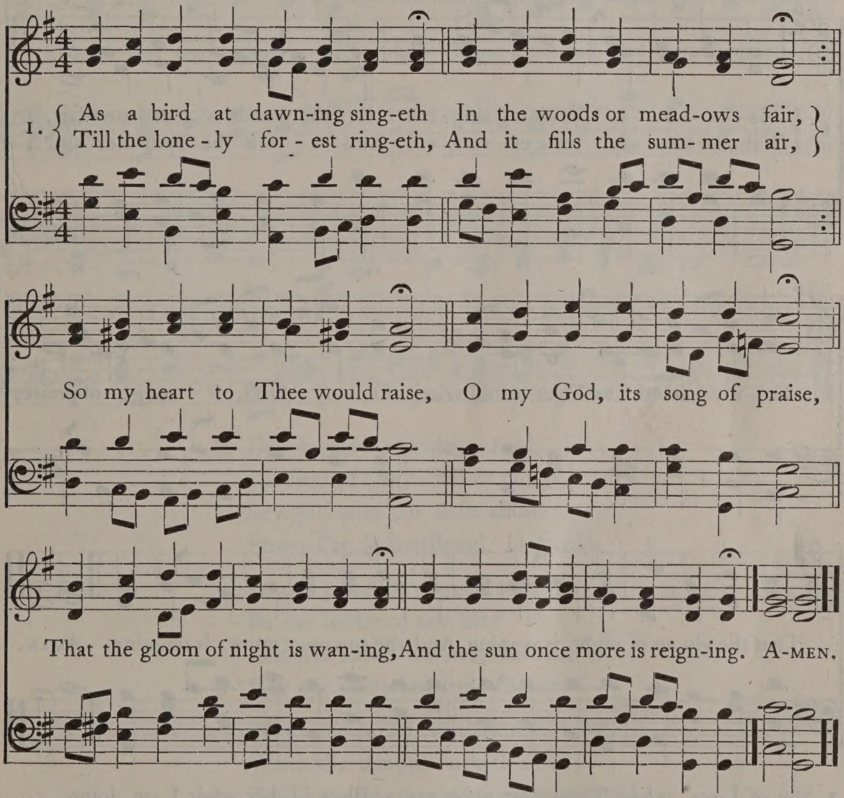
3

WERDE MUNTER, MEIN GEMÜTHE

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

SECOND TUNE

Melody by Johann Schop, 1642. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. As a bird at dawn-ing sing-eth In the woods or mead-ows fair,
Till the lone-ly for-est ring-eth, And it fills the sum-mer air,
So my heart to Thee would raise, O my God, its song of praise,
That the gloom of night is wan-ing, And the sun once more is reign-ing. A-men.

2 Son of Love, when Thou dost greet me
All my heart with joy is stirred;
And it upward flies to meet Thee,
Gladsome as yon little bird.
Shine Thou in me clear and bright,
Till I learn to praise Thee right;
On the narrow way now speed me,
Let not darkness e'er mislead me.

3 Bless to-day what I am doing,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
With the morn my powers renewing,
Let me ne'er from virtue rove;
By Thy spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee,
So through life to journey fearless,
Heir of heaven, to glories peerless.

Anon., 1690. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

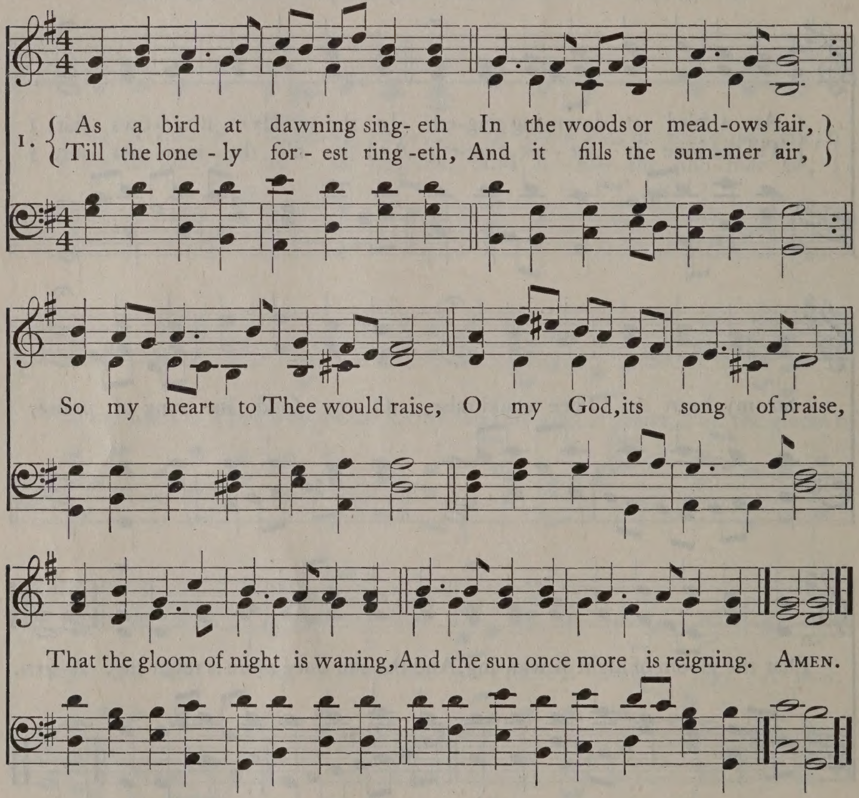
3

JESUS HEISST MEIN SEELENFREUND

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

THIRD TUNE

Johann Wolfgang Franck, 1681


1. As a bird at dawning sing-eth In the woods or mead-ows fair,
Till the lone-ly for-est ring-eth, And it fills the sum-mer air,
So my heart to Thee would raise, O my God, its song of praise,
That the gloom of night is waning, And the sun once more is reigning. Amen.

2 Sun of Love, when Thou dost greet me
All my heart with joy is stirred;
And it upward flies to meet Thee,
Gladsome as yon little bird.
Shine Thou in me clear and bright,
Till I learn to praise Thee right;
On the narrow way now speed me,
Let not darkness e'er mislead me.

3 Bless to-day what I am doing,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
With the morn my powers renewing,
Let me ne'er from virtue rove;
By Thy spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee,
So through life to journey fearless,
Heir of heaven, to glories peerless.

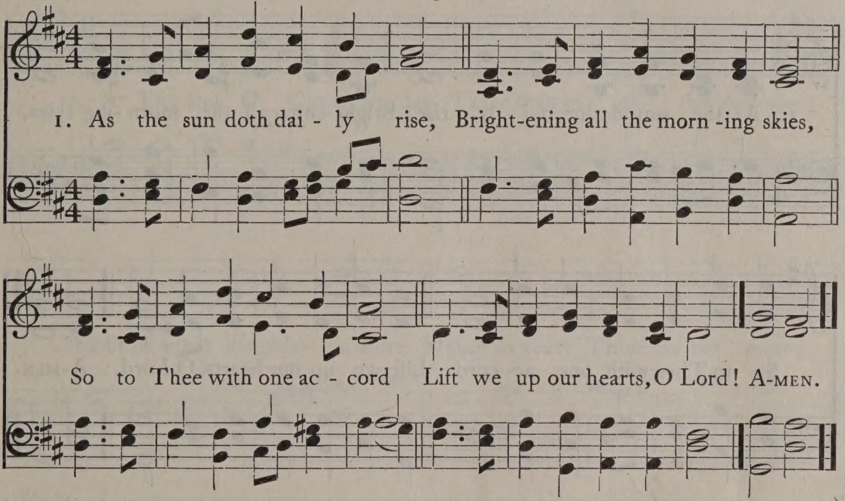
Anon., 1690. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

4

INNOCENTS 7.7.7.7

FIRST TUNE

Composed or adapted by J. SMITH, 1800–1873


1. As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright-ening all the morn -ing skies,
So to Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord! A-MEN.

2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord!

3 Be our guard in sin and strife;
Be the leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!

4 When the hours are dark and drear,
When the tempter lurketh near,
By Thy strengthening grace outpoured
Save the tempted ones, O Lord!

5 Praise we with the heavenly host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
Thee would we with one accord
Praise and magnify, O Lord!

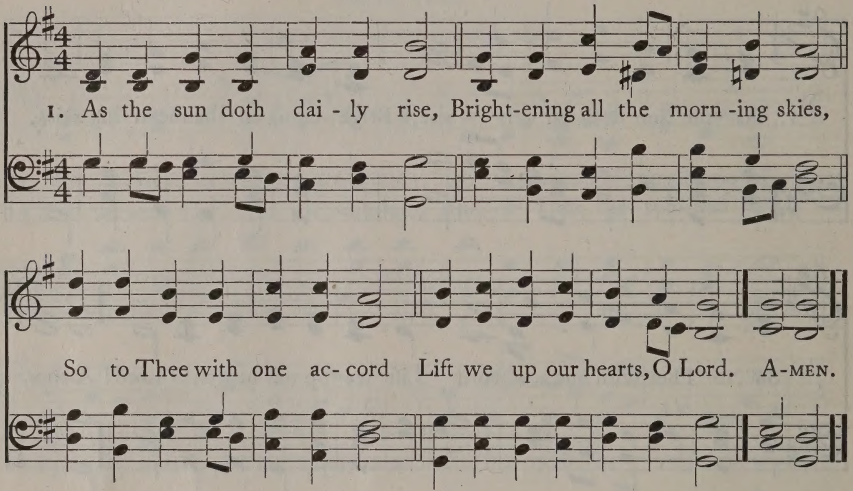
Latin. Tr. by O. B. C. Recast by HORATIO, EARL NELSON, 1823–1913

4

HARTFORD 7. 7. 7. 7.

SECOND TUNE

B. MILGROVE, 1731–1810. Harm. by C. F. P.


1. As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright-ening all the morn -ing skies,
So to Thee with one ac- cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord. A-MEN.

2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord!

3 Be our guard in sin and strife;
Be the leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!

4 When the hours are dark and drear,
When the tempter lurketh near,
By Thy strengthening grace outpoured
Save the tempted ones, O Lord!

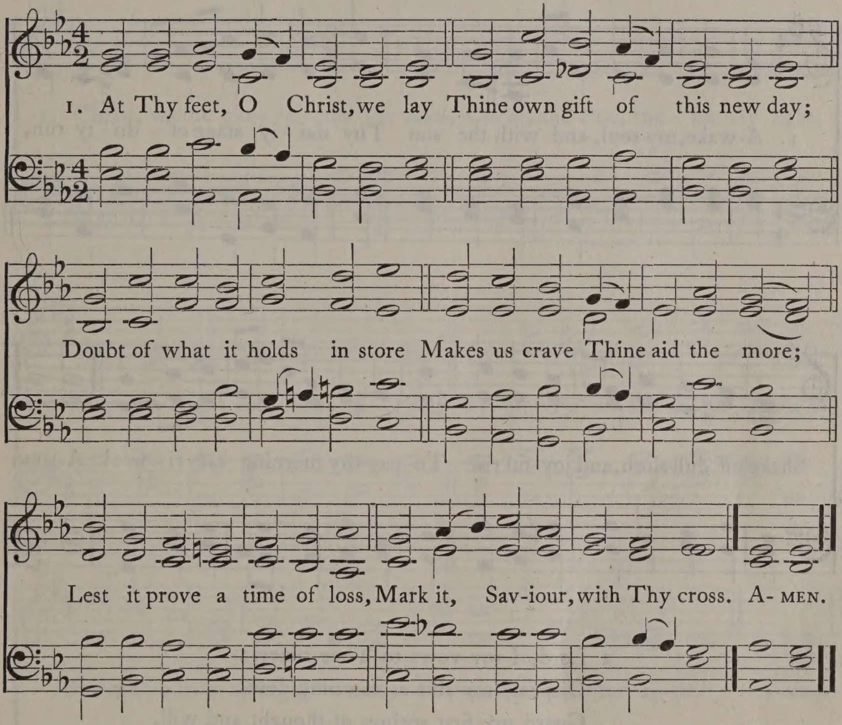
5 Praise we with the heavenly host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
Thee would we with one accord
Praise and magnify, O Lord!

Latin. Tr. by O. B. C Recast by HORATIO, EARL NELSON, 1823–1913

5

HOUGHTON. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss, Mark it, Sav-iour, with Thy cross. A- men.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
All is good that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

4 Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine;
Think, and speak, and do, and be,
Simply that which pleases Thee.

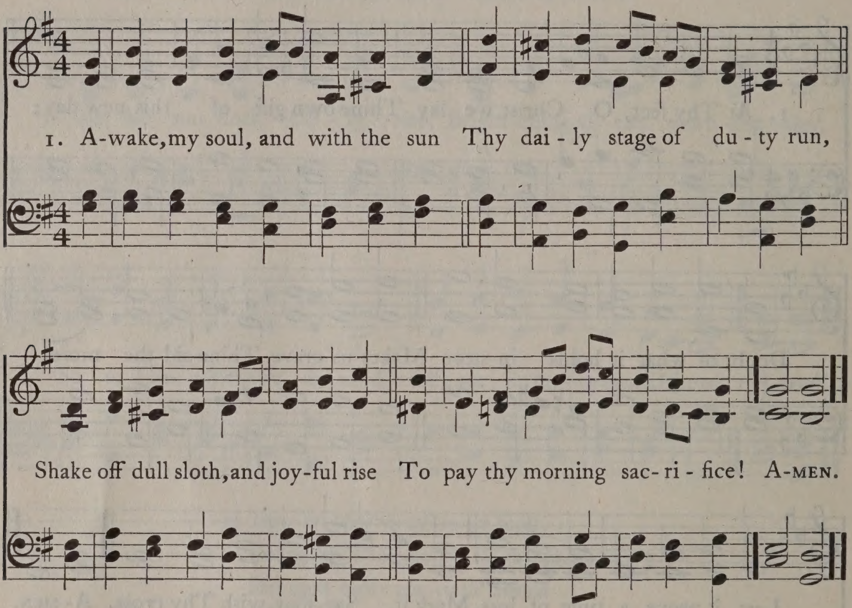
5 Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise.

William Bright, 1824–1901

6

MORNING HYMN L. M.

François H. Barthélémon, 1741–1808


1. A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run,
Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morning sac-ri-fice! A-men.

2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew:
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,—
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

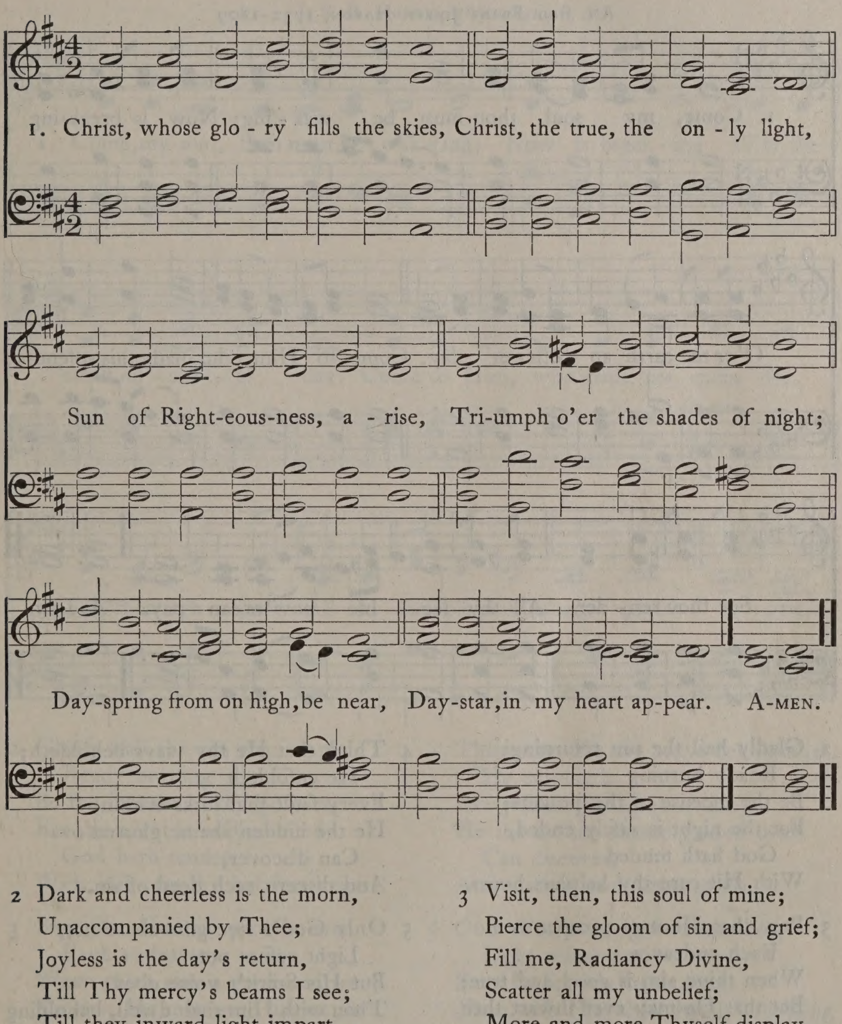
4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1637–1711

7

RATISBON 7·7·7·7·7·7·

Johann G. Werner's Choralbuch, 1815


1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,
Sun of Right-eous-ness, a - rise, Tri-umph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star, in my heart ap-pear. A-MEN.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

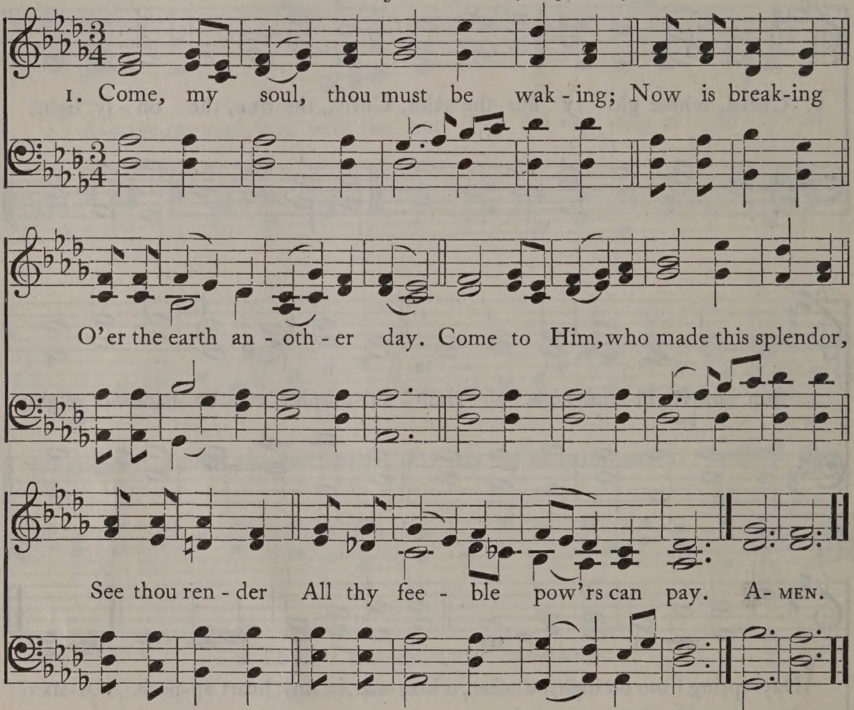
Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

8

HAYDN 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7.

FIRST TUNE

Arr. from Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732–1809


1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing; Now is break-ing
O'er the earth an-oth-er day. Come to Him, who made this splendor,
See thou ren-der All thy fee-ble pow'rs can pay. A-men.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended,
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He enfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

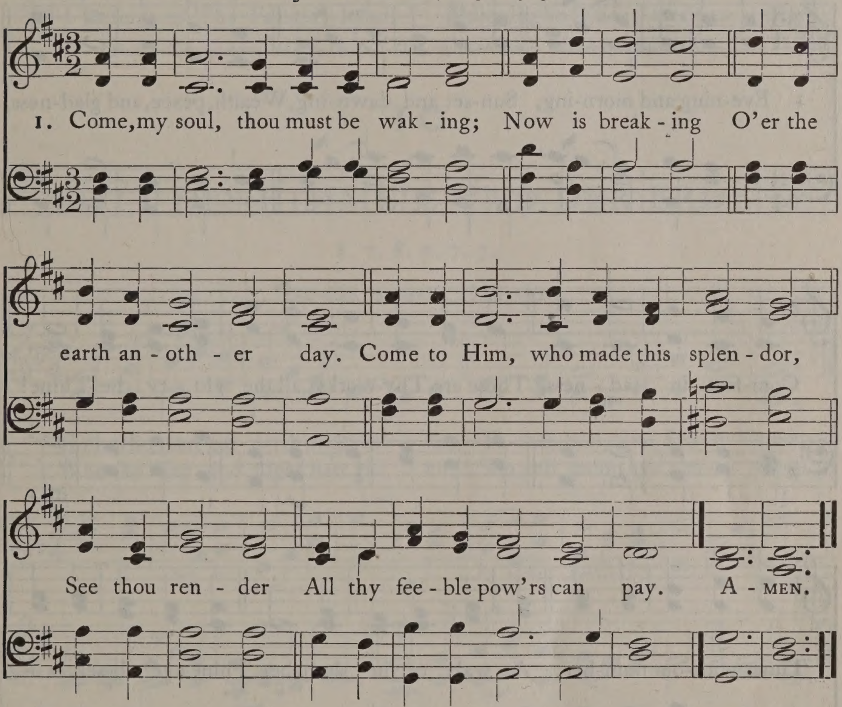
F. R. L. von Canitz, 1654–1699. Tr. by Henry J. Buckoll, 1803–1871

8

MATINS 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7.

SECOND TUNE

J. S. B. Hodges, 1830–1915


1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is break - ing O'er the
earth an - oth - er day. Come to Him, who made this splen - dor,
See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble pow'rs can pay. A - MEN.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended,
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

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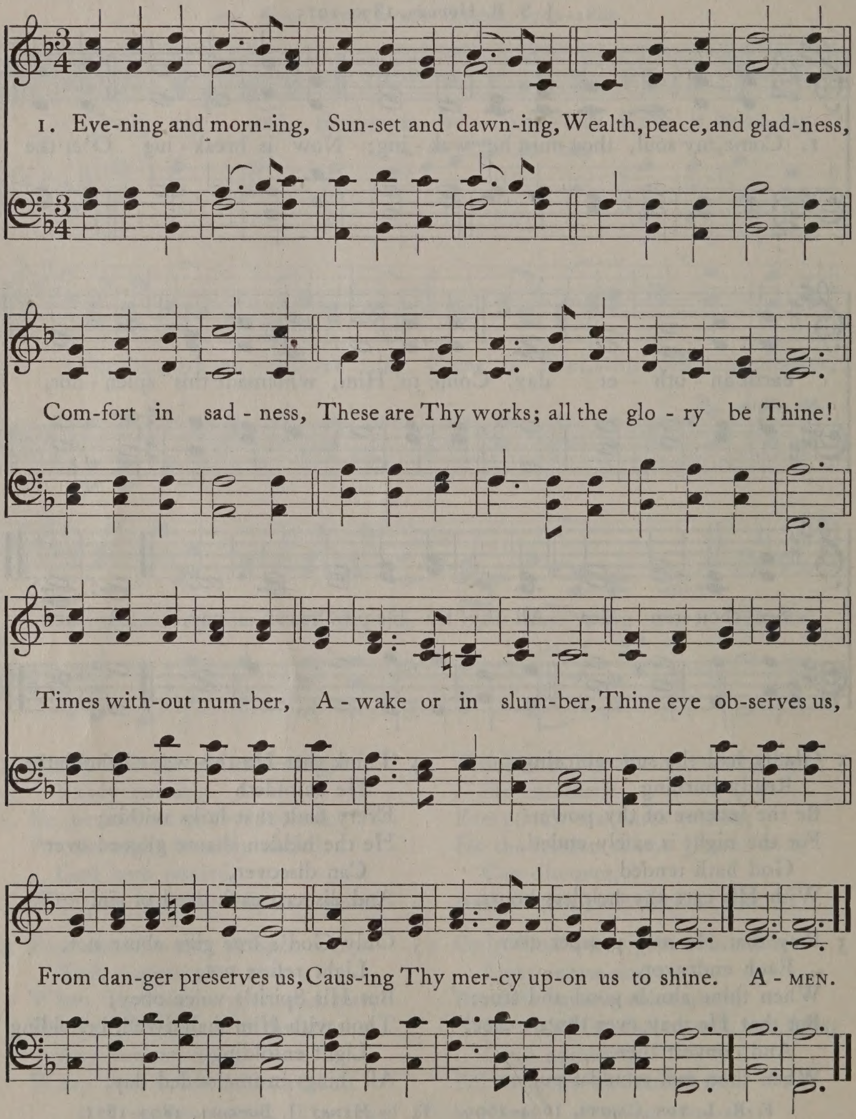
5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. von Canitz, 1654–1699. Tr. by Henry J. Buckoll, 1803–1871

9

DIE GÜLDNE SONNE 5. 5. 5. 5. 10. 5. 6. 5. 6. 10.

Johann G. Ebeling, c. 1620–1676


1. Eve-ning and morn-ing, Sun-set and dawn-ing, Wealth, peace, and glad-ness,
Com-fort in sad - ness, These are Thy works; all the glo - ry be Thine!
Times with-out num-ber, A - wake or in slum-ber, Thine eye ob-serves us,
From dan-ger preserves us, Caus-ing Thy mer-cy up-on us to shine. A - men.

2 Father, O hear me;
Pardon and spare me;
Calm all my terrors,
Blot out my errors,
That by Thine eyes they may no more be scanned.
Order my goings;
Direct all my doings;
As it may please Thee,
Retain or release me;
All I commit to Thy Fatherly hand.

3 Griefs of God's sending
Soon have an ending;
Clouds may be pouring,
Wind and wave roaring;
Sunshine will come when the tempest is o'er.
Joys still increasing,
And peace never ceasing,
Fountains that dry not
And roses that die not,
Blooming in Eden, await us at last.

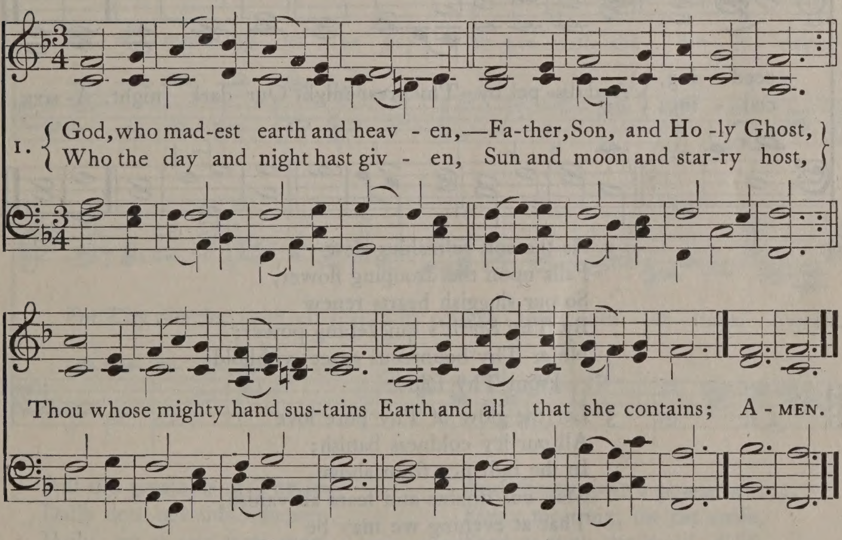
Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676. Tr. by Richard Massie, 1800–1887

10

GOTT DES HIMMELS UND DER ERDEN

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Heinrich Alberti, 1604–1651


1. God, who mad-est earth and heav - en,—Fa-ther, Son, and Ho -ly Ghost,
Who the day and night hast giv - en, Sun and moon and star-ry host,
Thou whose mighty hand sus-tains Earth and all that she contains; A - MEN.

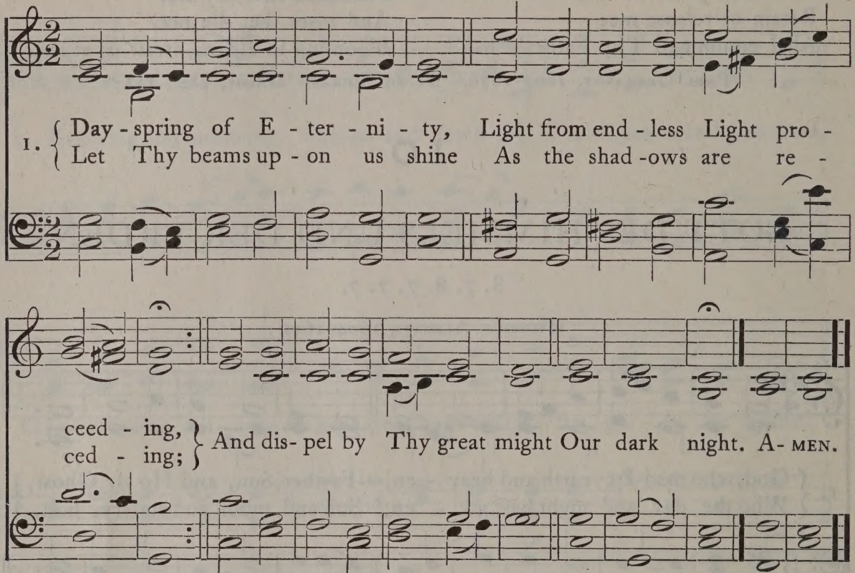
2 Wholly to Thy blest protection
I commit my heart and mind;
Mighty God! to Thy direction
Wholly may I be resigned.
Lord, my Shield, my Light divine,
O accept, and own me Thine!

Heinrich Alberti, 1604–1651. Tr. by John Christian Jacobi, 1670–1750; Arthur Tozer Russell, 1806–1874; Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

I I

MORGENGLANZ DER EWIGKEIT 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 3.

FREYLINGHAUSEN's Gesangbuch, 1704


1. { Day-spring of E-ter-ni-ty, Light from end-less Light pro-ceed-ing,
Let Thy beams up-on us shine As the shad-ows are re-ced-ing; }
And dis-pel by Thy great might Our dark night. A-MEN.

2 As the soft refreshing dew
Falls upon the drooping flower,
So our sluggish hearts renew
By Thy Spirit's quickening power;
Ne'er Thy bounteous grace withhold
From Thy fold.

3 Let the glow of Thy pure love
All our icy coldness banish;
In the radiance from above
May our doubts and fears all vanish,
That at evening we may be
Found in Thee.

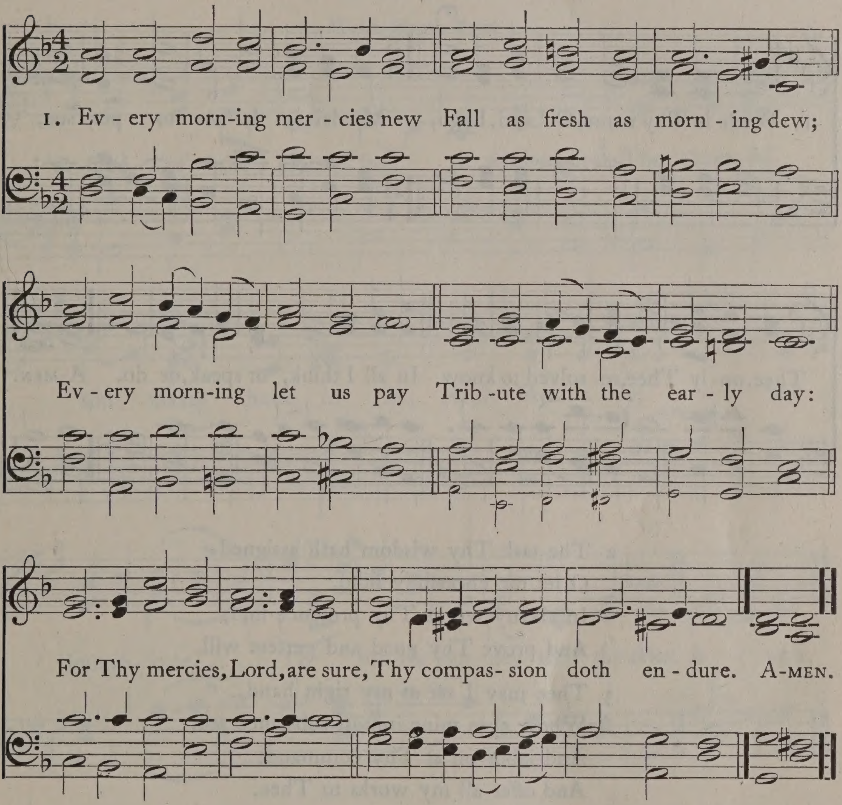
4 O Thou glorious Sun of grace,
May Thy light be ne'er denied us:
Till we reach the heavenly place
Shine upon our way to guide us,
That at last among the blest
We may rest.

CHRISTIAN KNORR v. ROSENROTH, 1636–1689. Tr. by J. F. OHL, 1850–. Alt.

12

JESU, JESU, DU MEIN HIRT 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Melody by P. Heinlein, 1626–1680


1. Ev - ery morn-ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;
Ev - ery morn-ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day:
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure, Thy compas- sion doth en - dure. A-men.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Every morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the bread of life.

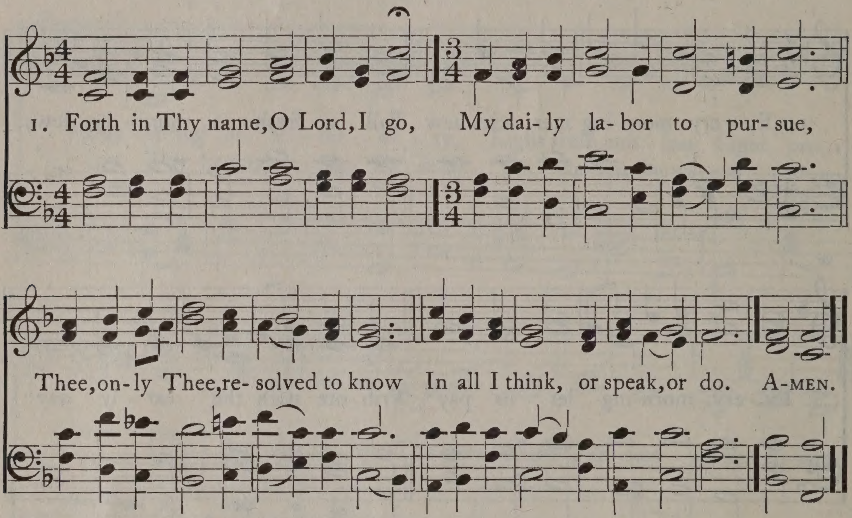
4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Greville Phillimore, 1821–1884. St. 1, alt.

13

ANGEL'S SONG (Song 34) L. M.

Original version of melody by O. Gibbons, 1583–1625


1. Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai-ly la-bor to pur-sue,
Thee, on-ly Thee, re-solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do. A-men.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

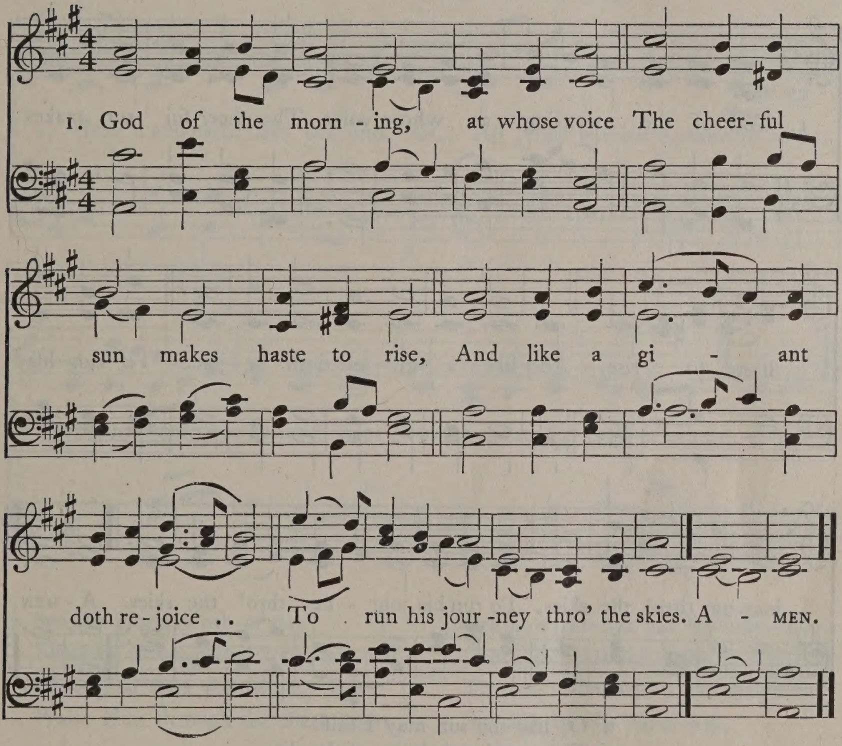
Charles Wesley, 1707–1788. St. 2, alt.

14

LLEDROD L. M.

FIRST TUNE

Welsh Hymn Tune


1. God of the morn - ing, at whose voice The cheer- ful
sun makes haste to rise, And like a gi - ant
doth re - joice .. To . run his jour - ney thro' the skies. A - MEN.

2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!

3 Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

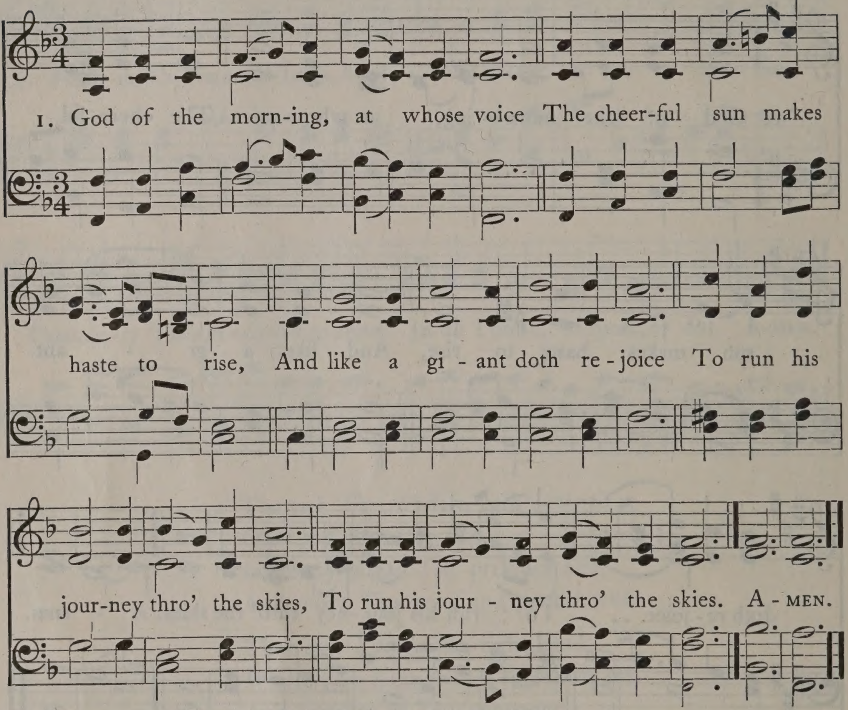
Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

14

PARK STREET L. M.

SECOND TUNE

Frederick M. A. Venua, 1788–1872


1. God of the morn-ing, at whose voice The cheer-ful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a gi - ant doth re - joice To run his jour-ney thro' the skies,
To run his jour - ney thro' the skies. A - MEN.

2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!

3 Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

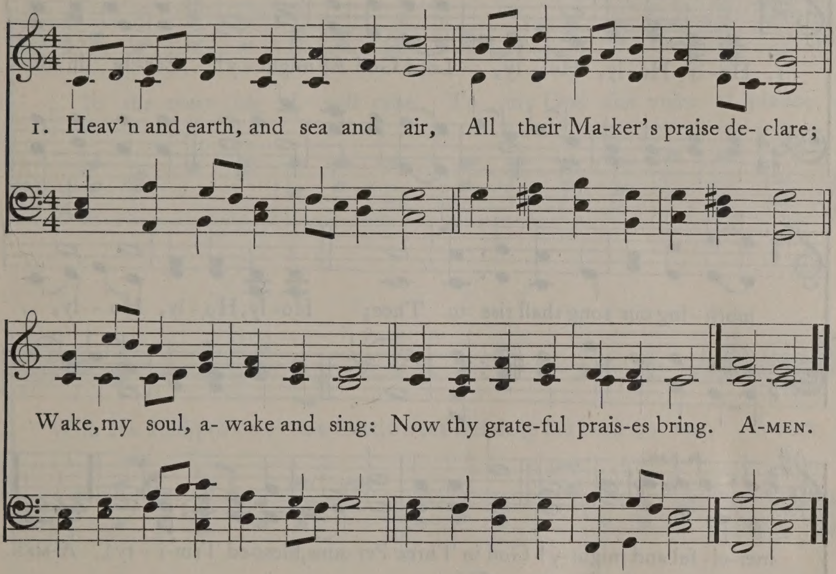
Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

15

GOTT SEI DANK DURCH ALLE WELT

7. 7. 7. 7.

FREYLINGHAUSEN'S Gesangbuch, Halle, 1704


1. Heav'n and earth, and sea and air, All their Ma-ker's praise de- clare;
Wake, my soul, a- wake and sing: Now thy grate-ful prais-es bring. A-MEN.

2 See the glorious orb of day
Breaking through the clouds his way;
Moon and stars with silvery light
Praise Him through the silent night.

3 See how He hath everywhere
Made this earth so rich and fair;
Hill and vale and fruitful land,
All things living, show His hand.

4 See how through the boundless sky
Fresh and free the birds do fly;
Fire and wind and storm are still
Servants of His royal will.

5 See the water's ceaseless flow,
Ever circling to and fro;
From the sources to the sea,
Still it rolls in praise to Thee.

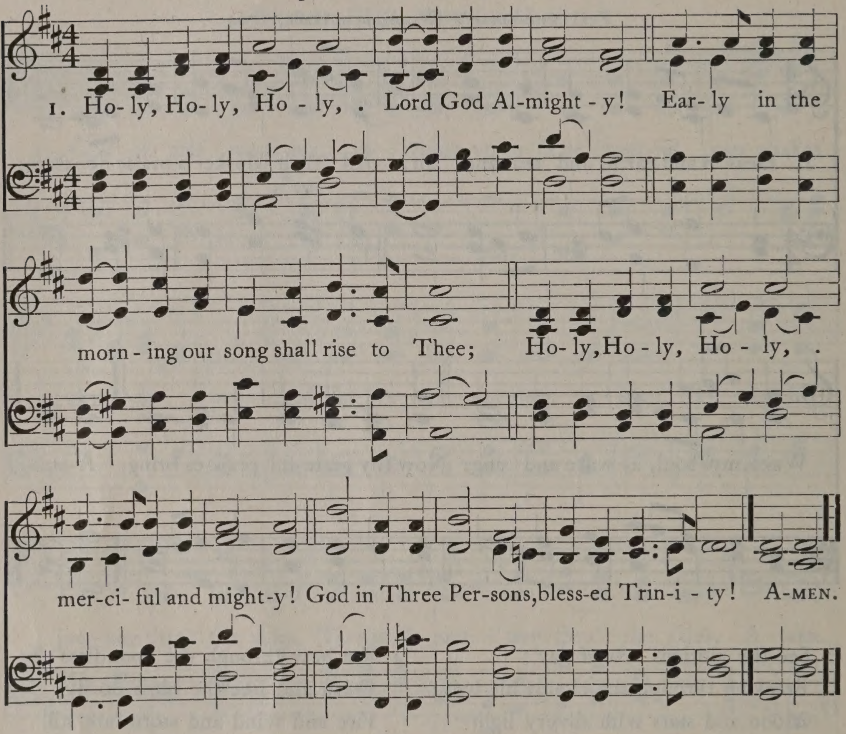
6 Lord, great wonders workest Thou!
To Thy sway all creatures bow.
Write Thou deeply in my heart
What I am, and what Thou art!

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1650–1680. Tr. Composite

16

NICAEA 11. 12. 12. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1823–1876


1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly, . Lord God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, .
mer-ci- ful and might-y! God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty! A-men.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

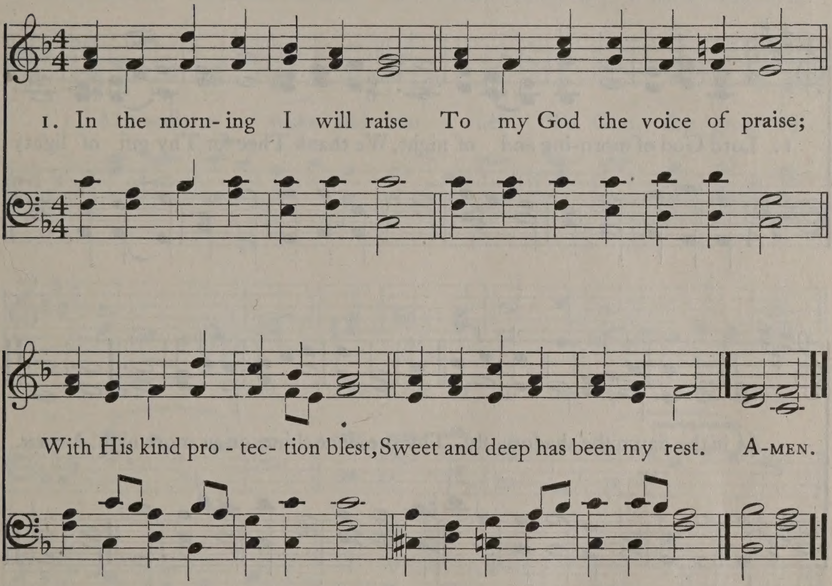
4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blesséd Trinity!

Reginald Heber, 1783–1826

17

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876


1. In the morn-ing I will raise To my God the voice of praise;
With His kind pro - tec- tion blest, Sweet and deep has been my rest. A-men.

2 In the morning I will pray
For His blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

3 Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in Thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

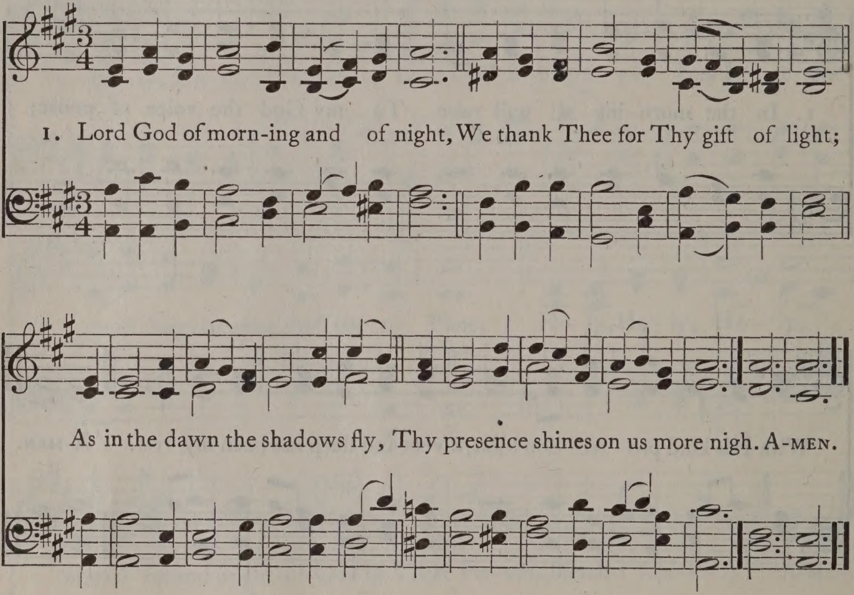
4 Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light,
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.

William H. Furness, 1802–1896

18

GERMANY (WALTON) L. M.

Ludwig van Beethoven (?), 1770–1827. William Gardiner's "Sacred Melodies," 1815


1. Lord God of morn-ing and of night, We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly, Thy presence shines on us more nigh. A-men.

2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to take the loftier part;
Thy slumber-balms our strength restore,
Throughout the day to serve Thee more.

3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

4 O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own.
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great dawn of God, we cry for thee.

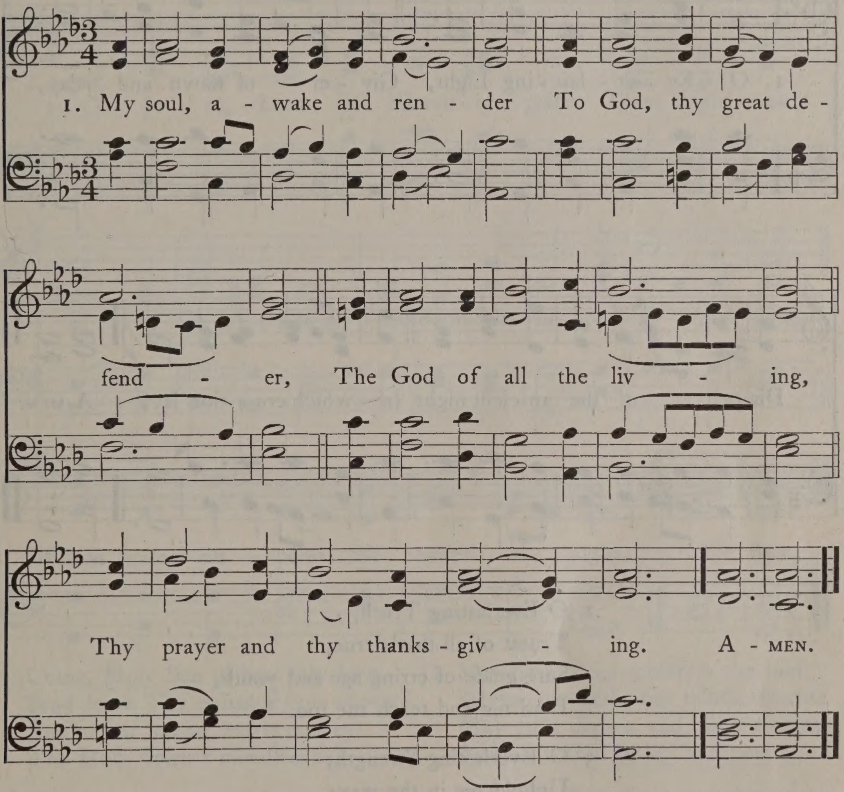
Francis T. Palgrave, 1824–1897

19

NUN LASST UNS GOTT DEM HERREN

7. 7. 7. 7.

N. SELNECKER, "Christliche Psalmen," 1587. Harm. chiefly by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750


1. My soul, a - wake and ren - der To God, thy great de - fend - er, The God of all the liv - ing, Thy prayer and thy thanks - giv - ing. A - MEN.

2 When night had closed around me,
The darkness helpless found me;
But happy was my sleeping
In His most gracious keeping.

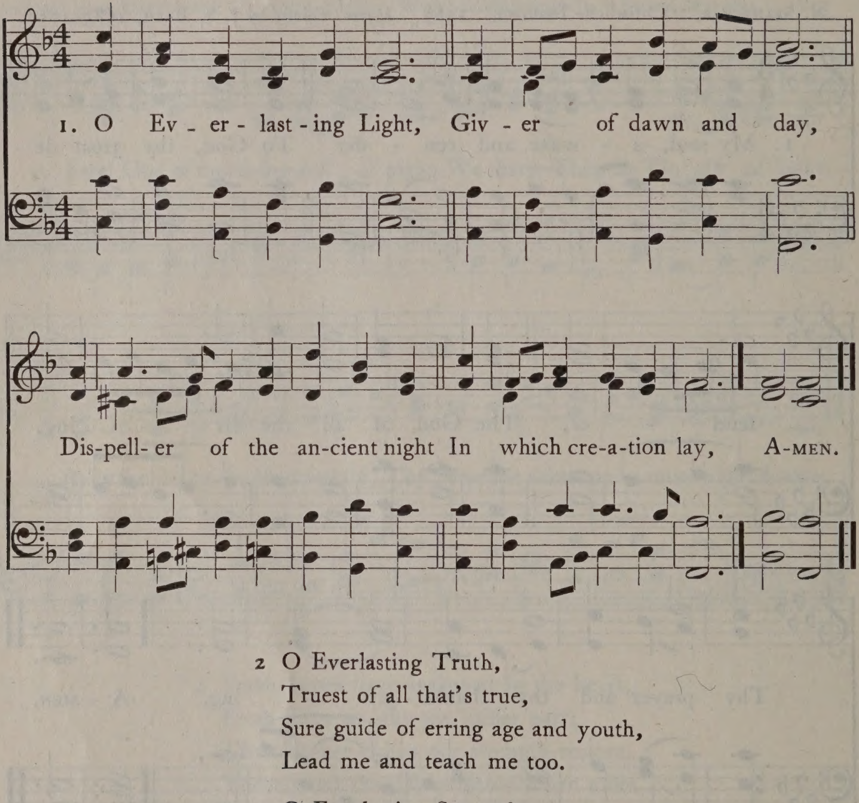
3 With joy I still discover
Thy light, O Lord, my Lover;
My thanks shall be the spices
Of morning sacrifices.

P. GERHARDT, 1607–1676. Tr. by J. C. JACOBI, 1670–1750

20

DAY OF PRAISE S. M.

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1826–1905


1. O Ev - er - last - ing Light, Giv - er of dawn and day,
Dis-pell- er of the an-cient night In which cre-a-tion lay, A-MEN.

2 O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too.

3 O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy and light and day.

4 O Everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above:
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

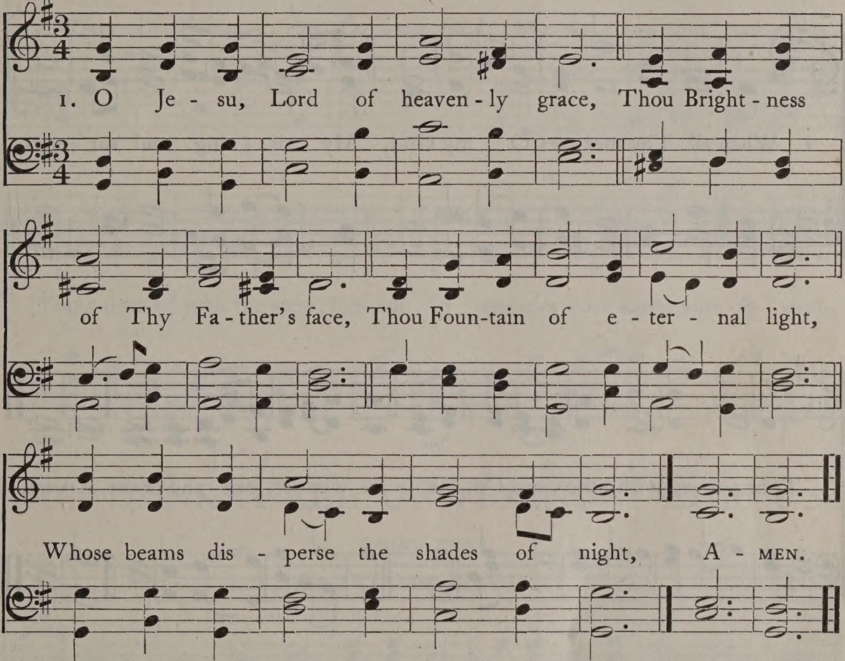
HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–1889

21

BRESLAU L. M.

CHORAL: O Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht

Melody in "As Hymnodus Sacer," Leipzig, 1625


1. O Je - su, Lord of heaven - ly grace, Thou Bright - ness
of Thy Fa - ther's face, Thou Foun-tain of e - ter - nal light,
Whose beams dis - perse the shades of night, A - MEN.

2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Send down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness,
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.

4 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

5 O hallowed be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset calm and bright.

6 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

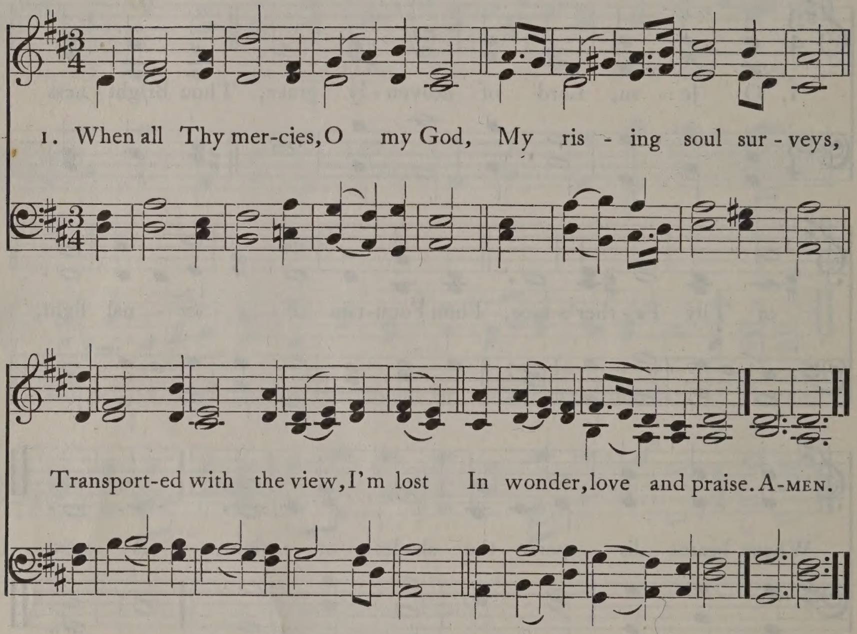
AMBROSE OF MILAN, 340–397. Tr. by JOHN CHANDLER, 1806–1876

22

BELGRAVE C. M.

FIRST TUNE

W. Horsley, 1774–1858


1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love and praise. A-MEN.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

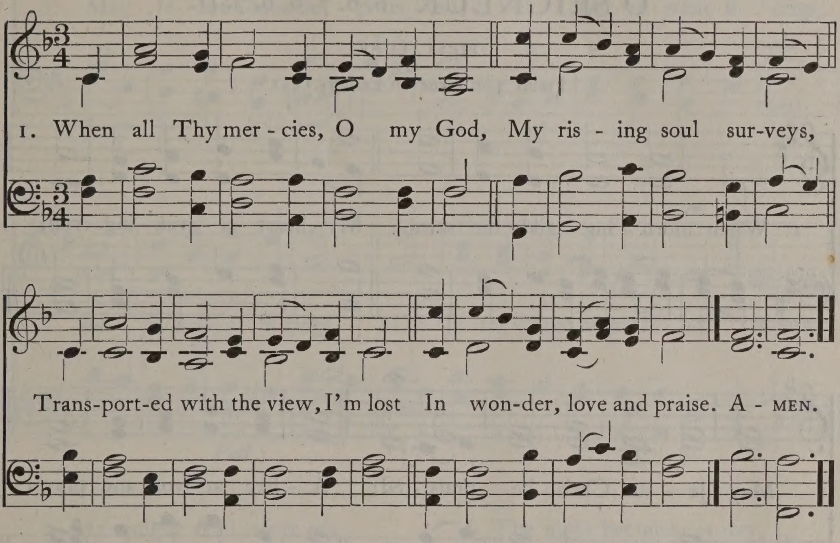
6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison, 1672–1719

BELMONT C. M.

SECOND TUNE

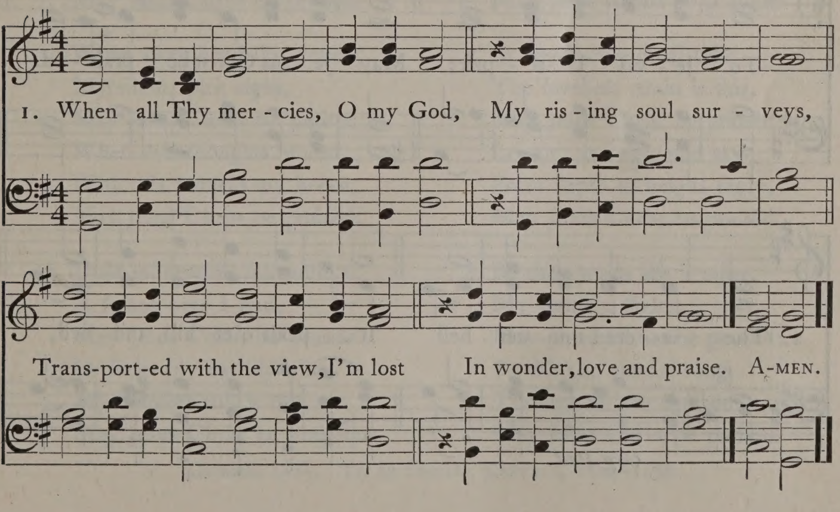
Wm. Gardiner's "Sacred Melodies," 1815


1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love and praise. A-MEN.

NUN DANKET ALL' UND BRINGET EHR C. M.

THIRD TUNE

Johann Crüger, 1598–1662

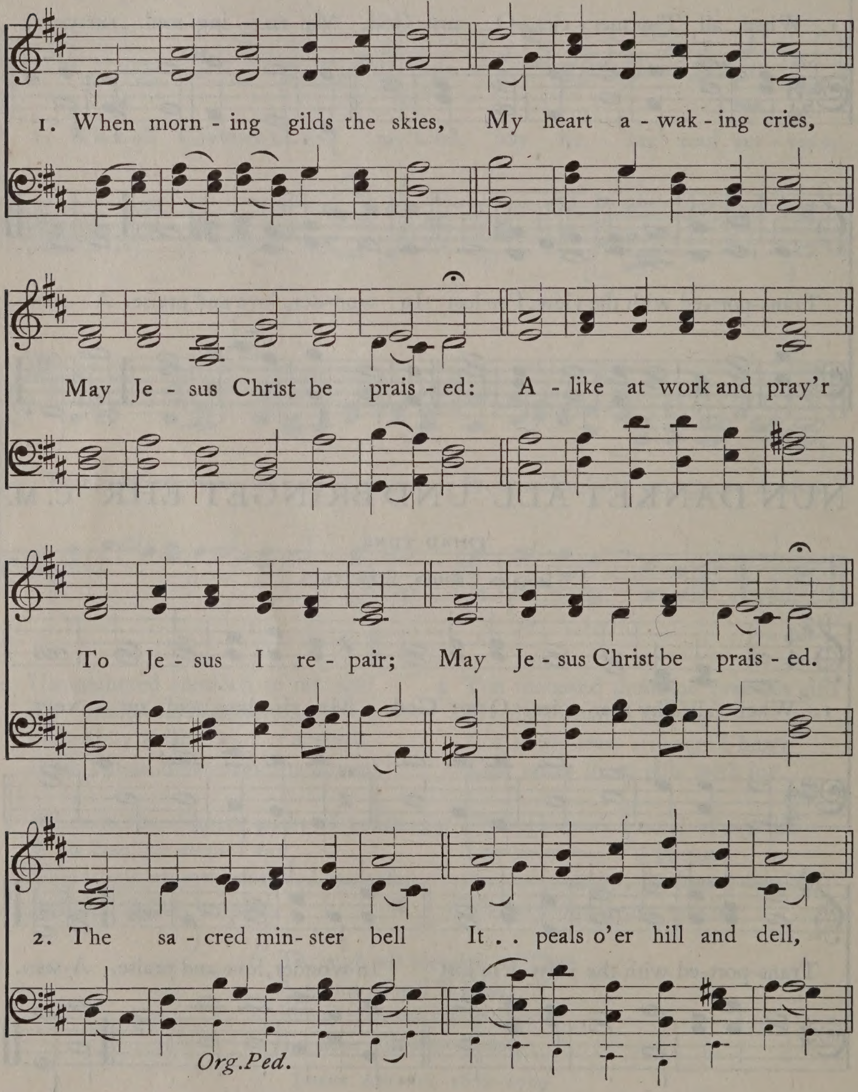

1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love and praise. A-MEN.

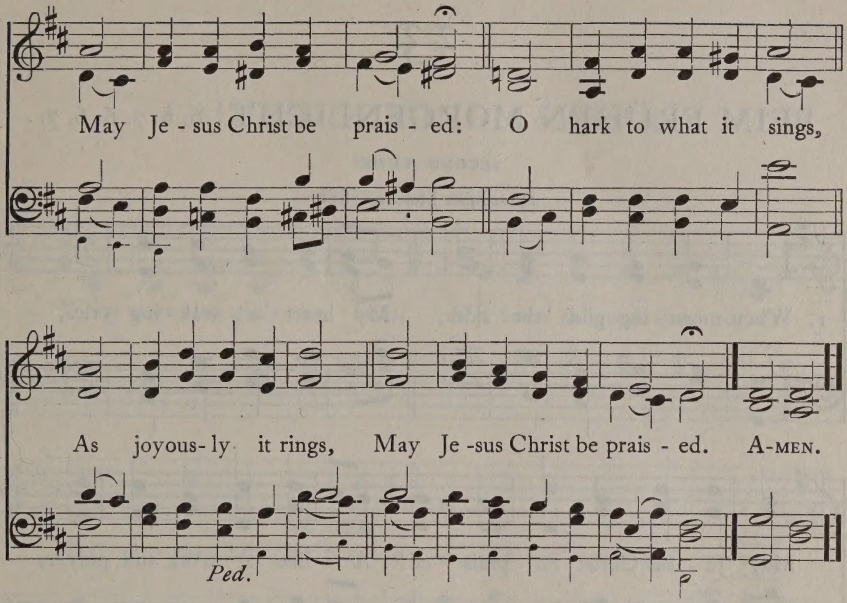
23

O SEIGNEUR 6. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. D.

FIRST TUNE

Psalm 3 in Genevan Psalter, 1551


1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
May Je - sus Christ be prais - ed: A - like at work and pray'r
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be prais - ed.
2. The sa - cred min- ster bell It . . peals o'er hill and dell,
Org.Ped.


May Je - sus Christ be prais - ed: O hark to what it sings,
As joyous- ly it rings, May Je -sus Christ be prais - ed. A-MEN.
Ped.

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting in the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd:
The fairest graces spring
In hearts that ever sing,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.

4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd:
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.

5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd:
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.

6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.

7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd:
Let air, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.

8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd:
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.

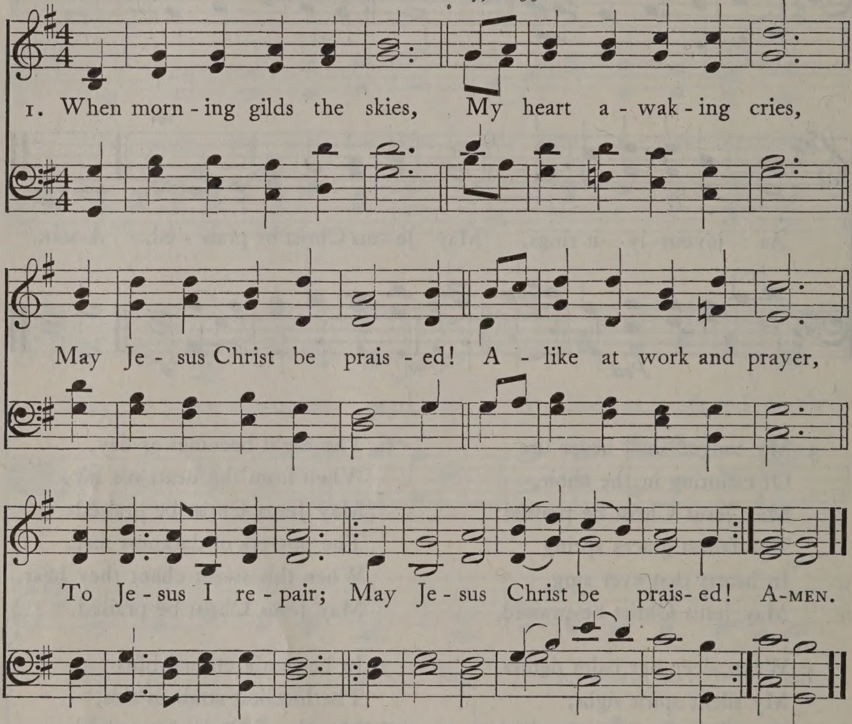
German, 1828. Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

23

BEIM FRÜHEN MORGENLICHT 6. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7.

SECOND TUNE

Franconian Melody, 1855


1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
May Je - sus Christ be prais - ed! A - like at work and prayer,
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be prais- ed! A-MEN.

2 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd!

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd!
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd!

4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd!
Let earth and sea and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd!

5 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd!
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd!

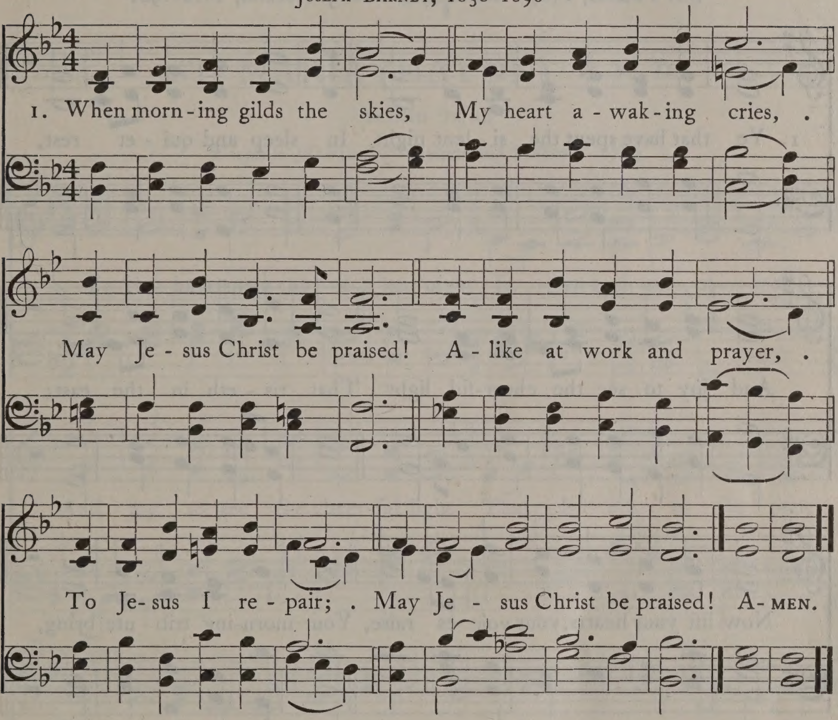
German, 1828. Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–1878. Arr.

23

LAUDES DOMINI 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

THIRD TUNE

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896


1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak-ing cries,
May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer,
To Je- sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised! A- MEN.

2 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth and sea and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

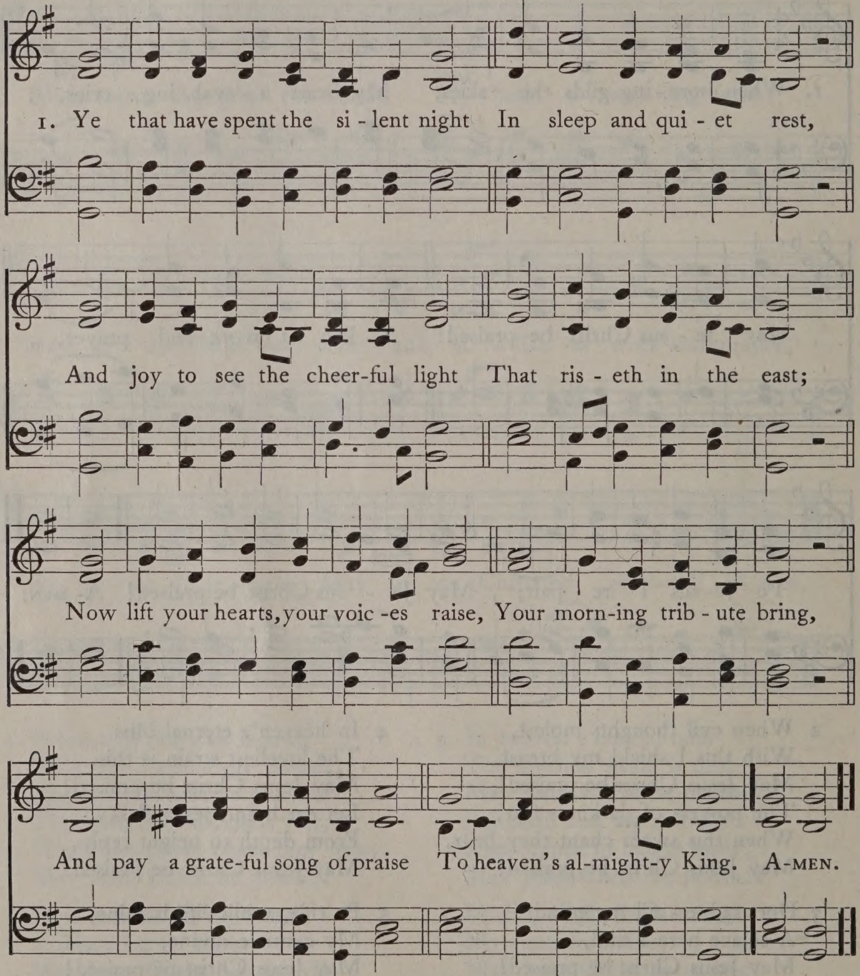
German, 1828. Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–1878. Arr.

24

OLD 44TH C. M. D.

FIRST TUNE

Day's Psalter, 1563. Harm. by Edward J. Hopkins, 1818–1901


1. Ye that have spent the si - lent night In sleep and qui - et rest,
And joy to see the cheer-ful light That ris - eth in the east;
Now lift your hearts, your voic -es raise, Your morn-ing trib - ute bring,
And pay a grate-ful song of praise To heaven's al-might-y King. A-MEN.

2 And as this gloomy night did last
But for a little space,
As heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face,

So let us hope, when faith and love
Their work on earth have done,
God's blessed face to see above,
Heaven's better, brighter sun.

3 God grant us grace that height to gain,
That glorious sight to see,
And send us, after worldly pain,
A life from trouble free,
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,
And sorrow never come;
Lord, be a place, a portion, mine
In that bright blissful home.

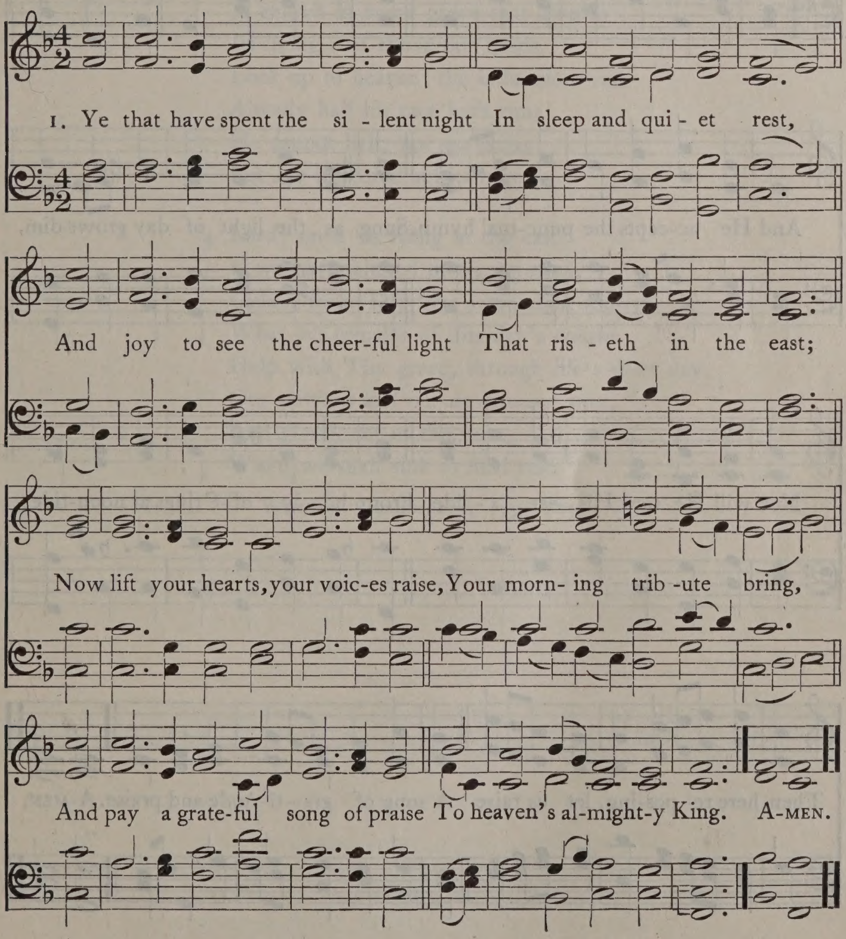
George Gascoigne, 1540–1577

24

ST. MARIA (HAYDN) C. M. D.

SECOND TUNE

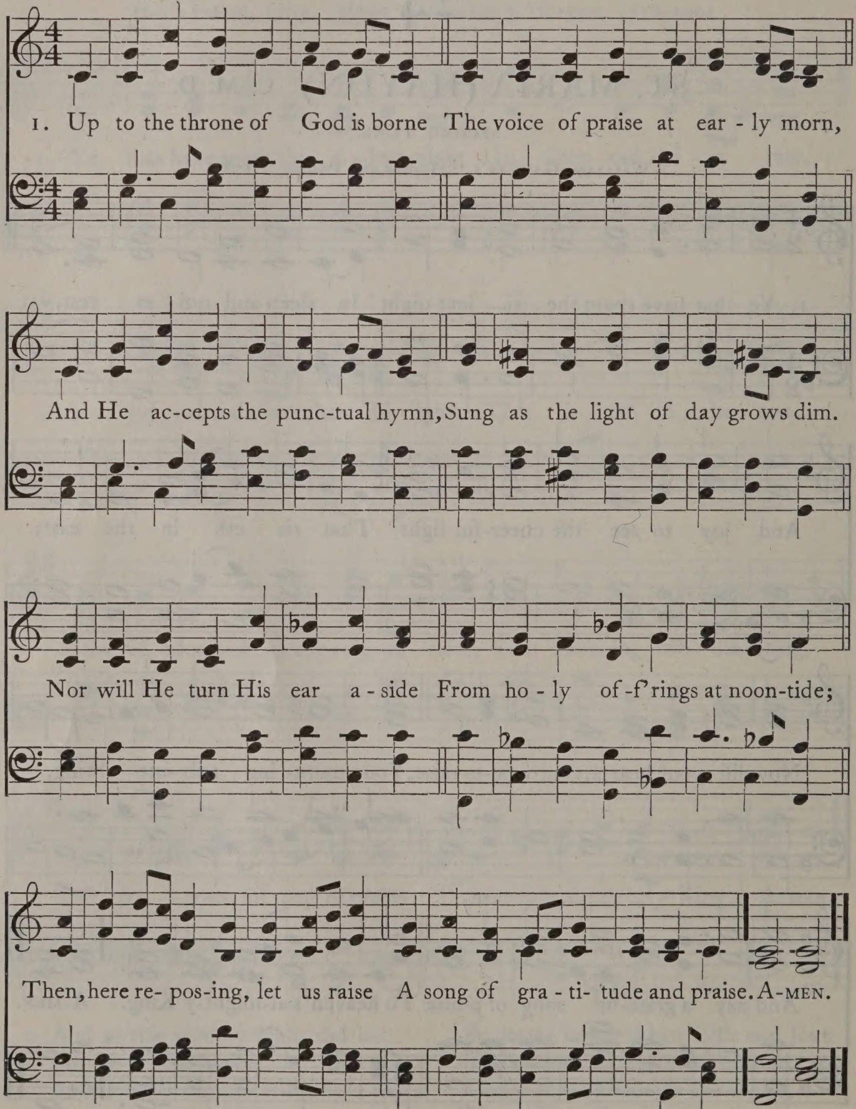
William Gawler's "Hymns and Psalms," 1789


1. Ye that have spent the si - lent night In sleep and qui - et rest,
And joy to see the cheer-ful light That ris - eth in the east;
Now lift your hearts, your voic-es raise, Your morn- ing trib -ute bring,
And pay a grate-ful song of praise To heaven's al-might-y King. A-men.

25

BUCKLEBURY L. M. D.

Alt. from "Harmonia Perfecta," 1730, and harm. by EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1818–1901


1. Up to the throne of God is borne The voice of praise at ear - ly morn,
And He ac-cepts the punc-tual hymn, Sung as the light of day grows dim.
Nor will He turn His ear a - side From ho - ly of-f'rings at noon-tide;
Then, here re- pos-ing, let us raise A song of gra - ti- tude and praise. A-MEN.

2 What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the midday hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.
Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God.

3 Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.
Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt, nor go astray;
But our immortal spirits may.

4 Lord! since his rising in the east
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.
Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way,
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

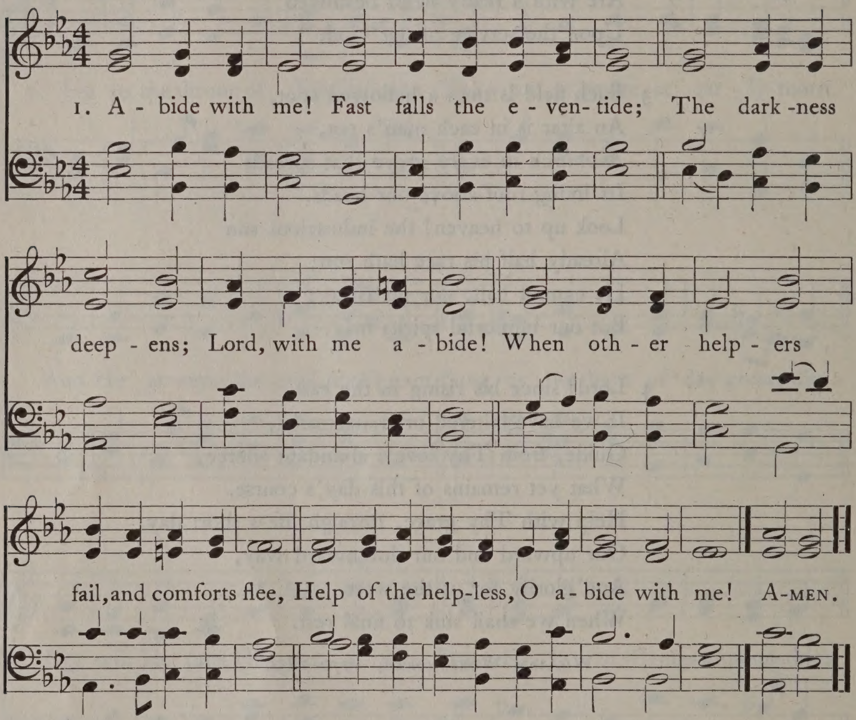
William Wordsworth, 1770–1850

26

EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10

FIRST TUNE

William H. Monk, 1823–1889


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven- tide; The dark -ness
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me! A-MEN.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, friend of sinners, and abide with me.

4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

5 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

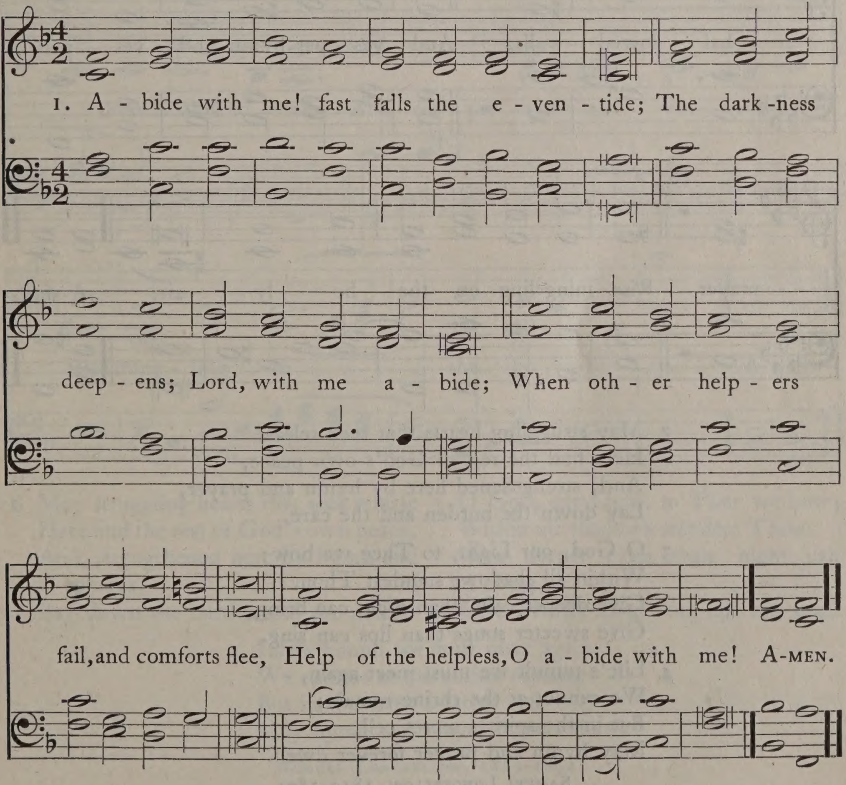
Henry F. Lyte, 1793–1847

26

TOULON (OLD 124TH) 10. 10. 10. 10.

SECOND TUNE

Genevan Psalter, 1551

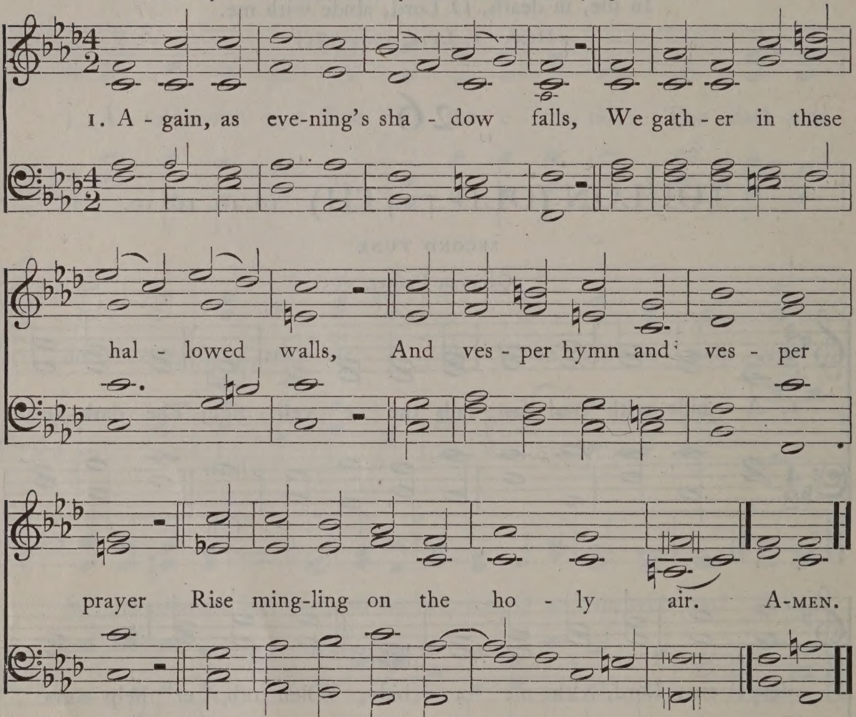

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark -ness
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me! A-MEN.

27

DER TAG BRICHT AN L. M.

FIRST TUNE

Melody and harmonization by Melchior Vulpius, 1560–1616


1. A - gain, as eve-ning's sha - dow falls, We gath - er in these
hal - lowed walls, And ves - per hymn and ves - per
prayer Rise ming-ling on the ho - ly air. A-MEN.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou.
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892

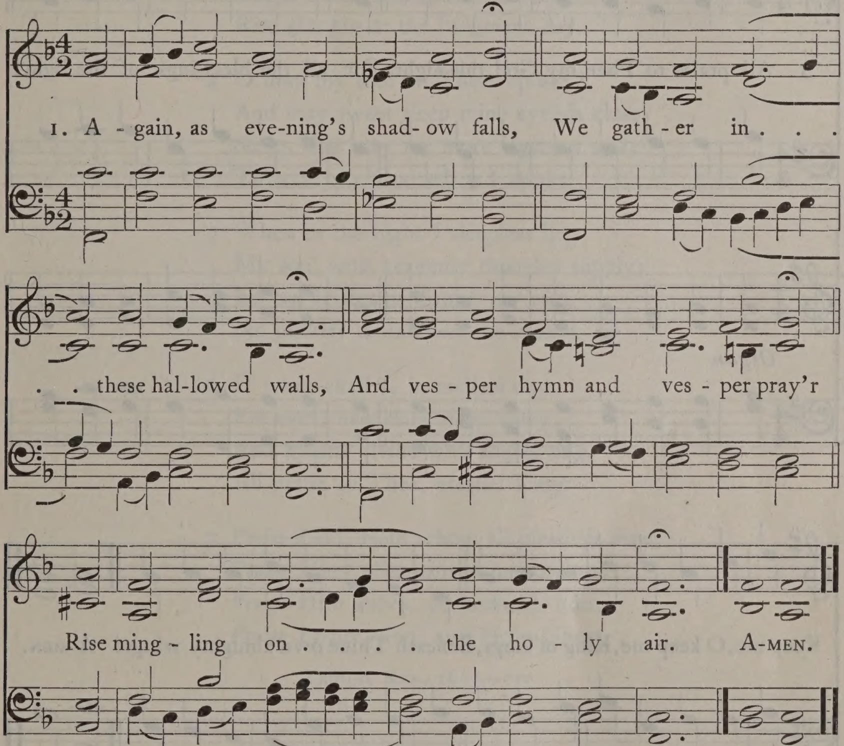
27

ACH BLEIB BEI UNS, HERR JESU CHRIST

L. M.

SECOND TUNE

SETH CALVISIUS, 1556–1615. Harm. by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750


1. A - gain, as eve-ning's shad- ow falls, We gath - er in . . .
. . these hal-lowed walls, And ves - per hymn and ves - per pray'r
Rise ming - ling on . . . . the ho - ly air.
A-MEN.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou.
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

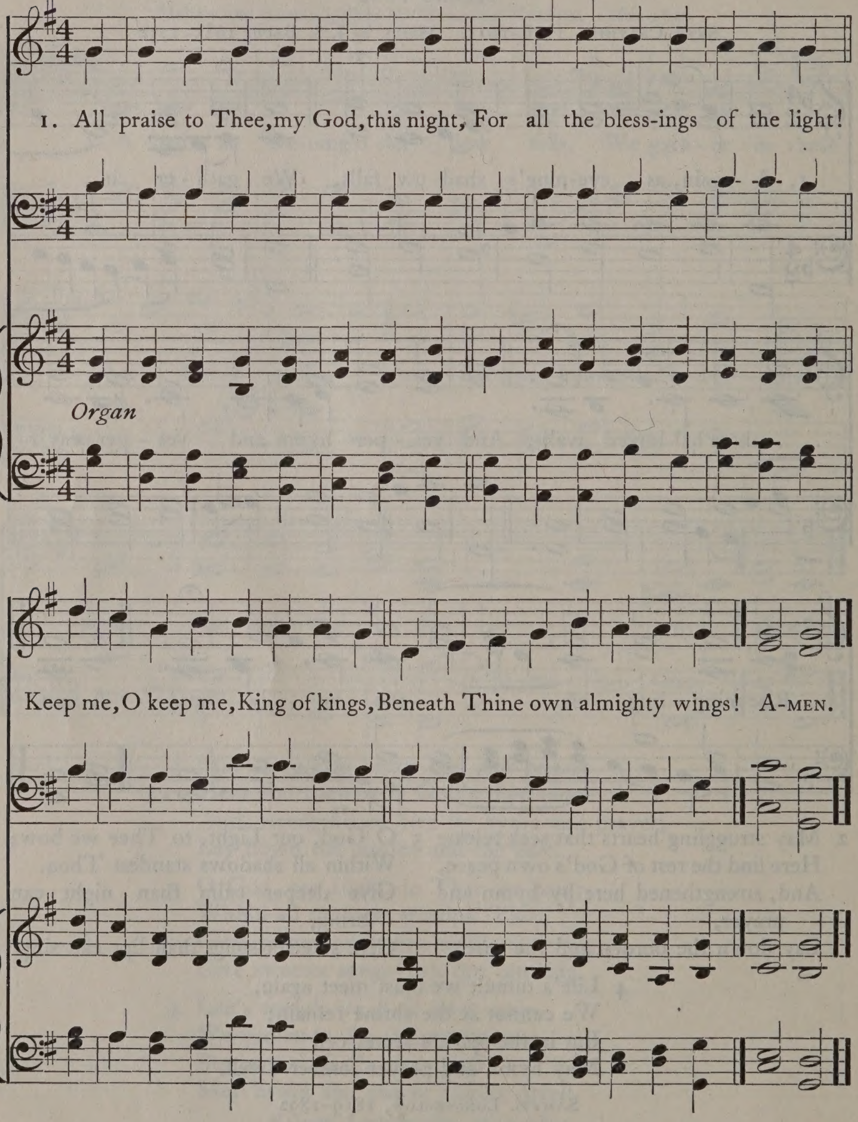
4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819–1892

28

TALLIS'S CANON (EVENING HYMN) L. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1520–1585


1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light!
Organ
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own almighty wings! A-men.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the Judgment-day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
All praise to Thee, eternal King?

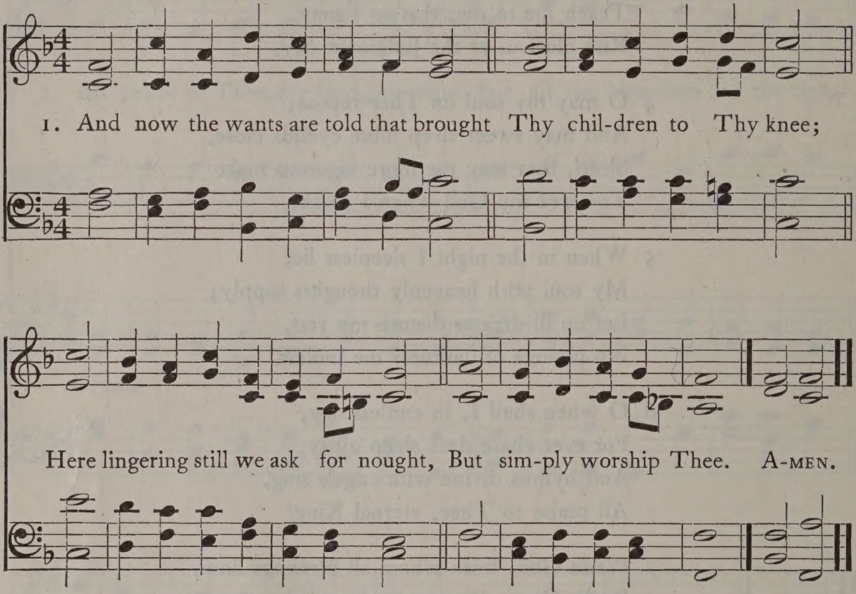
7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1637–1711

29

DURHAM C. M.

Northern Tune; harm. by Thomas Ravenscroft, c. 1582–c. 1630
Harmonization adapted by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. And now the wants are told that brought Thy chil-dren to Thy knee;
Here lingering still we ask for nought, But sim-ply worship Thee. A-MEN.

2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

3 For Thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

4 Oh wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!

5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

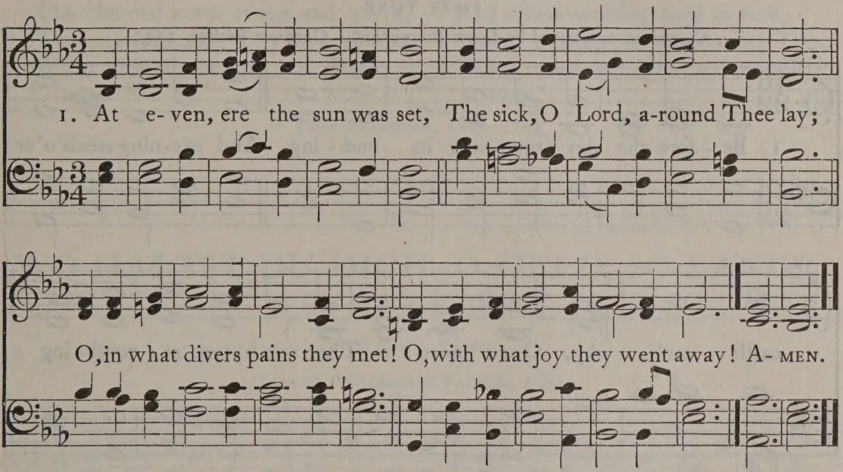
6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

William Bright, 1824–1901

30

ANGELUS (DU MEINER SEELEN) L. M.

"Cantica Spiritualia," 1847; founded on a melody by Georg Josephi, c. 1657


1. At e- ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;
O, in what divers pains they met! O, with what joy they went away! A- men.

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had,

4 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

5 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

6 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells, 1823–1900

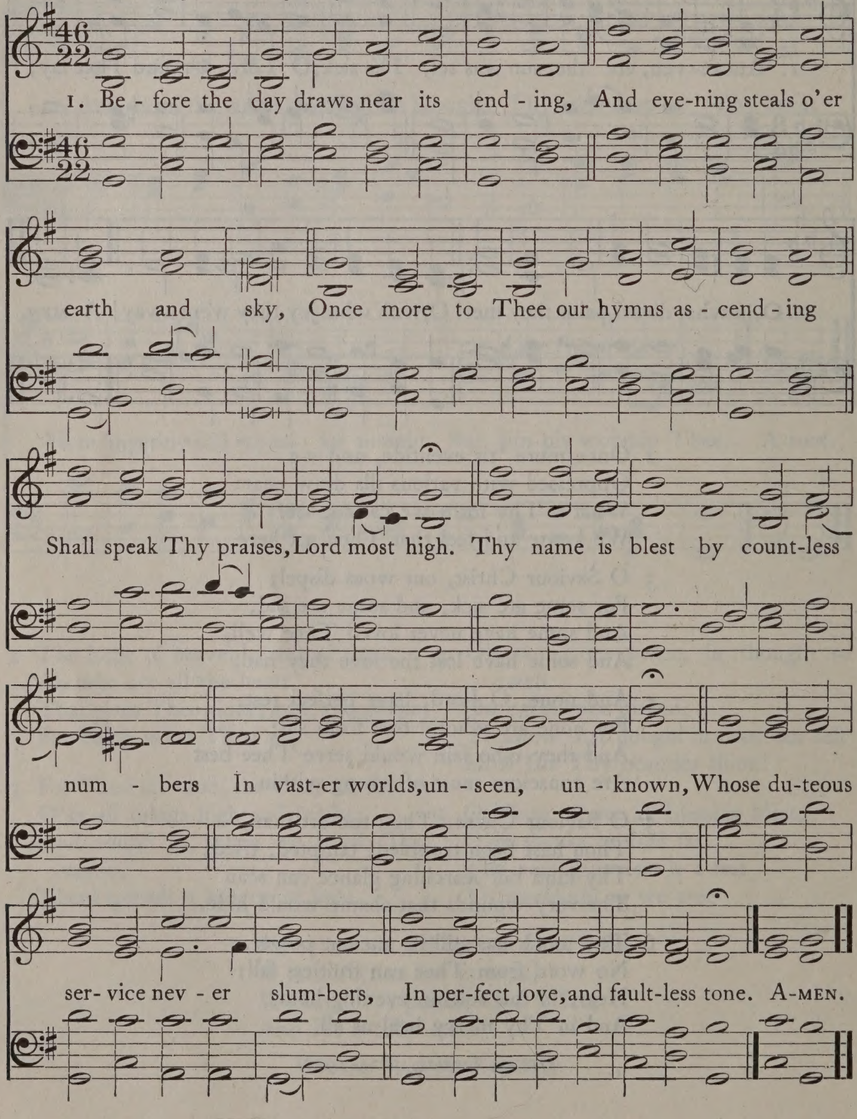
31

RENDEZ À DIEU (GENEVAN PSALM 118)

9. 8. 9. 8. D.

FIRST TUNE

Composed or adapted by Louis Bourgeois. Genevan Psalter, 1543


46
22
1. Be - fore the day draws near its end - ing, And eve-ning steals o'er
earth and sky, Once more to Thee our hymns as - cend - ing
Shall speak Thy praises, Lord most high. Thy name is blest by count-less
num - bers In vast-er worlds, un - seen, un - known, Whose du-teous
ser- vice nev - er slum-bers, In per-fect love, and fault-less tone. A-MEN.

2 Yet Thou wilt not despise the weakest
Who here in spirit bend the knee;
Thy Christ hath said, "Thou, Father, seekest
For such as these to worship Thee."
And through the swell of chanting voices,
The blended notes of age and youth,
Thine ear discerns, Thy love rejoices,
When hearts rise up to Thee in truth.

3 O Light all clear, O Truth most holy,
O boundless Mercy pardoning all,
Before Thy feet, abashed and lowly,
With one last prayer Thy children fall:—
"When we no more on earth adore Thee,
And others worship here in turn,
O may we sing that song before Thee,
Which none but Thy redeemed can learn."

John Ellerton, 1826–1893

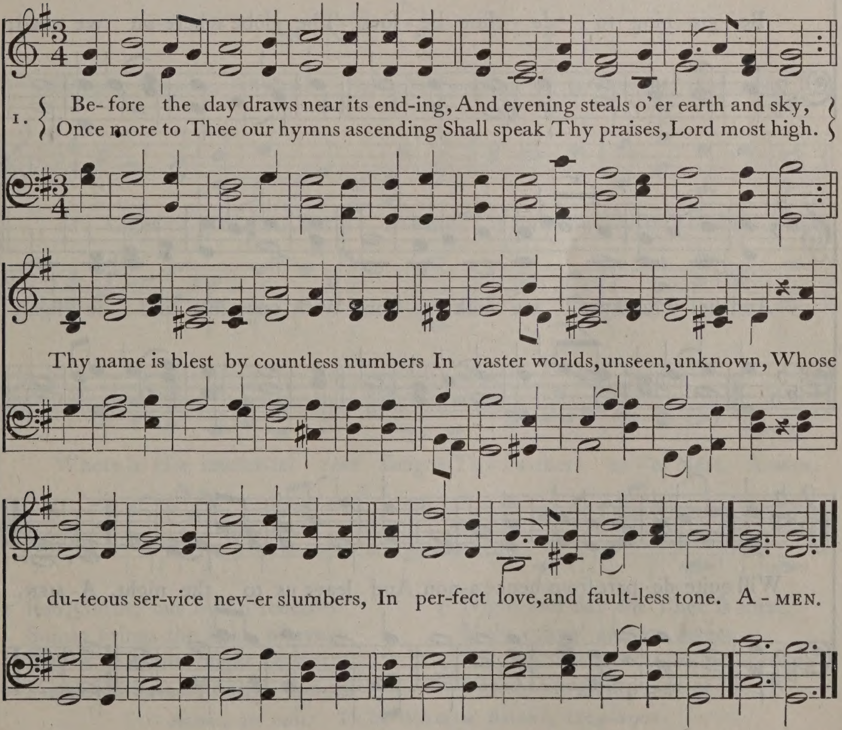
31

WO HÄLTST DU DICH, O HELD, SO LANGE?

9. 8. 9. 8. D.

SECOND TUNE

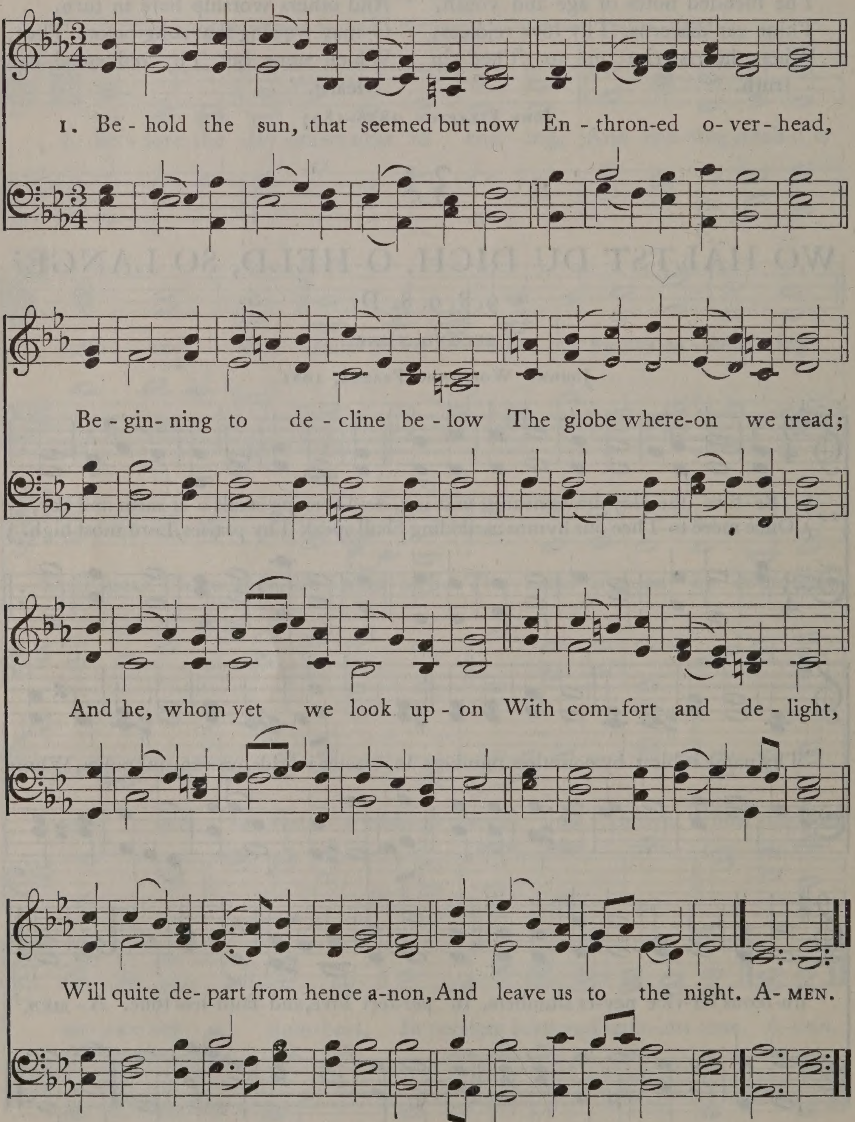
Johann Wolfgang Franck, 1681


1. Be-fore the day draws near its end-ing, And evening steals o'er earth and sky,
Once more to Thee our hymns ascending Shall speak Thy praises, Lord most high.
Thy name is blest by countless numbers In vaster worlds, unseen, unknown, Whose
du-teous ser-vice nev-er slumbers, In per-fect love, and fault-less tone. A - MEN.

32

HAYES C. M. D.

William Hayes, 1707–1777. Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. Be - hold the sun, that seemed but now En - thron-ed o- ver - head,
Be - gin- ning to de - cline be - low The globe where-on we tread;
And he, whom yet we look up - on With com- fort and de - light,
Will quite de- part from hence a-non, And leave us to the night. A- men.

2 Thus time, unheeded, steals away
The life which nature gave;
Thus are our bodies every day
Declining to the grave;
Thus from us all our pleasures fly
Whereon we set our heart;
And when the night of death draws nigh,
Thus will they all depart.

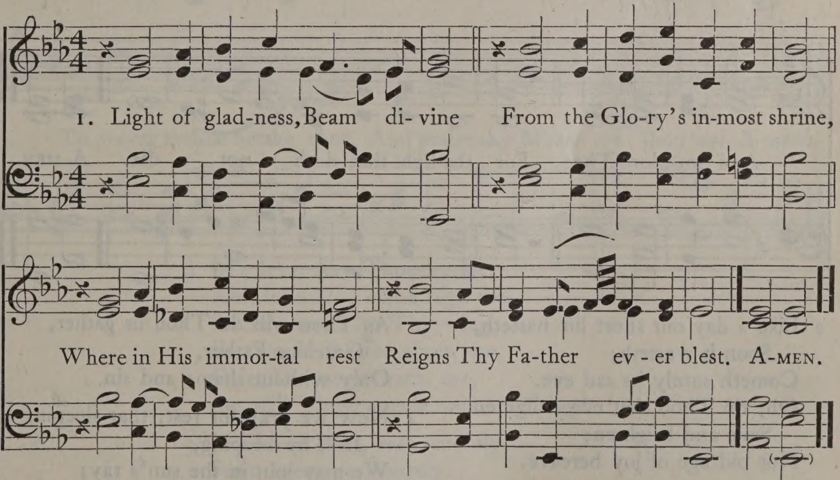
3 Lord, though the sun forsake our sight,
And mortal hopes are vain,
Let still Thine everlasting light
Within our souls remain;
And in the nights of our distress
Vouchsafe those rays divine,
Which from the Sun of Righteousness
For ever brightly shine!

George Wither, 1588–1667

33

SONG 13 7.7.7.7.

Orlando Gibbons, 1583–1625 Harm. by Frederick A. G. Ouseley, 1825–1889


1. Light of glad-ness, Beam di- vine From the Glo-ry's in-most shrine,
Where in His immor-tal rest Reigns Thy Fa-ther ev - er blest. A-men.

2 Jesu Christ, our hymn receive:
Sunset brings the lights of eve;
Day is past, and night begun;
Praise we Father, Spirit, Son.

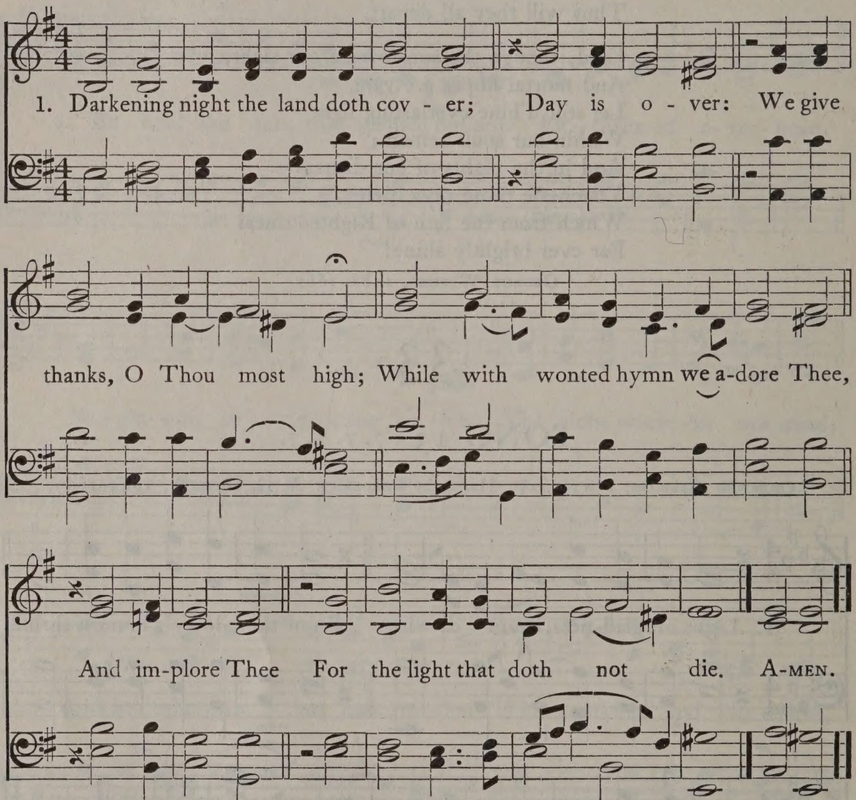
3 Night and day for Thee is meet
Holy voices' anthem sweet,
Ringing through the world abroad,
"Hail, life-giving Son of God!"

Anon., 3rd cent. Tr. by William Bright, 1824–1901

34

BOURGEOIS PSALM 38 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7.

Louis Bourgeois, 1542. Harm. by H. E. Wooldridge, 1845–1917


1. Darkening night the land doth cov - er; Day is o - ver: We give
thanks, O Thou most high; While with wonted hymn we a-dore Thee,
And im-plore Thee For the light that doth not die. A-men.

2 Like a day our short life hasteth,
Soon it wasteth;
Cometh surely its sad eve.
Oh, do Thou that eve enlighten,
Save and brighten;
Nor old age of joy bereave.

3 Come no pain nor pity near it,
Bless and cheer it,
That in peace we our peace win;
As Thou wilt do Thou us gather,
Gracious Father,
Only without shame and sin.

4 Now we pray for rest, that sleeping
In Thy keeping,
We may join in the sun's ray;
So through death's last darkness take us,
So awake us
To heaven's everlasting day.

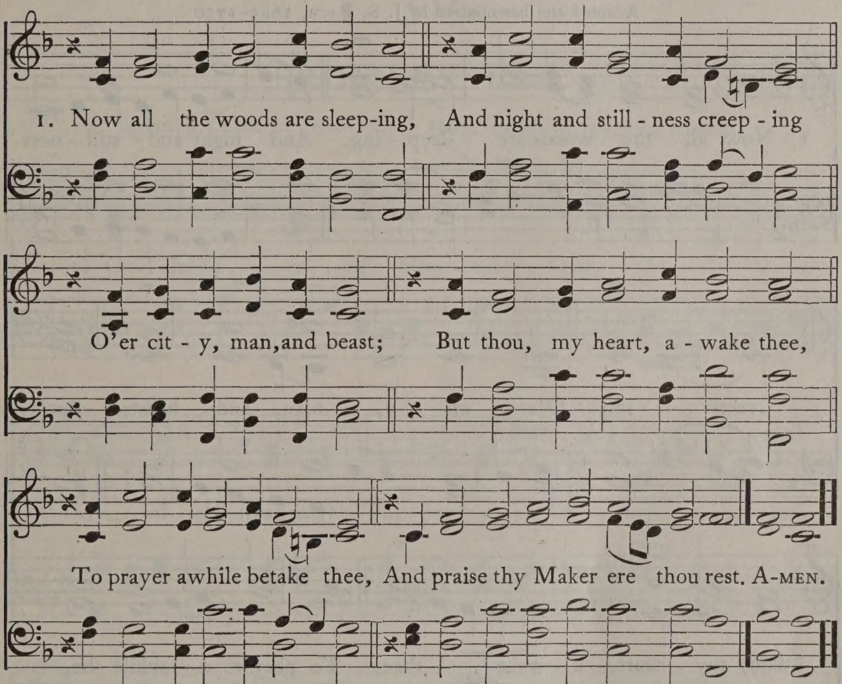
Anon. Greek. Trans., Yattendon Hymnal, 1899

35

O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN (INNSBRUCK) 7. 7. 6. 7. 7. 8.

RHYTHMICAL SETTING

German Folksong, ascribed to Heinrich Isaak, 1450–1517. Adapted by B. Gesius, 1605


1. Now all the woods are sleep-ing, And night and still - ness creep - ing
O'er cit - y, man, and beast; But thou, my heart, a - wake thee,
To prayer awhile betake thee, And praise thy Maker ere thou rest. A-MEN.

2 My Jesu, stay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
Safe-sheltered by Thy wing;
But would the foe alarm me,
O let him never harm me,
But still Thine angels round me sing!

3 My loved ones, rest securely,
From every peril surely
Our God will guard your heads;
And happy slumbers send you,
And bid His hosts attend you,
And golden-armed watch o'er your beds.

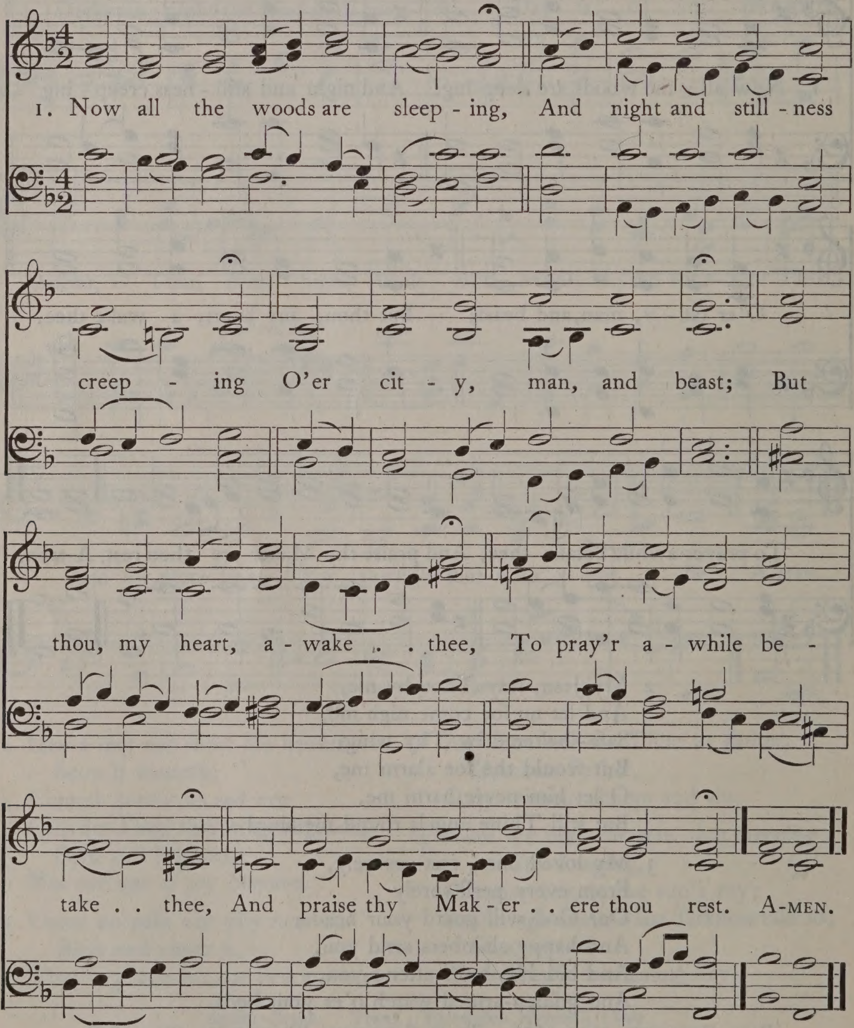
Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

35

O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN (INNSBRUCK) 7. 7. 6. 7. 7. 8.

SECOND SETTING

German Folksong, ascribed to Heinrich Isaak, 1450–1517. Adapted by B. Gesius, 1605
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. Now all the woods are sleep - ing, And night and still - ness
creep - ing O'er cit - y, man, and beast; But
thou, my heart, a - wake . . . thee, To pray'r a - while be -
take . . thee, And praise thy Mak - er . . ere thou rest. A-MEN.

2 My Jesu, stay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
Safe-sheltered by Thy wing;
But would the foe alarm me,
O let him never harm me,
But still Thine angels round me sing!

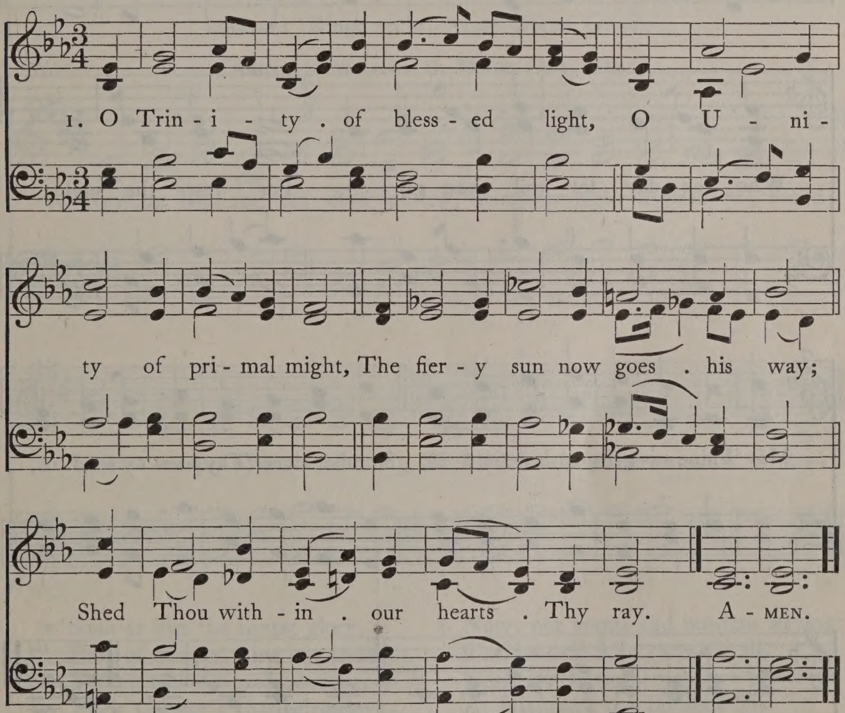
3 My loved ones, rest securely,
From every peril surely
Our God will guard your heads;
And happy slumbers send you,
And bid his hosts attend you,
And golden-armed watch o'er your beds.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

36

BROMLEY L. M.

Jeremiah Clark, c. 1670–1707. Harm. by M. M. Bridges, d. 1894


1. O Trin-i - ty . of bless-ed light, O U - ni -
ty of pri-mal might, The fier-y sun now goes . his way;
Shed Thou with-in . our hearts . Thy ray. A - men.

2 To Thee our morning song of praise,
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;
And Thou our glorious theme shalt be
Now and through all eternity.

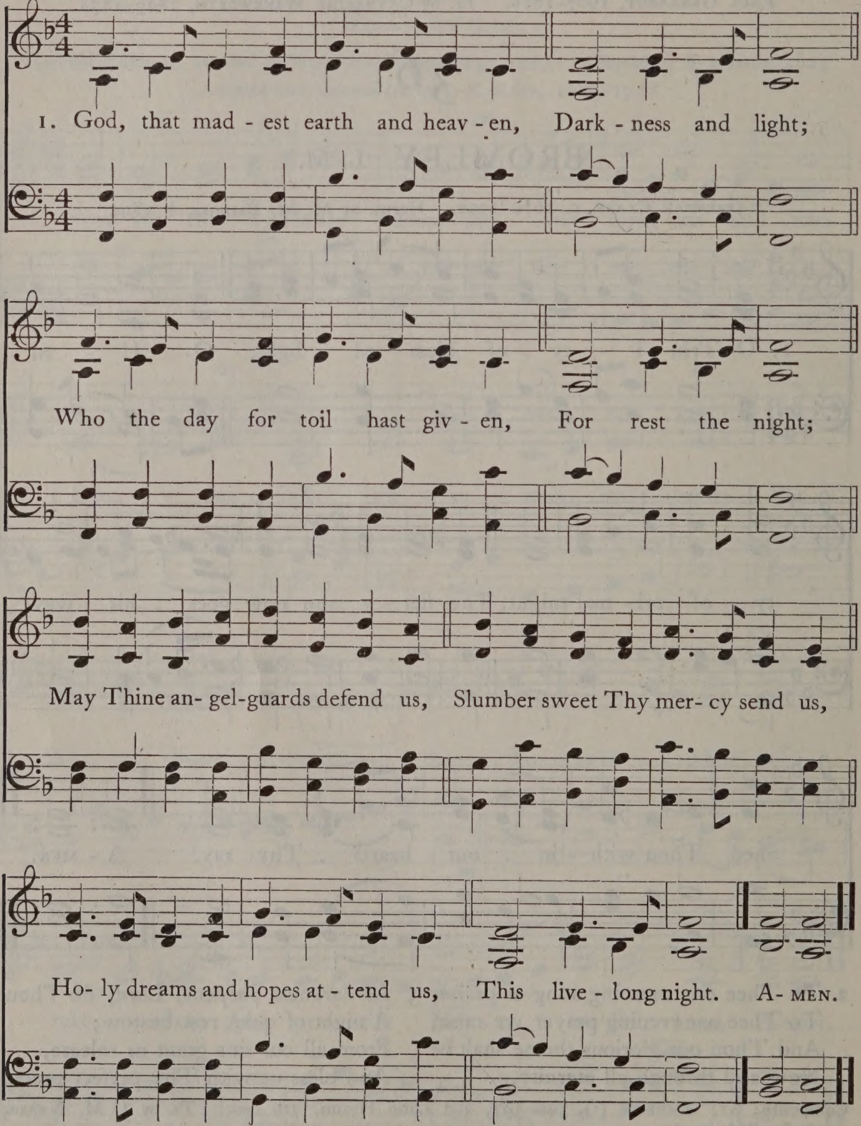
3 As darkness deepens, Lord, do Thou
A night of quiet rest bestow;
From all our sins grant us release,
And bless us with Thy perfect peace.

Composite: St. Ambrose (?), 340–397, and Latin Hymn, 7th cent. Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1818–1866, et al.

37

AR HYD Y NOS 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Welsh Traditional Melody. E. Jones's "Relics of the Welsh Bards," 1784


1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;
Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night;
May Thine an- gel-guards defend us, Slumber sweet Thy mer- cy send us,
Ho- ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. A- MEN.

2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey.
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high.

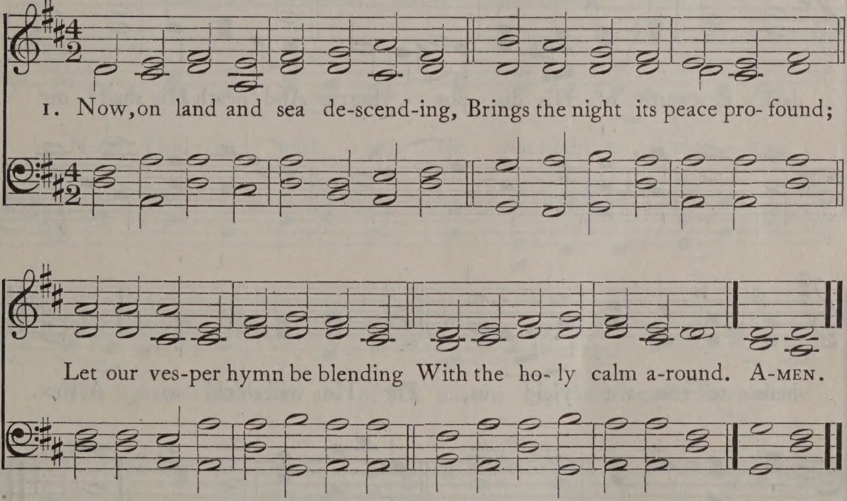
Reginald Heber, 1783–1826; William Mercer, 1864; Richard Whately, 1855

38

BATTY 8. 7. 8. 7.

CHORAL: Ringe recht, wenn Gottes Gnade

Adapted by William H. Monk, 1823–1889


1. Now, on land and sea de-scend-ing, Brings the night its peace pro- found;
Let our ves-per hymn be blending With the ho- ly calm a-round. A-men.

2 Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,—
Their Creator's changeless love.

3 Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To His care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving:
At His touch our burdens fall.

4 As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and faith and love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

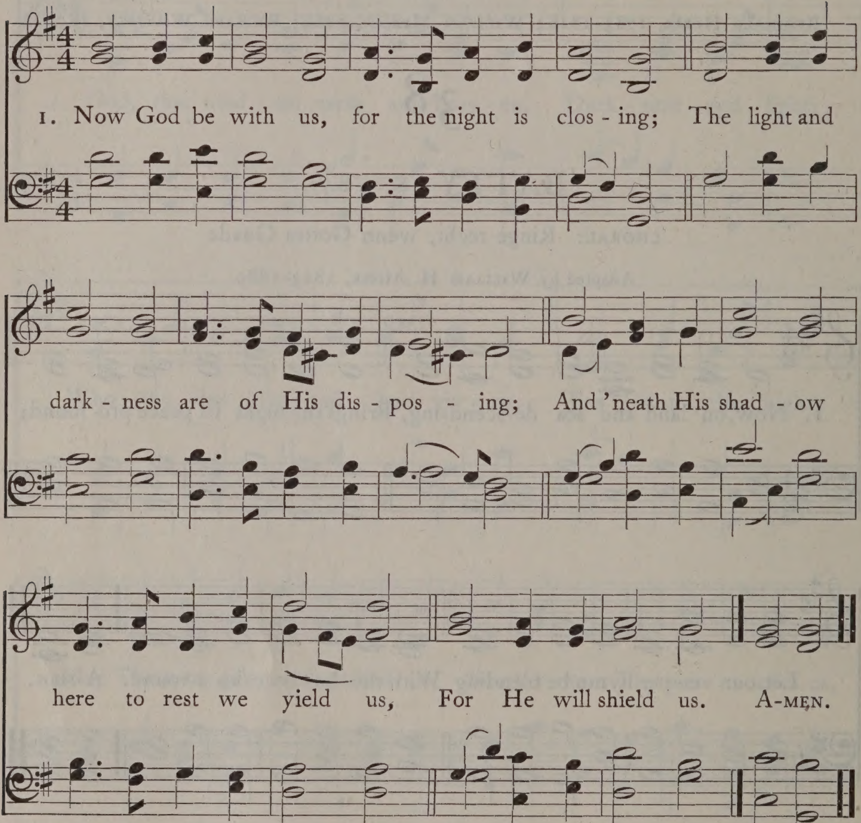
Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892

39

DIVA SERVATRIX 11. 11. 11. 5.

FIRST TUNE

Bayeux Church Melody


1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing; The light and
dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing; And 'neath His shad - ow
here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us. A-MEN.

2 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us,
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us,
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

3 As Thy belovèd, soothe the sick and weeping,
And bid the prisoner lose his griefs in sleeping;
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them:
Do Thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

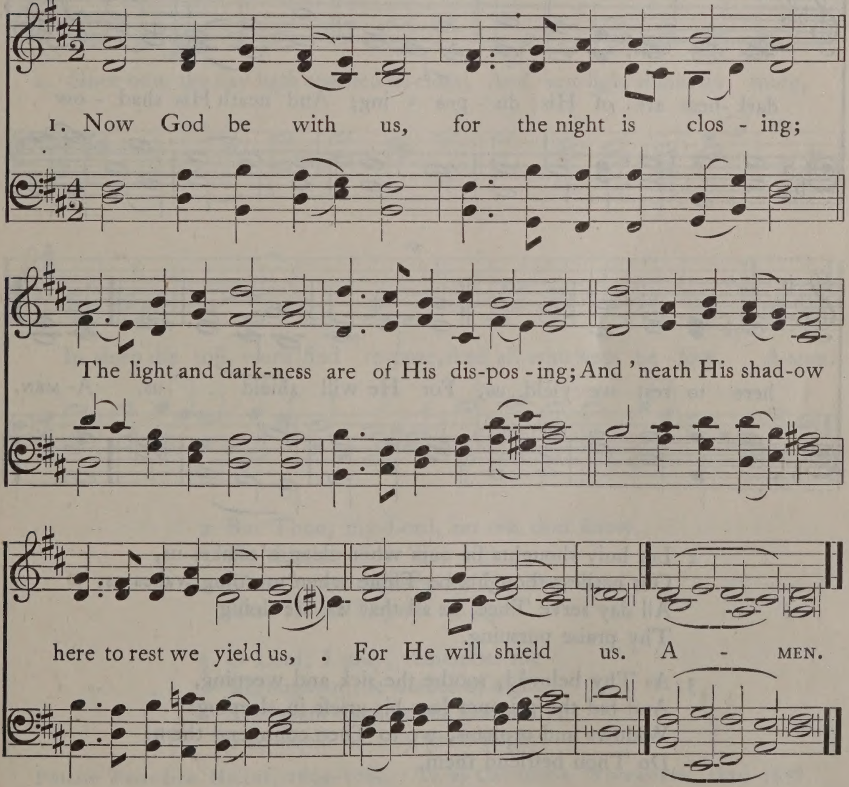
PETRUS HERBERT (?), –1571. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

39

CHRISTE SANCTORUM 11. 11. 11. 5.

SECOND TUNE

Melody from La Feillée, "Méthode du plain-chant," 1782

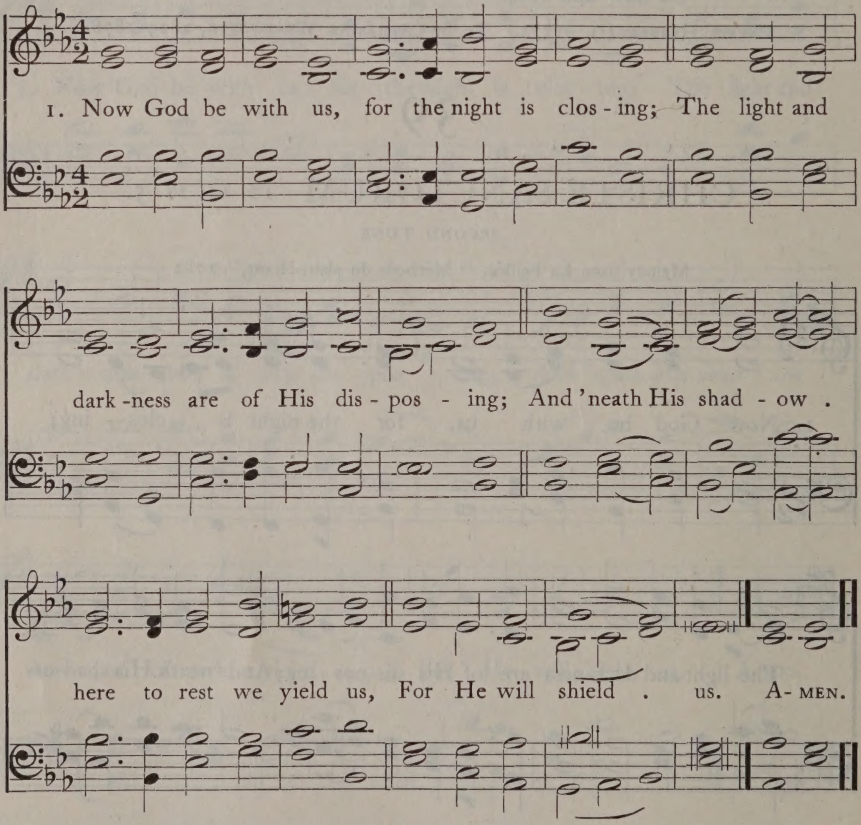

1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing;
The light and dark-ness are of His dis-pos - ing; And 'neath His shad-ow
here to rest we yield us, . For He will shield us. A - MEN.

39

CHRISTE FONS JUGIS   11. 11. 11. 5.

THIRD TUNE

Rouen Church Melody


1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing; The light and
dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing; And 'neath His shad - ow .
here to rest we yield us, For He will shield . us. A - MEN.

2 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us,
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us,
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

3 As Thy belovèd, soothe the sick and weeping,
And bid the prisoner lose his griefs in sleeping:
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them;
Do Thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

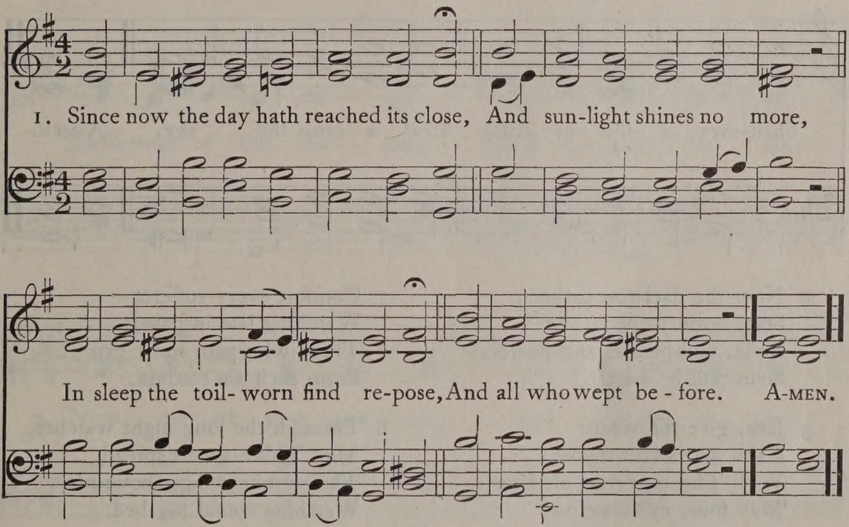
5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

Petrus Herbert (?),–1571. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

40

NUN SICH DER TAG GEENDET HAT C. M.

Darmstadt Hymn Book, 1698. From a secular melody by (?) A. Krieger, 1667


1. Since now the day hath reached its close, And sun-light shines no more,
In sleep the toil-worn find re-pose, And all who wept be-fore.
A-MEN.

2 But Thou, my Lord, no rest dost know,
No slumber dims Thy sight,
Thou hatest darkness as Thy foe,
Since Thou Thyself art light.

3 O Lord, I pray, remember me
Throughout the shades of night,
And grant to me most graciously,
The shield of Thy great might.

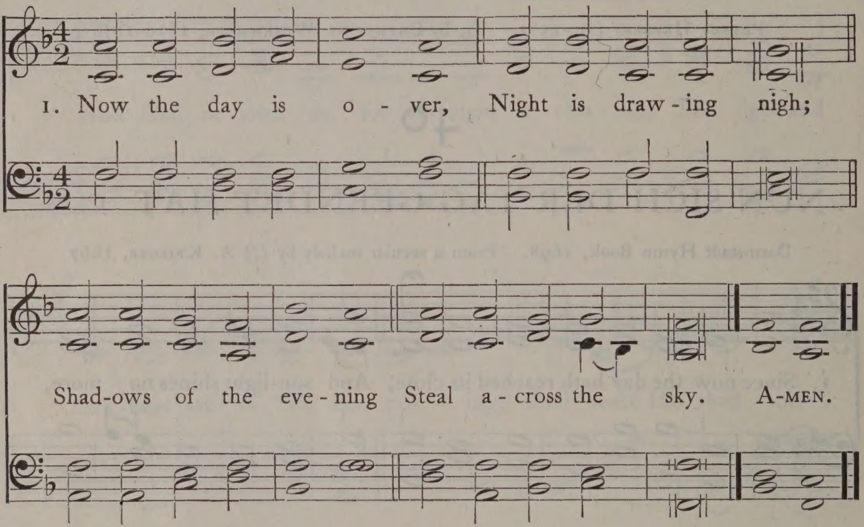
Philipp Friedrich Hiller, 1699–1769. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

41

EUDOXIA 6. 5 .6. 5.

FIRST TUNE

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834–1924


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;
Shad-ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky. A-MEN.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

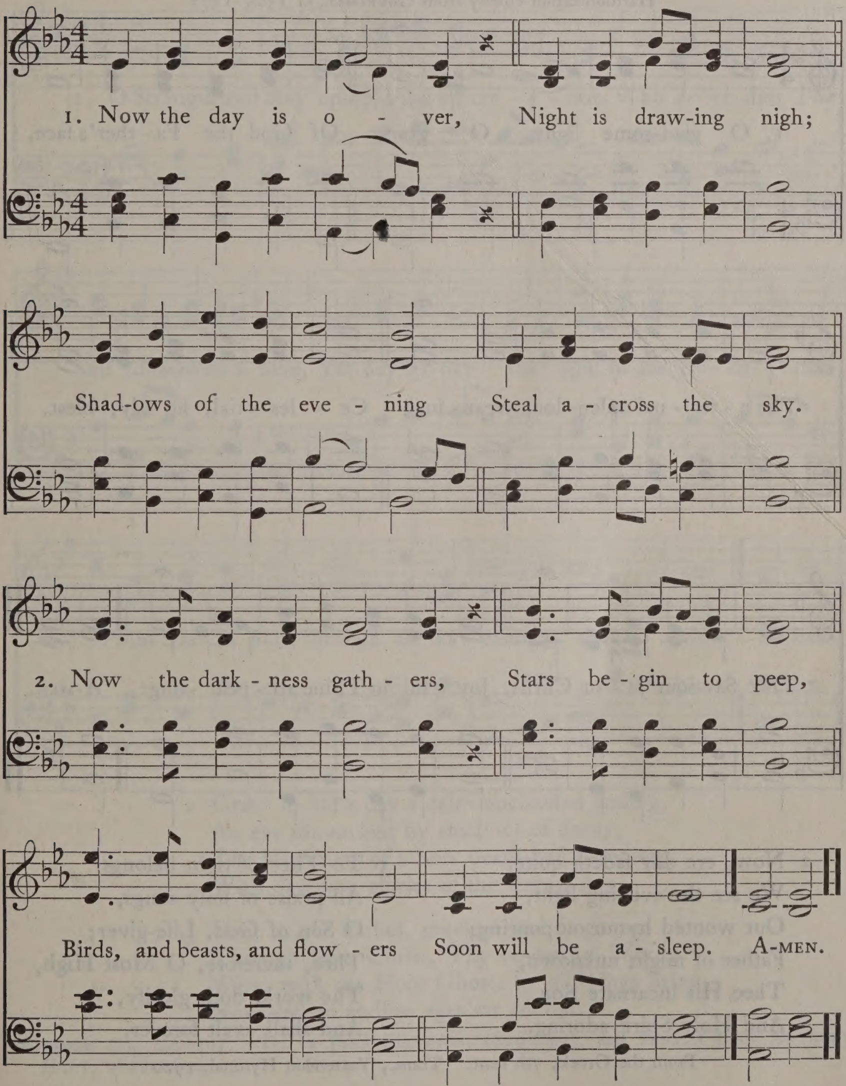
SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834–1924

41

GILBOA 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

SECOND TUNE

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876

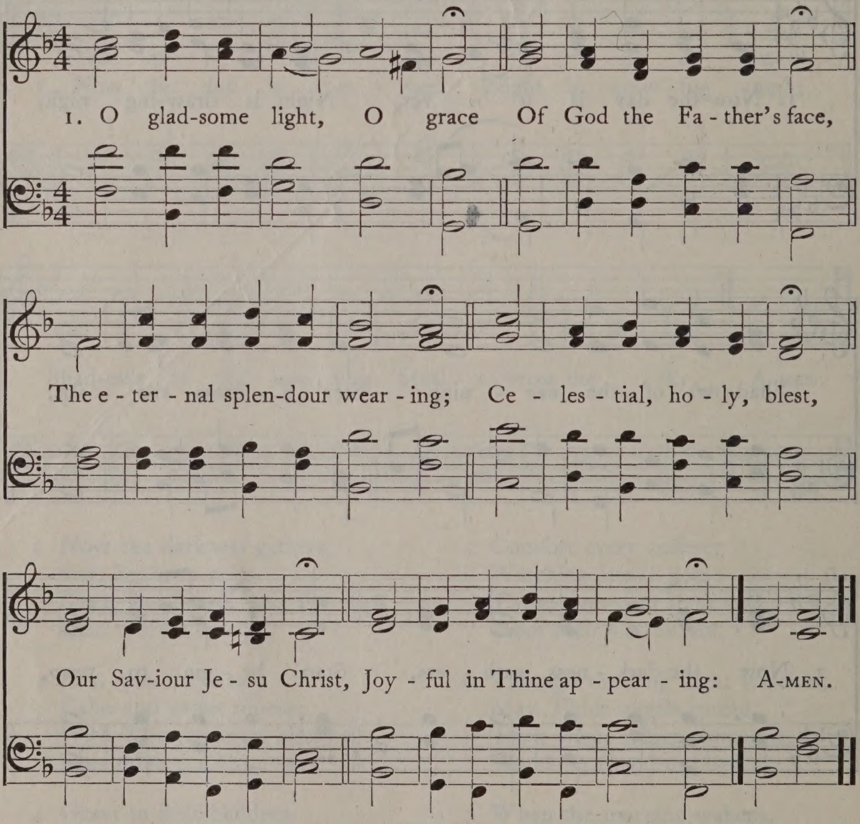

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh;
Shad-ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep. A-men.

42

NUNC DIMITTIS (YATTENDON, No. 88)

6. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7.

Composed or adapted by L. Bourgeois, in 1549, for the Genevan Psalter
Harmonization chiefly from Goudimel, c. 1505–1572


1. O glad-some light, O grace Of God the Fa - ther's face,
The e - ter - nal splen-dour wear - ing; Ce - les - tial, ho - ly, blest,
Our Sav-iour Je - su Christ, Joy - ful in Thine ap - pear - ing: A-men.

2 Now, ere day fadeth quite,
We see the evening light,
Our wonted hymn outpouring;
Father of might unknown,
Thee His incarnate Son,
And Holy Spirit adoring.

3 To Thee of right belongs
All praise of holy songs,
O Son of God, Life-giver;
Thee, therefore, O Most High,
The world doth glorify,
And shall exalt forever.

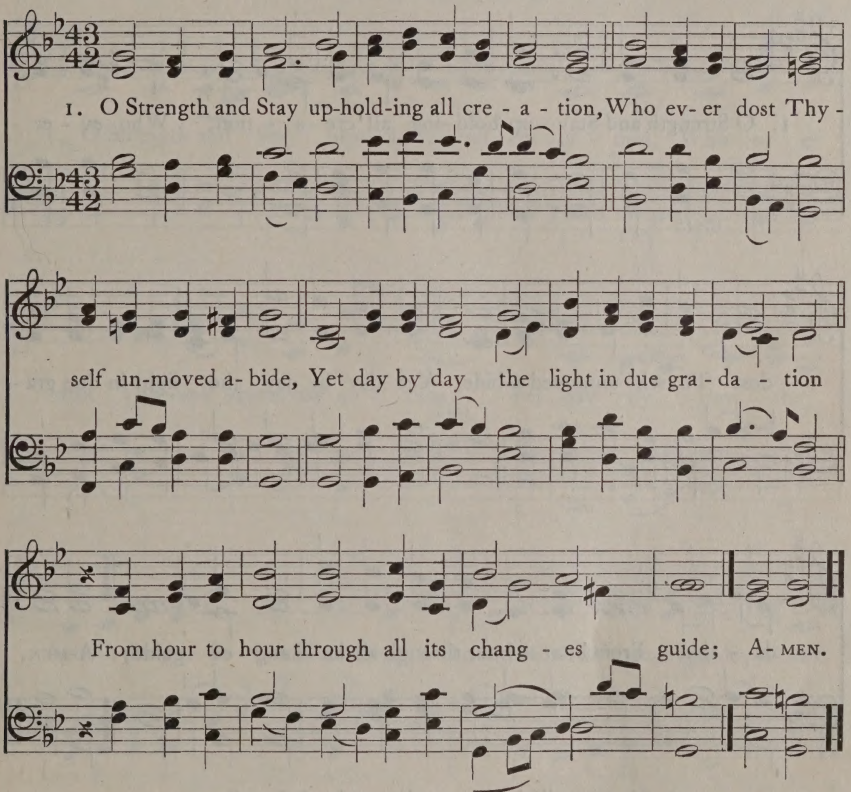
From the Greek, 7th cent. Trans., Yattendon Hymnal, 1920

43

L'OMNIPOTENT 11. 10. 11. 10.

FIRST TUNE

Melody composed or adapted by Louis Bourgeois, c. 1510–?, for the Genevan Psalter, 1543


1. O Strength and Stay up-hold-ing all cre - a - tion, Who ev- er dost Thy -
self un-moved a- bide, Yet day by day the light in due gra - da - tion
From hour to hour through all its chang - es guide; A- MEN.

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

3 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living,
Now and to endless ages art adored.

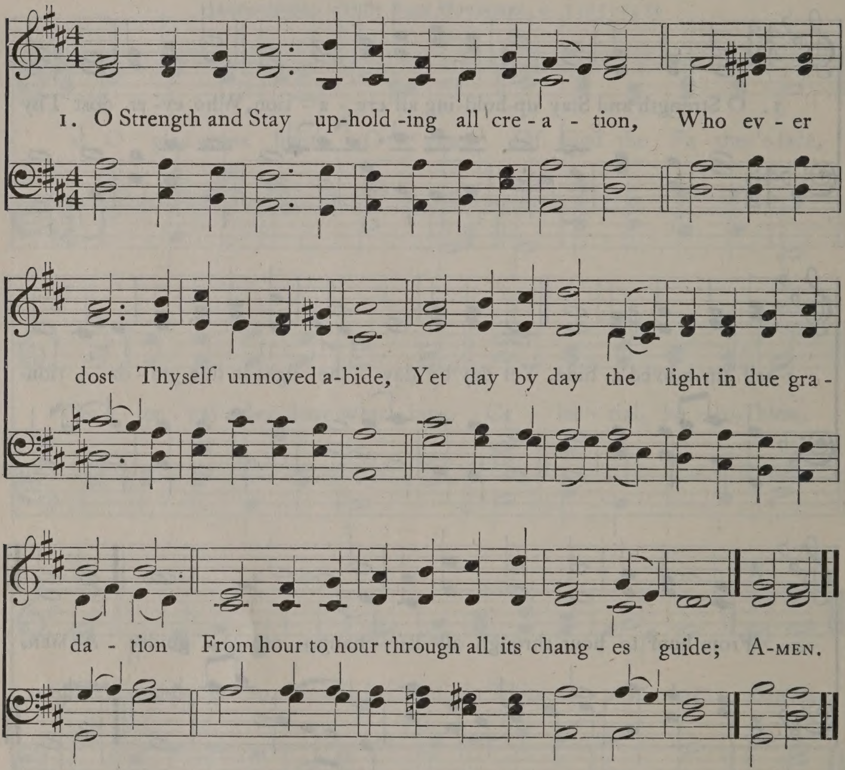
Ambrose (?), 340–397. Tr. by John Ellerton, 1826–1893, and Fenton John Anthony Hort, 1828–1892

43

STRENGTH AND STAY 11. 10. 11. 10.

SECOND TUNE

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876


1. O Strength and Stay up-hold-ing all cre-a - tion, Who ev - er
dost Thyself unmoved a-bide, Yet day by day the light in due gra -
da - tion From hour to hour through all its chang - es guide; A-MEN.

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

3 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living,
Now and to endless ages art adored.

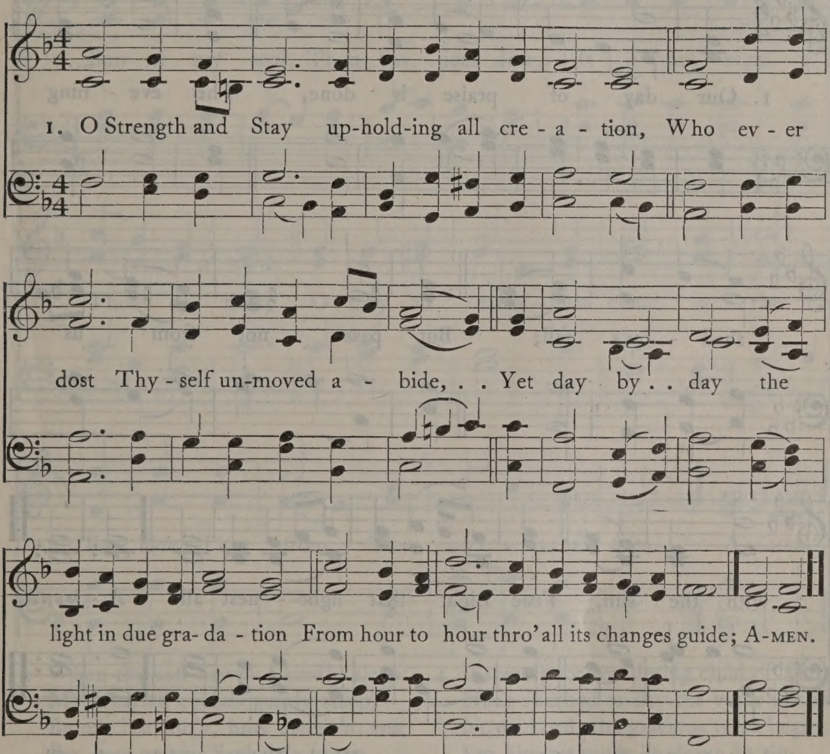
AMBROSE (?), 340–397. Tr. by JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–1893, and FENTON JOHN ANTHONY HORT, 1828–1892

43

WELWYN 11. 10. 11. 10.

THIRD TUNE

A. Scott-Gatty, 1847–1918


1. O Strength and Stay up-hold-ing all cre - a - tion, Who ev - er
dost Thy - self un-moved a - bide, . . Yet day by . . day the
light in due gra- da - tion From hour to hour thro' all its changes guide; A-men.

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

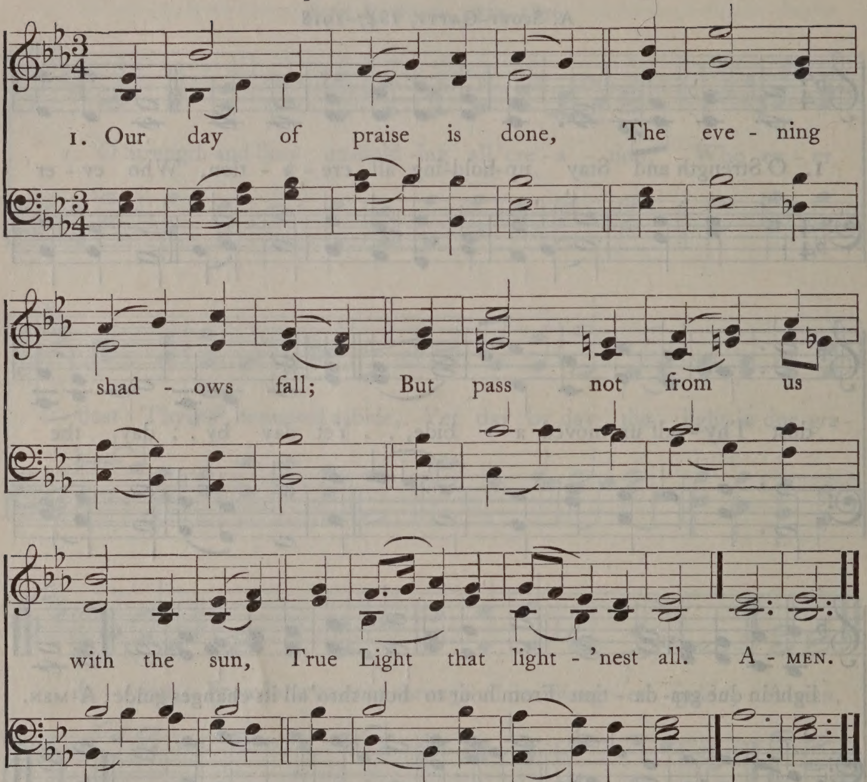
3 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living,
Now and to endless ages art adored.

Ambrose (?), 340–397. Tr. by John Ellerton, 1826–1893, and Fenton John Anthony Hort, 1828–1892

44

KERRY S. M.

Joseph Jowett, 1784–1856


1. Our day of praise is done, The eve - ning shad - ows fall; But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light - 'nest all. A - men.

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But O, the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

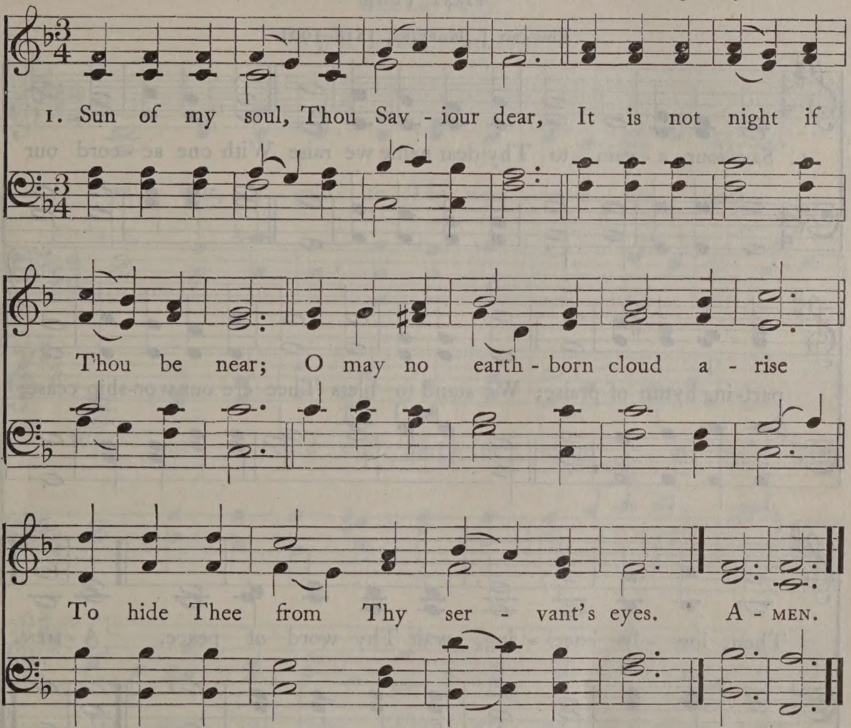
6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

John Ellerton, 1826–1893

45

HURSLEY L. M.

Peter Ritter, 1760–1846. Arr. by William H. Monk, 1823–1889


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if
Thou be near; O may no earth - born cloud a - rise
To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A - MEN.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep tonight
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

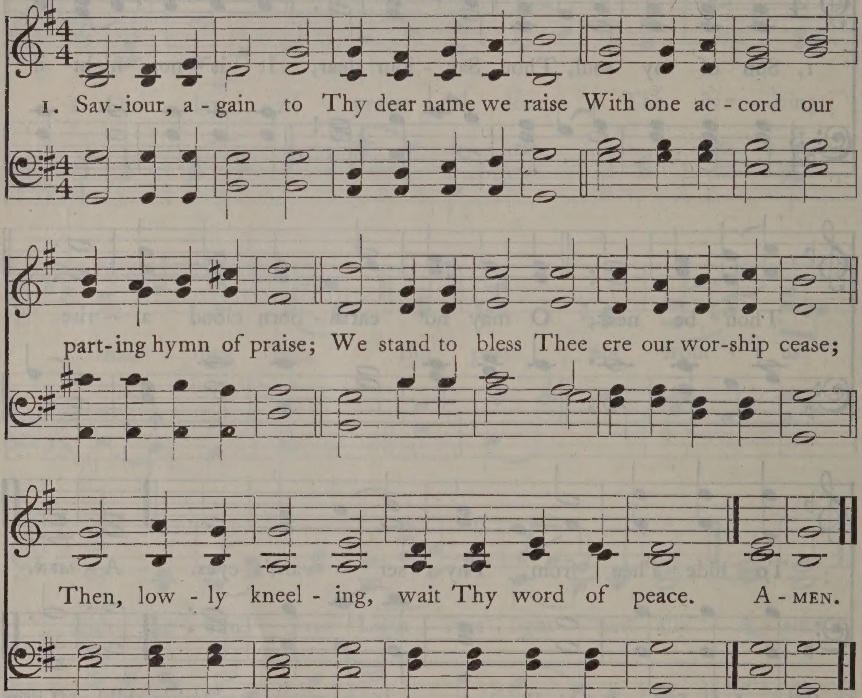
John Keble, 1792–1866

46

ELLERS (BENEDICTION) 10. 10. 10. 10.

FIRST TUNE

Edward J. Hopkins, 1818–1901


1. Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-cord our
part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease;
Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace. A-MEN.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

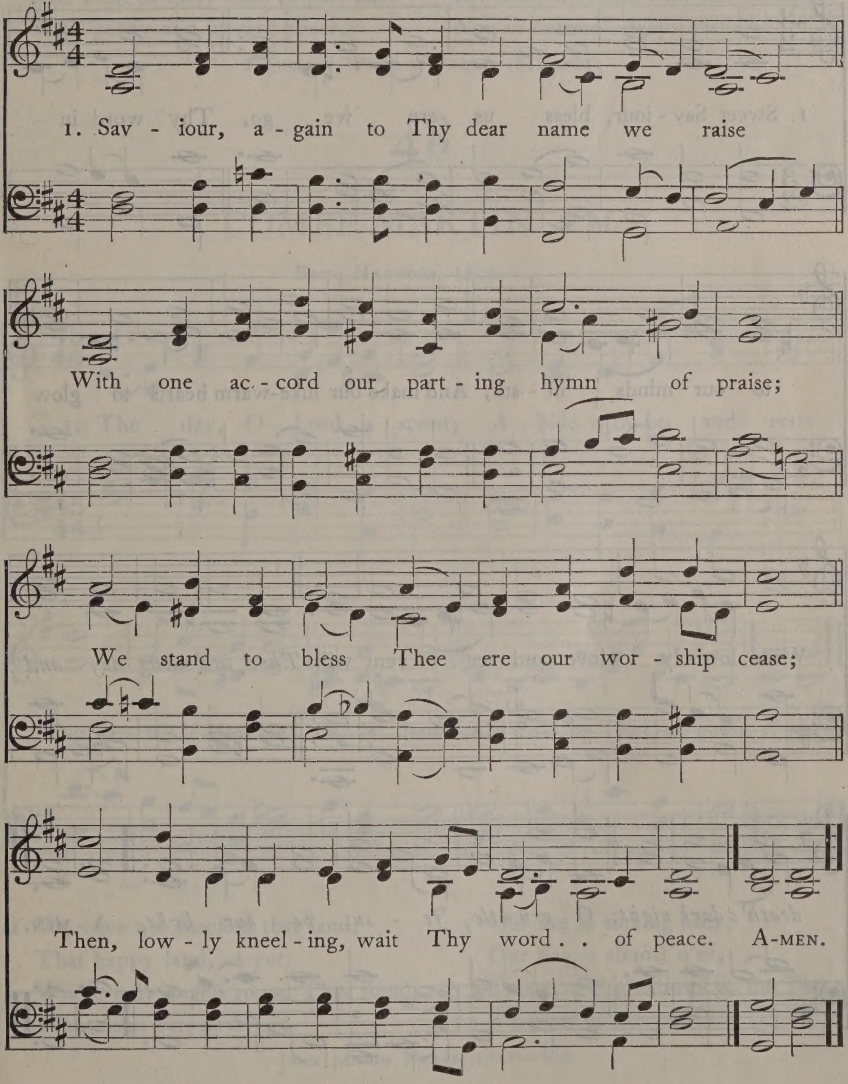
John Ellerton, 1826–1893

46

PAX DEI 10. 10. 10. 10.

SECOND TUNE

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876

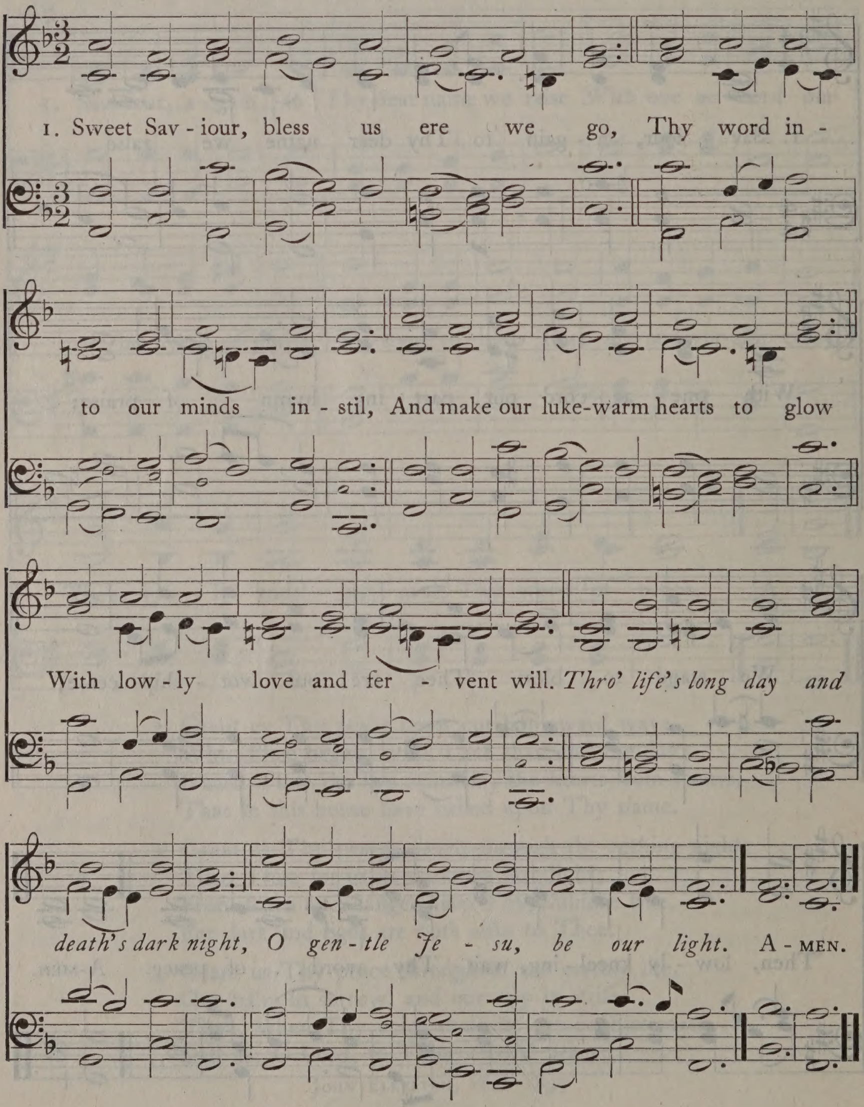

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise
With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease;
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word . . of peace. A-MEN.

47

GOTTLOB, ES GEHT NUNMEHR ZU ENDE

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685–1750


1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in -
to our minds in - stil, And make our luke-warm hearts to glow
With low - ly love and fer - vent will. *Thro' life's long day and*
death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - su, be our light. A - men.

2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be with Thee.

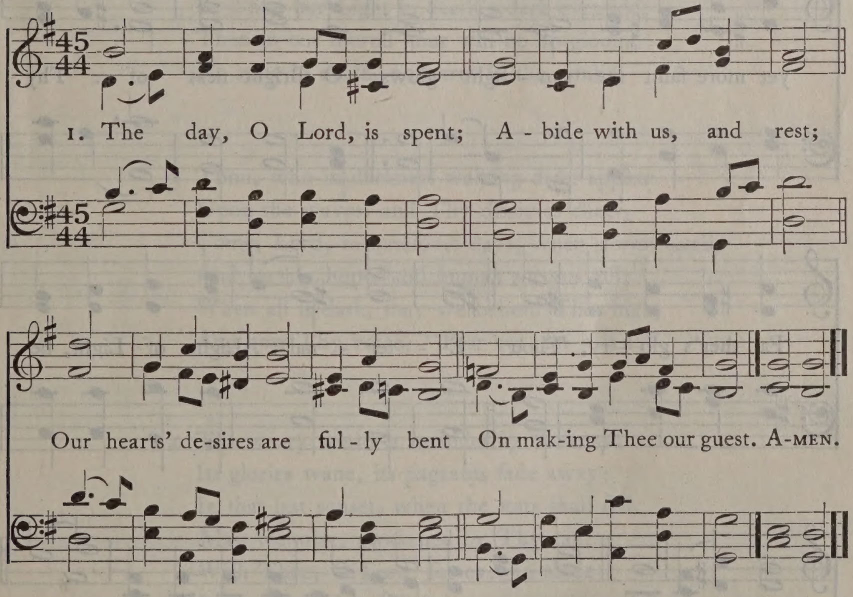
5 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

Frederick William Faber, 1814–1863

48

COMBE MARTIN S. M.

Basil Harwood, 1859–


1. The day, O Lord, is spent; A - bide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' de-sires are ful - ly bent On mak-ing Thee our guest. A-men.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

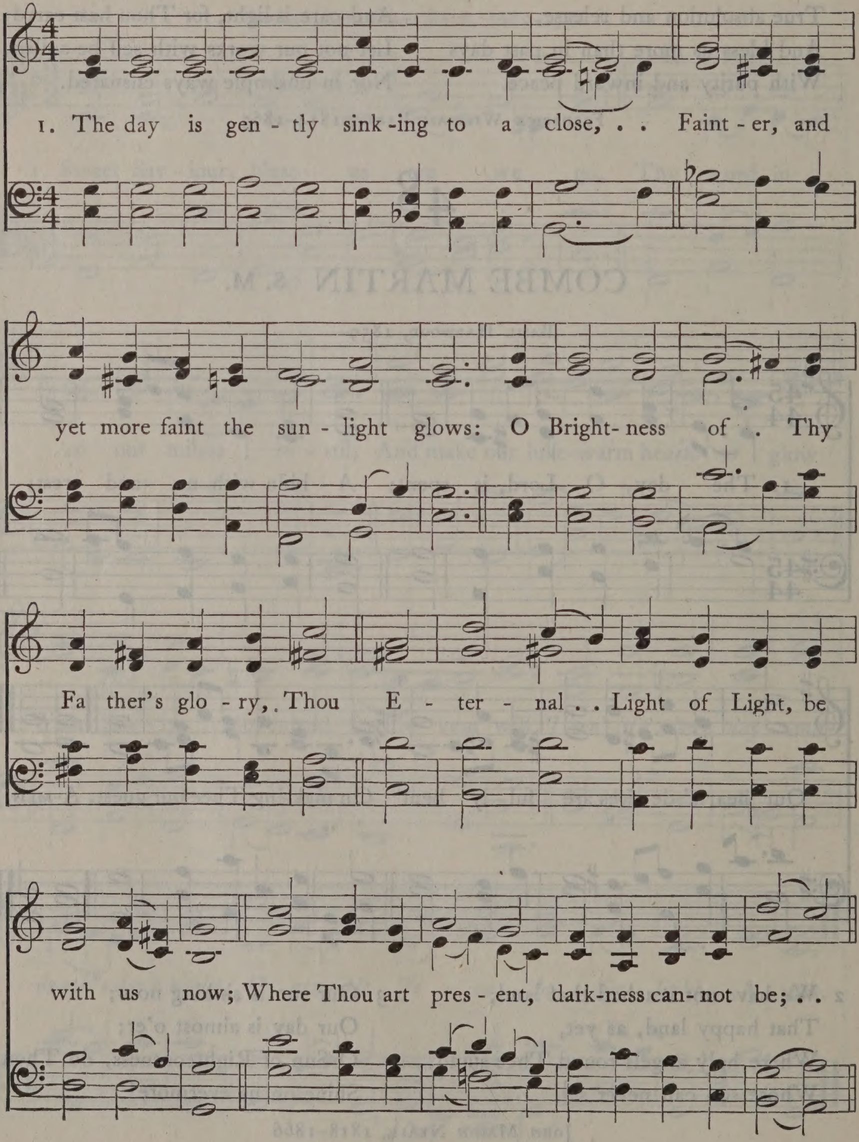
3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore!

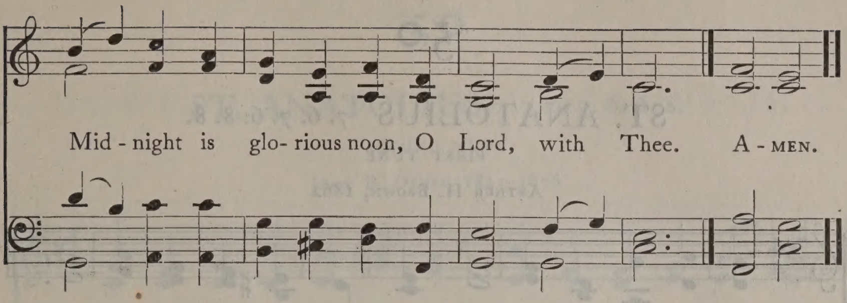
John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

49

NACHTLIED 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Henry Smart, 1813–1879


1. The day is gen - tly sink -ing to a close, . . Faint - er, and
yet more faint the sun - light glows: O Bright- ness of . Thy
Fa ther's glo - ry, . Thou E - ter - nal . . Light of Light, be
with us now; Where Thou art pres - ent, dark-ness can- not be; . .



2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

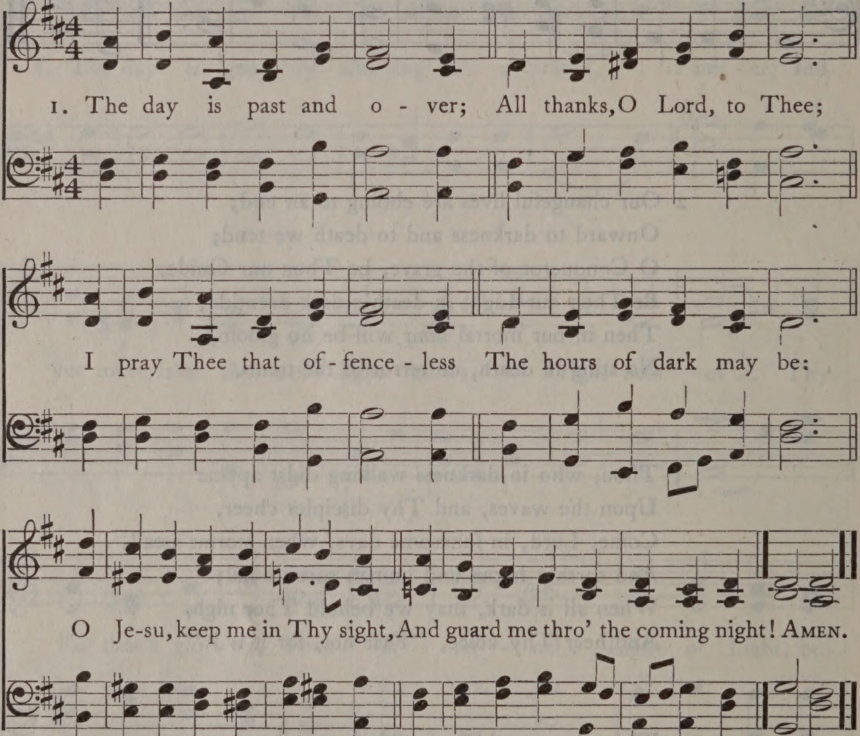
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807–1885

50

ST. ANATOLIUS 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

FIRST TUNE

Arthur H. Brown, 1862


1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be:
O Je-su, keep me in Thy sight, And guard me thro' the coming night! Amen.

2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
Lover of men! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

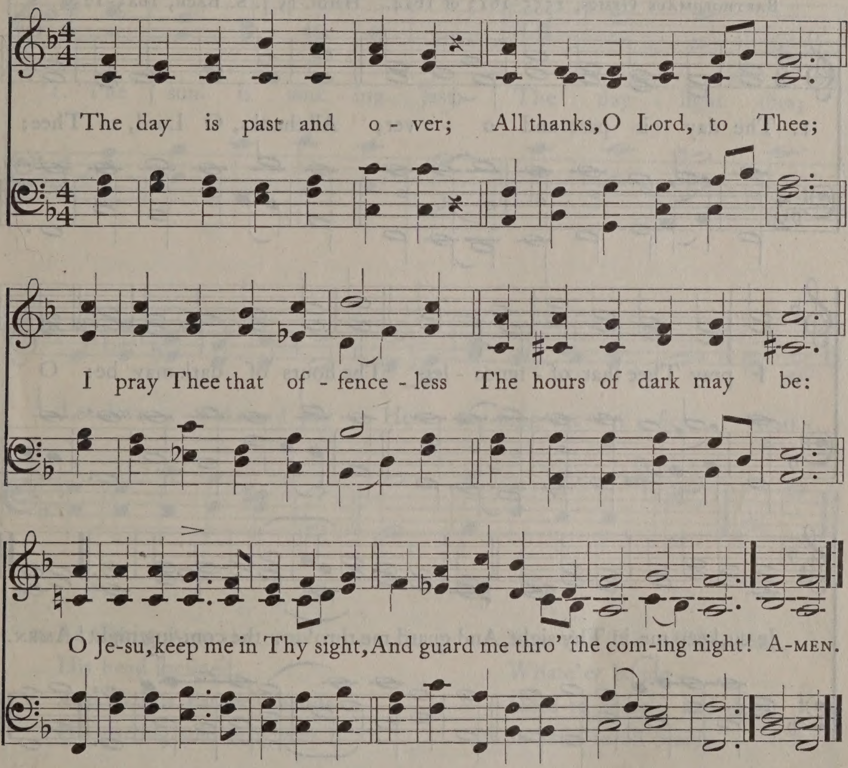
Ascribed to 6th or 7th cent. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

50

ST. ANATOLIUS 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

SECOND TUNE

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876


The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be:
O Je-su, keep me in Thy sight, And guard me thro' the com-ing night! A-MEN.

2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
Lover of men! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

Ascribed to 6th or 7th cent. Tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–1866

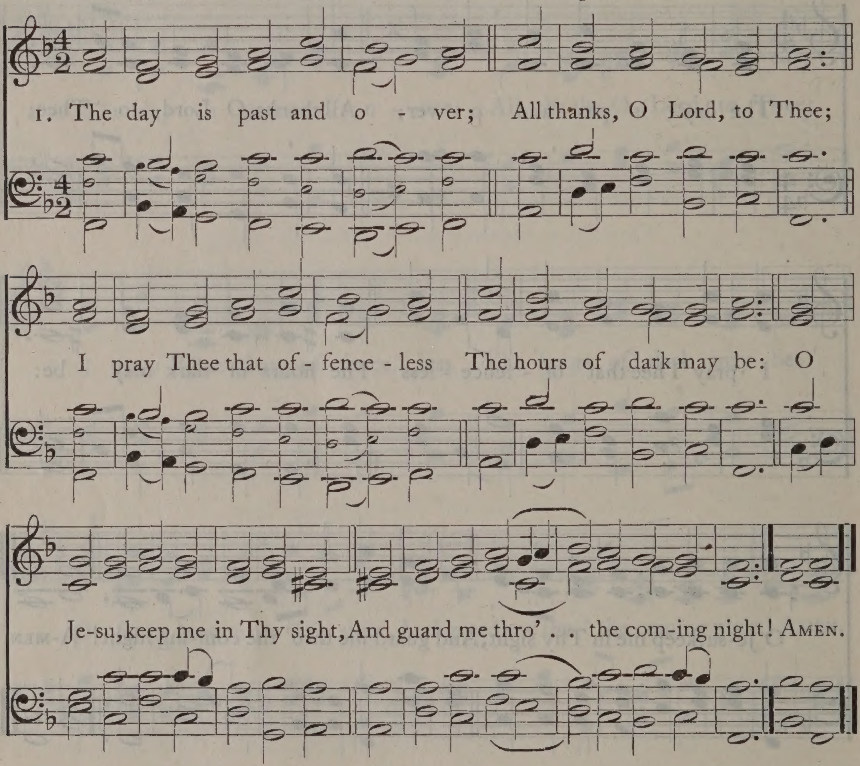
50

DU FRIEDEFÜRST, HERR JESU CHRIST

7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

THIRD TUNE

Bartholomäus Gesius, 1555–1613 or 1614. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be: O
Je-su, keep me in Thy sight, And guard me thro' . . the com-ing night! Amen.

2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

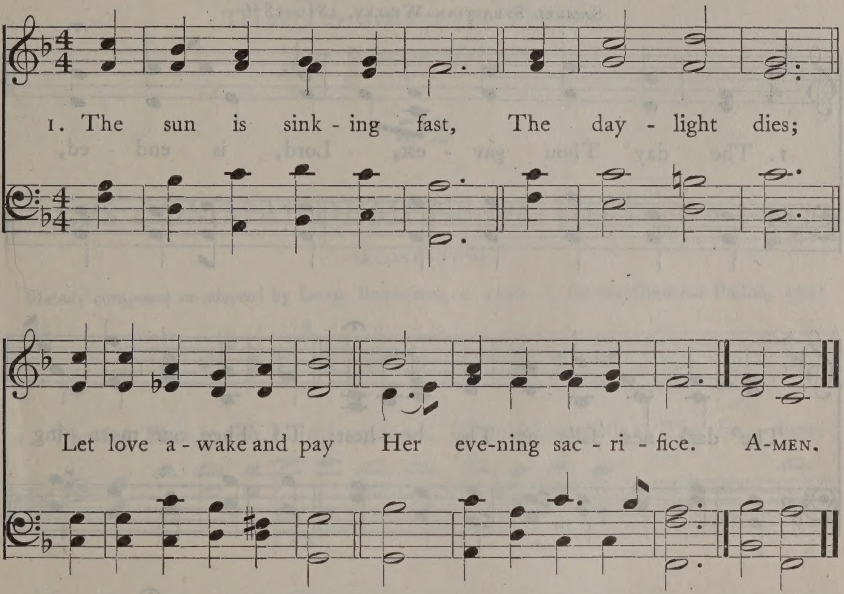
4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
Lover of men! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

Ascribed to 6th or 7th cent. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

51

ST. COLUMBA 6. 4. 6. 6.

Herbert S. Irons, 1834–1905


1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;
Let love a - wake and pay Her eve-ning sac - ri - fice. A-men.

2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned:

3 So now herself my soul
Would gladly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide—
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine;
Myself for ever His
And He forever mine.

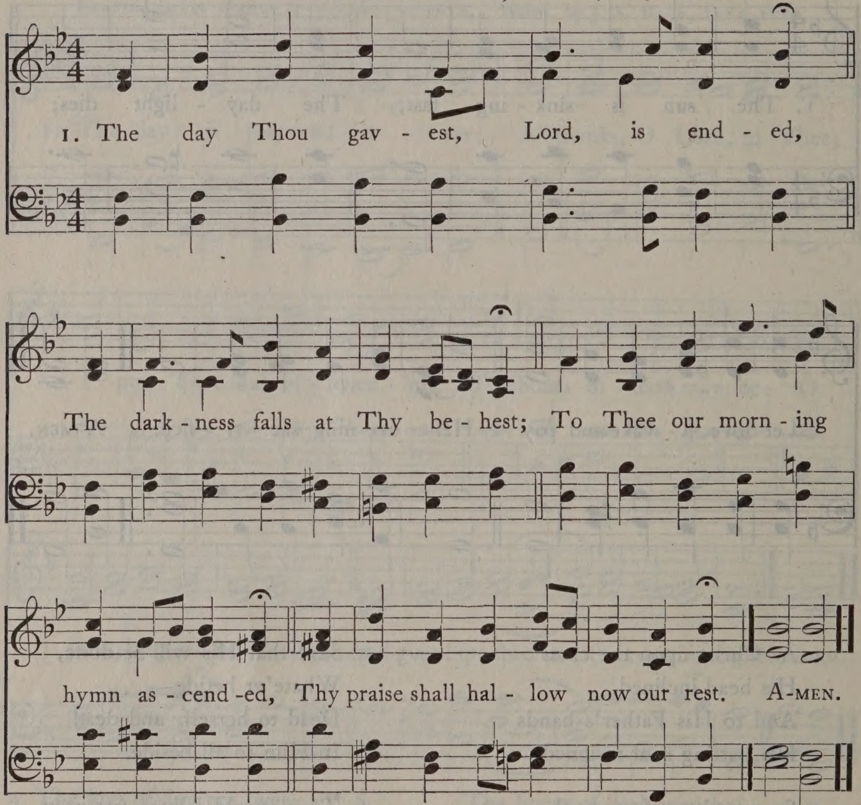
Author unknown (18th cent.?). Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

52

GRACE DIEU 9. 8. 9. 8.

FIRST TUNE

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed,
The dark - ness falls at Thy be - hest; To Thee our morn - ing
hymn as - cend - ed, Thy praise shall hal - low now our rest. A-men.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

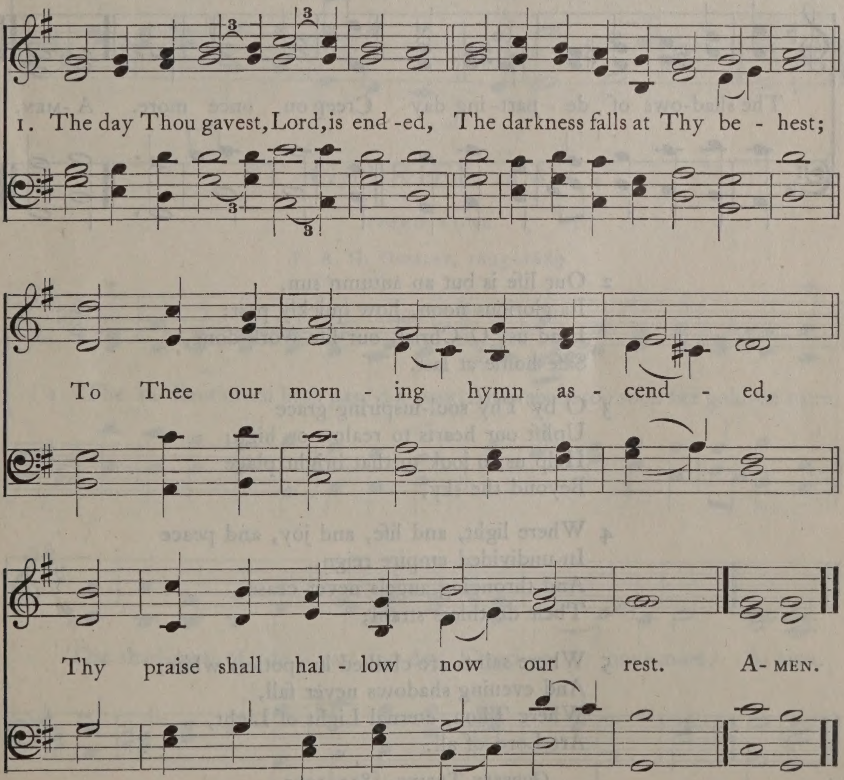
John Ellerton 1826–1893

52

LES COMMANDEMENS DE DIEU 9. 8. 9. 8.

SECOND TUNE

Melody composed or adapted by Louis Bourgeois, c. 1510– ?, for the Genevan Psalter, 1543

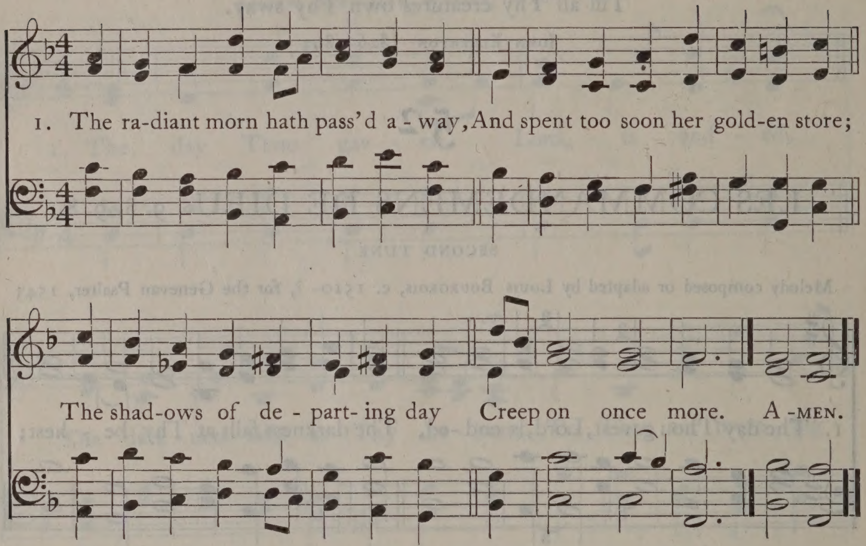

1. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is end - ed, The darkness falls at Thy be - hest;
To Thee our morn - ing hymn as - cend - ed,
Thy praise shall hal - low now our rest.
A- men.
3
3
3
3

53

TIME 8. 8. 8. 4.

FIRST TUNE

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. The ra-diant morn hath pass'd a - way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;
The shad-ows of de - part-ing day Creep on once more. A -MEN.

2 Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon, how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

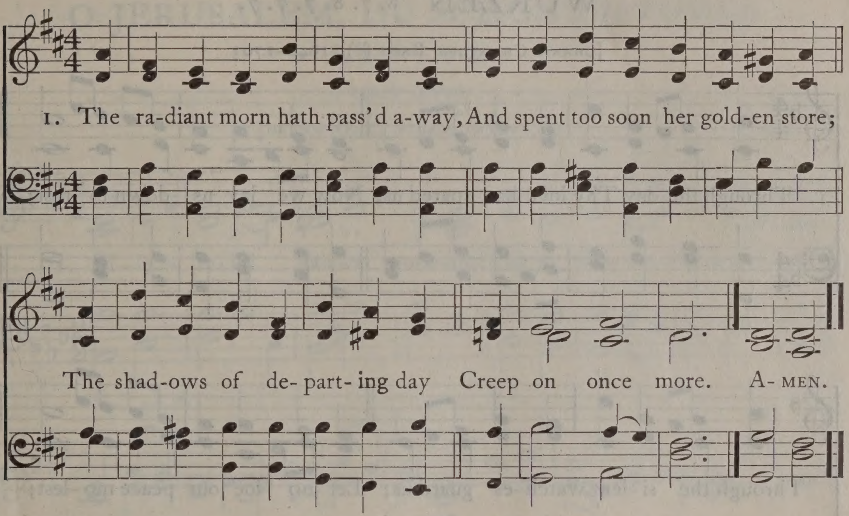
5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Godfrey Thring, 1823–1903

ST. LEONARD 8. 8. 8. 4.

SECOND TUNE

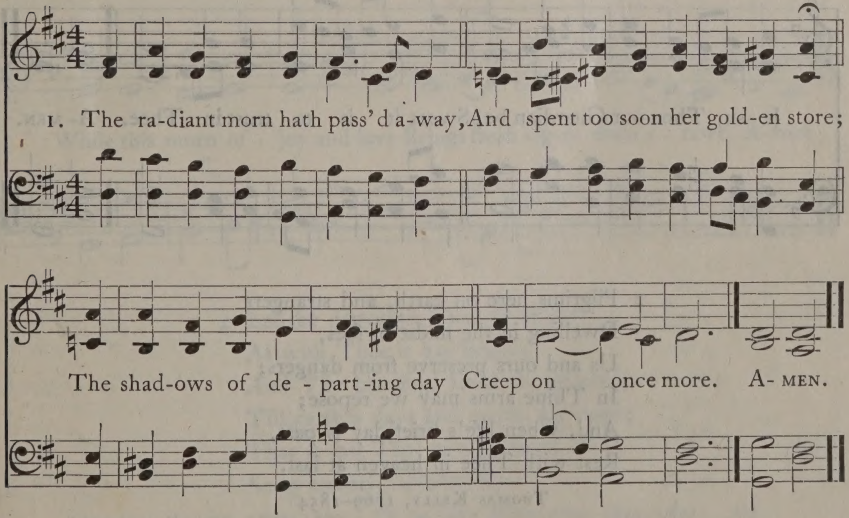
H. S. Irons, 1834–1905


1. The ra-diant morn hath pass'd a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;
The shad-ows of de-part-ing day Creep on once more. A-MEN.

ST. GABRIEL 8. 8. 8. 4.

THIRD TUNE

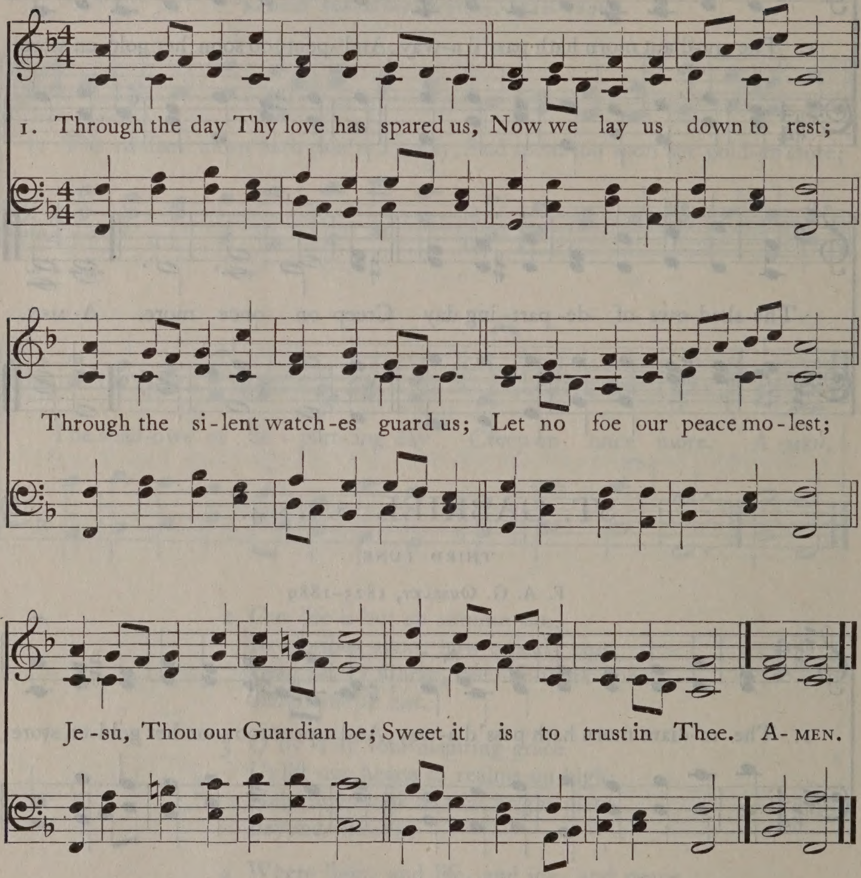
F. A. G. Ouseley, 1825–1889


1. The ra-diant morn hath pass'd a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;
The shad-ows of de-part-ing day Creep on once more. A-MEN.

54

WURZEN 8.7.8.7.7.7.

Johann Christoph Bach (?), 1642–1703


1. Through the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the si-lent watch-es guard us; Let no foe our peace mo-lest;
Je-su, Thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-men.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly, 1769–1854

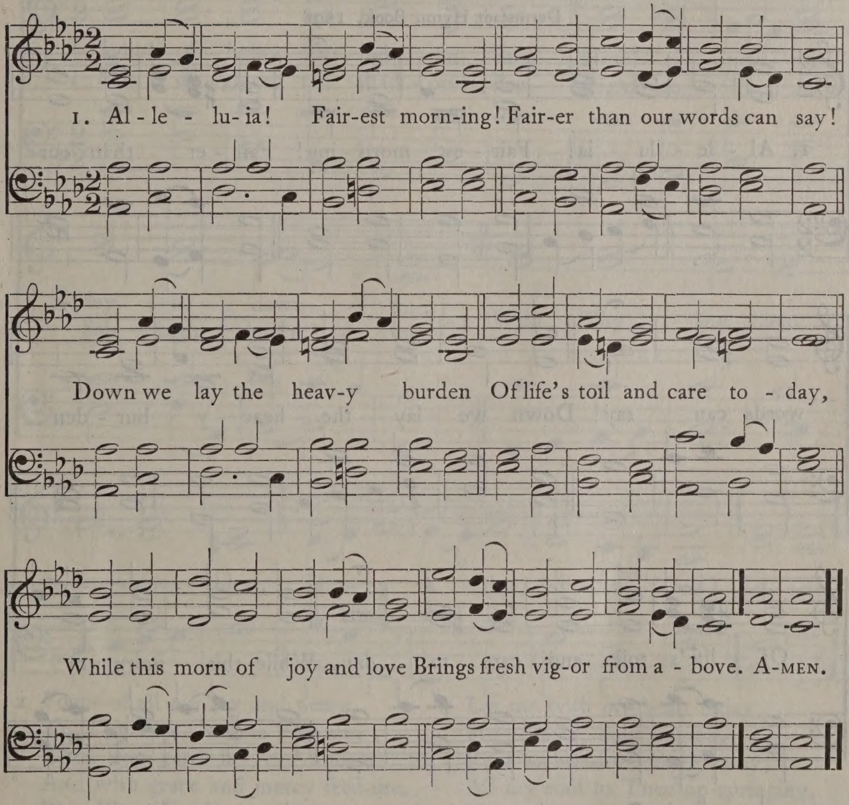
55

O JERUSALEM, DU SCHÖNE (STÖRL)

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

FIRST TUNE

Johann G. C. Störl, 1675–1730


1. Al-le - lu-ia! Fair-est morn-ing! Fair-er than our words can say!
Down we lay the heav-y burden Of life's toil and care to - day,
While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig-or from a - bove. A-men.

2 Let the day with Thee be ended,
As with Thee it has begun;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
That at last Thy servants may
Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

Jonathan Krause, 1701–1762. Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1813–1897. Alt.

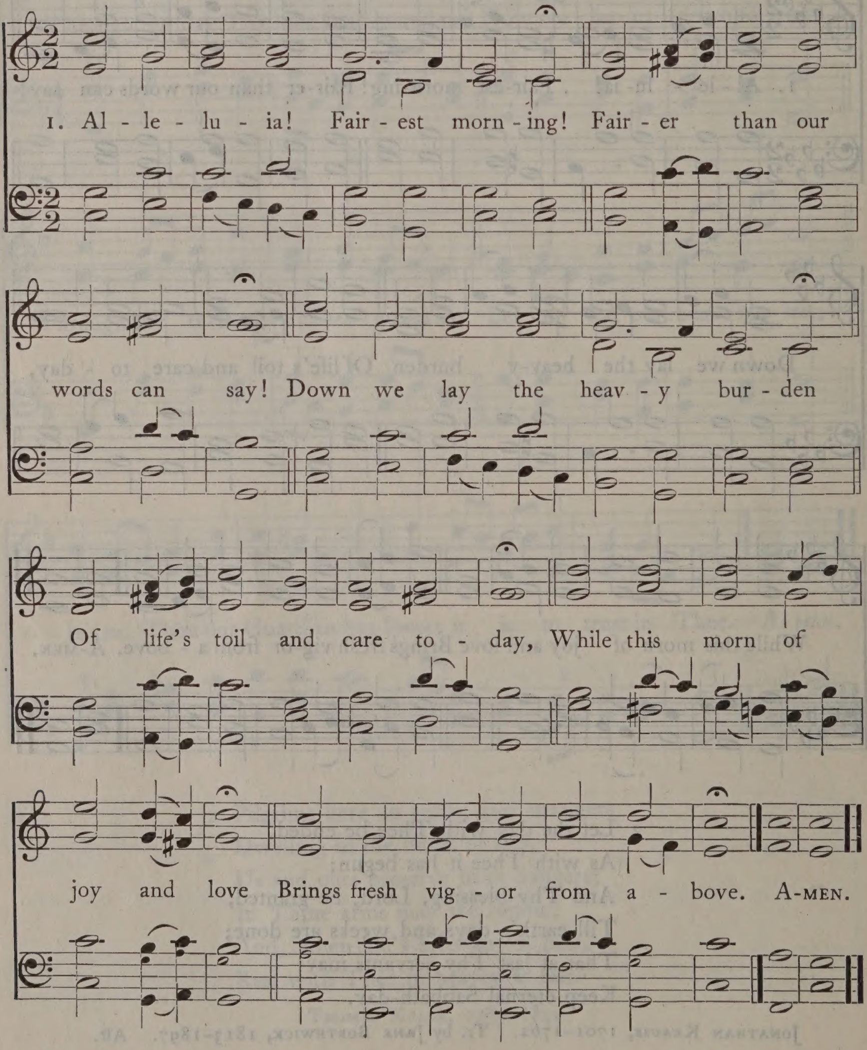
55

ZEUCH MICH, ZEUCH MICH MIT DEN ARMEN

CHORAL : Liebe, Die Du Mich Zum Bilde 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

SECOND TUNE

Darmstadt Hymn Book, 1698

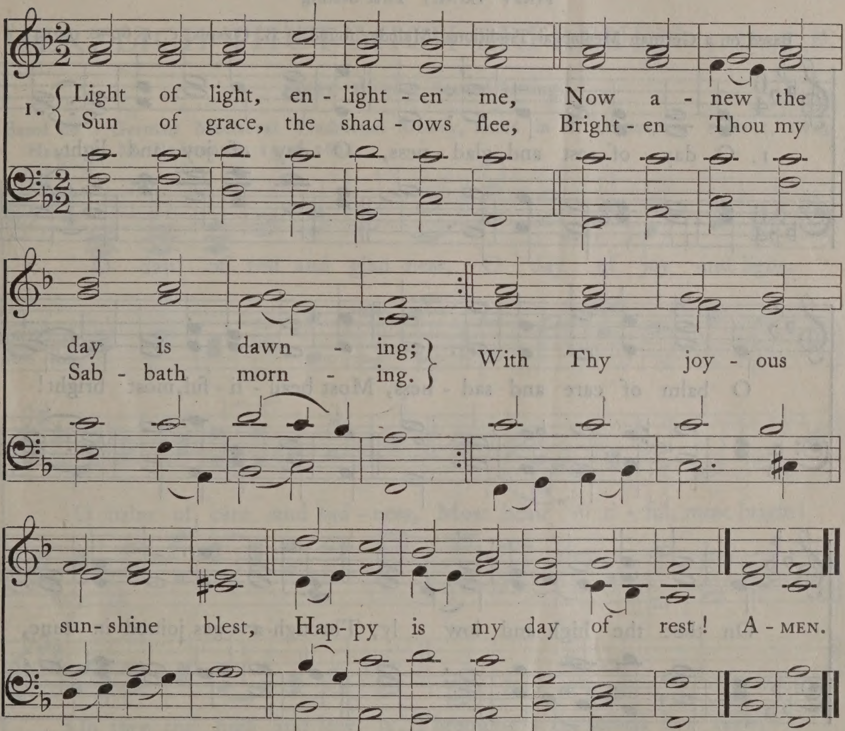

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Fair - est morn - ing! Fair - er than our
words can say! Down we lay the heav - y bur - den
Of life's toil and care to - day, While this morn of
joy and love Brings fresh vig - or from a - bove. A-MEN.

56

JESUS IST MEIN AUFENTHALT (MEINHOLD)

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Lüneburg Hymn Book, 1686


1. Light of light, en - light - en me, Now a - new the day is dawn - ing;
Sun of grace, the shad - ows flee, Bright - en Thou my Sab - bath morn - ing.
With Thy joy - ous sun- shine blest, Hap- py is my day of rest!
A - MEN.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me.
Bless Thy Word, that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart today,
Holy, holy, holy singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given,
How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught today my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

Benjamin Schmolk, 1672–1737. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

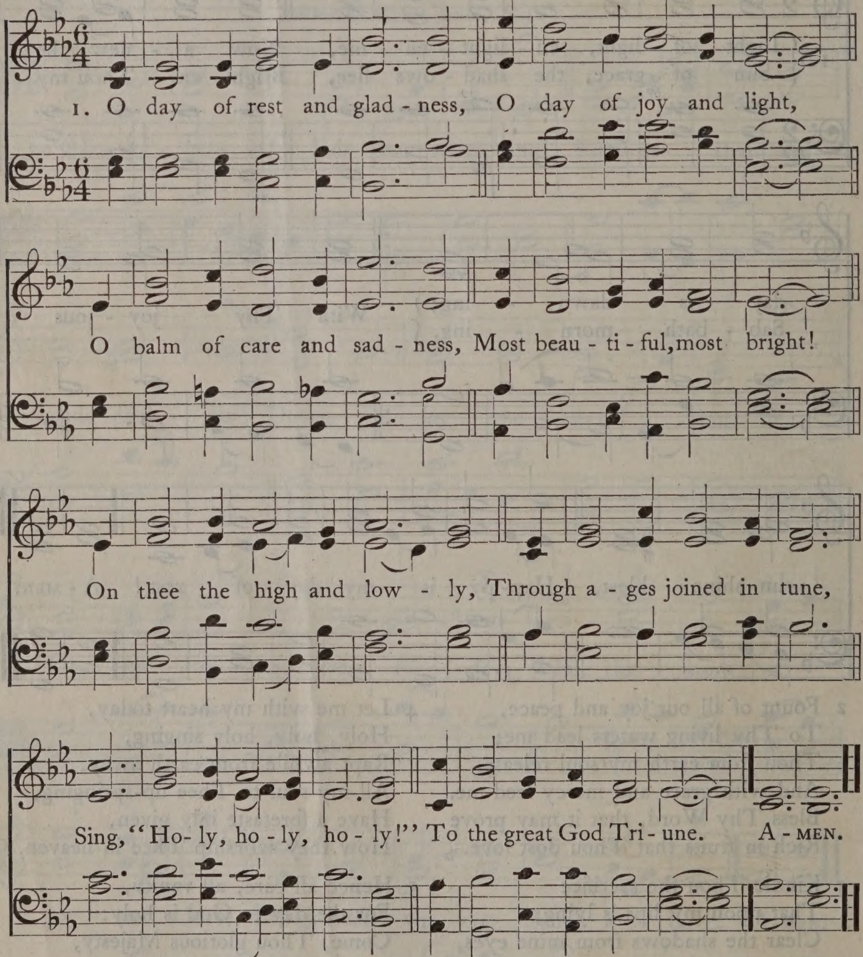
57

HERZLICH THUT MICH ERFREUEN

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

FIRST TUNE: First Setting

Based on a German Mediaeval Traditional Melody, found in B. GESIUS, c. 1560–c. 1614


1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright!
On thee the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune,
Sing, "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly!" To the great God Tri-une. A-MEN.

2 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land:

A day of sweet refection,
A day thou art of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.

To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

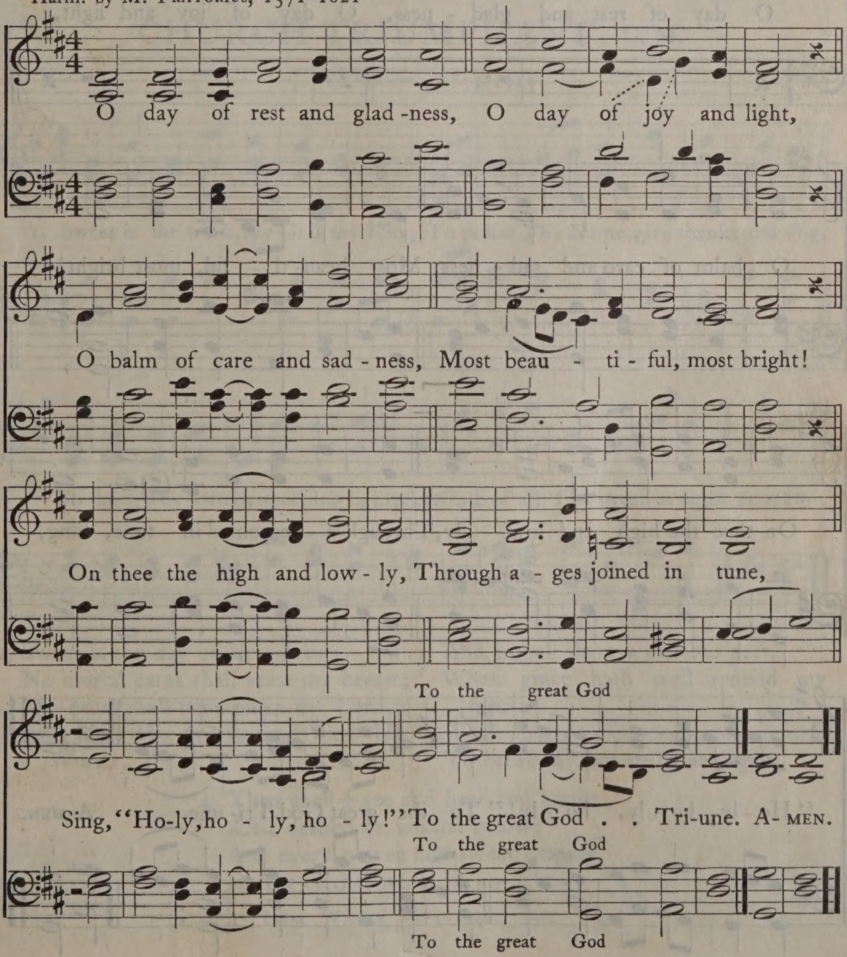
Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–1885

57

HERZLICH THUT MICH ERFREUEN 7.6.7.6.D.

FIRST TUNE: Second Setting

Based on a German Mediaeval Traditional Melody, found in B. Gesius, c. 1560–c. 1614.
Harm. by M. Prätorius, 1571–1621


O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright!
On thee the high and low-ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
To the great God
Sing, "Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!" To the great God . . Tri-une. A-men.
To the great God
To the great God

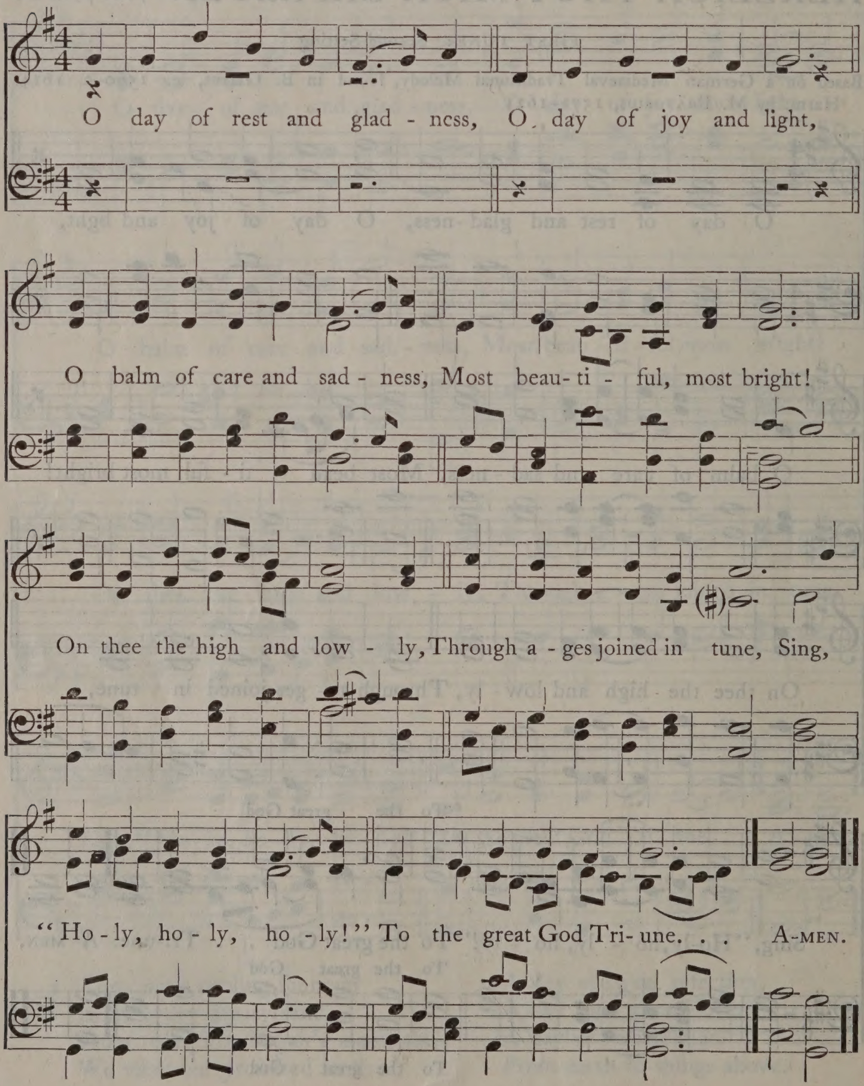
57

ES FLOG EIN KLEINS WALDVÖGELEIN

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

SECOND TUNE

Old German Melody


O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau- ti - ful, most bright!
On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune, Sing,
"Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!" To the great God Tri- une. . . . A-MEN.

2 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land:
A day of sweet refection,
A day thou art of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

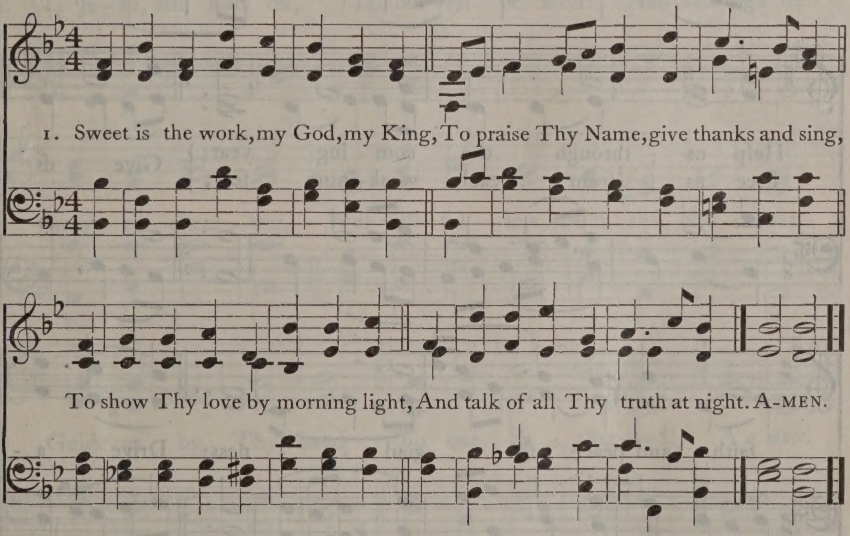
3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–1885

58

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

J. W. Elliott, 1833–1915


1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night. A-men.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His Word.

3 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart;
When doubts and fears no more remain
To break my inward peace again.

4 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

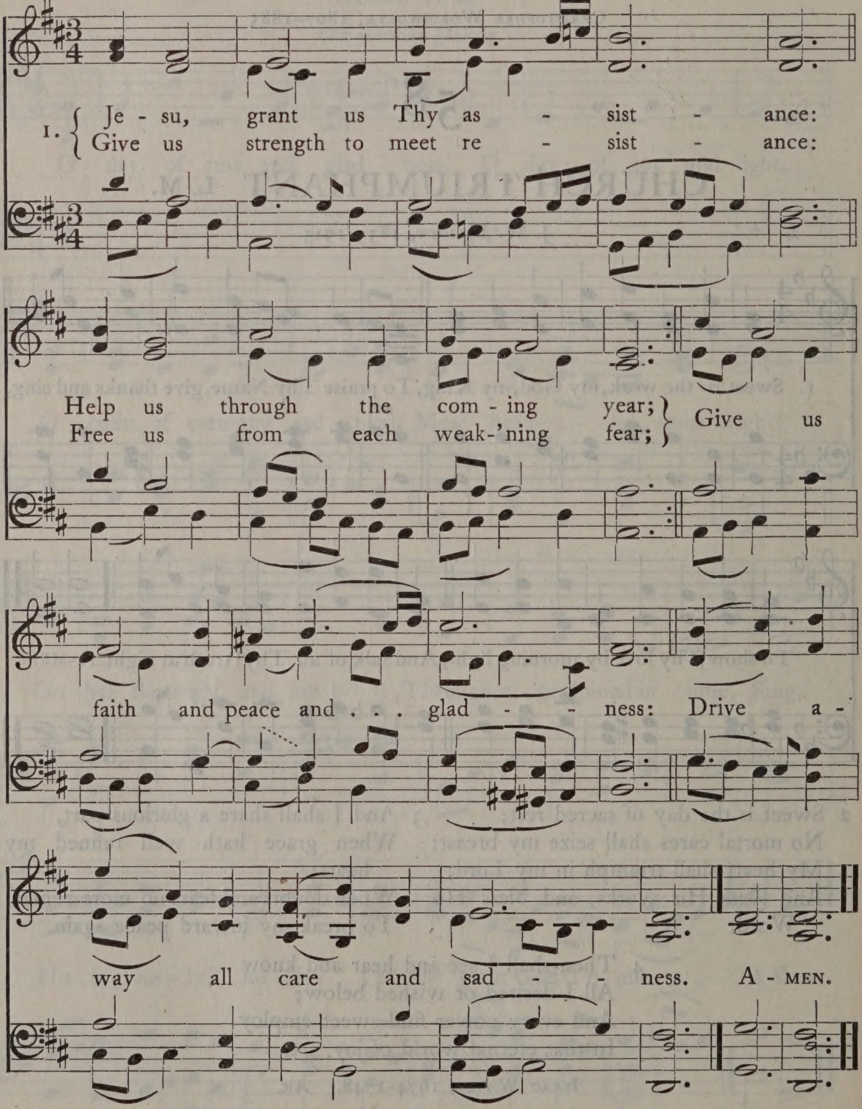
Isaac Watts, 1674–1748. Alt.

59

HILF, HERR JESU, LASS GELINGEN

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8.

Melody and Harm. by Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685–1750


1. Je - su, grant us Thy as - sist - ance:
Give us strength to meet re - sist - ance:
Help us through the com - ing year;
Free us from each weak-'ning fear;
Give us faith and peace and . . . glad - - ness: Drive a - way all care and sad - - ness.
A - men.

2 Jesu, when the year is ended,
This new year, but just begun,
May it find our life-ways mended,
May it find each battle won;
This world's joys are well forsaken
If into Thine arms we're taken!

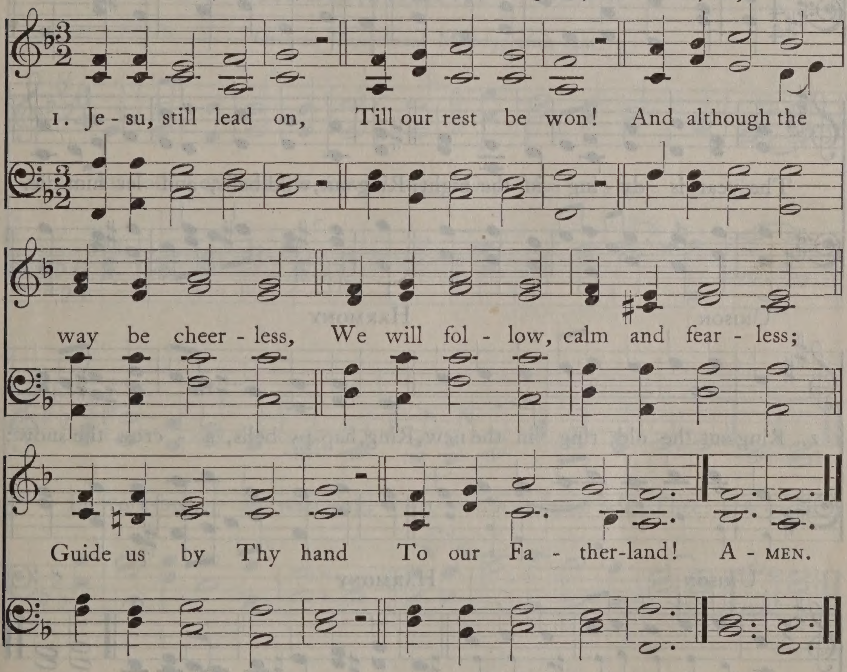
Johann Rist, 1607–1667. Tr. by James C. Graham, 1868–

60

JESU, GEH VORAN (SEELENBRÄUTIGAM)

5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

Adam Drese, 1620–1701. "Geistreiches Gesangbuch," Darmstadt, 1698


1. Je - su, still lead on, Till our rest be won! And although the
way be cheer - less, We will fol - low, calm and fear - less;
Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa - ther-land! A - men.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more!

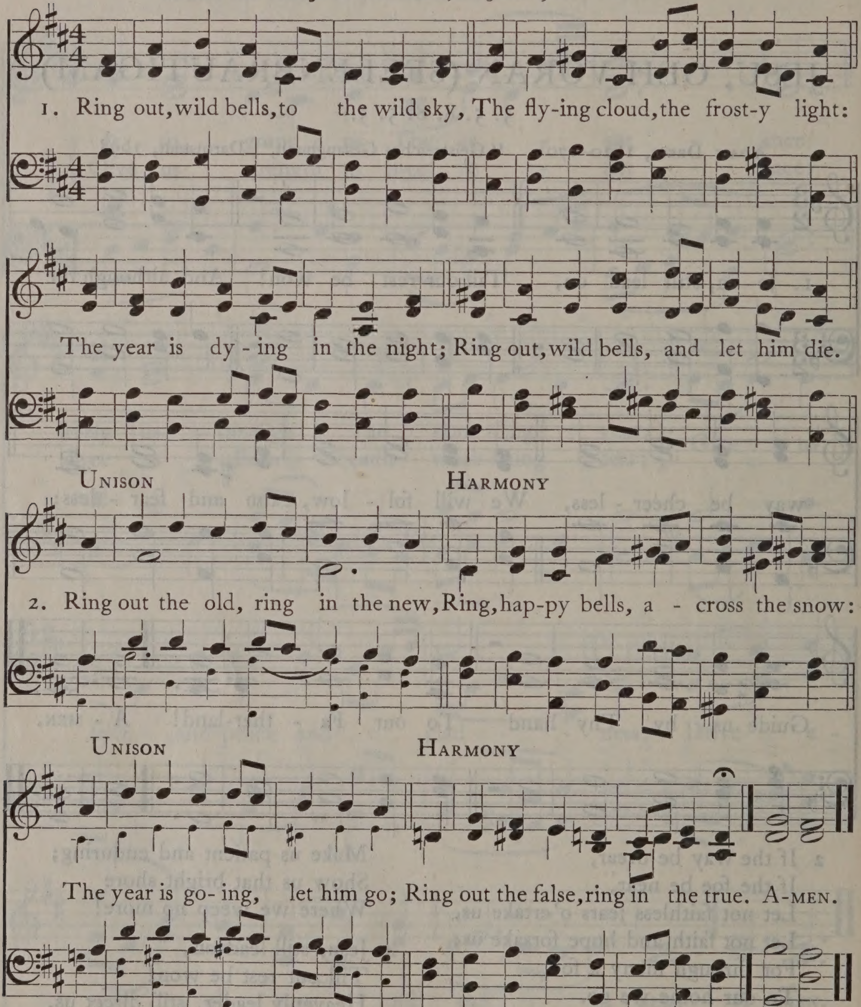
4 Jesu, still lead on,
Till our rest be won!
Heavenly leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland!

Nicholas Louis, Count Zinzendorf, 1700–1770. Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1813–1897. Alt.

61

CANTATE DOMINO (JORDAN) L. M. D.

Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896


1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The fly-ing cloud, the frost-y light:
The year is dy-ing in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Unison
Harmony
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, hap-py bells, a - cross the snow:
Unison
Harmony
The year is go-ing, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true. A-men.

3 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

4 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

5 Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

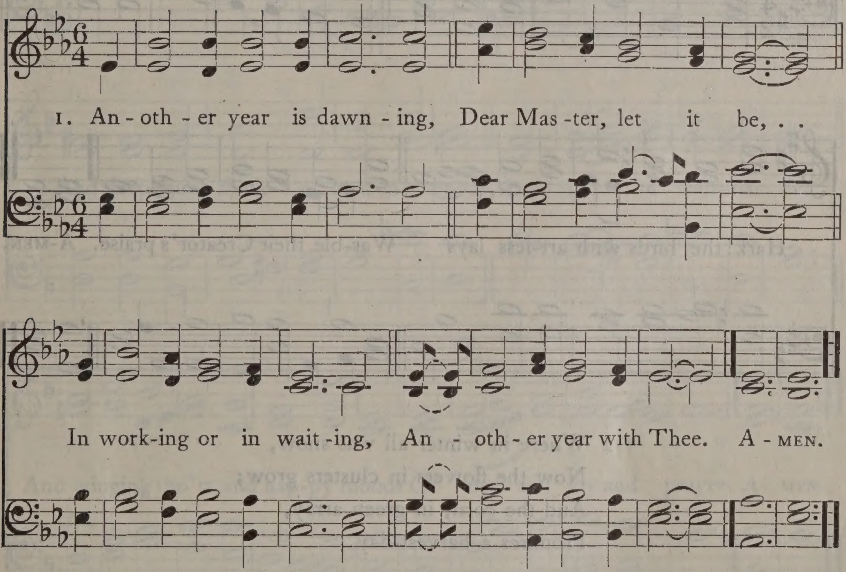
6 Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson, 1809–1892

62

MAGDALENA 7. 6. 7. 6.

German Traditional Melody, 16th cent.


1. An - oth - er year is dawn - ing, Dear Mas -ter, let it be, . .
In work-ing or in wait -ing, An - oth - er year with Thee. A - men.

2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

3 Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.

4 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

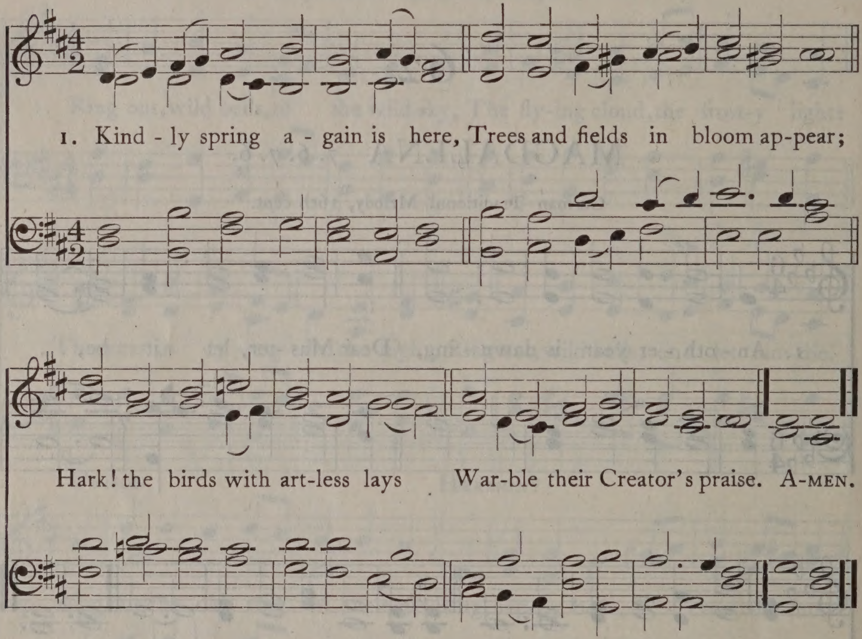
5 Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven
Another year for Thee!

F. R. Havergal, 1836–1879

63

DA CHRISTUS GEBOREN WAR 7.7.7.7.

Melody probably by J. F. Doles, 1715–1797


1. Kind - ly spring a - gain is here, Trees and fields in bloom ap-pear;
Hark! the birds with art-less lays War-ble their Creator's praise. A-men.

2 Where in winter all was snow,
Now the flowers in clusters grow;
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest-day.

3 Lord, afford a spring to me,
Let me feel like what I see;
Speak, and by Thy gracious voice,
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

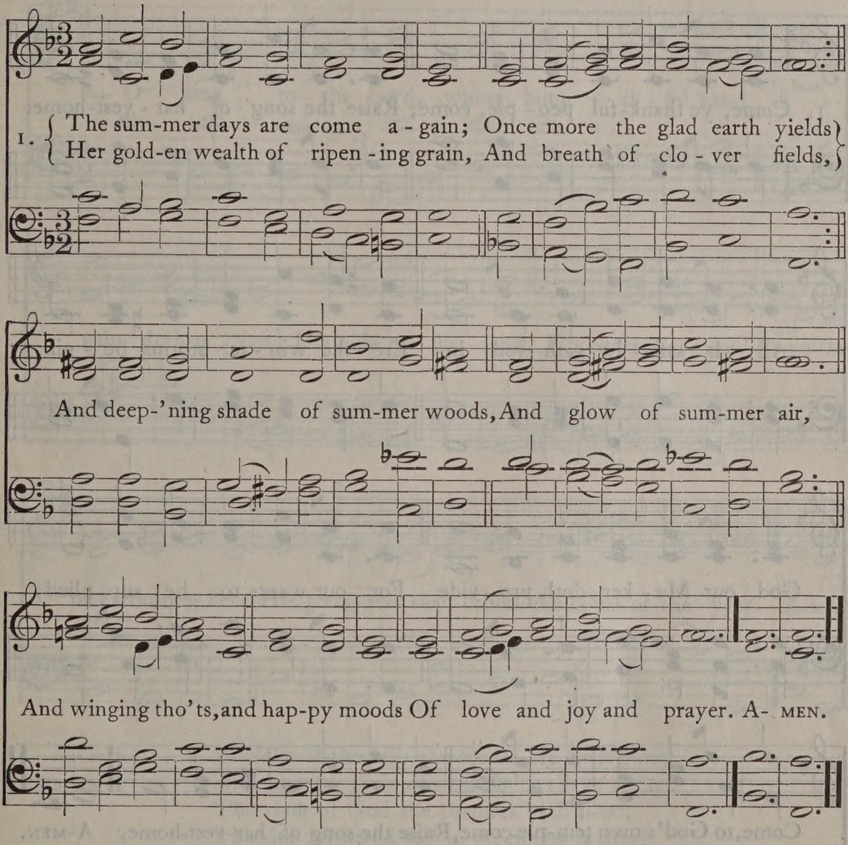
4 On Thy garden deign to smile,
Raise the plants, enrich the soil;
Soon Thy presence will restore
Life to what seemed dead before.

John Newton, 1725–1807

64

SOLL'S SEIN C. M. D

Melody in "Drei schöne neue geistliche Lieder," Munich, 1637


1. The sum-mer days are come a-gain; Once more the glad earth yields
Her gold-en wealth of ripen-ing grain, And breath of clo-ver fields,
And deep-'ning shade of sum-mer woods, And glow of sum-mer air,
And winging tho'ts, and hap-py moods Of love and joy and prayer. A-MEN.

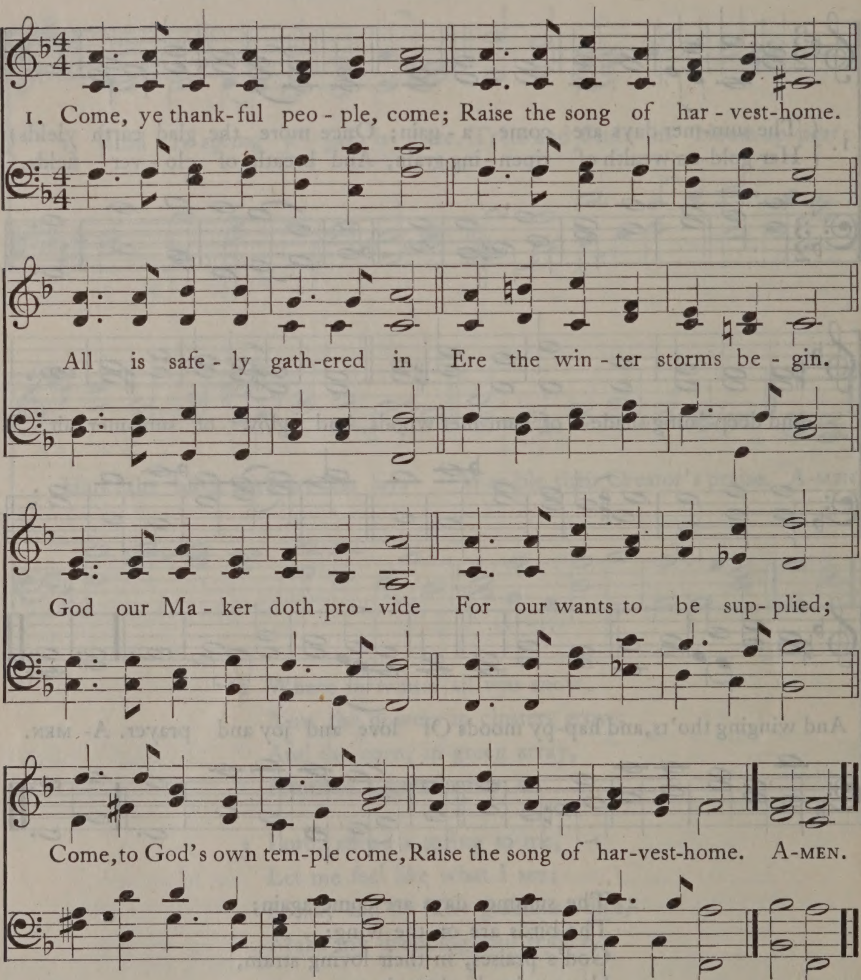
2 The summer days are come again;
The birds are on the wing;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing.
We know who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim;
For summer joy in field and wood
We lift our song to Him.

Samuel Longfellow, 1819-1892

65

ST. GEORGE'S (WINDSOR) 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

George J. Elvey, 1816–1893


1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; Raise the song of har - vest-home.
All is safe - ly gath-ered in Ere the win - ter storms be - gin.
God our Ma - ker doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup- plied;
Come, to God's own tem-ple come, Raise the song of har-vest-home. A-men.

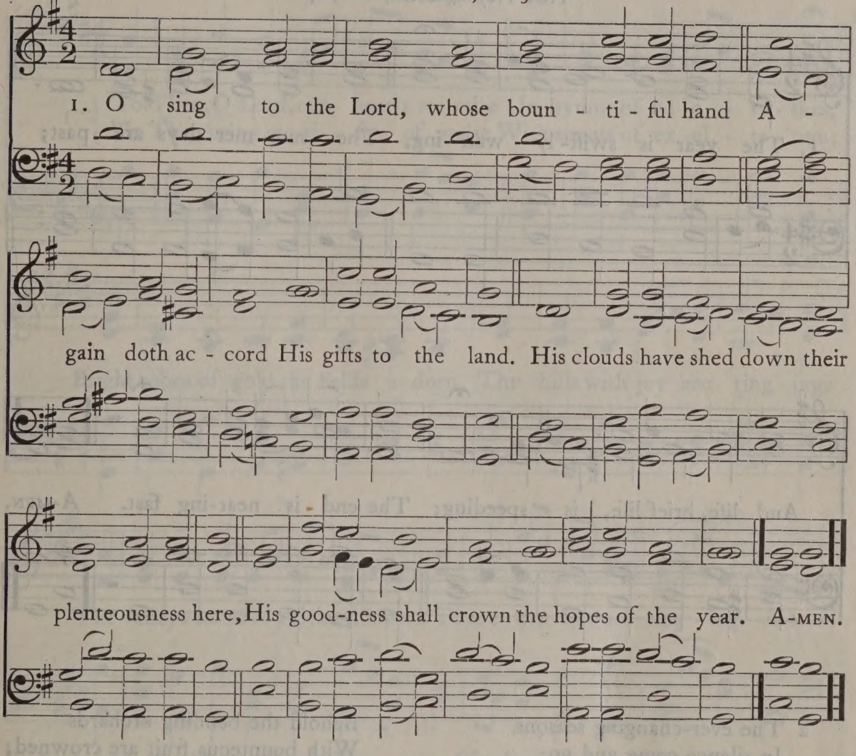
2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Henry Alford, 1810–1871

66

67TH PSALM 10. 10. 10. 10.

Scottish Psalter, 1615


1. O sing to the Lord, whose boun - ti - ful hand A -
gain doth ac - cord His gifts to the land. His clouds have shed down their
plenteousness here, His good-ness shall crown the hopes of the year. A-MEN.

2 In clefts of the hills the founts He hath burst,
And poureth their rills through valleys athirst.
The river of God the pastures hath blest,
The dry withered sod in greenness is drest.

3 And every fold shall teem with its sheep,
With harvests of gold the fields shall be deep;
The vales shall rejoice with laughter and song,
And man's grateful voice the music prolong.

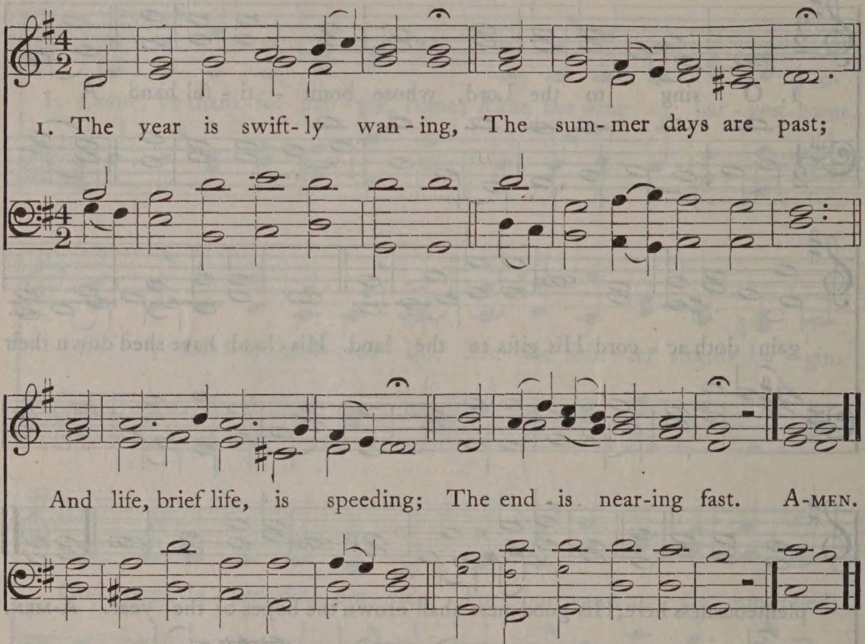
4 So too may He pour, the Last and the First,
His graces in store on spirits athirst,
Till, when the great day of harvest hath come,
He takes us away to garner at home.

R. F. LITTLEDALE, 1833–1890

67

DIEWEIL ICH AUFERSTEHE 7. 6. 7. 6.

From Freylinghausen, c. 1704


1. The year is swift-ly wan-ing, The sum-mer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding; The end is near-ing fast. A-MEN.

2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou, eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

3 O, pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

4 Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

5 O, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,

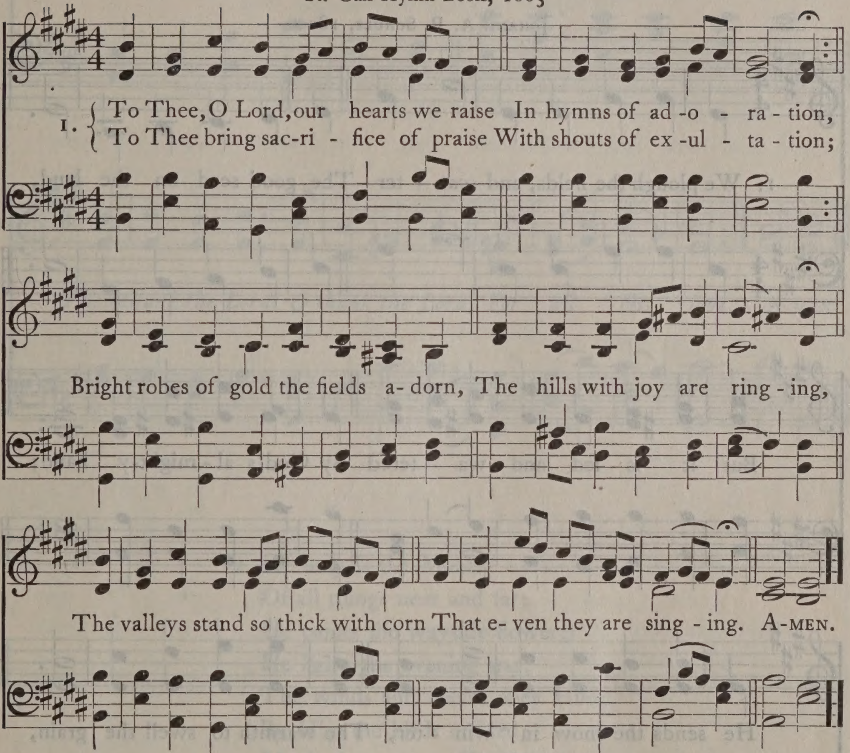
6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

W. W. How, 1823–1897

68

ST. GALL 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

St. Gall Hymn Book, 1863


1. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad-o-ra-tion,
To Thee bring sac-ri-fice of praise With shouts of ex-ul-ta-tion;
Bright robes of gold the fields a-dorn, The hills with joy are ring-ing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn That e-ven they are sing-ing. A-MEN.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing;
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal:
Thou, who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread Eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary;
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

4 O blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever,
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river;
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours today are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

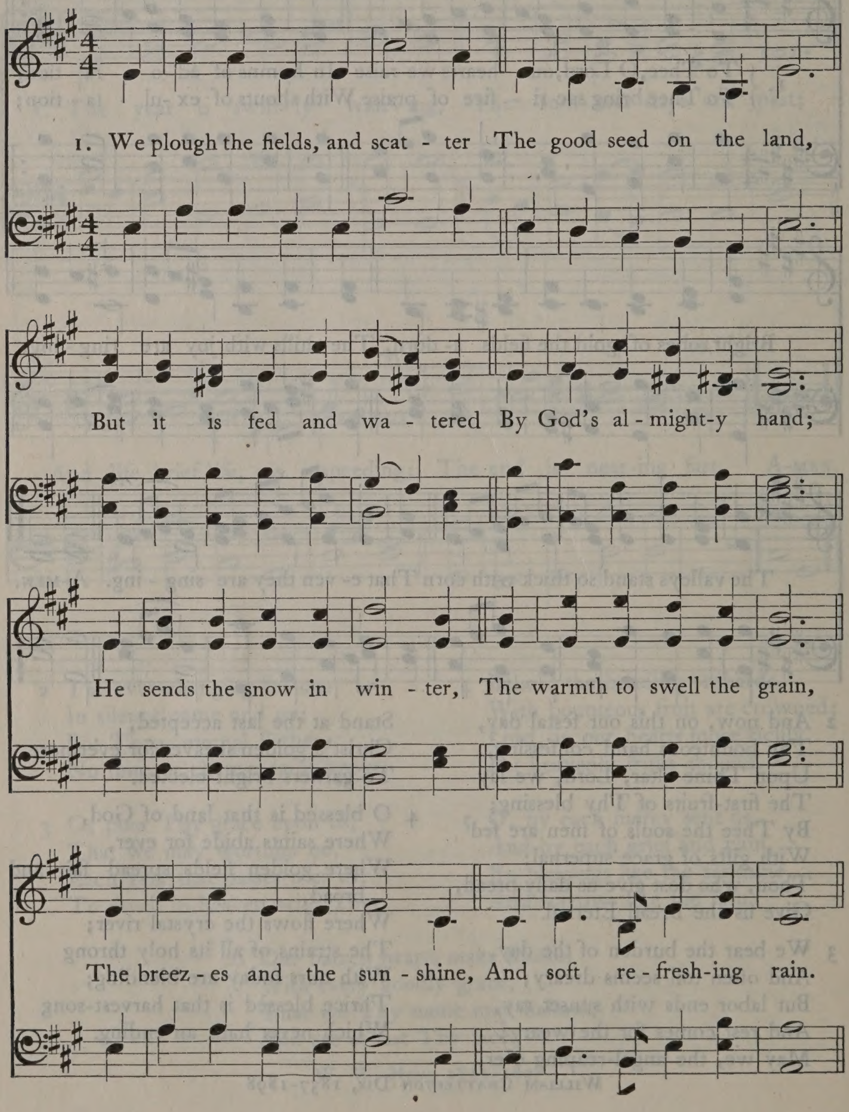
William Chatterton Dix, 1837–1898

69

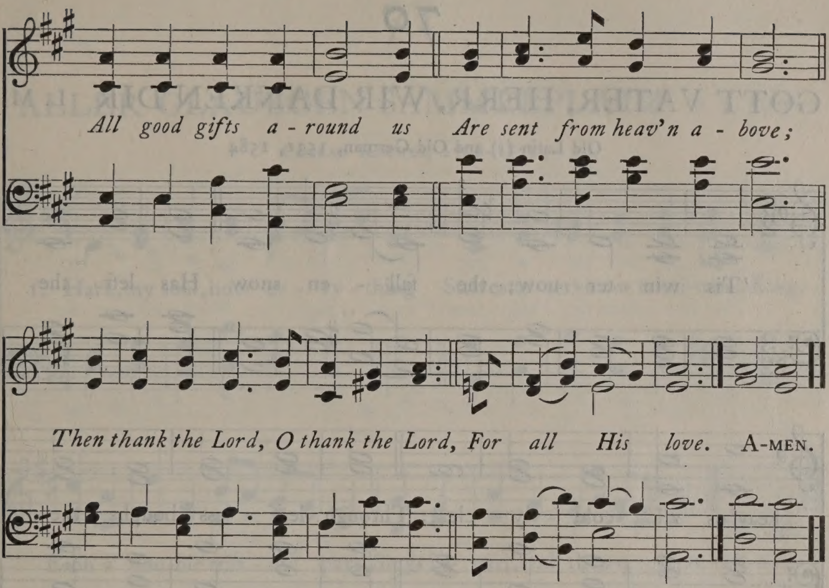
WIR PFLÜGEN UND WIR STREUEN

7. 6. 7. 6. D. With Refrain

Johann A. P. Schulz, 1800


1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - might-y hand;
He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,
The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft re - fresh-ing rain.

Harvest


All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His love. A-MEN.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower;
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him;
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

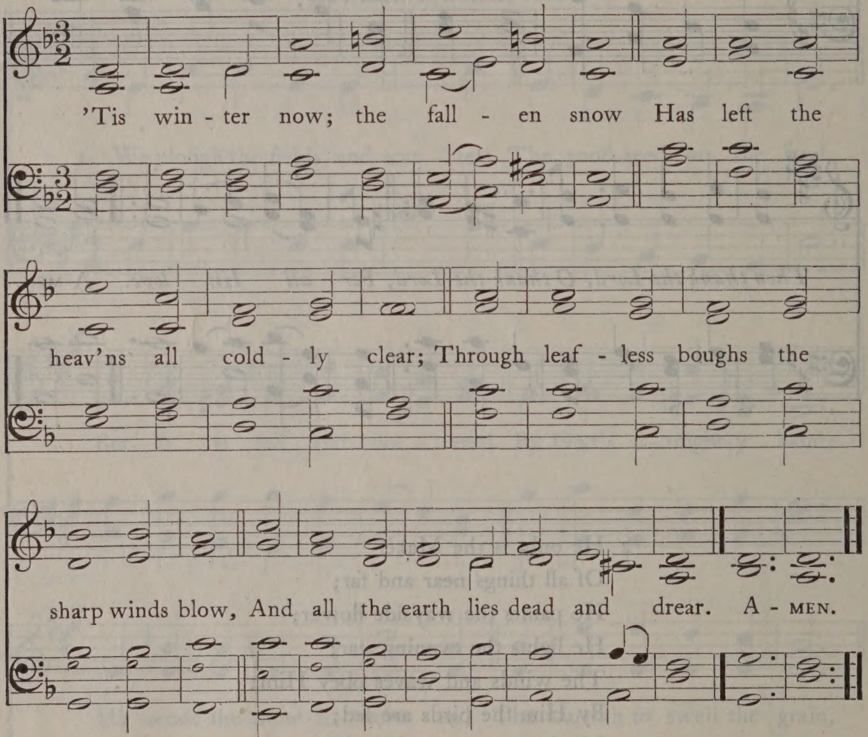
3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

Matthias Claudius, 1740–1815. Tr. by Jane Montgomery Campbell, 1817–1878

70

GOTT VATER, HERR, WIR DANKEN DIR L. M.

Old Latin (?) and Old German, 1531, 1584


'Tis win - ter now; the fall - en snow Has left the
heav'ns all cold - ly clear; Through leaf - less boughs the
sharp winds blow, And all the earth lies dead and drear. A - MEN.

2 And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes;
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

3 And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

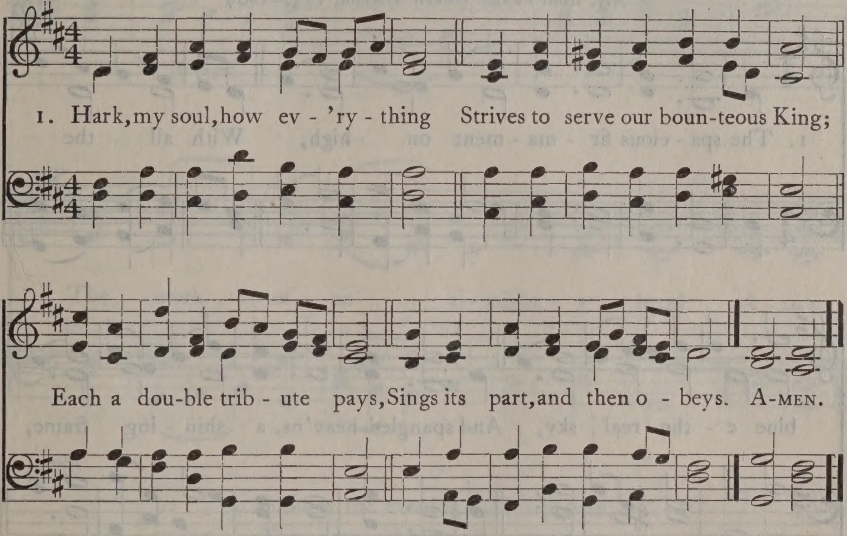
4 O God! who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in Thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

Samuel Longfellow, 1819-1892

71

ALLER GLÄUBGEN SAMMELPLATZ 7.7.7.7.

Conrad Kocher, 1786–1872


1. Hark, my soul, how ev - 'ry - thing Strives to serve our boun-teous King;
Each a dou-ble trib - ute pays, Sings its part, and then o - beys. A-men.

2 Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

3 Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

4 All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring;
If heaven bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

5 Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord;
We, on whom His bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.

6 Wake! for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake! and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

7 Call whole nature to thy aid;
Since 'twas He whole nature made;
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.

8 Live for ever, glorious Lord!
Live by all Thy works adored,
One in Three, and Three in One,
Thrice we bow to Thee alone.

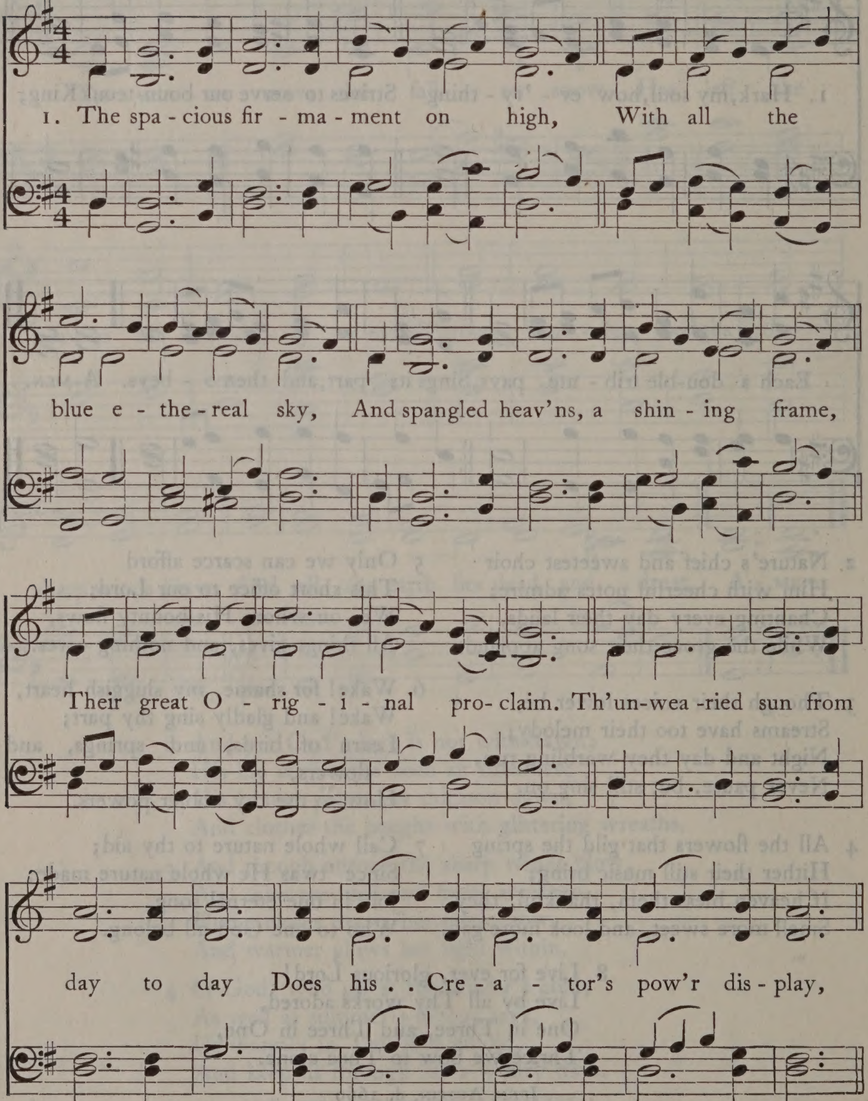
John Austin, d. 1669

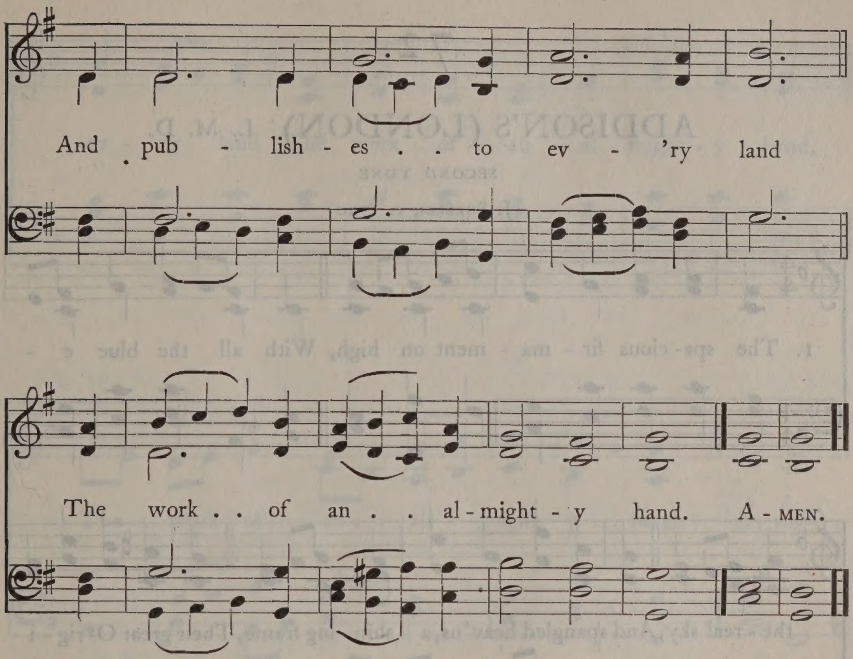
72

CREATION L. M. D.

FIRST TUNE

Arr. from Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732–1809


1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the
blue e - the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame,
Their great O - rig - i - nal pro- claim. Th'un-wea -ried sun from
day to day Does his . . Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play,


And pub - lish - es . . to ev - 'ry land
The work . . of an . . al - might - y hand. A - MEN.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

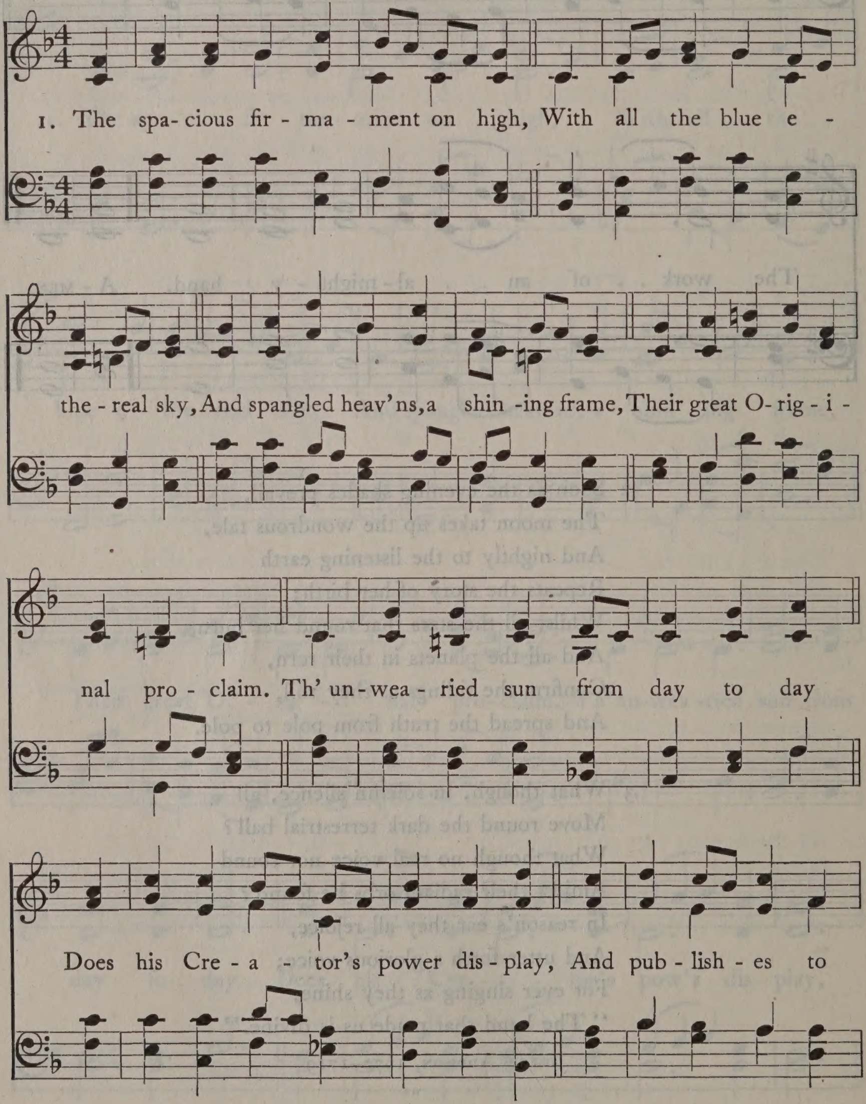
Joseph Addison, 1672–1719

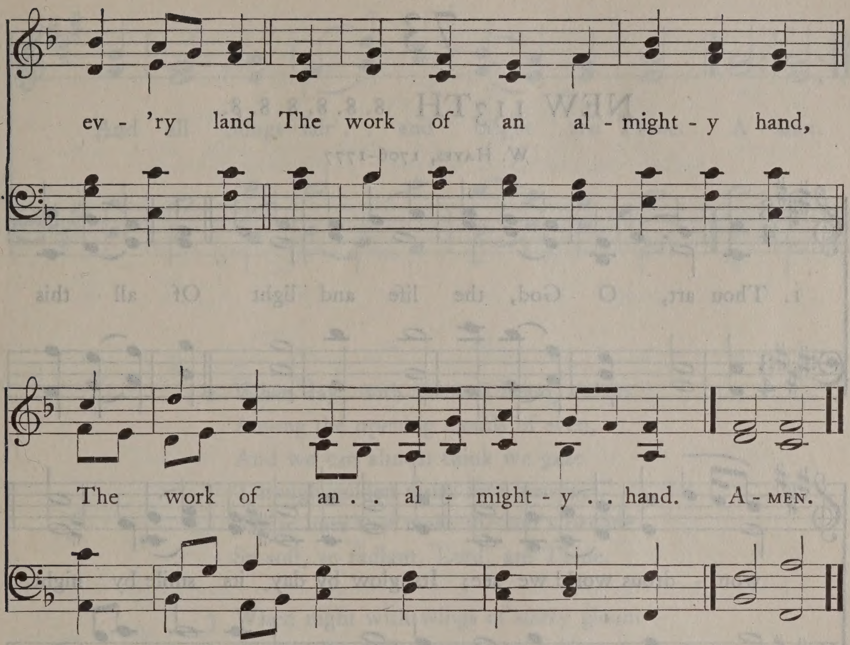
72

ADDISON'S (LONDON) L. M. D.

SECOND TUNE

J. Sheeles, c. 1720


1. The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -
the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shin -ing frame, Their great O- rig - i -
nal pro - claim. Th' un-wea - ried sun from day to day
Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es to


ev - 'ry land The work of an al - might - y hand,
The work of an . . al - might - y . . hand. A - MEN.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
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Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

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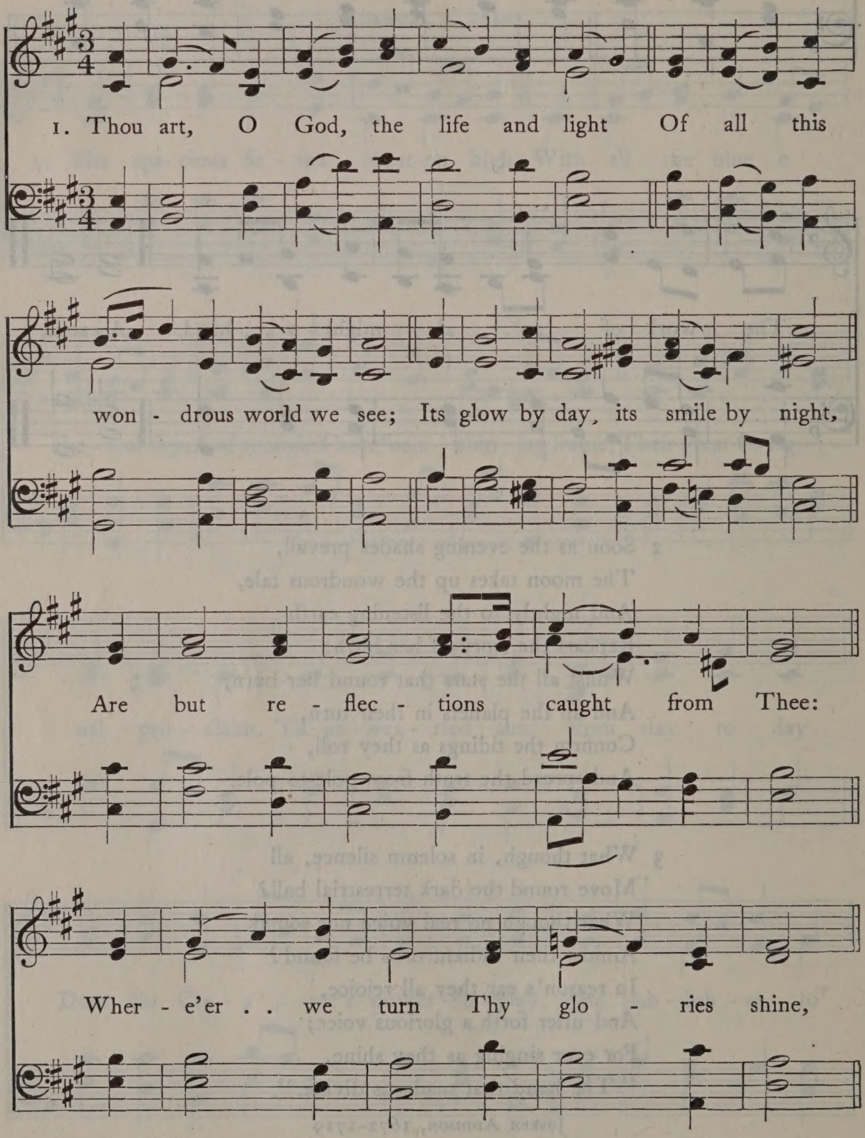
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us divine."

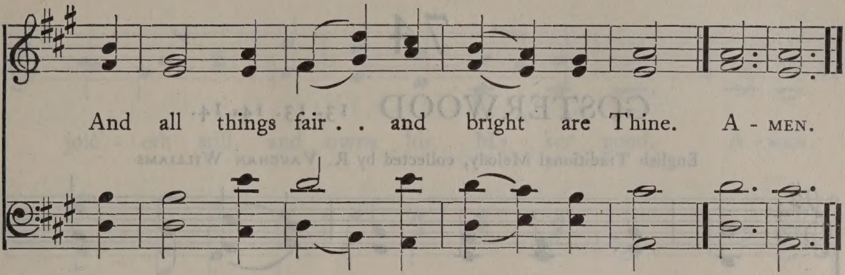
Joseph Addison, 1672–1719

73

NEW 113TH 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

W. Hayes, 1706–1777


1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this
won - drous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but re - flec - tions caught from Thee:
Wher - e'er . . we turn Thy glo - ries shine,



2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

3 When night with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

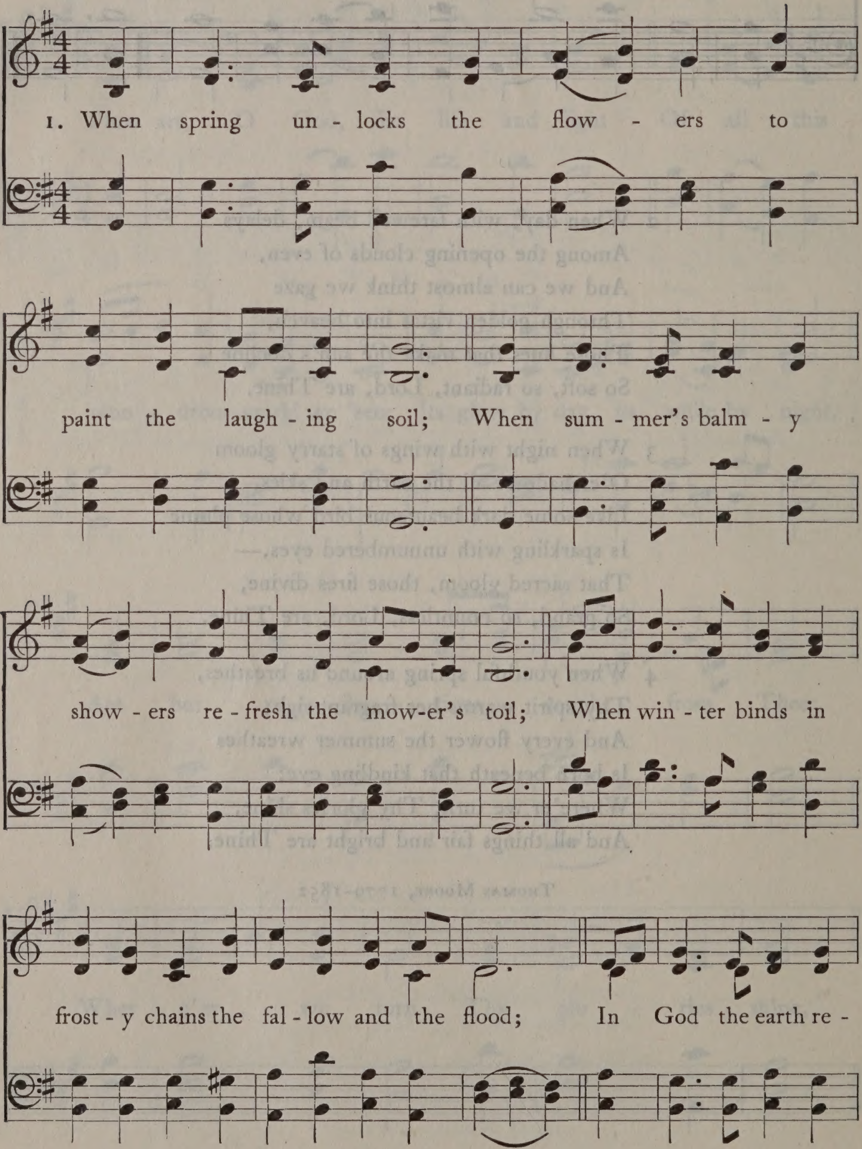
4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

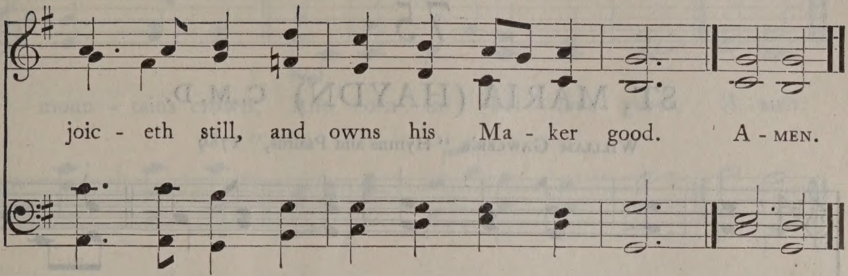
Thomas Moore, 1779–1852

74

GOSTERWOOD 13. 13. 14. 14.

English Traditional Melody, collected by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS


1. When spring un - locks the flow - ers to
paint the laugh - ing soil; When sum - mer's balm - y
show - ers re - fresh the mow-er's toil; When win - ter binds in
frost - y chains the fal - low and the flood; In God the earth re -



2 The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars — their Master's name in silent pomp display.

3 Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall man alone, unthankful, his little praise deny?
No; let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love, and, Saviour, honour Thee.

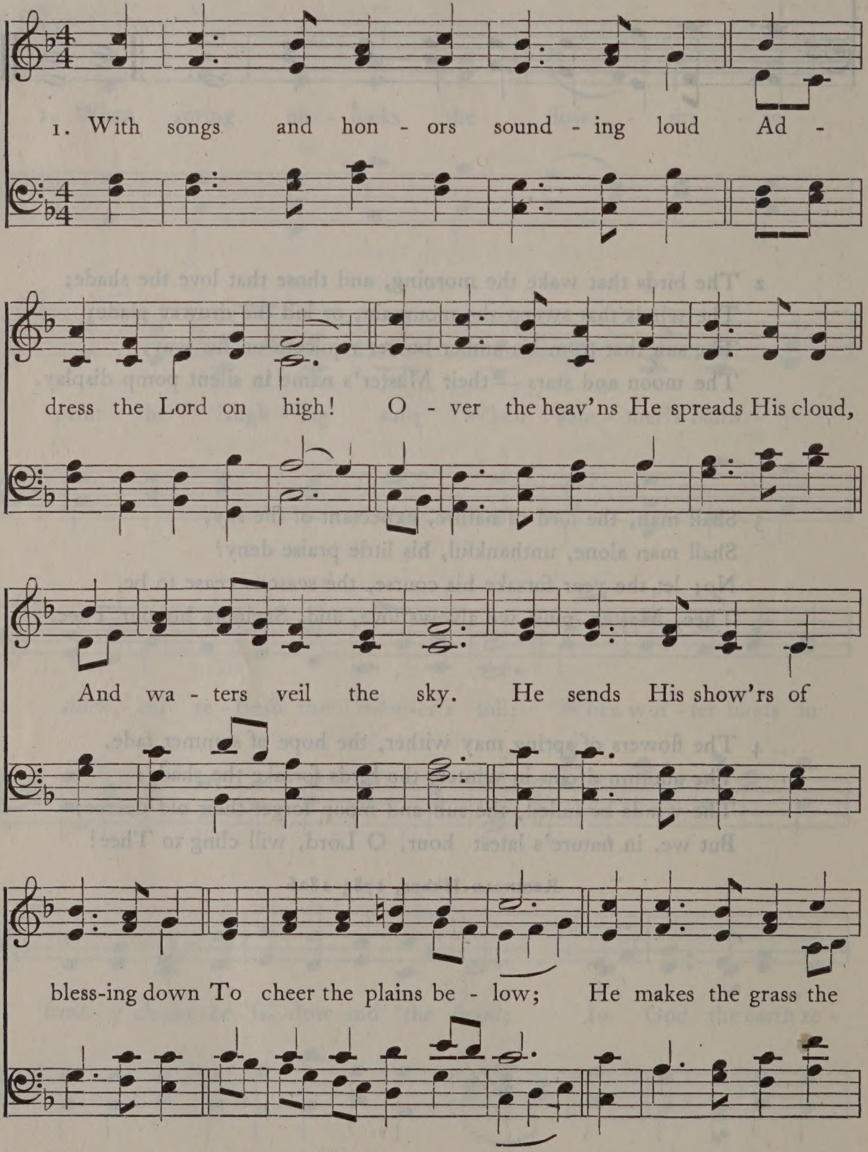
4 The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon forget their old decree;
But we, in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to Thee!

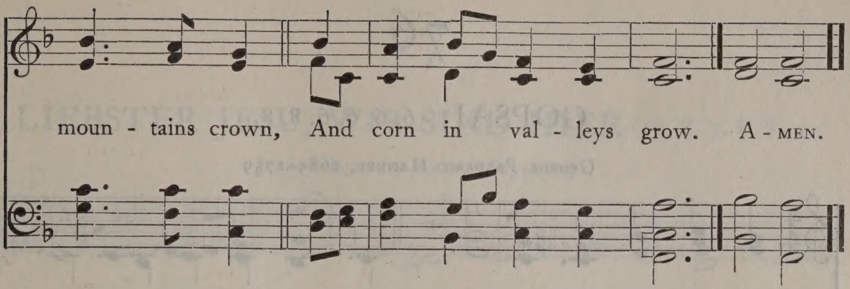
Reginald Heber, 1783–1826

75

ST. MARIA (HAYDN) C. M. D.

William Gawler's "Hymns and Psalms," 1789


1. With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud Ad - dress the Lord on high! O - ver the heav'ns He spreads His cloud,
And wa - ters veil the sky. He sends His show'rs of bless-ing down To cheer the plains be - low; He makes the grass the



2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

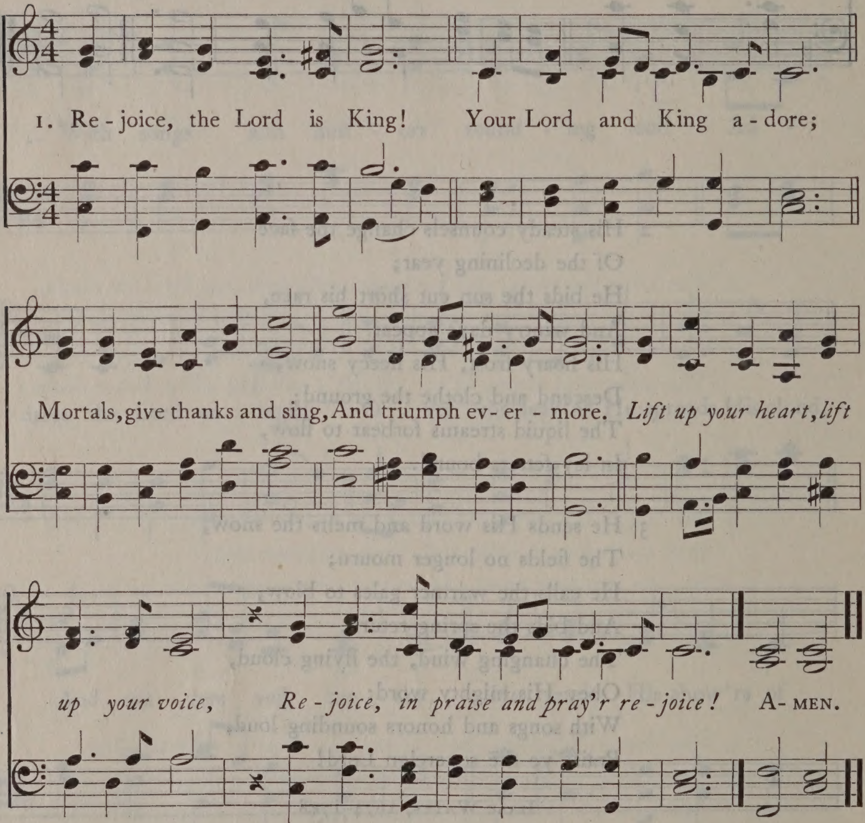
3 He sends His word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord!

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

76

GOPSAL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

George Frederic Handel, 1685–1759


1. Re-joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a-dore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing, And triumph ev-er-more. *Lift up your heart, lift*
up your voice, Re-joice, in praise and pray'r re-joice! A-MEN.

His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet His thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain.

3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
And summer flowers are fair.

4 His autumn crowns the year,
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn.

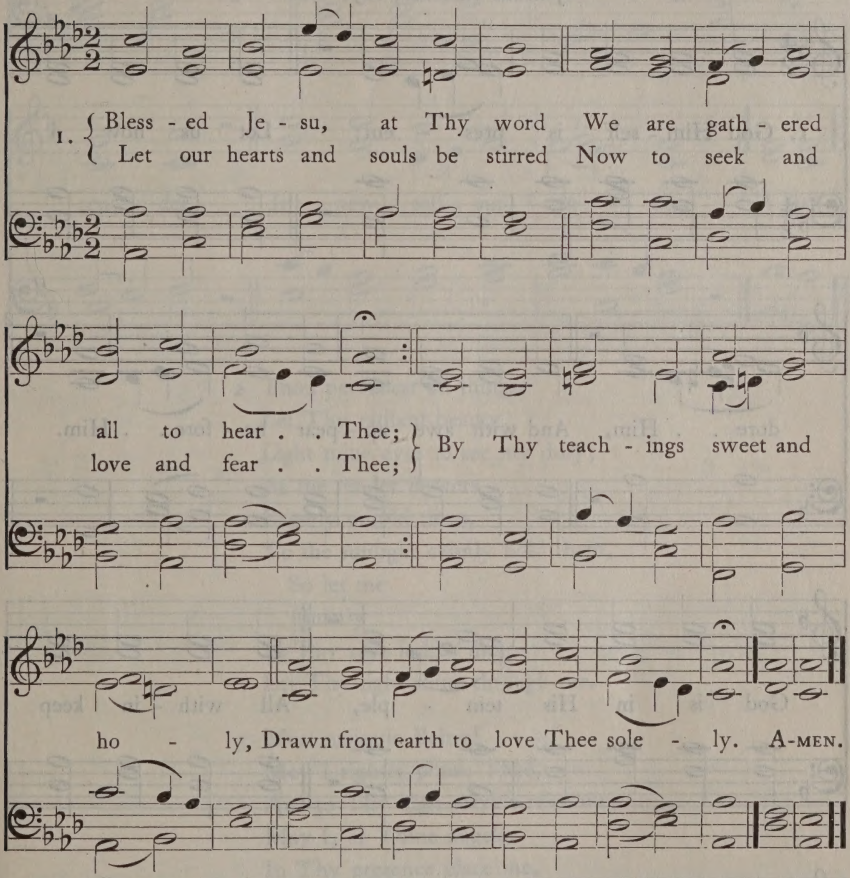
5 Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years and months and days;
O, bring the eternal reign
Of love and joy and praise!

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788. John Taylor, 1750–1826

77

LIEBSTER JESU, WIR SIND HIER 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8.

Johann Rudolph Ahle, 1625–1673


1. { Bless - ed Je - su, at Thy word We are gath - ered all to hear . . Thee; }
{ Let our hearts and souls be stirred Now to seek and love and fear . . Thee; }
By Thy teach - ings sweet and ho - ly, Drawn from earth to love Thee sole - ly.
A-men.

2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded.
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

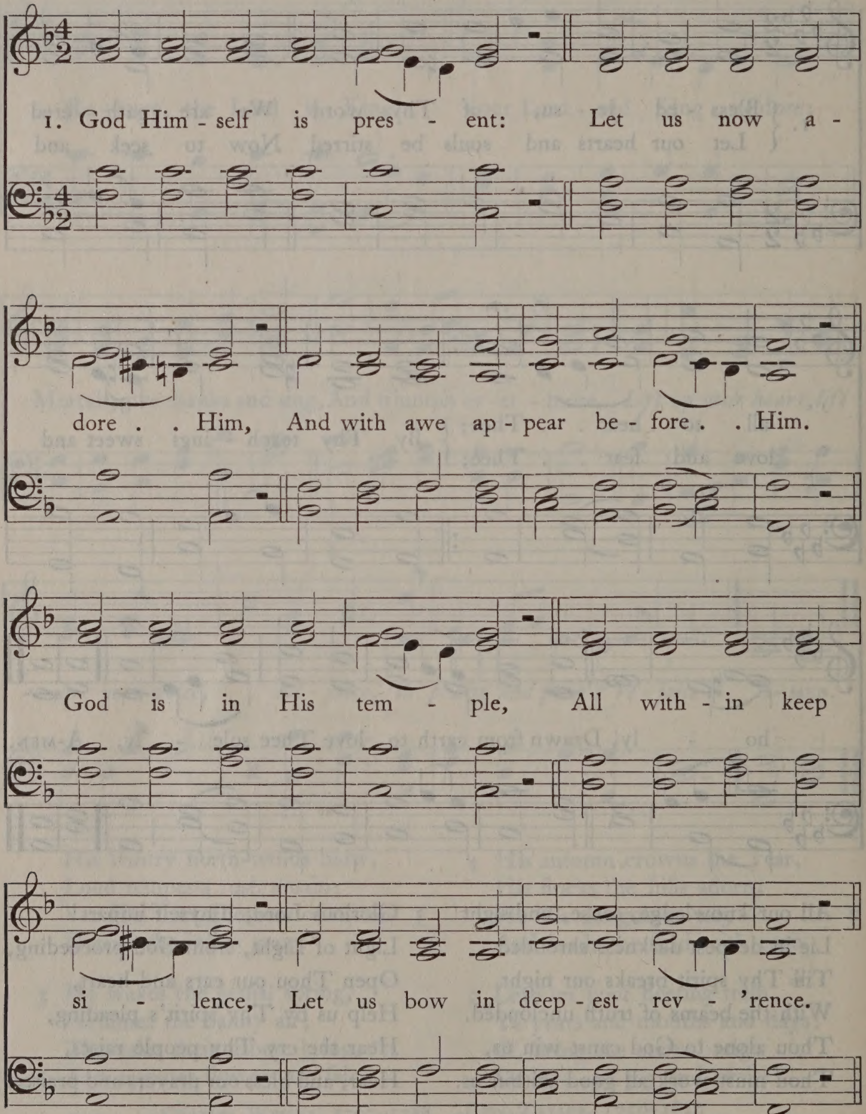
3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
Light of Light, from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy spirit's pleading,
Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

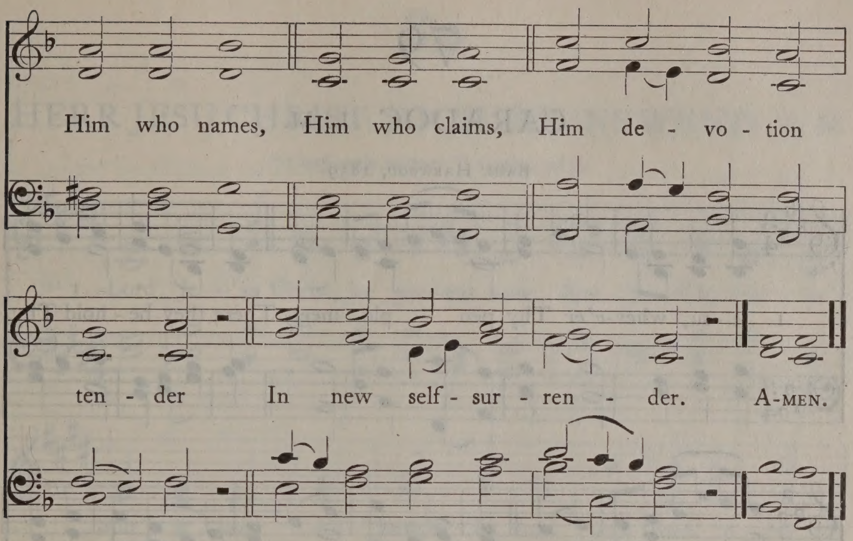
Tobias Clausnitzer, 1619–1684. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

78

WUNDERBARER KÖNIG 6. 6. 8. D. 3. 3. 6. 6.

Joachim Neander, 1650–1688


1. God Him - self is pres - ent: Let us now a -
dore . . Him, And with awe ap - pear be - fore . . Him.
God is in His tem - ple, All with - in keep
si - lence, Let us bow in deep - est rev - 'rence.


Him who names, Him who claims, Him de - vo - tion
ten - der In new self - sur - ren - der.
A-MEN.

2 Thou pervadest all things:
Let Thy radiant beauty
Light mine eyes to see my duty;
As the tender flowers
Eagerly unfold them,
To the sunlight calmly hold them,
So let me
Quietly
In Thy rays imbue me,
Let Thy light shine through me.

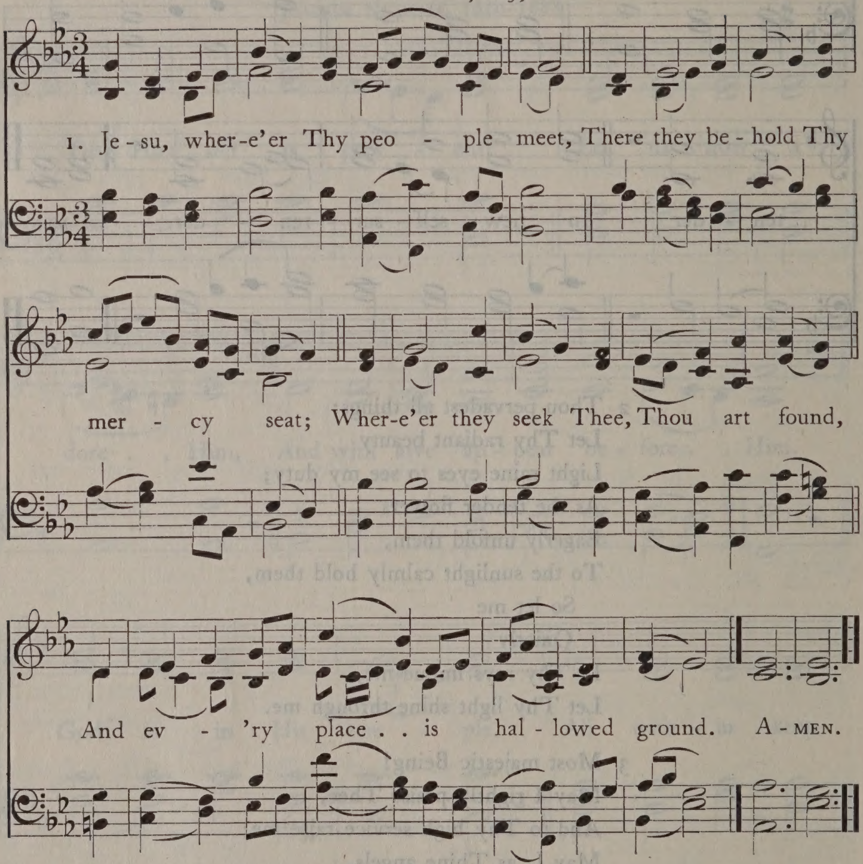
3 Most majestic Being!
May I rightly praise Thee,
And to Thy high service raise me;
May I, as Thine angels,
In Thy presence place me,
That each moment I may face Thee,
And in all,
Great and small,
Seek to do most nearly
That Thou lovest dearly.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697–1769. Tr. by F. W. Foster and J. Miller, 1789, alt., and Henry Sloane Coffin, 1909

79

CARADOC L. M.

Basil Harwood, 1859–


1. Je - su, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy
mer - cy seat; Wher-e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And ev - 'ry place . . is hal - lowed ground. A - men.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

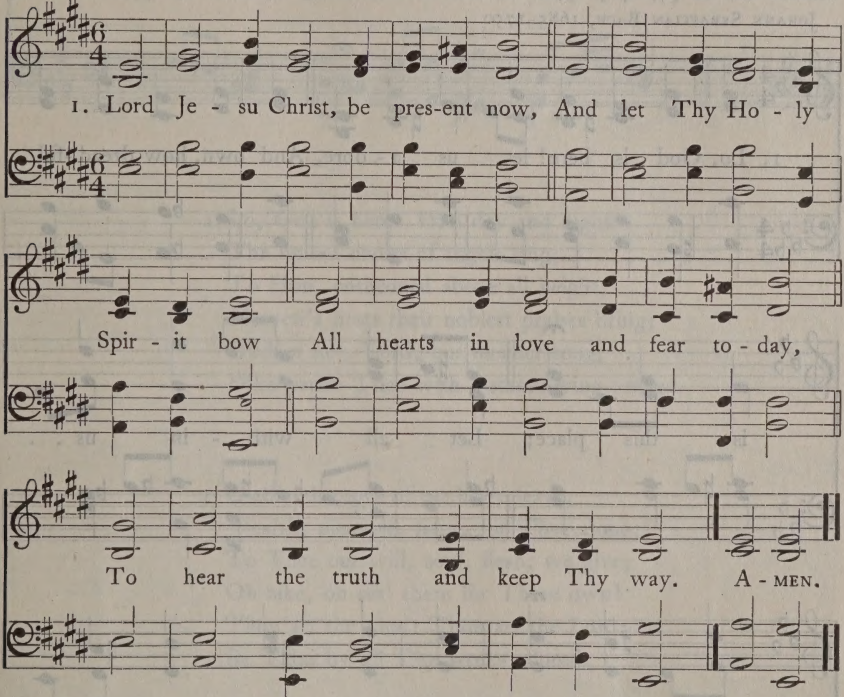
4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper, 1731–1800

80

HERR JESU CHRIST, DICH ZU UNS WEND L. M.

"Cantionale Sacrum," Gotha, 1651


1. Lord Je - su Christ, be pres-ent now, And let Thy Ho - ly
Spir - it bow All hearts in love and fear to - day,
To hear the truth and keep Thy way. A - MEN.

2 Open our lips to sing Thy praise,
Our hearts in true devotion raise,
Strengthen our faith, increase our light,
That we may know Thy Name aright;

3 Until we join the hosts that cry:
Holy art Thou, O Lord Most High!
And 'mid the light of that blest place
Shall gaze upon Thee face to face.

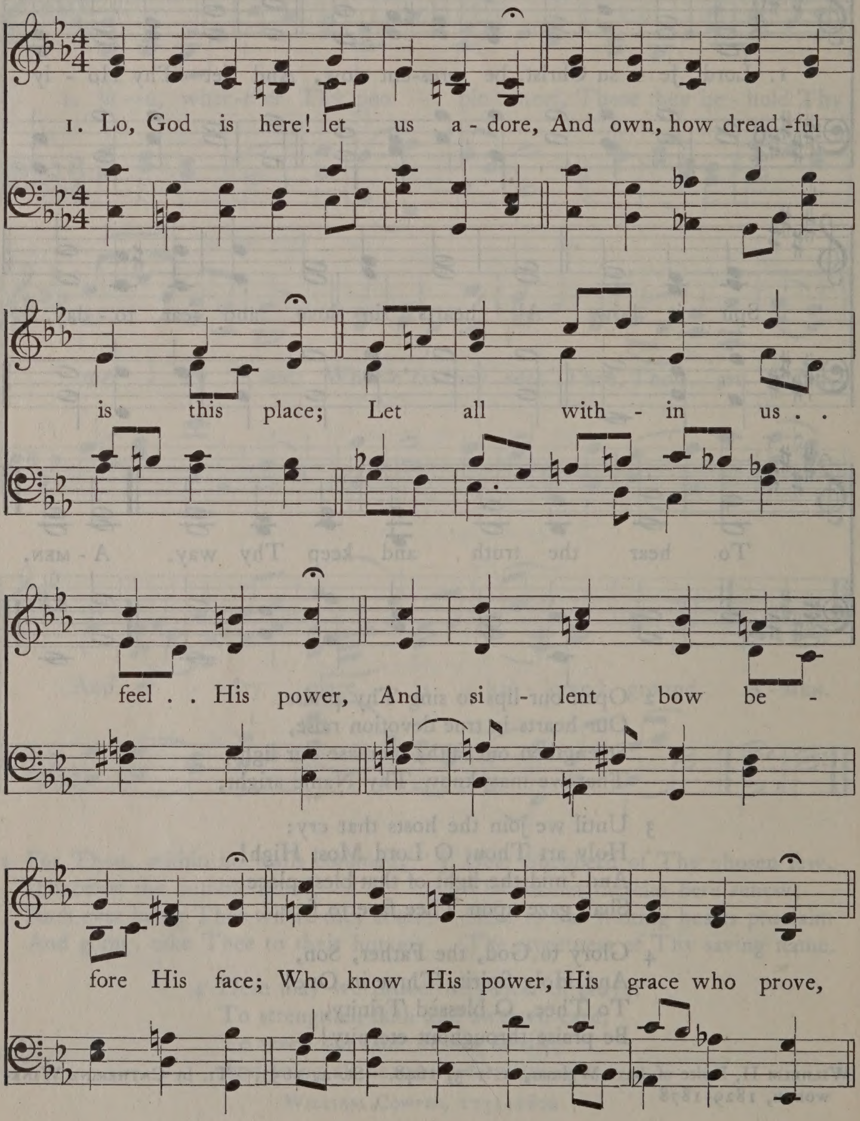
4 Glory to God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
To Thee, O blessèd Trinity,
Be praise throughout eternity!

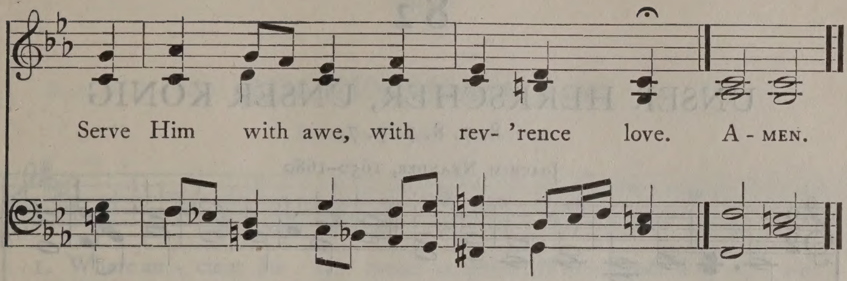
Wilhelm II, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, st. 1–3, 1648. St. 4, 1651. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

81

VATER UNSER IM HIMMELREICH 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Martin Luther (?), 1483–1546. In Köphyl's Strassburg Hymn Book, 1537. Harm. by Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685–1750


1. Lo, God is here! let us a - dore, And own, how dread -ful
is this place; Let all with - in us . .
feel . . His power, And si - lent bow be -
fore His face; Who know His power, His grace who prove,



2 Lo, God is here! Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone;
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
Oh take, oh seal them for Thine own!
Thou art the God; Thou art the Lord;
Be Thou by all Thy works adored.

4 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

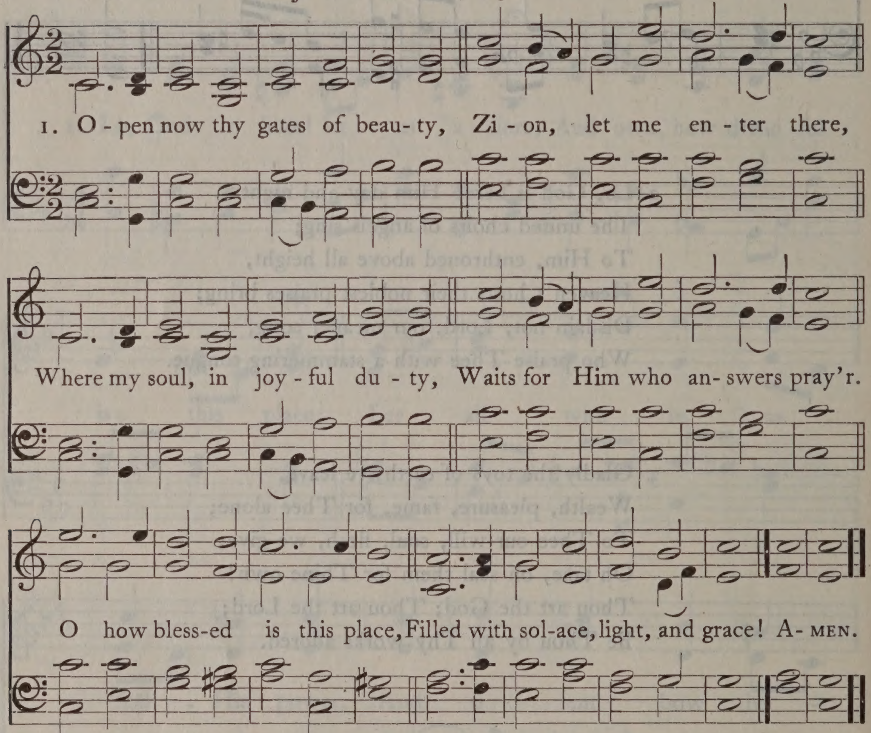
John Wesley, 1703–1791

82

UNSER HERRSCHER, UNSER KÖNIG

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Joachim Neander, 1650–1680


1. O - pen now thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,
Where my soul, in joy - ful du - ty, Waits for Him who an - swers pray'r.
O how bless-ed is this place, Filled with sol-ace, light, and grace! A - men.

2 Gracious God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart O enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown;
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone.
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep Thy gift divine;
Howsoe'er temptations thicken,
May Thy word still o'er me shine,
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

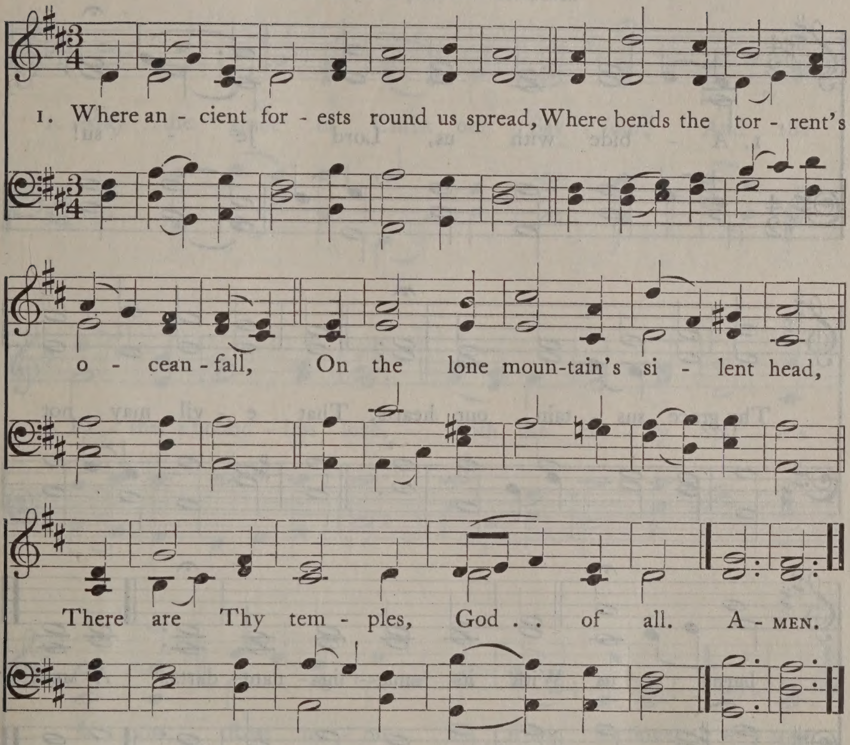
5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
While Thou dost Thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

Benjamin Schmolk, 1672–1737. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

83

ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Edward Miller, 1731–1807


1. Where an - cient for - ests round us spread, Where bends the tor - rent's
o - cean - fall, On the lone moun-tain's si - lent head,
There are Thy tem - ples, God . . of all. A - men.

2 Beneath the dark-blue midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays,
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Our God, we worship as we gaze.

3 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by Thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where Thine own words of love are taught.

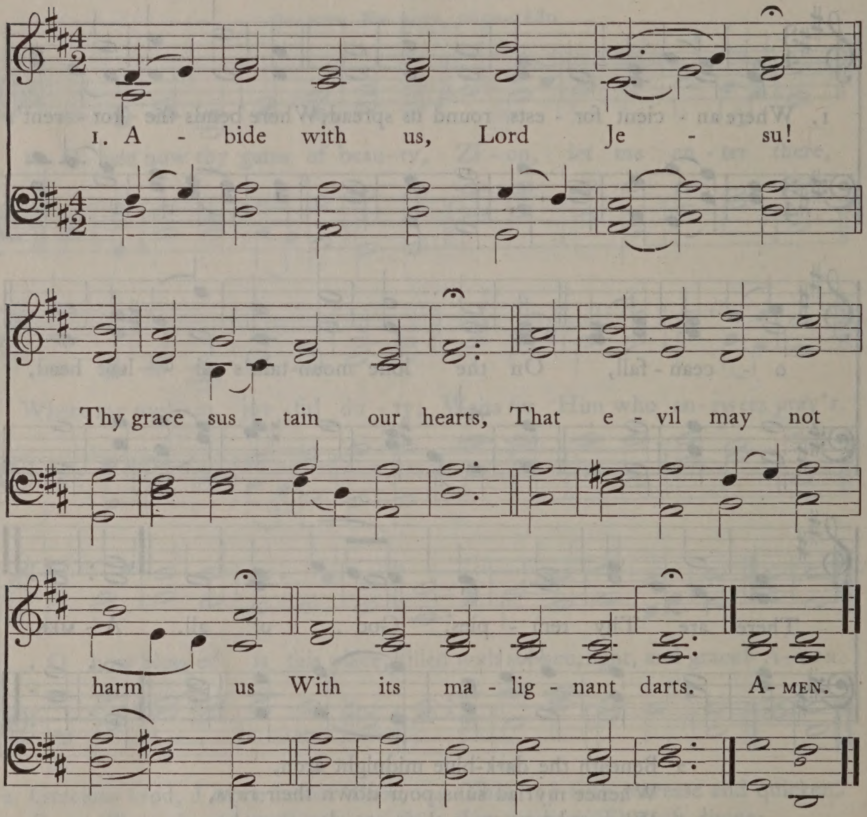
4 Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith Thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal and woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

Andrews Norton, 1786–1853. Sts. 1 and 2, alt.

84

CHRISTUS, DER IST MEIN LEBEN 7. 6. 7. 6.

Melchior Vulpius, c. 1560–1616


1. A - bide with us, Lord Je - su!
Thy grace sus - tain our hearts, That e - vil may not
harm us With its ma - lig - nant darts.
A- men.

2 Abide, and with Thy radiance
Cheer us, resplendent Light;
Thy truth direct, and keep us
From error's gloomy night.

3 Abide, and let Thy blessing,
Lord, rest on us alway,
All needful strength and graces
Grant Thou us day by day.

4 Abide then with us, Saviour!
Our constant, faithful Friend;
Grant steadfastness and patience,
And vict'ry in the end.

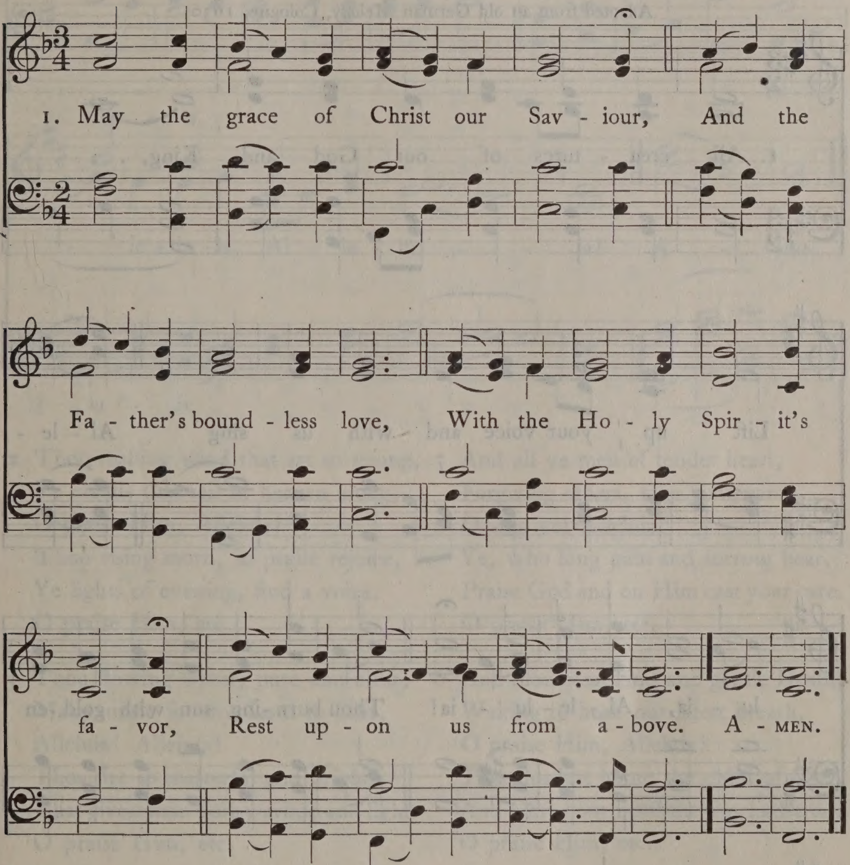
J. Stegmann, 1588–1632. Tr., composite, 1880

Closing

85

SALVE, CRUX BEATA, SALVE 8. 7. 8. 7.

Darmstadt, 1698


1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - iour, And the
Fa - ther's bound - less love, With the Ho - ly Spir - it's
fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove. A - MEN.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

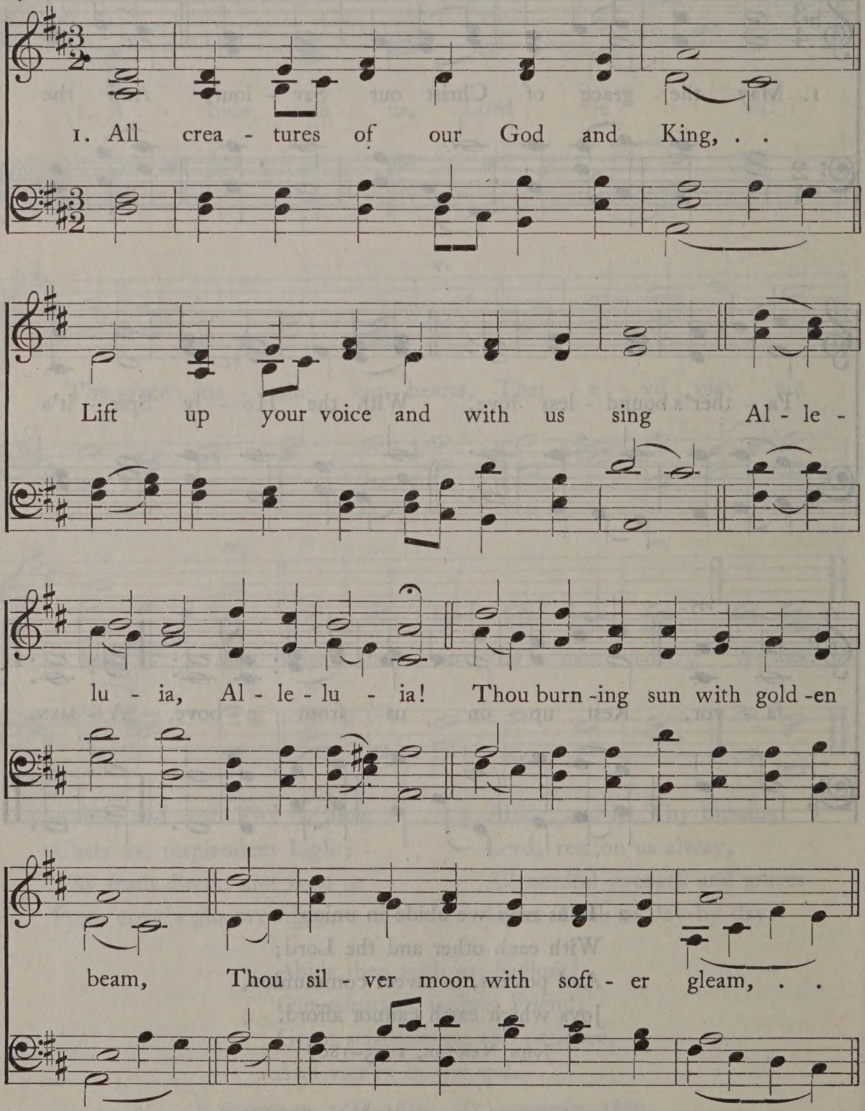
John Newton, 1725–1807

86

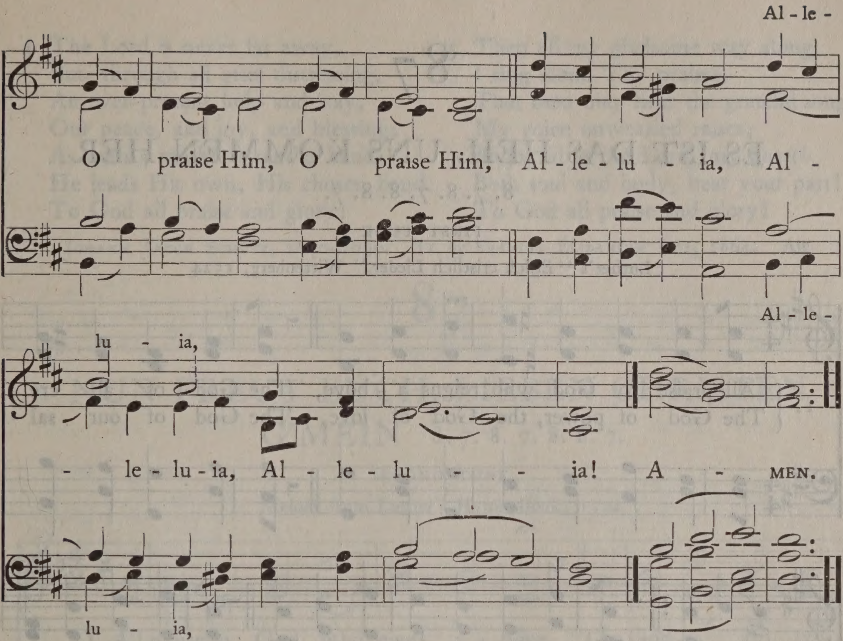
LASST UNS ERFREUEN L. M.

WITH ALLELUIAS

Adapted from an old German Melody, Cologne, 1630


1. All crea - tures of our God and King, . .
Lift up your voice and with us sing Al - le -
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
Thou burn - ing sun with gold - en
beam, Thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam, . .

Praise



O praise Him, O praise Him, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,
Al - le - lu - ia,
- le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - - ia! A - MEN.
Al - le - lu - ia,

2 Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in heaven along,
O praise Him, Alleluia!
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of evening, find a voice.
O praise Him, etc.

3 Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
Make music for thy Lord to hear,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
That givest man both warmth and light.
O praise Him, etc.

4 Dear mother earth, who day by day
Unfoldest blessings on our way,
O praise Him, Alleluia!
The flowers and fruit that in thee grow,
Let them His glory also show,
O praise Him, etc.

5 And all ye men of tender heart,
Forgiving others, take your part,
O sing ye, Alleluia!
Ye, who long pain and sorrow bear,
Praise God and on Him cast your care.
O praise Him, etc.

6 And thou most kind and gentle Death,
Waiting to hush our latest breath,
O praise Him, Alleluia!
Thou leadest home the child of God,
And Christ our Lord the way hath trod.
O praise Him, etc.

7 Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship Him in humbleness,
O praise Him, Alleluia!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in One.
O praise Him, etc.

St. Francis of Assisi, 1182–1226. Tr. by W. H. Draper

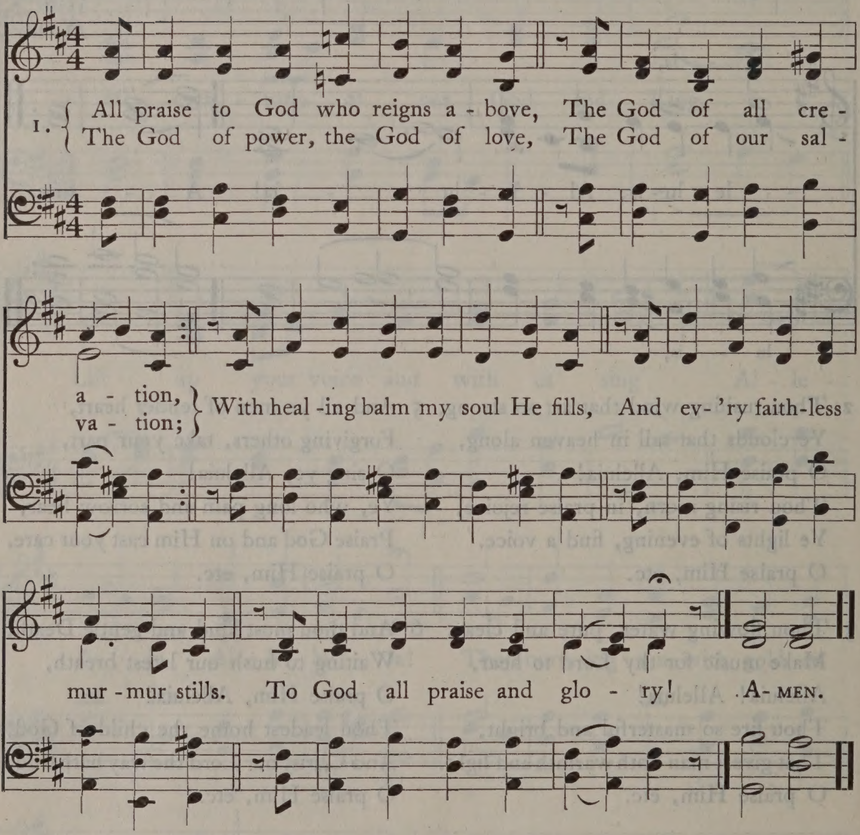
87

ES IST DAS HEIL UNS KOMMEN HER

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

FIRST TUNE

Luther's "Etlich cristlich Lieder," Wittenberg, 1524



1. All praise to God who reigns a - bove, The God of all cre - a - tion,
The God of power, the God of love, The God of our sal - va - tion;
With heal -ing balm my soul He fills, And ev- 'ry faith-less mur - mur stills.
To God all praise and glo - ry!
A- MEN.

2 The angel host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things,
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's
plan.
To God all praise and glory!

3 What God's almighty power hath
made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo! all is just and all is right.
To God all praise and glory!

4 The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace, and joy, and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand
He leads His own, His chosen band.
To God all praise and glory!

5 Then all my gladsome way along,
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises;
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart!
Both soul and body, bear your part!
To God all praise and glory!

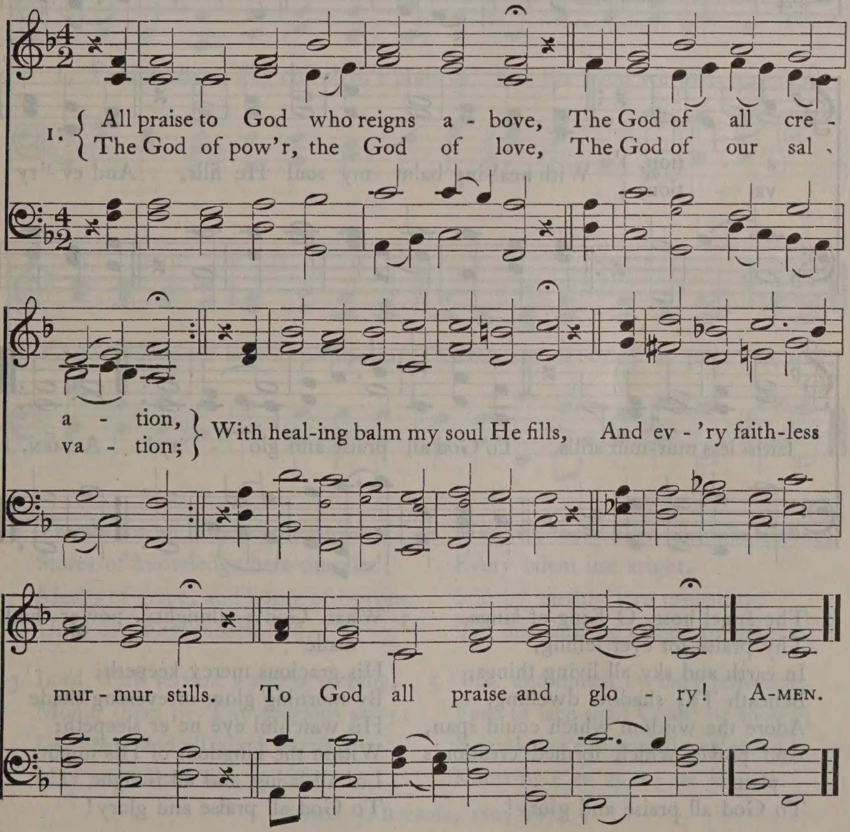
Johann Jacob Schütz, 1640–1690. Tr. by Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1864. Alt.

87

NUN FREUT EUCH, LIEBEN CHRISTEN G'MEIN 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

SECOND TUNE

Melody from Luther's Hymn Book, 1524


1. { All praise to God who reigns a - bove, The God of all cre - a - tion,
The God of pow'r, the God of love, The God of our sal - va - tion; }
With heal-ing balm my soul He fills, And ev - 'ry faith-less mur - mur stills.
To God all praise and glo - ry! A-MEN.

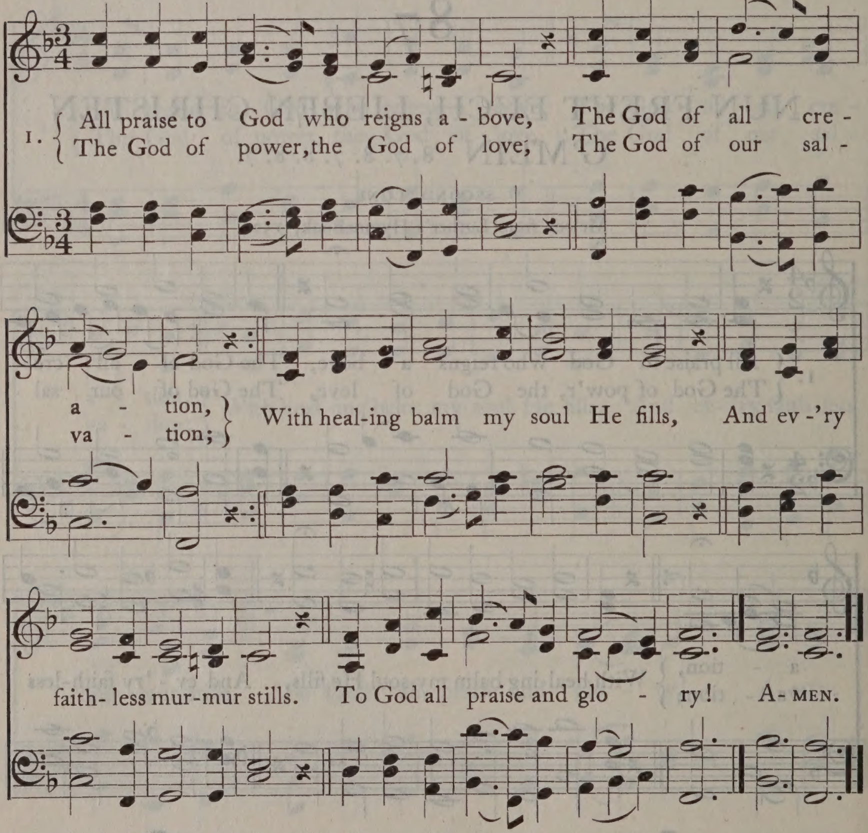
87

LOBET DEN HERRN, IHR HEIDEN ALL'

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

THIRD TUNE

Melchior Vulpius, 1560–1616


1. { All praise to God who reigns a - bove, The God of all cre - a - tion,
The God of power, the God of love; The God of our sal - va - tion; }
With heal-ing balm my soul He fills, And ev-'ry faith-less mur-mur stills.
To God all praise and glo - ry!
A-MEN.

2 The angel host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things,
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's plan.
To God all praise and glory!

3 What God's almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo! all is just and all is right.
To God all praise and glory!

4 The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace, and joy, and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand
He leads His own, His chosen band.
To God all praise and glory!

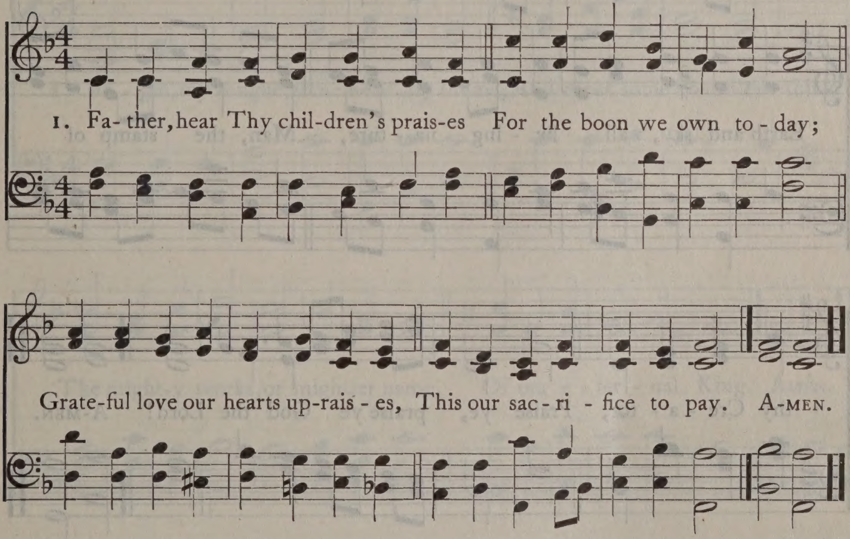
5 Then all my gladsome way along,
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises;
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart!
Both soul and body, bear your part!
To God all praise and glory!

Johann Jacob Schütz, 1640–1690. Tr. by Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1864. Alt.

88

STUTTGART 8. 7. 8. 7.

"Psalmodia Sacra," Gotha, 1715


1. Fa-ther, hear Thy chil-dren's prais-es For the boon we own to-day;
Grate-ful love our hearts up-rais-es, This our sac-ri-fice to pay. A-men.

2 Thanks for all Thy mercies given,
Stores of knowledge here unrolled,
Means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
Unto us, Thy chosen fold.

3 Lord, Thy servant's spirits turning,
Mould them by Thy gracious sway;
Godliness and all good learning
May we follow day by day.

4 May we, these Thy bounties sharing,
Every talent use aright,
Still by earthly lore preparing,
Till our faith be turned to sight;

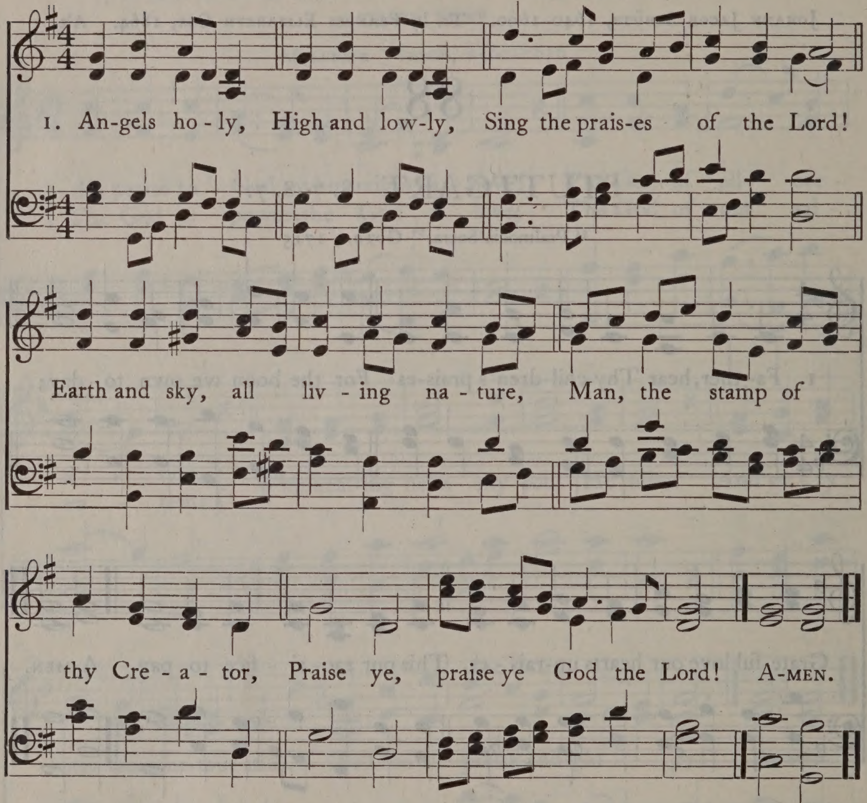
5 Till, undimmed by dark reflection,
Face to face shall Christ be shown;
Knowledge rise to full perfection,
Knowing e'en as we are known.

Henry J. Buckoll, 1803–1871

89

GOTT WILL'S MACHEN 4. 4. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Melody by J. L. Steiner, 1688–1761. Adapted



1. An-gels ho-ly, High and low-ly, Sing the prais-es of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all liv-ing na-ture, Man, the stamp of
thy Cre-a-tor, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord! A-men.

2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and moon-light,
Starry temples azure floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory;
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared,
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

4 Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks, cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

5 Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

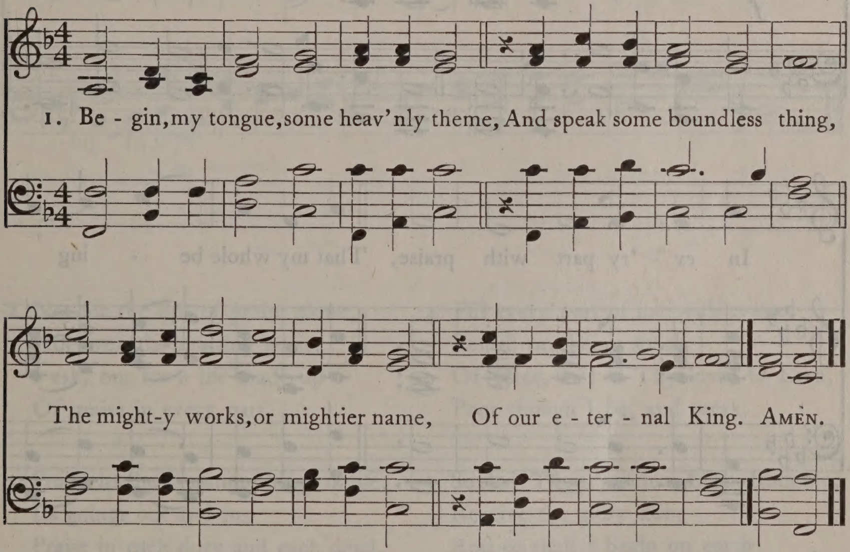
6 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord.

J. S. Blackie, 1809–1895

90

NUN DANKET ALL' UND BRINGET EHR C. M.

Johann Crüger, 1598–1662


1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing,
The might-y works, or mightier name, Of our e - ter - nal King. Amen.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

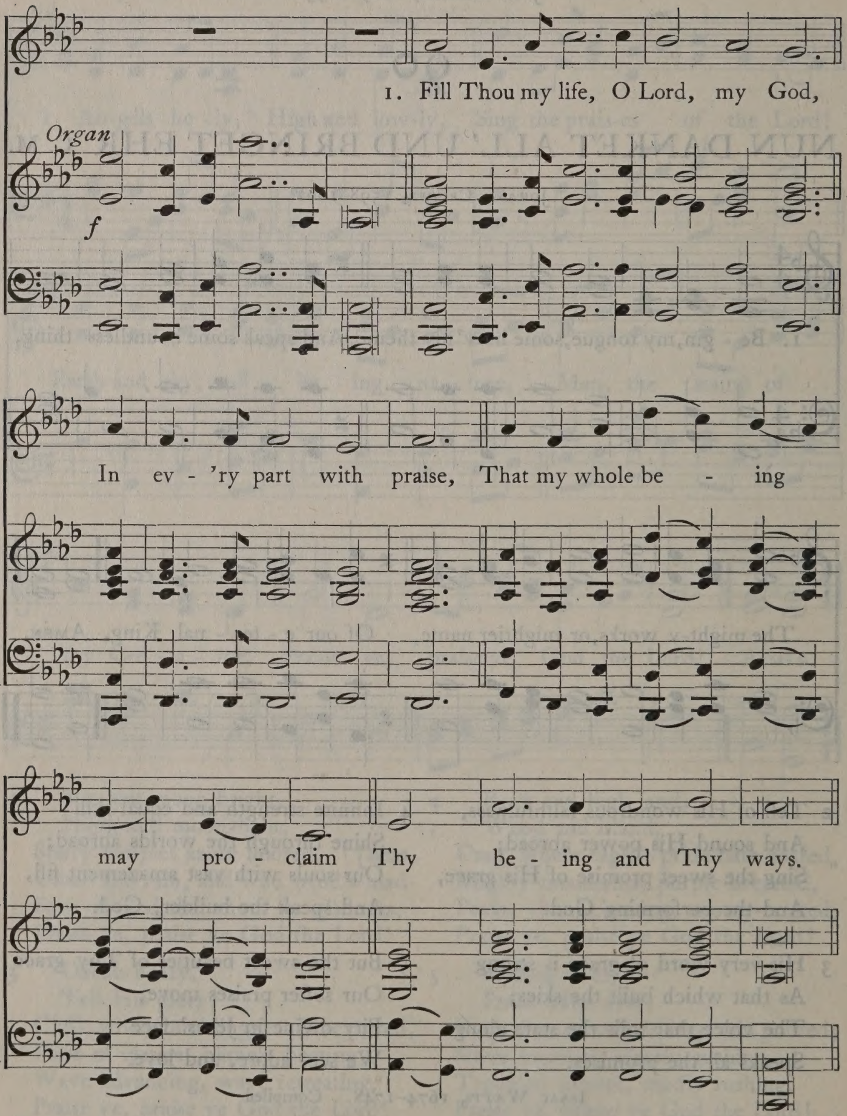
5 But the sweet beauties of Thy grace
Our softer praises move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748. Compiled

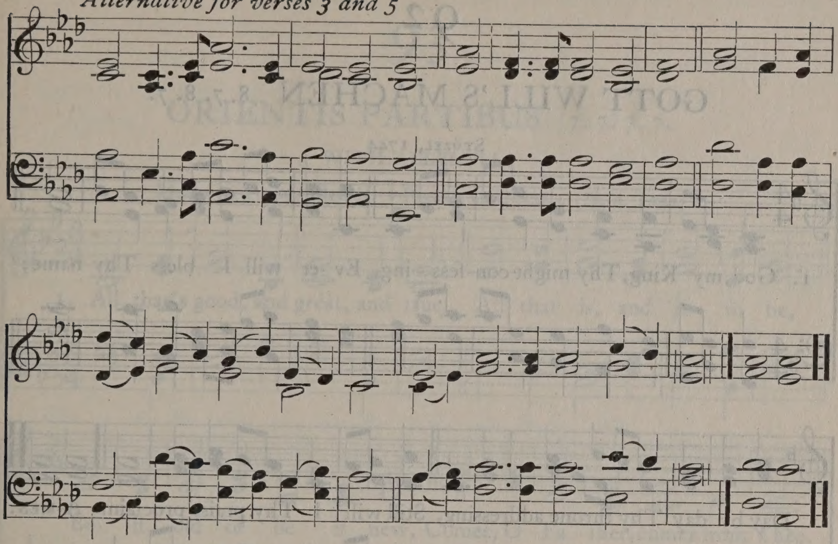
91

PLENITUDE C. M.

University of Wales


Organ
f
1. Fill Thou my life, O Lord, my God,
In ev - 'ry part with praise,
That my whole be - ing
may pro - claim Thy be - ing and Thy ways.

Alternative for verses 3 and 5



2 Not for the lips of praise alone,
Nor even the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

3 Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.

4 Fill every part of me with praise:
Let all my being speak
Of Thee, and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be, and weak.

5 So shalt Thou, gracious Lord, from me,
Receive the glory due;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

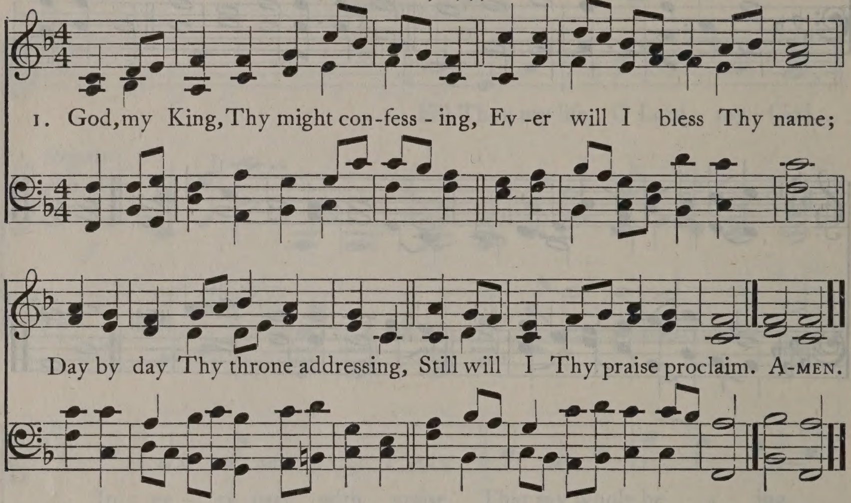
6 So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–1889

92

GOTT WILL'S MACHEN 8.7.8.7.

Stözel, 1744


1. God, my King, Thy might con-fess - ing, Ev -er will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim. A-men.

2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

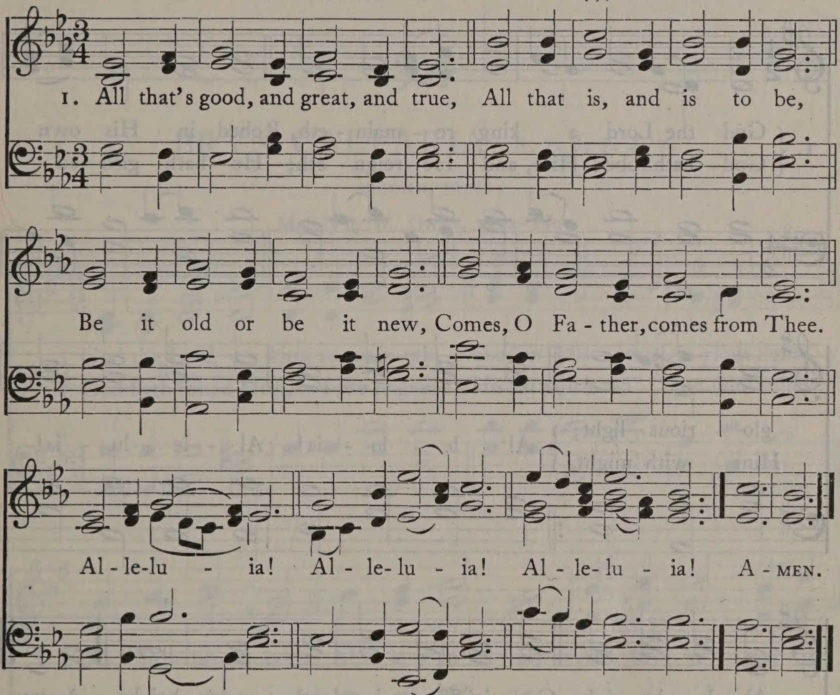
Richard Mant, 1776–1848. Based on Psalm 145. Abr.

93

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS 7. 7. 7. 7.

WITH ALLELUIAS

Mediaeval French Melody. Pierre de Corbeil (?), d. 1222


1. All that's good, and great, and true, All that is, and is to be,
Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Fa - ther, comes from Thee.
Al - le-lu - ia! Al - le- lu - ia! Al - le- lu - ia! A - men.

2 Mercies dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter than before,
And the sun's declining ray
Layeth others up in store.

3 Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to Thy name;
Not an insect on the wing
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

4 Every blade and every tree,
All in happy concert ring,
And in wondrous harmony
Join in praises to their King.

5 Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain-top and wooded dell,
All, in singing, sing of Thee
Songs of love ineffable.

6 Fill us then with love divine;
Grant that we, though toiling here,
May in spirit, being Thine,
See and hear Thee everywhere.

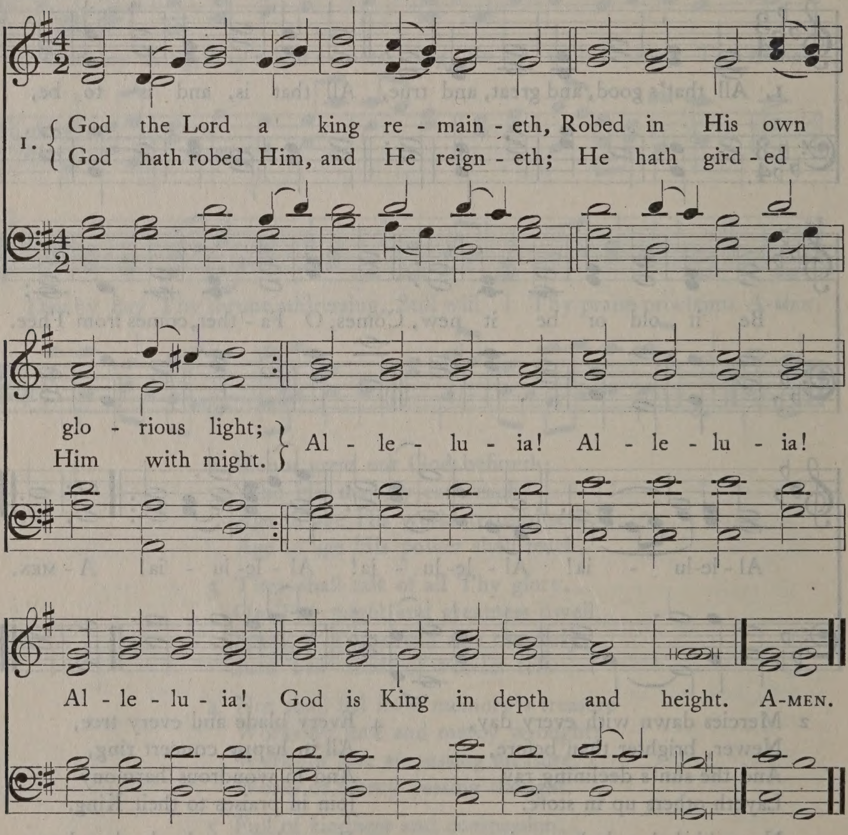
Godfrey Thring, 1823–1903

94

CAESARLEM 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

FIRST TUNE

Welsh Hymn Melody


1. God the Lord a king re - main - eth, Robed in His own glo - rious light;
God hath robed Him, and He reign - eth; He hath gird - ed Him with might.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! God is King in depth and height. A-MEN.

2 In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more;
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation
From all time where thought can soar.
Alleluia!
Lord, Thou art for evermore.

3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean floods have lift their roar;
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.
Alleluia!
For the ocean's sounding store.

4 With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beauteous, without ending,
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Alleluia!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity;
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Alleluia!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

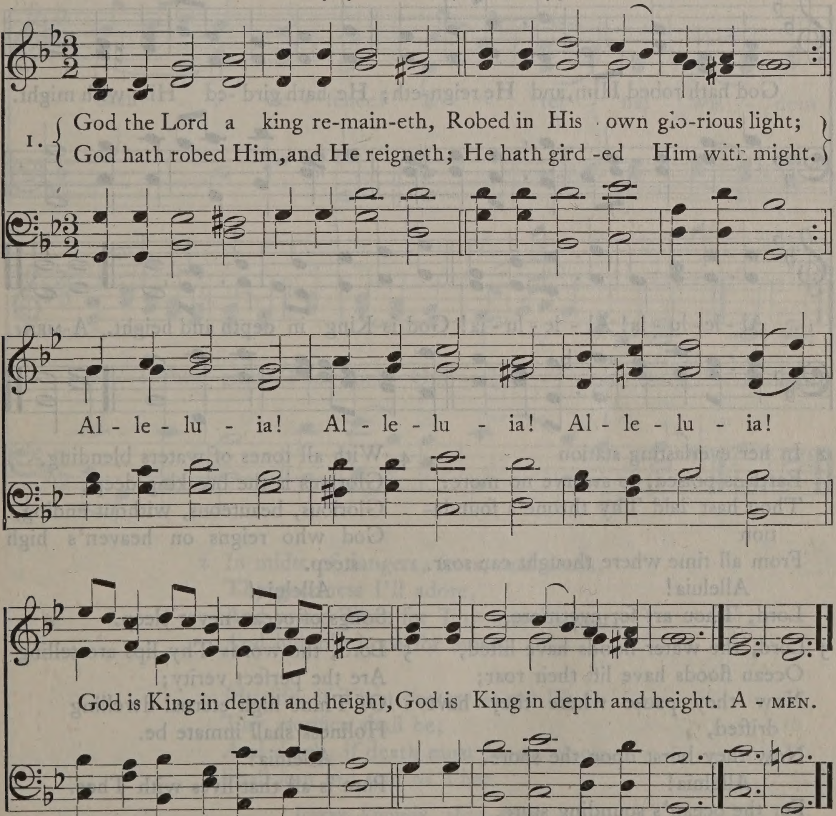
John Keble, 1792–1866

94

BRYN CALFARIA 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

SECOND TUNE

Melody by W. Owen, 1814–1893

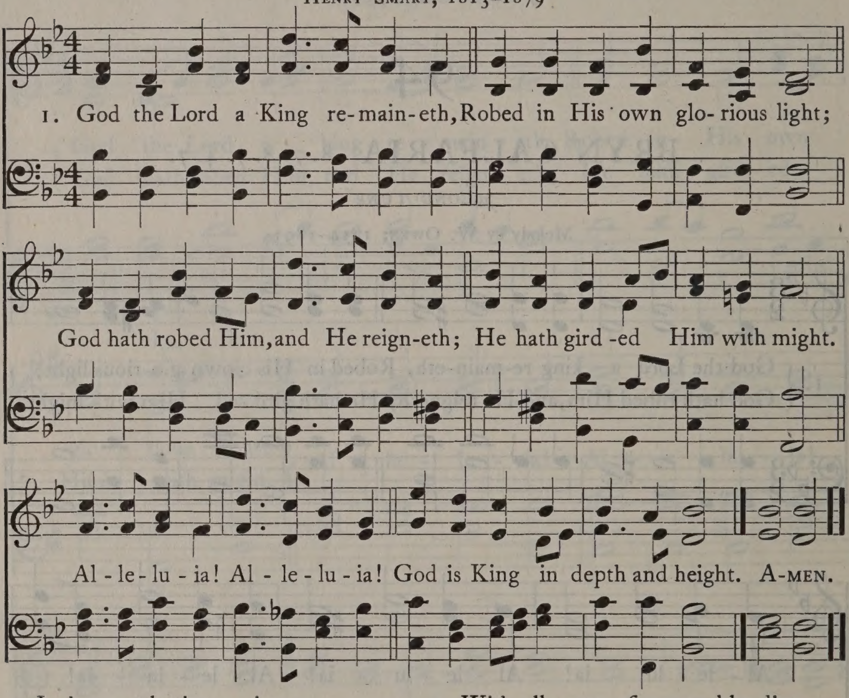

1. { God the Lord a king re-main-eth, Robed in His own glo-rious light; }
{ God hath robed Him, and He reigneth; He hath gird-ed Him with might. }
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
God is King in depth and height, God is King in depth and height. A - MEN.

94

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

THIRD TUNE

Henry Smart, 1813–1879


1. God the Lord a King re-main-eth, Robed in His own glo-rious light;
God hath robed Him, and He reign-eth; He hath gird-ed Him with might.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! God is King in depth and height. A-men.

2 In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more:
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation
From all time where thought can soar.
Alleluia!
Lord, Thou art for evermore.

3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean floods have lift their roar;
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.
Alleluia!
For the ocean's sounding store.

4 With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beauteous, without ending,
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Alleluia!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

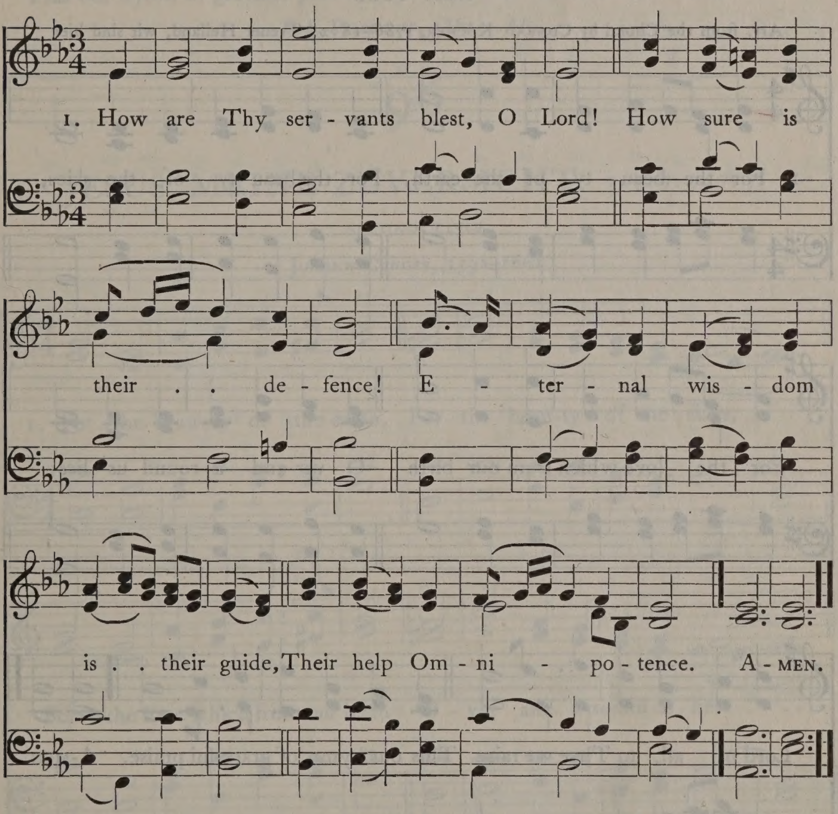
5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity;
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Alleluia!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

John Keble, 1792–1866

95

LIVERPOOL C. M.

Robert Wainwright, 1748–1782. Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. How are Thy ser - vants blest, O Lord! How sure is
their . . de - fence! E - ter - nal wis - dom
is . . their guide, Their help Om - ni - po - tence. A - men.

2 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

3 My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

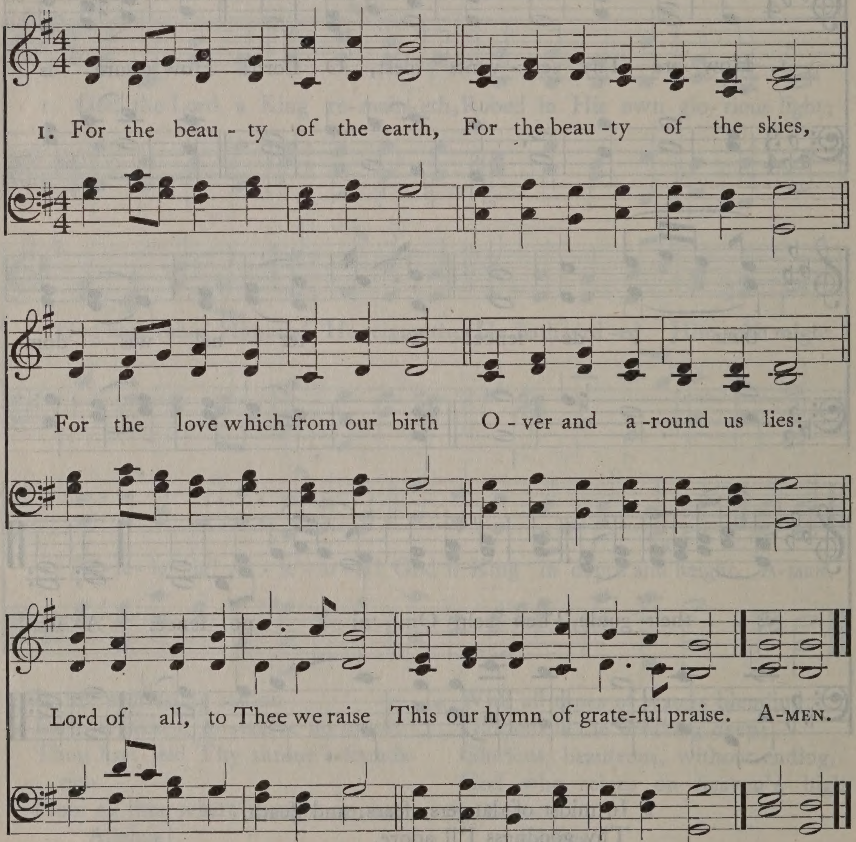
Joseph Addison, 1672–1719

96

DIX 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

FIRST TUNE

Arr. from the Choral by CONRAD KOCHER, 1786–1872: Treuer Heiland, wir sind hier


1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau -ty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a -round us lies:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-MEN.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine,
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

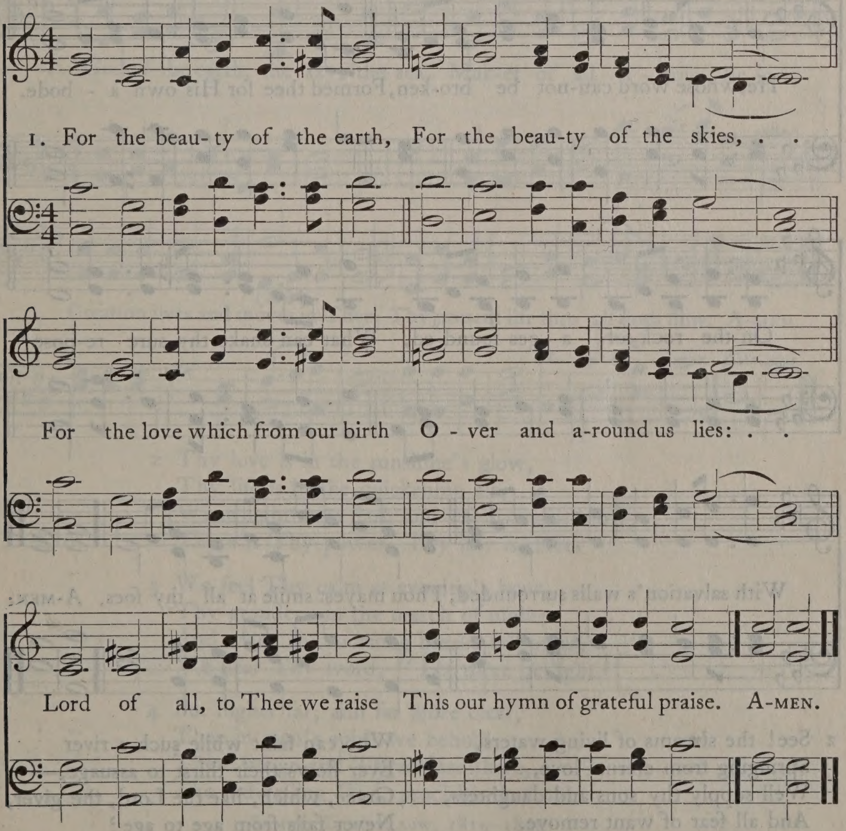
F. S. Pierpoint, 1864. Alt.

96

JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT 7.7.7.7.7.7.

SECOND TUNE

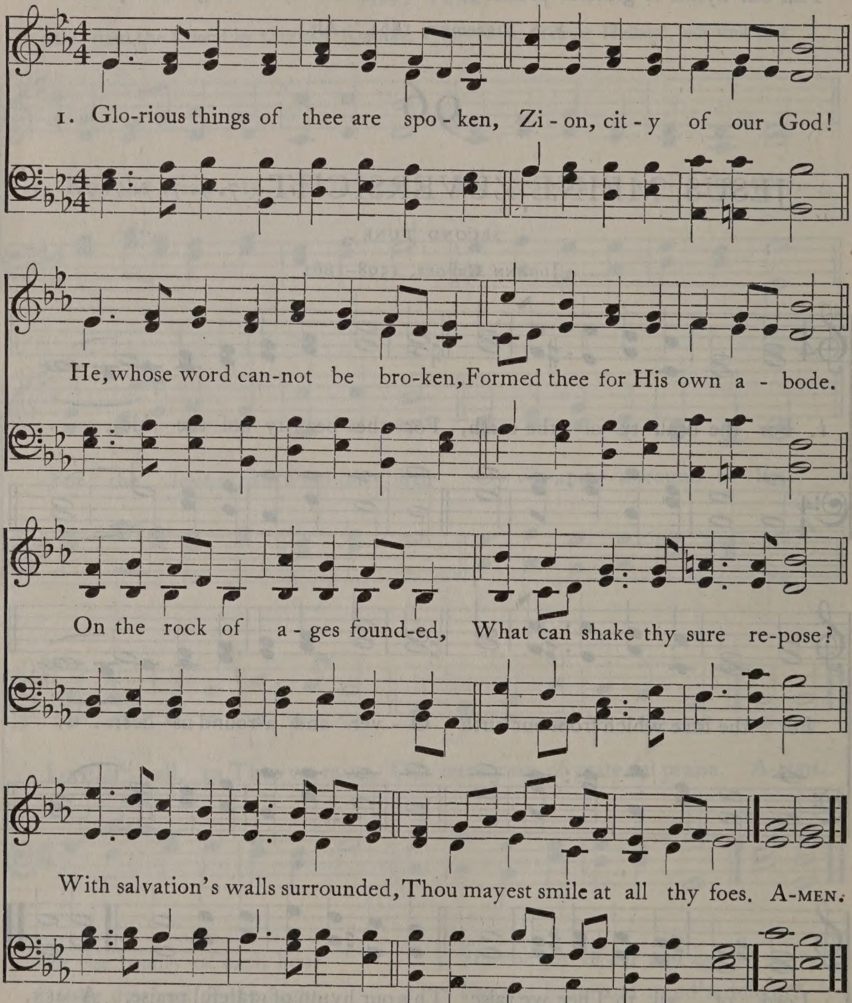
Johann Crüger, 1598–1662


1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty of the skies, . .
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a-round us lies: . .
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grateful praise. A-men.

97

AUSTRIA 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732–1809


1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!
He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode.
On the rock of a - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes. A-men.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

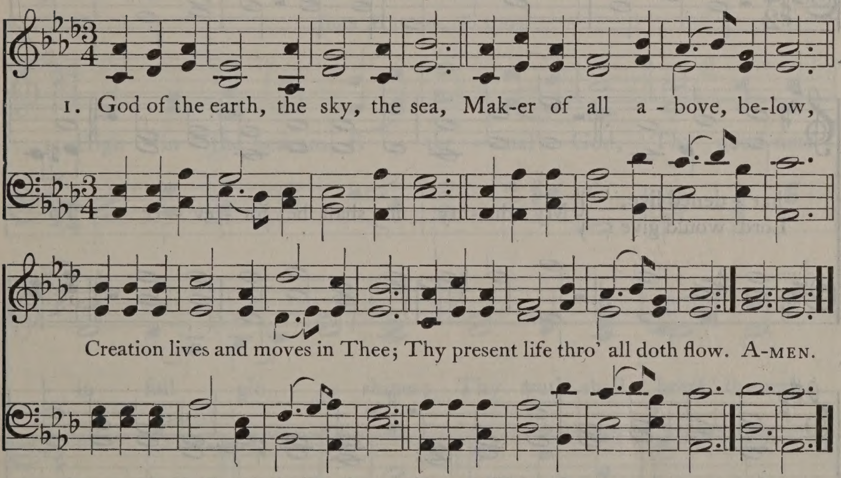
3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, 1725–1807

98

MENDON L. M.

German. Arr. by Samuel Dyer, 1828


1. God of the earth, the sky, the sea, Mak-er of all a - bove, be-low,
Creation lives and moves in Thee; Thy present life thro' all doth flow. A-MEN.

2 Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is Thy power, Thy law is there.

3 We feel Thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And when the morning breaks in power,
We hear Thy word, "Let there be light."

4 But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and Thyself are there,—
The indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

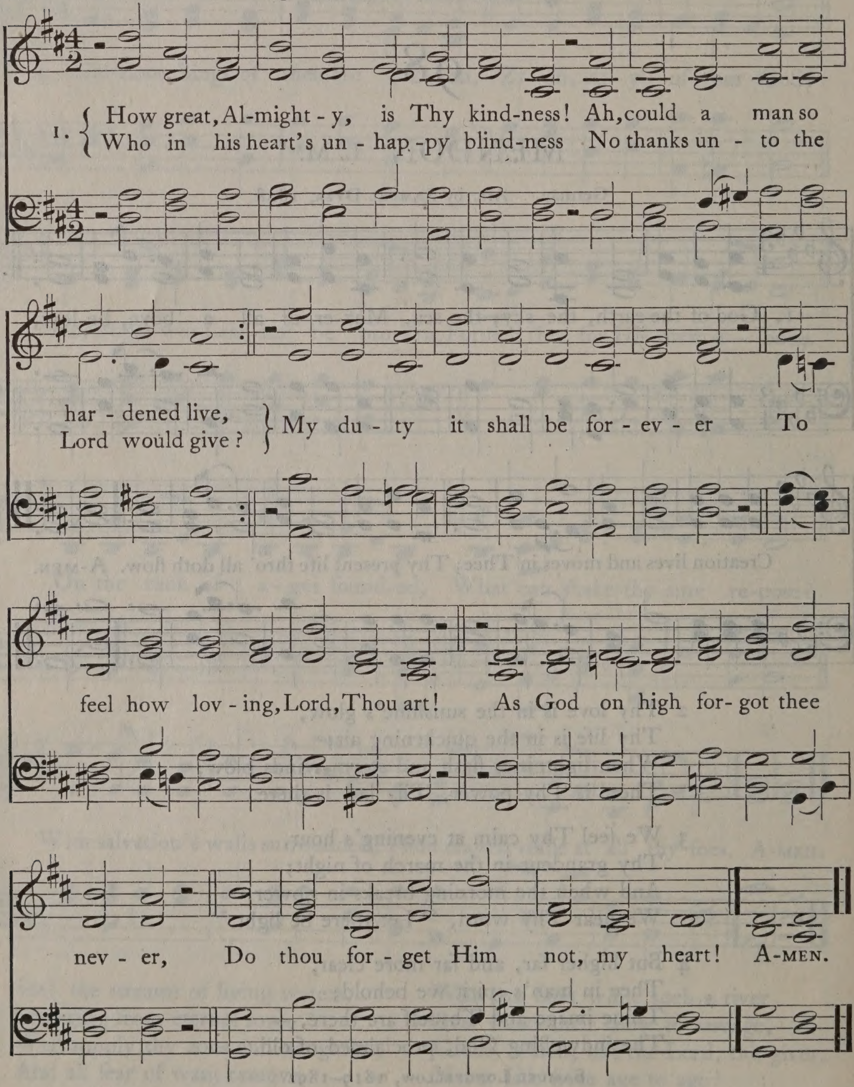
Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892

99

WIE GROSS IST DES ALLMÄCHT'GEN GÜTE

9. 8. 9. 8. D.

Justin H. Knecht, 1752–1817


1. How great, Al-might-y, is Thy kind-ness! Ah, could a man so
Who in his heart's un-hap-py blind-ness No thanks un-to the
har-dened live,
Lord would give?
My du-ty it shall be for-ev-er To
feel how lov-ing, Lord, Thou art! As God on high for-got thee
nev-er, Do thou for-get Him not, my heart! A-men.

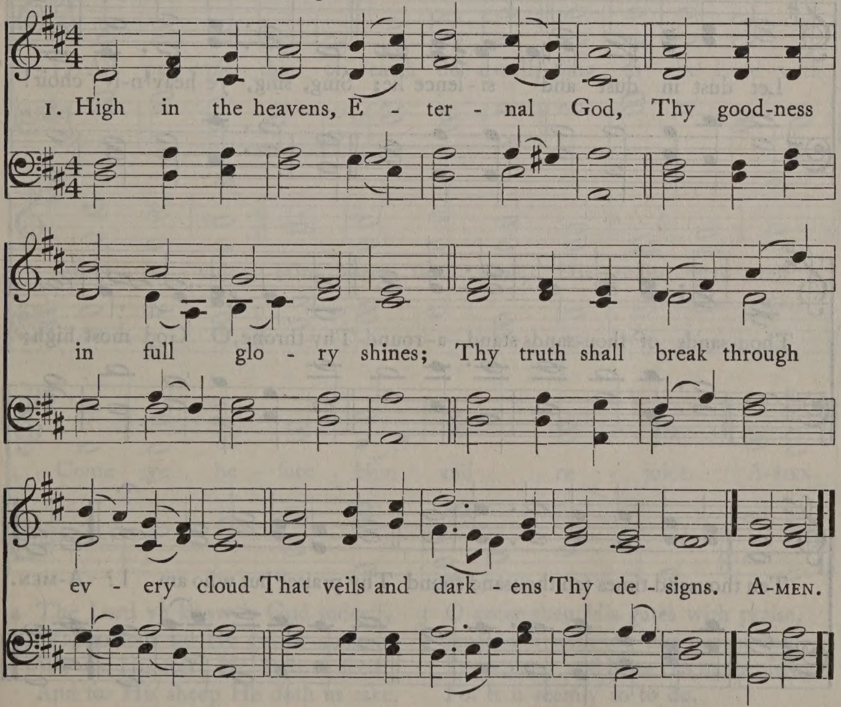
2 So thankful, I obey; He willeth
That I, like Him, all love should be;
And if my soul His will fulfilleth,
His image He doth show in me.
Oh, when His love my heart is stirring,
It leadeth me on duty's way;
Though I through weakness may be erring,
To sin I cannot fall a prey.

Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, 1716–1769. Tr. by Margarete Münsterberg, 1889–

100

DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, d. 1793


1. High in the heavens, E - ter - nal God, Thy good-ness
in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break through
ev - ery cloud That veils and dark - ens Thy de - signs. A-men.

2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

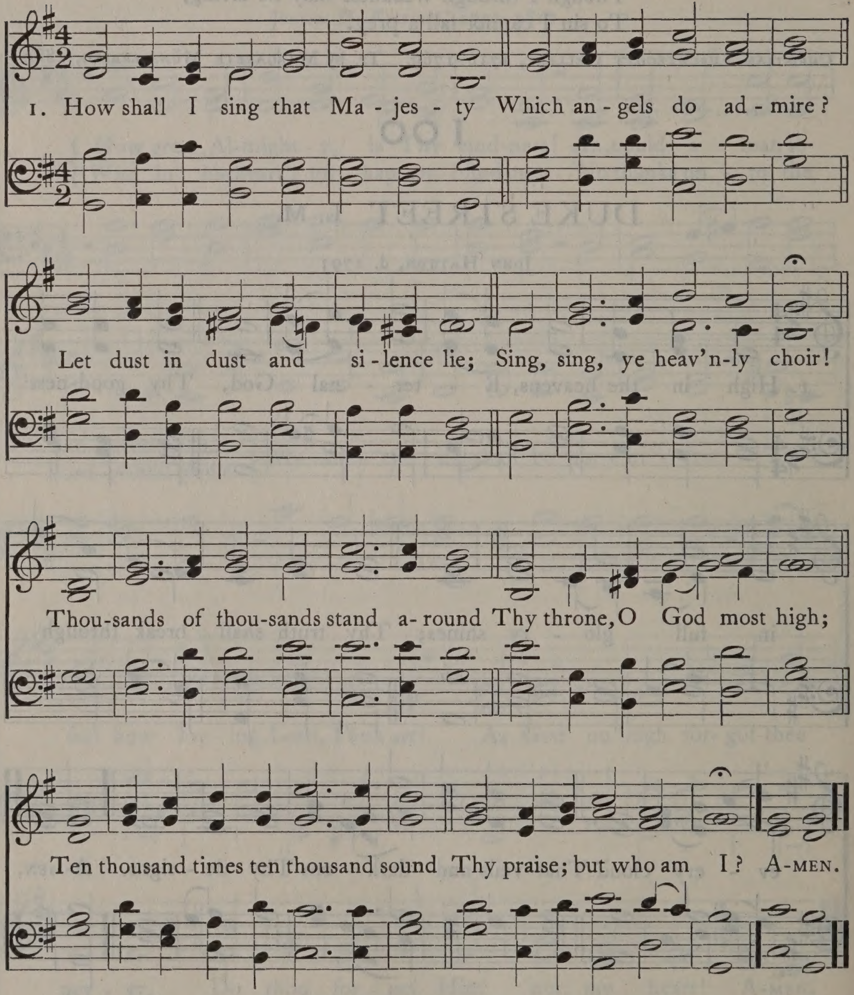
3 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

101

OLD 137TH C. M. D.

Day's Psalter, 1563


1. How shall I sing that Ma - jes - ty Which an - gels do ad - mire?
Let dust in dust and si - lence lie; Sing, sing, ye heav'n-ly choir!
Thou-sands of thou-sands stand a- round Thy throne, O God most high;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound Thy praise; but who am I? A-MEN.

2 Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I Thy footsteps trace;
A sound of God comes to my ears;
But they behold Thy face:
They sing because Thou art their sun:
Lord, send a beam on me;
For where heaven is but once begun,
There hallelujahs be.

3 Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
Inflame it with love's fire;
Then shall I sing and bear a part
With that celestial choir.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my fire and light;
Yet when Thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite.

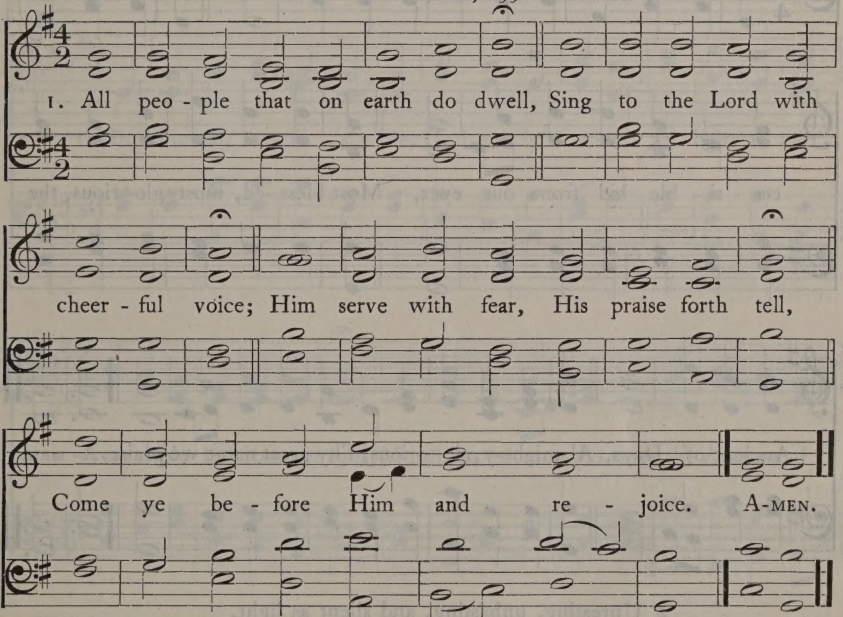
4 How great a being, Lord, is Thine,
Which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep:
Thou art a sea without a shore,
A sun without a sphere;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere.

John Mason, c. 1645–1694

102

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551


1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with
cheer - ful voice; Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice. A-men.

2 The Lord ye know is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

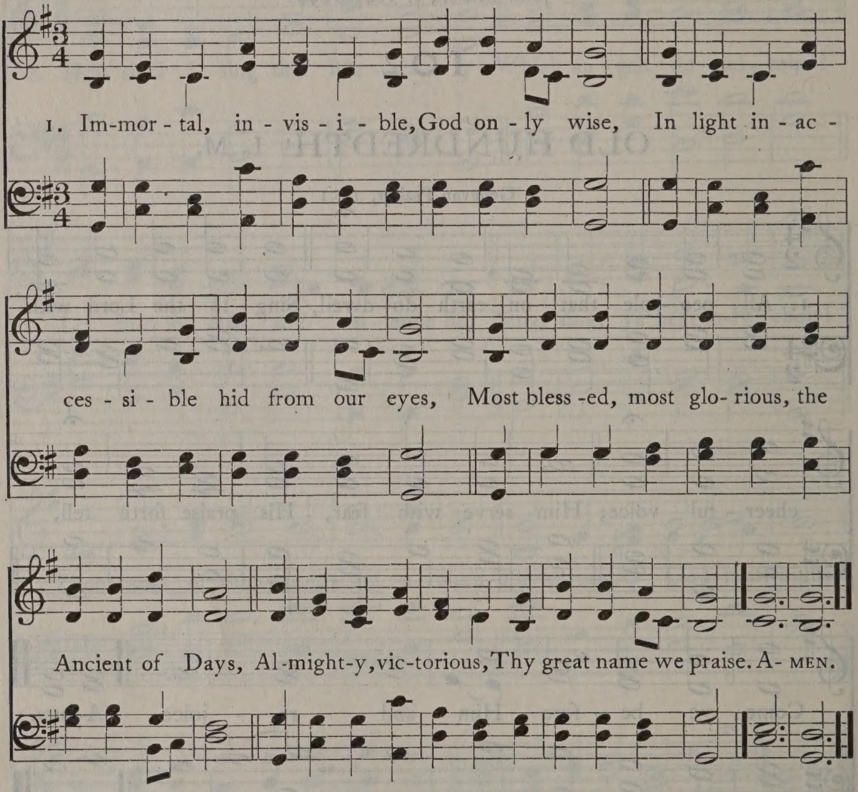
William Kethe, 1510–1594

103

ST. DENIO 11. 11. 11. 11.

FIRST TUNE

Welsh Hymn Melody


1. Im-mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise, In light in - ac -
ces - si - ble hid from our eyes, Most bless -ed, most glo- rious, the
Ancient of Days, Al-might-y, vic-torious, Thy great name we praise. A- MEN.

2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might:
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above,
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

3 To all life Thou givest, to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all.
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish, but nought changeth Thee.

4 Great Father of Glory, pure Father of light,
Thine Angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight:
All laud would we render, O help us to see,
’Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee.

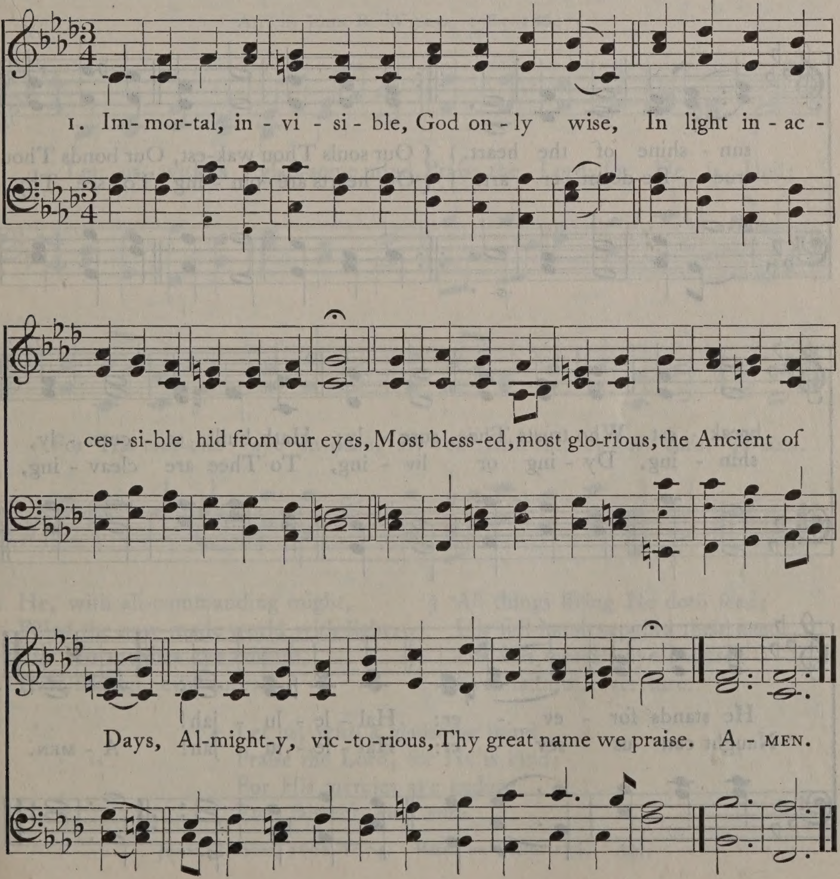
WALTER C. SMITH, 1824–1908

103

O CHRISTLICHE HERZEN 11. 11. 11. 11.

SECOND TUNE

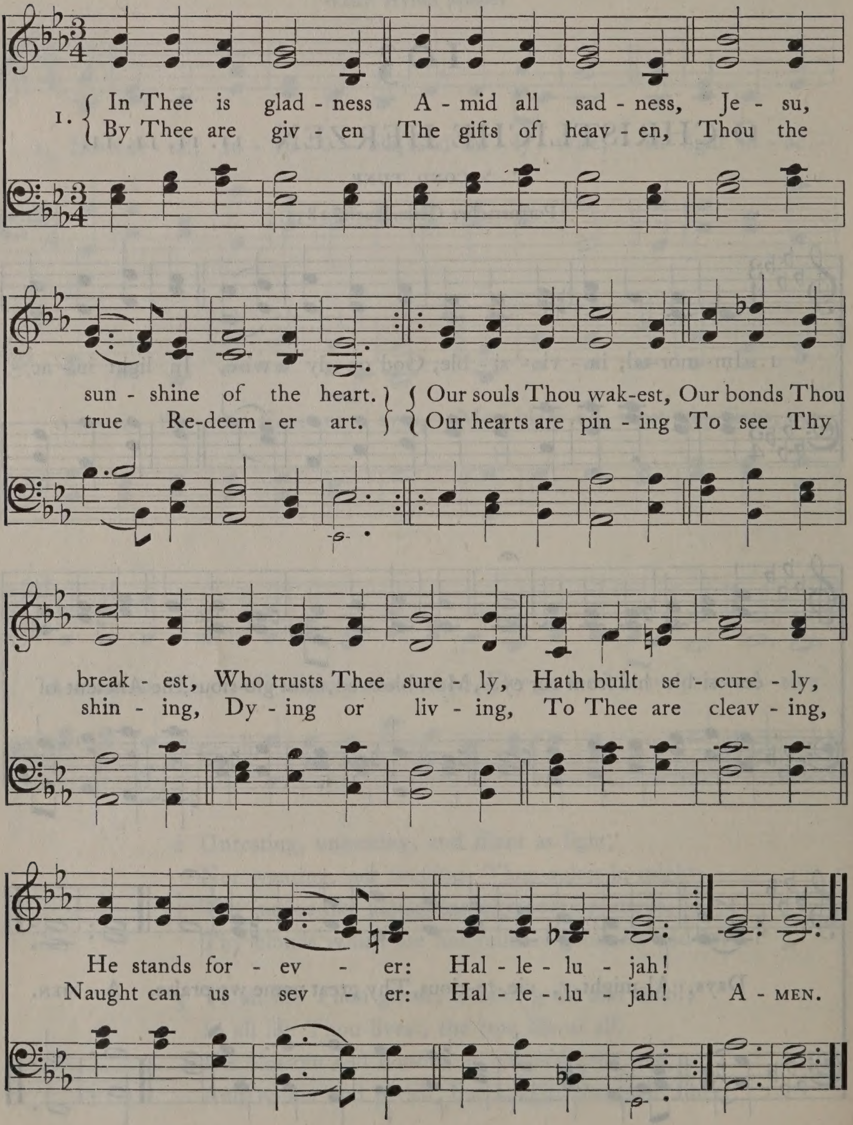
Portnersches Gesangbuch, 1831


1. Im-mor-tal, in-vi-si-ble, God on-ly wise, In light in-ac-
ces-si-ble hid from our eyes, Most bless-ed, most glo-rious, the Ancient of
Days, Al-might-y, vic-to-rious, Thy great name we praise. A-MEN.

104

IN DIR IST FREUDE P. M.

Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi, 1591


1. In Thee is glad - ness A - mid all sad - ness, Je - su, sun - shine of the heart.
By Thee are giv - en The gifts of heav - en, Thou the true Re-deem - er art.
Our souls Thou wak-est, Our bonds Thou break - est, Who trusts Thee sure - ly, Hath built se - cure - ly,
Our hearts are pin - ing To see Thy shin - ing, Dy - ing or liv - ing, To Thee are cleav - ing,
He stands for - ev - er: Hal - le - lu - jah!
Naught can us sev - er: Hal - le - lu - jah! A - MEN.

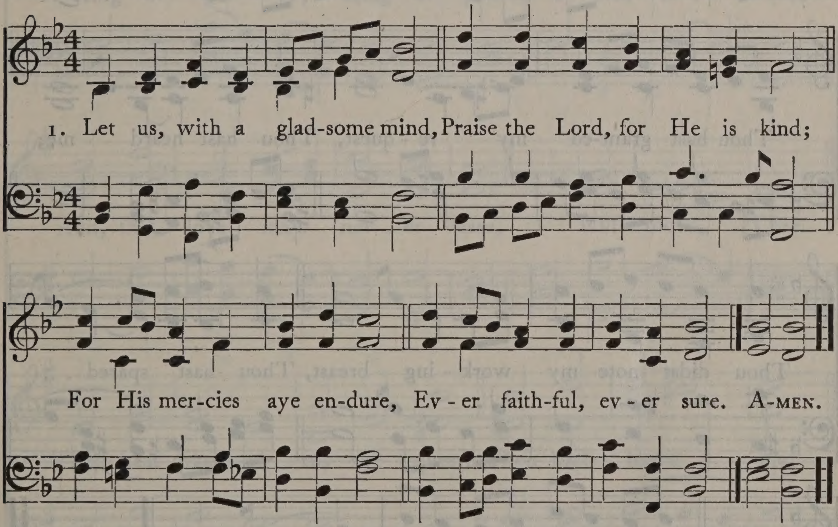
2 If He is ours
We fear no powers
Nor of earth, nor sin, nor death.
He sees and blesses
In worst distresses,
He can change them with a breath.
Wherefore the story
Tell of His glory
With heart and voices;
All heav'n rejoices
In Him forever:
Hallelujah!
We shout for gladness,
Triumph o'er sadness,
Love Him and praise Him,
And still shall raise Him
Glad hymns forever:
Hallelujah!

Dresden Hymn Book, 1611. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

105

MONKLAND 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. by JOHN B. WILKES, 1785–1869


1. Let us, with a glad-some mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mer-cies aye en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure. A-MEN.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON, 1608–1674. Based on Psalm 136. Abr.

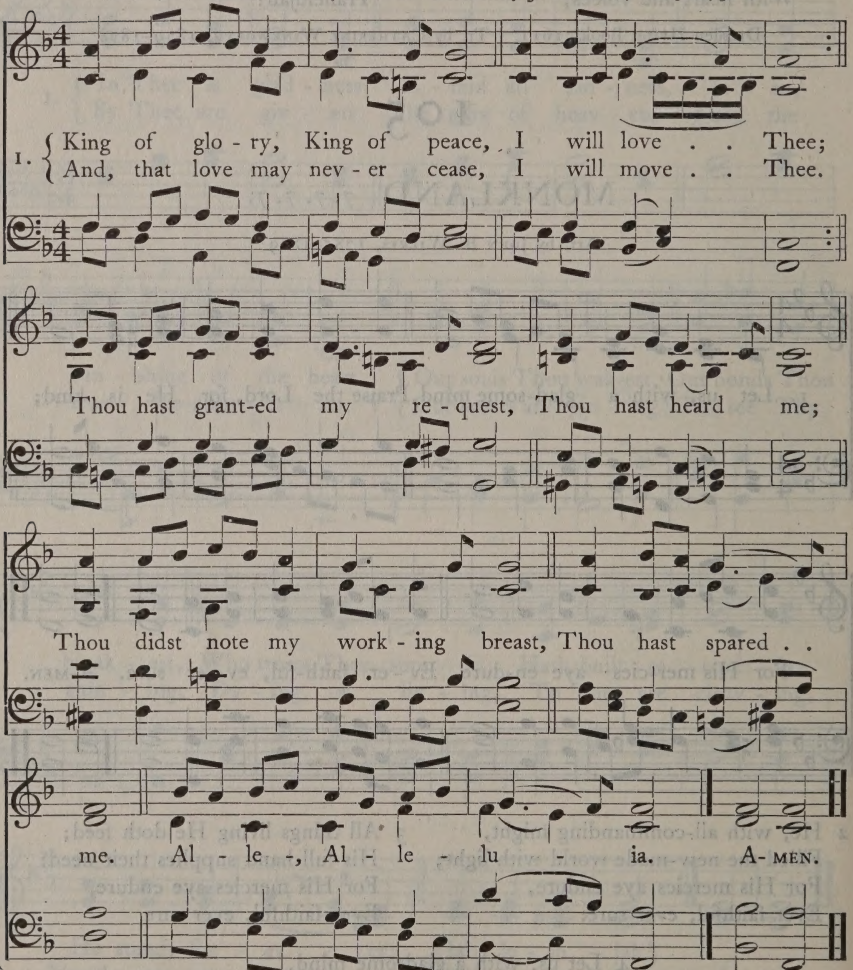
106

JESU, MEINES HERZENS FREUD' 7. 4. 7. 4. D.

WITH ALLELUIA

FIRST TUNE

Sohren's "Praxis Pietatis," 1668. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. { King of glo - ry, King of peace, I will love . . Thee;
And, that love may nev - er cease, I will move . . Thee.
Thou hast grant-ed my re - quest, Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my work - ing breast, Thou hast spared . .
me. Al - le - , Al - le - lu - ia. A-MEN.

2 Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me,
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me. Alleluia!

3 Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
To enroll Thee;
E'en eternity's too short
To extol Thee. Alleluia!

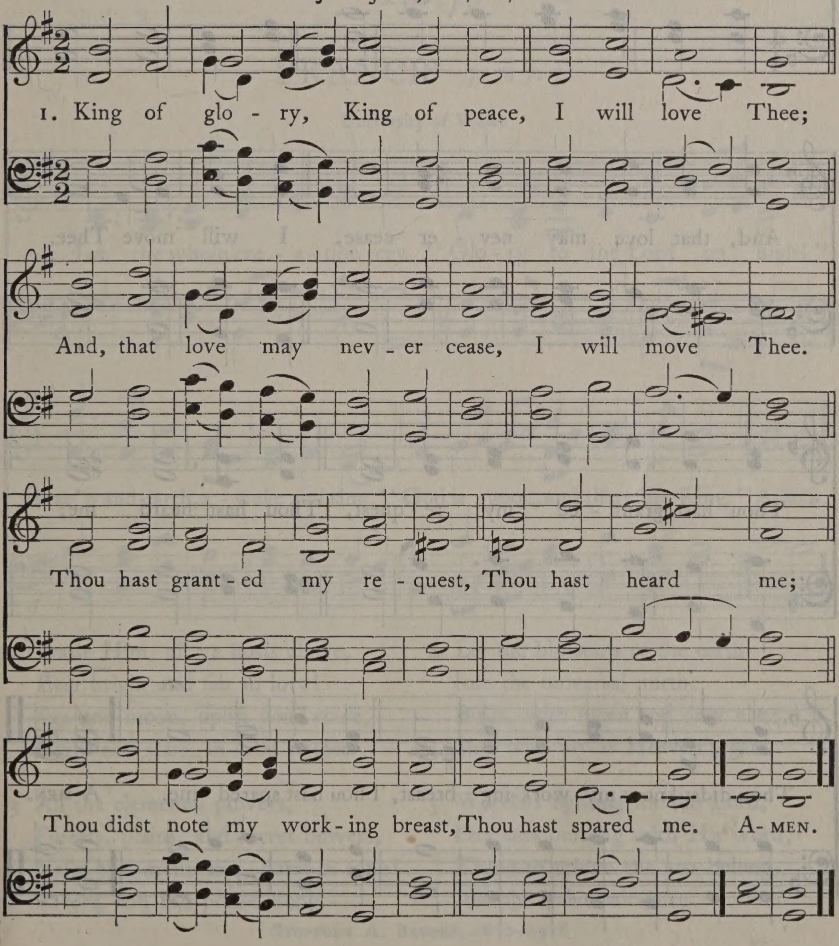
George Herbert, 1593–1632

106

GWALCHMAI 7. 4. 7. 4. D.

SECOND TUNE

J. D. Jones, 1827–1870

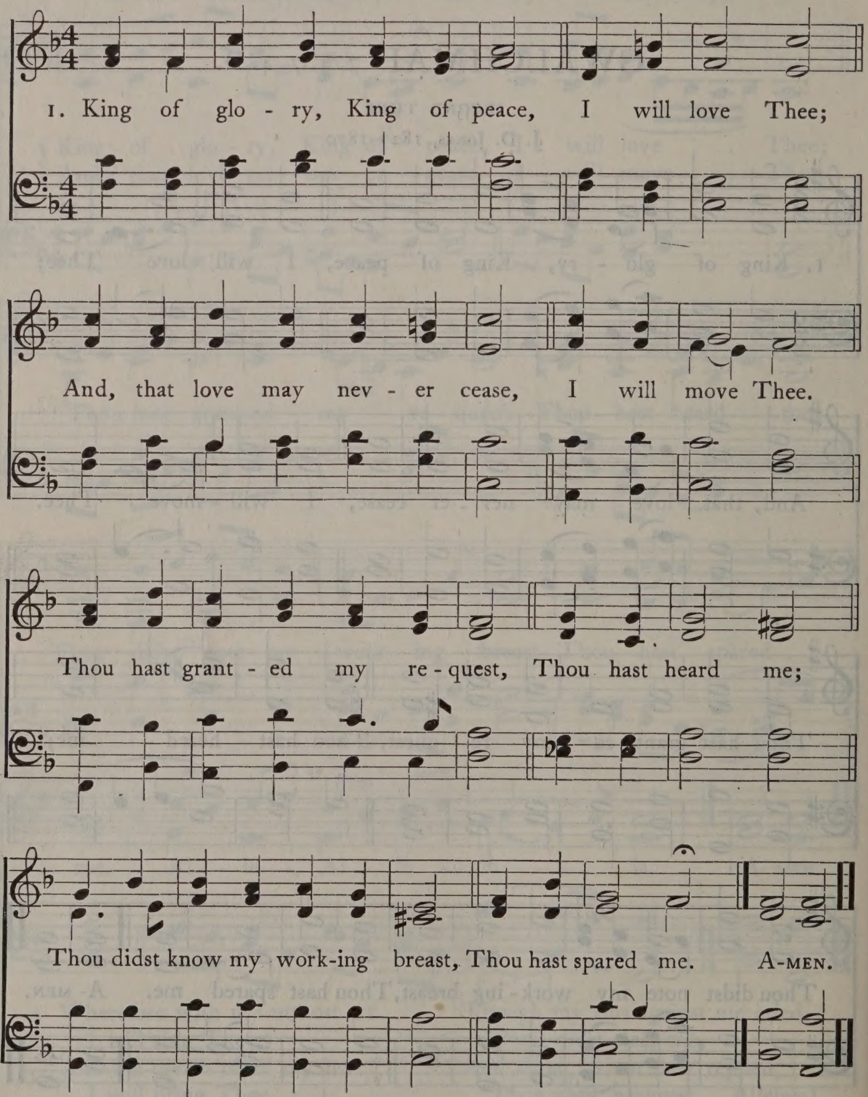

1. King of glo - ry, King of peace, I will love Thee;
And, that love may nev - er cease, I will move Thee.
Thou hast grant - ed my re - quest, Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my work - ing breast, Thou hast spared me. A- men.

106

YATTENDON No. 22 7. 4. 7. 4. D.

THIRD TUNE

HARRY ELLIS WOOLDRIDGE, 1845–1917


1. King of glo - ry, King of peace, I will love Thee;
And, that love may nev - er cease, I will move Thee.
Thou hast grant - ed my re - quest, Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst know my work-ing breast, Thou hast spared me. A-MEN.

2 Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me,
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

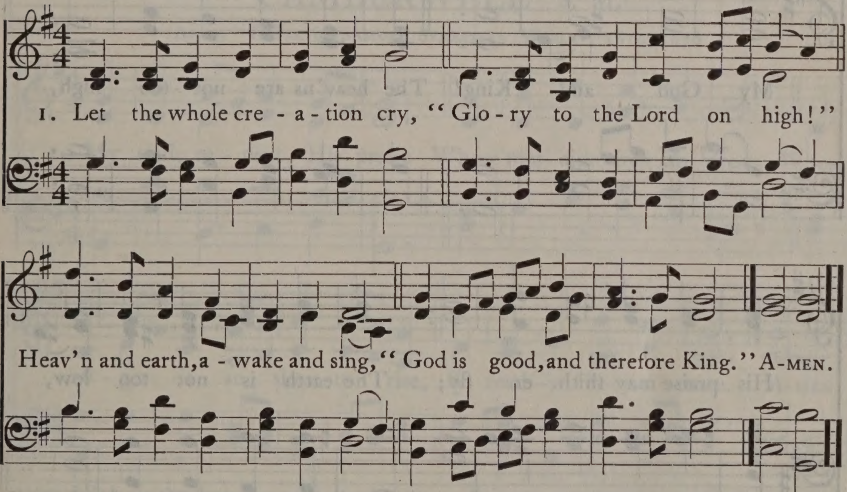
3 Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
To enroll Thee;
E'en eternity's too short
To extol Thee.

George Herbert, 1593–1632

107

FRANCIS 7.7.7.7.

University of Wales


1. Let the whole cre - a - tion cry, "Glo - ry to the Lord on high!"
Heav'n and earth, a - wake and sing, "God is good, and therefore King." A-MEN.

2 Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
Ever bright and fair in love!
Sun and moon, uplift your voice,
Night and stars, in God rejoice.

3 All the elemental powers,
Forests, plains, and secret bowers,
Vales and mountains, burst in song!
Rivers, roll His praise along.

4 Let the blossoms of the earth
Join the universal mirth;
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Sing with joy at Heaven's gate.

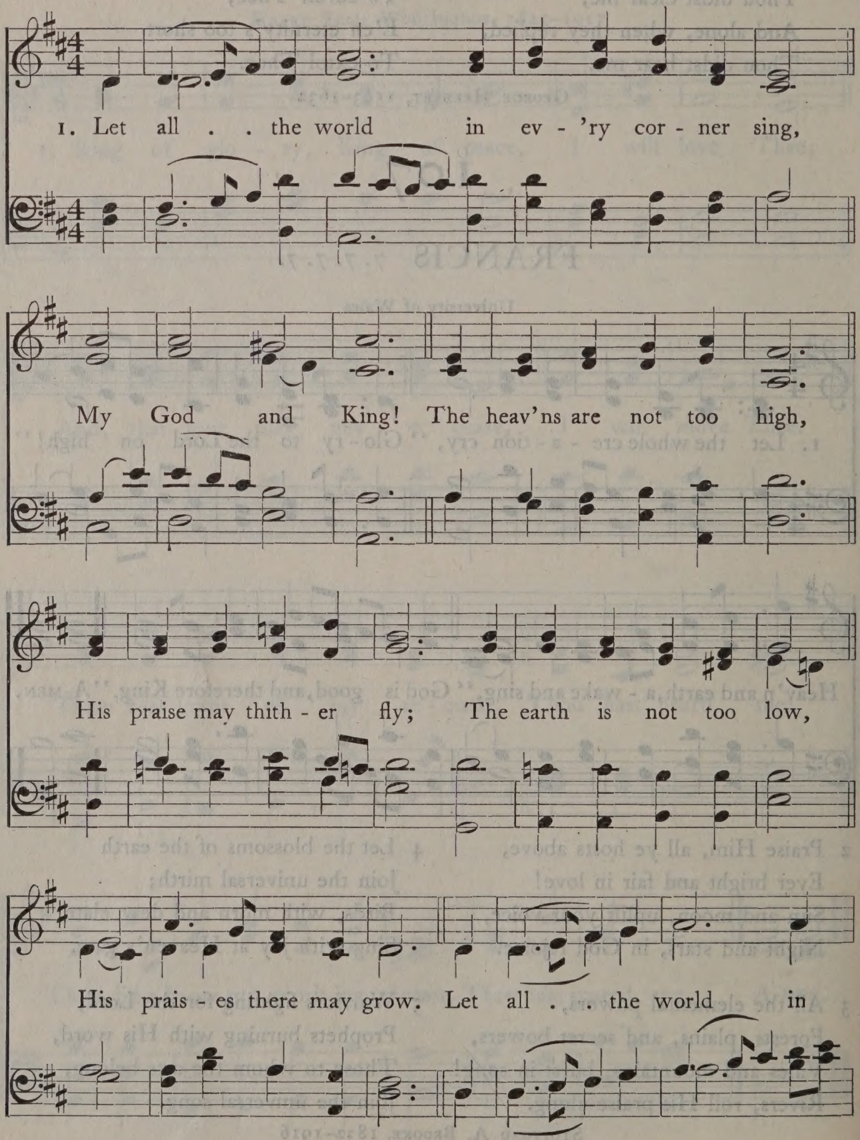
5 Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with His word,
Those to whom the arts belong,
Join the universal song.

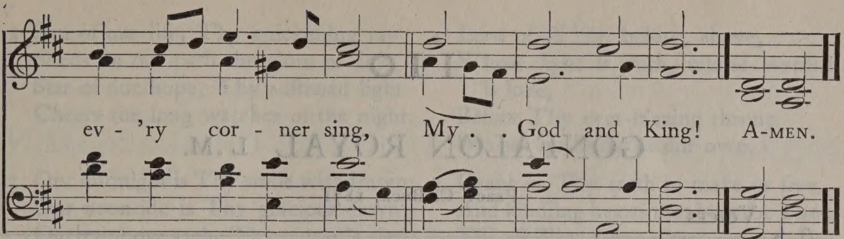
Stopford A. Brooke, 1832–1916

108

UNIVERSAL PRAISE 10. 4. 6. 6. 6. 6. 10. 4.

W. G. Whinfield, 1863–1919


1. Let all . . the world in ev - 'ry cor - ner sing,
My God and King! The heav'ns are not too high,
His praise may thith - er fly; The earth is not too low,
His prais - es there may grow. Let all . . the world in


ev - 'ry cor - ner sing, My . . God and King! A-MEN.

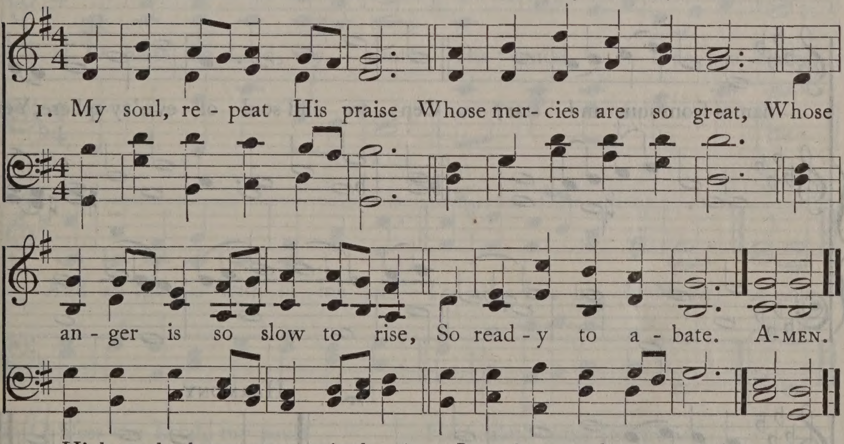
2 Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

George Herbert, 1593–1633

109

CAMBERWELL S. M.

Anon. Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. My soul, re - peat His praise Whose mer- cies are so great, Whose
an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate. A-MEN.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

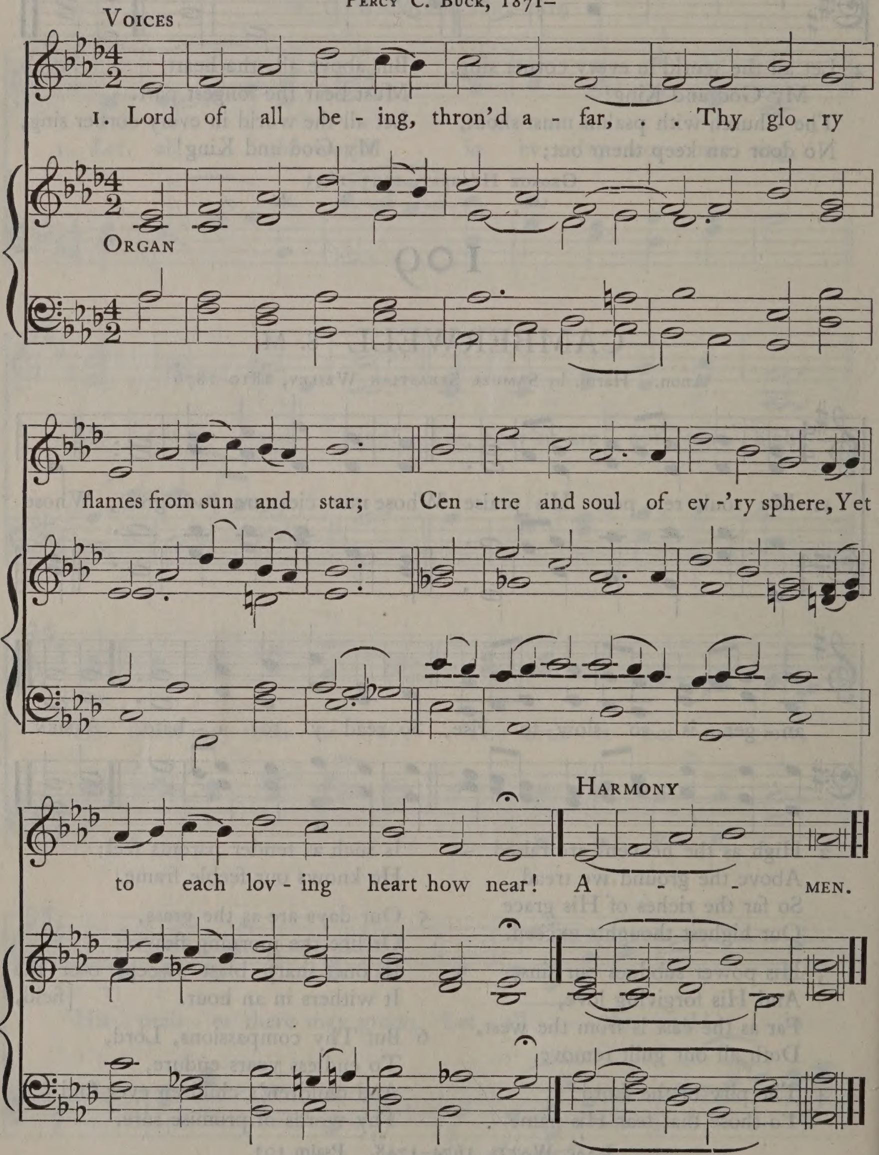
6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748. Psalm 103

110

GONFALON ROYAL L.M.

Percy C. Buck, 1871–


Voices
1. Lord of all be - ing, thron'd a - far, . . Thy glo - ry
Organ
flames from sun and star; Cen - tre and soul of ev -'ry sphere, Yet
to each lov - ing heart how near!
Harmony
A - - men.

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

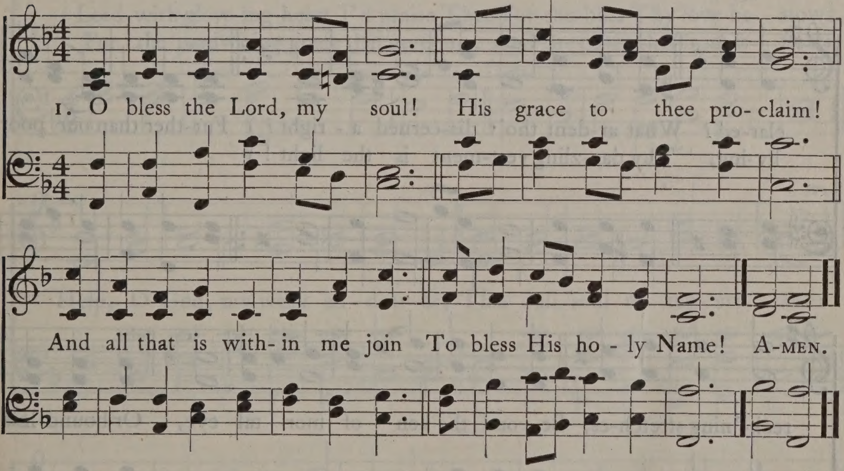
5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809–1894

111

ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams, 1731–1776


1. O bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee pro- claim!
And all that is with- in me join To bless His ho - ly Name! A-men.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all His benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with His love;
Upholds thee with His truth;
And like the eagle He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy Name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
O bless the Lord, my soul!

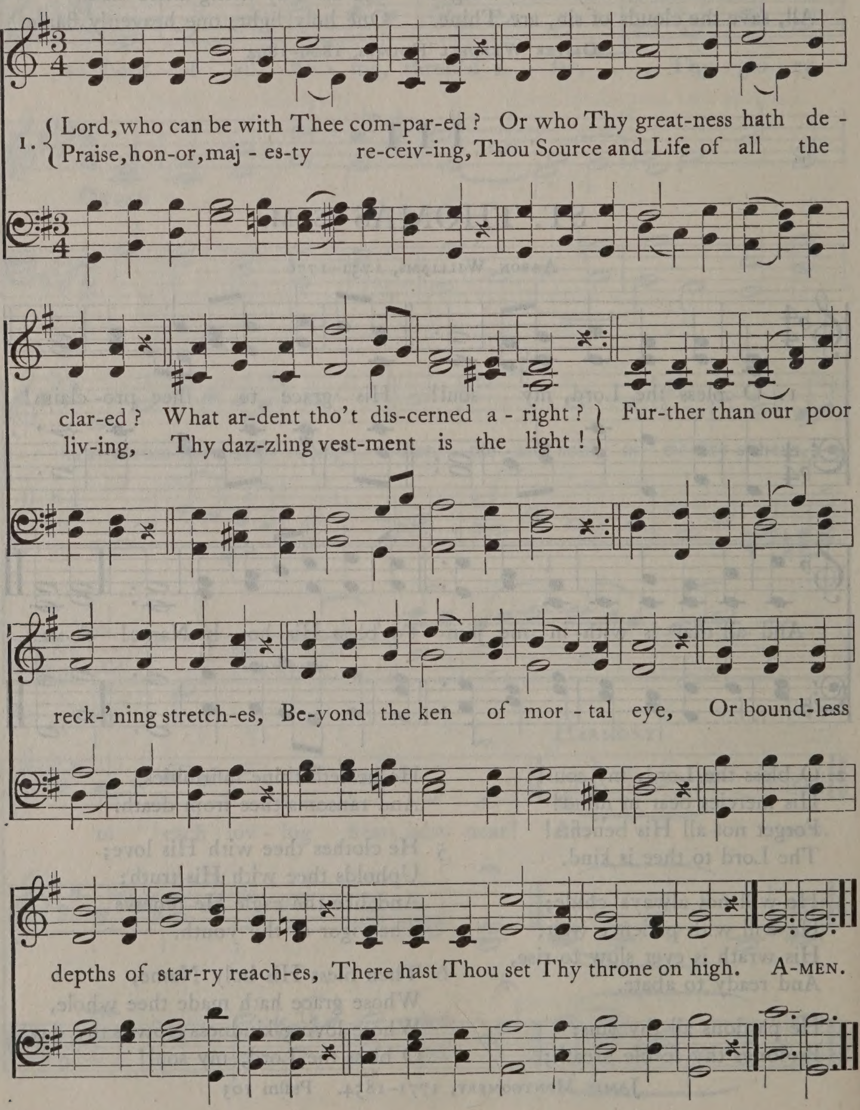
James Montgomery, 1771–1854. Psalm 103

112

HERR, DIR IST NIEMAND ZU VERGLEICHEN

9. 9. 8. 9. 9. 8. 9. 8. 9. 8.

JUSTIN H. KNECHT, 1752–1817


1. { Lord, who can be with Thee com-par-ed? Or who Thy great-ness hath de - clar-ed? What ar-dent tho't dis-cerned a - right? }
{ Praise, hon-or, maj - es-ty re-ceiv-ing, Thou Source and Life of all the liv-ing, Thy daz-zling vest-ment is the light! }
Fur-ther than our poor reck-'ning stretch-es, Be-yond the ken of mor - tal eye, Or bound-less depths of star-ry reach-es, There hast Thou set Thy throne on high. A-MEN.

2 Exalt, my soul, exalt the glory
Of my Creator, tell the story
That all the earth may understand!
Sing thy triumphant songs before Him,
Repeat them, all His saints, adore Him
Who holds us by His mighty hand!
Rejoice in Him, ye hosts of heaven,
To Him alone your voices raise;
Worthy is He, to whom be given
Honor and worship, thanks and praise.

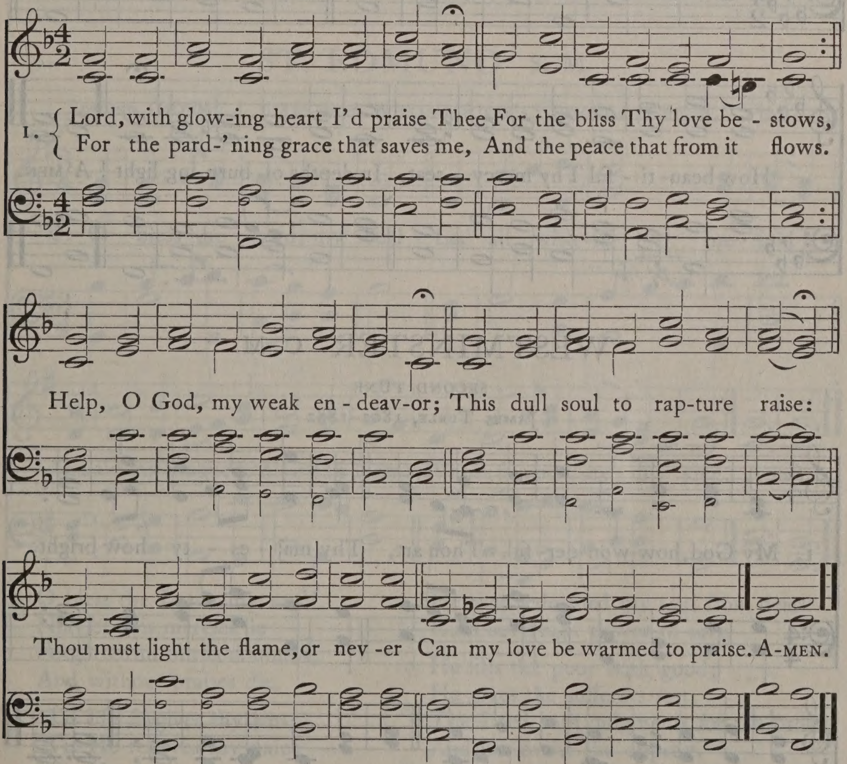
Johann A. Cramer, 1723-1788. Tr. by Harriett R. Spaeth, 1913

113

WOMIT SOLL ICH DICH WOHL LOBEN

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Justin H. Knecht, 1752-1817


1. { Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,
For the pard-'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God, my weak en - deav-or; This dull soul to rap-ture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or nev -er Can my love be warmed to praise. A-men.

2 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise:
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

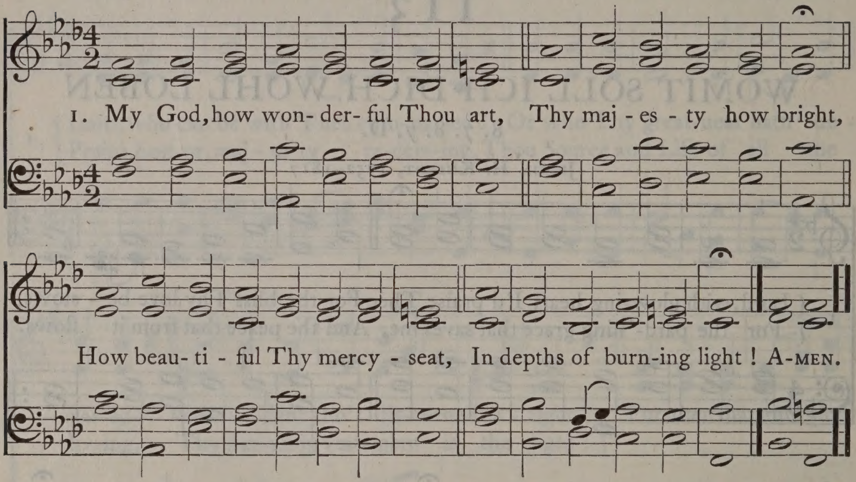
Francis Scott Key, 1779-1843

114

WINDSOR C. M.

FIRST TUNE

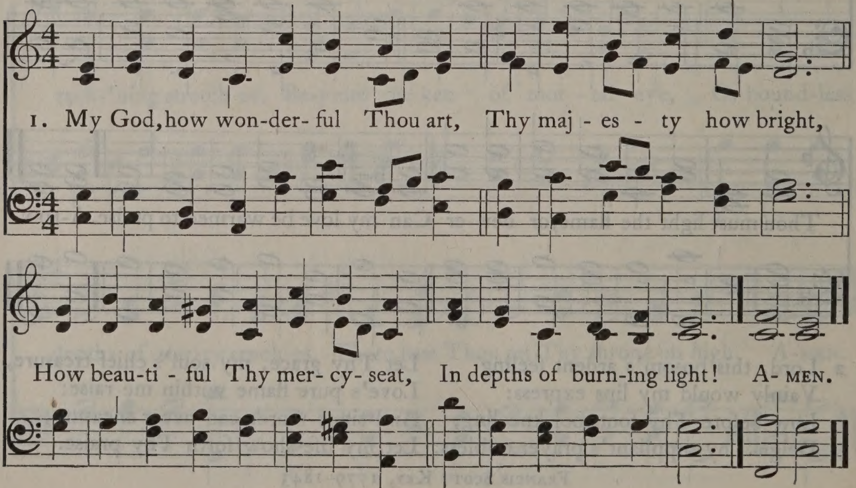
Melody from Damon's Psalter, 1591. Rhythm acc. to the Scottish Psalter, 1633


1. My God, how won-der-ful Thou art, Thy maj-es-ty how bright,
How beau-ti-ful Thy mercy-seat, In depths of burn-ing light! A-MEN.

WESTMINSTER C. M.

SECOND TUNE

JAMES TURLE, 1802–1882


1. My God, how won-der-ful Thou art, Thy maj-es-ty how bright,
How beau-ti-ful Thy mer-cy-seat, In depths of burn-ing light! A-MEN.

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

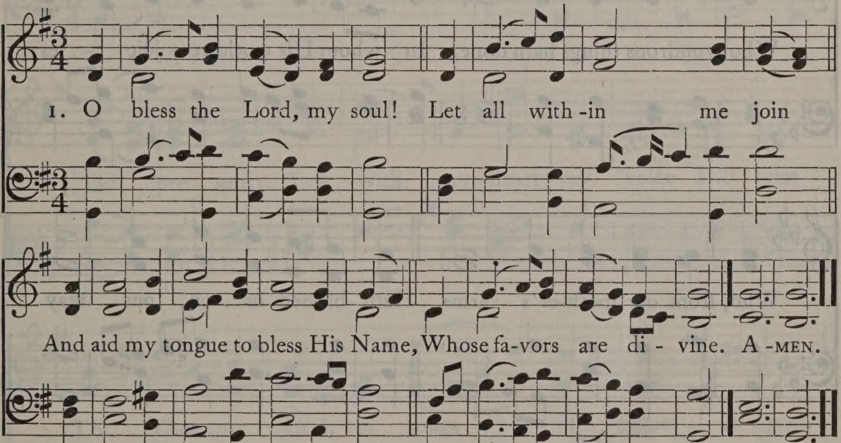
6 O then, this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.

Frederick William Faber, 1814–1863

115

ST. EDMUND S. M.

Edmund Gilding, d. 1782; from William Riley's "Parochial Harmony," 1762


1. O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-in me join
And aid my tongue to bless His Name, Whose fa-vors are di - vine. A-MEN.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from death
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the opprest.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His belovèd Son.

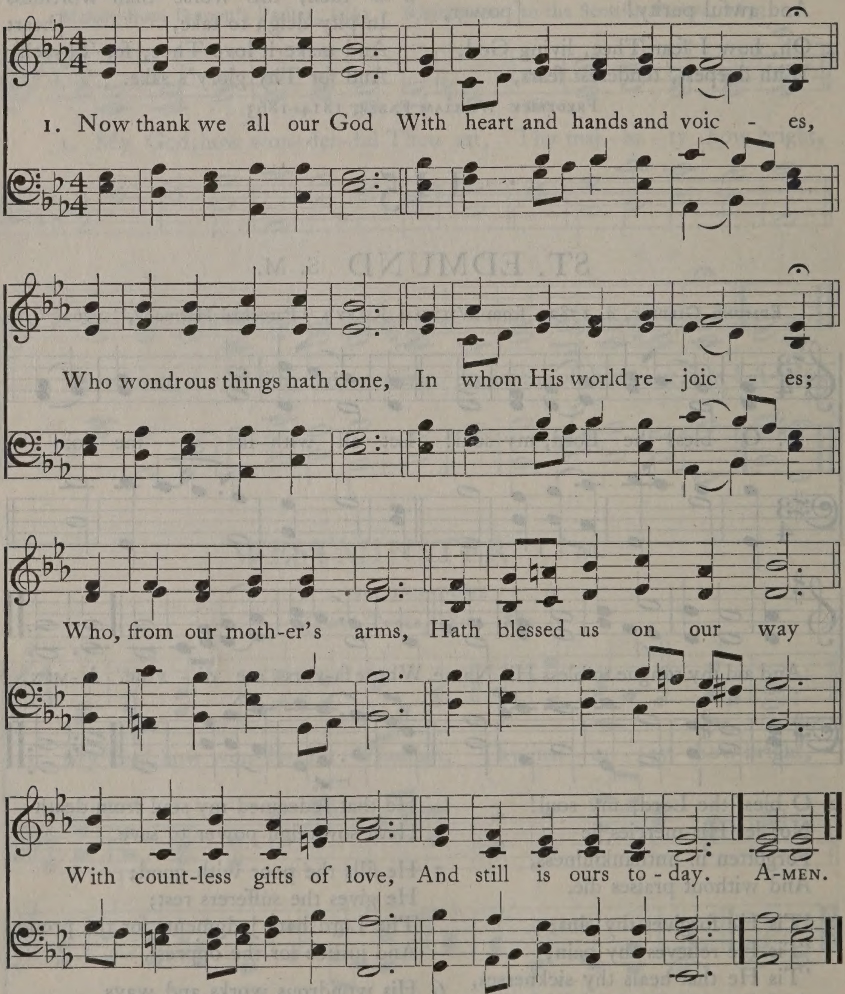
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

116

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT

6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Johann Crüger, 1598–1662


1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;
Who, from our moth-er's arms, Hath blessed us on our way
With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A-men.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

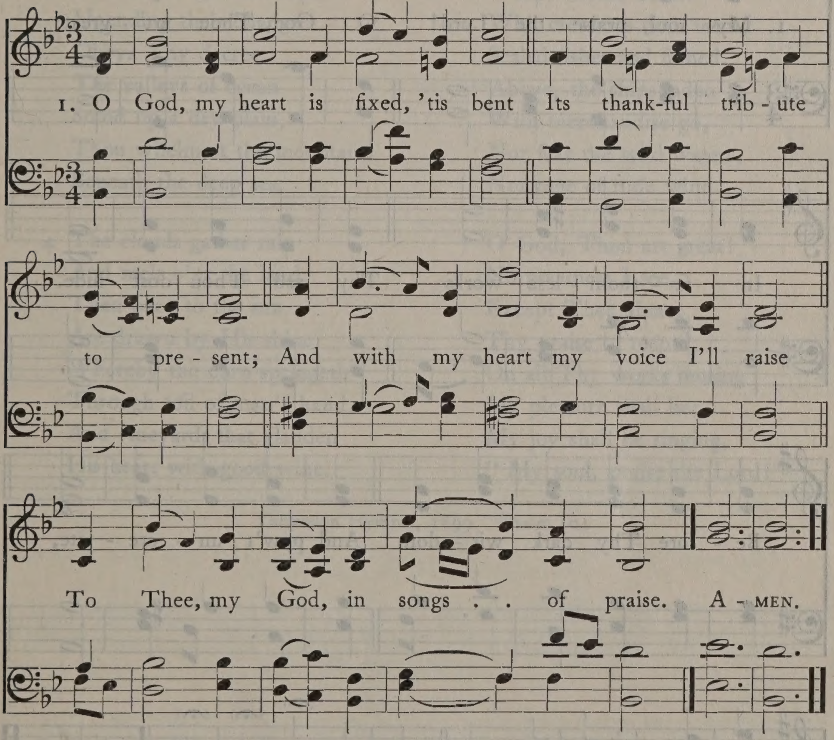
3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinckart, 1586–1649. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

117

ST. BARTHOLOMEW L. M.

Henry Duncalf, 18th cent. From William Riley's "Parochial Harmony," 1762


1. O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent Its thank-ful trib - ute
to pre - sent; And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs . . . of praise. A - MEN.

2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here as there, obeyed.

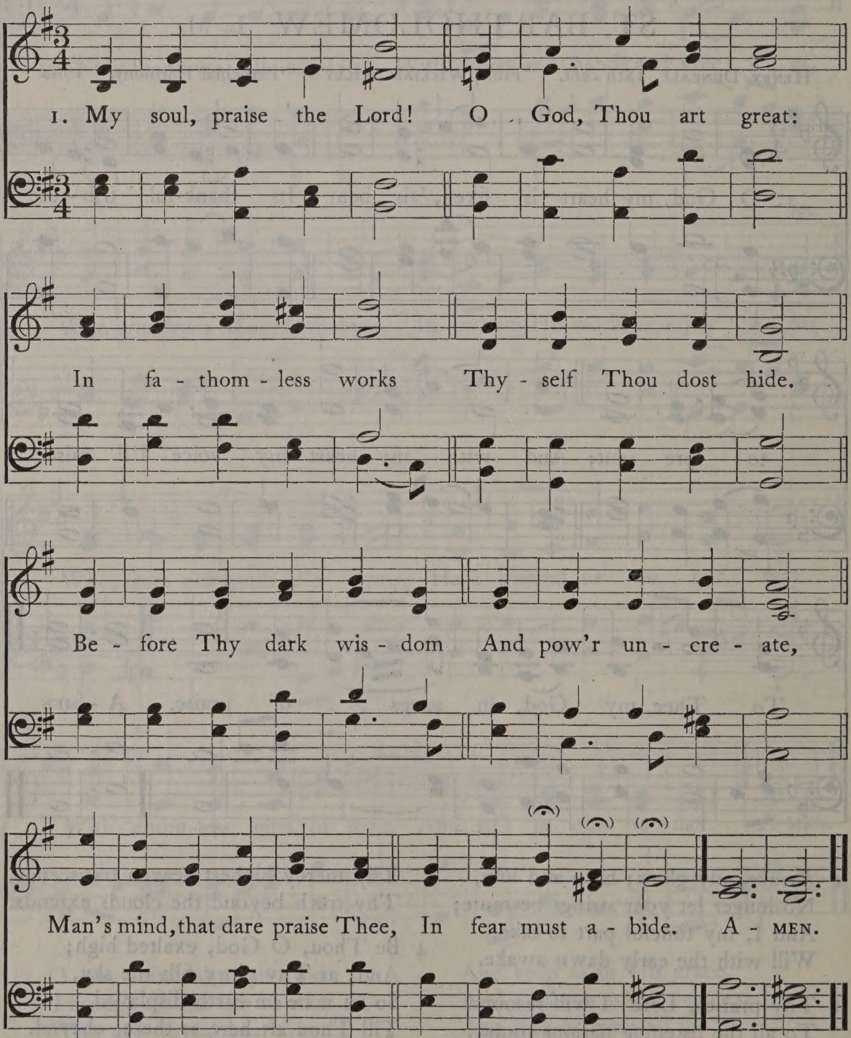
Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, 1696. Psalm 57

118

RAVENSCROFT'S 104TH (OLD 104TH)

5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

Anon. Modern form of Melody from RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.* Harmonized by H. E. WOOLDRIDGE, 1845–1917


1. My soul, praise the Lord! O God, Thou art great:
In fa - thom - less works Thy - self Thou dost hide.
Be - fore Thy dark wis - dom And pow'r un - cre - ate,
Man's mind, that dare praise Thee, In fear must a - bide. A - MEN.

---

* Another setting of this melody is found at No. 123, third tune.

2 This earth where we dwell,
That journeys in space,
With air as a robe
Thou wrappest around:
Her countries she turneth
To greet the sun's face,
Then plungeth to slumber
In darkness profound.

3 All seemeth so sure,
Yet nought doth remain:
Unending their change
Obeys Thy decree.
The valleys of ocean
Stand up a dry plain,
Thou whelmest the mountains
Beneath the deep sea.

4 The clouds gather rain
And melt o'er the land,
Then back to the sun
Are drawn by His shine:
Whereby the corn springeth
Through toil of man's hand,
And vineyards that gladden
His heart with good wine.

5 All beasts of the field
Rejoice in their life;
Among the tall trees
Are light birds on wing;
With strains of their music
The woodlands are rife;
They nest in thick branches
And welcome sweet spring.

6 Lo, there is Thy sea,
Whose bosom below
With creatures doth teem,
Scaled fishes and finned.
Above, the ships laden
With merchandise go,
Nor fear the wild waters,
Nor rage of rude wind.

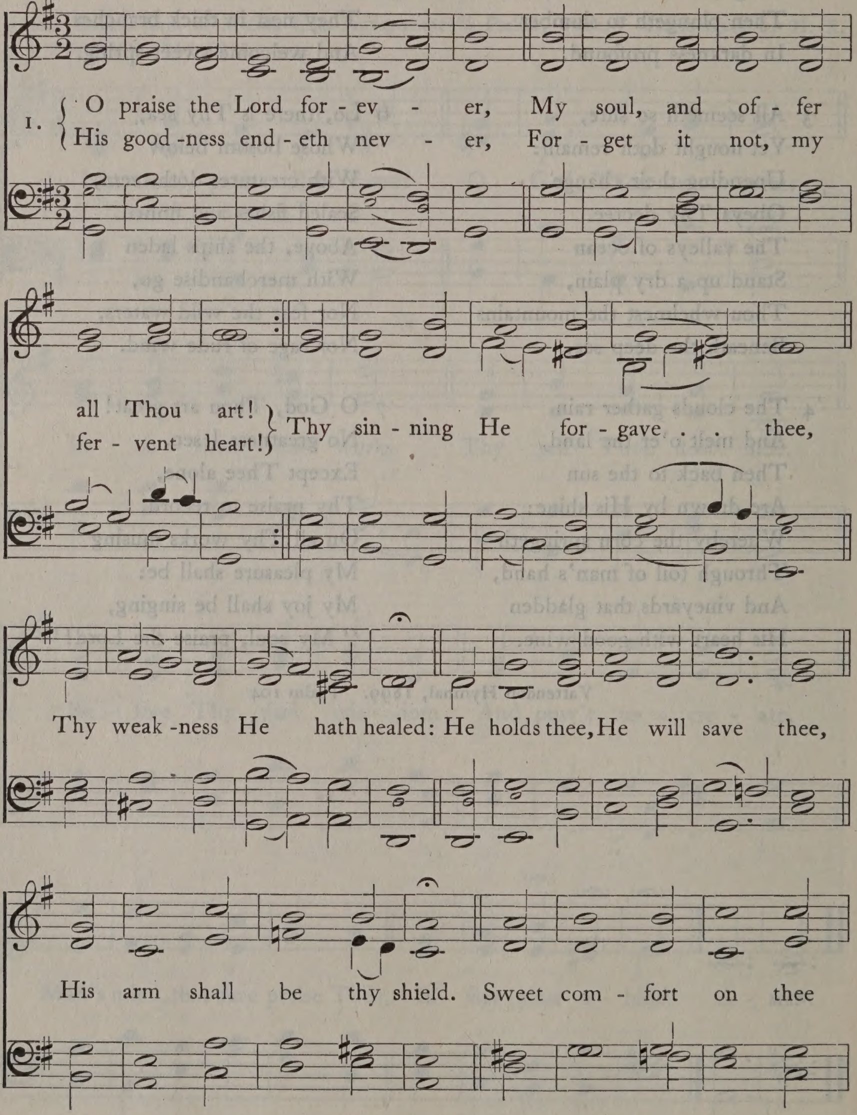
7 O God, Thou art great!
No greatness I see,
Except Thee alone,
Thy praise to record.
On all Thy works musing
My pleasure shall be:
My joy shall be singing,
"My soul, praise the Lord!"

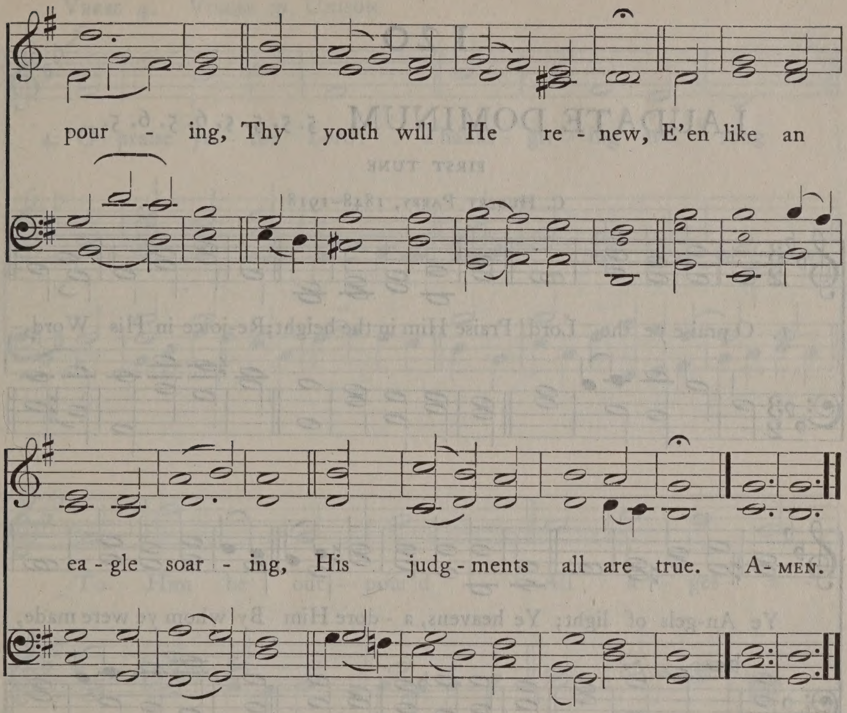
Yattendon Hymnal, 1899. Psalm 104

119

NUN LOB, MEIN SEEL, DEN HERREN P. M.

1540. Secular origin


1. O praise the Lord for - ev - er, My soul, and of - fer
His good - ness end - eth nev - er, For - get it not, my
all Thou art!
fer - vent heart!
Thy sin - ning He for - gave . . . thee,
Thy weak - ness He hath healed: He holds thee, He will save thee,
His arm shall be thy shield. Sweet com - fort on thee


pour - ing, Thy youth will He re - new, E'en like an
ea - gle soar - ing, His judg - ments all are true. A- MEN.

2 Yes, His compassions e'er endure,
Now and to all eternity;
And all shall find His promise sure,
That keep His statutes faithfully.
The Lord, our great and glorious King,
Has fixed His throne on high:
Ye angels, to Him sing,
Ye men beneath the sky,
Join hearts and lips and voices,
And praise His holy name.
My soul in Him rejoices,
And e'er shall join the same.

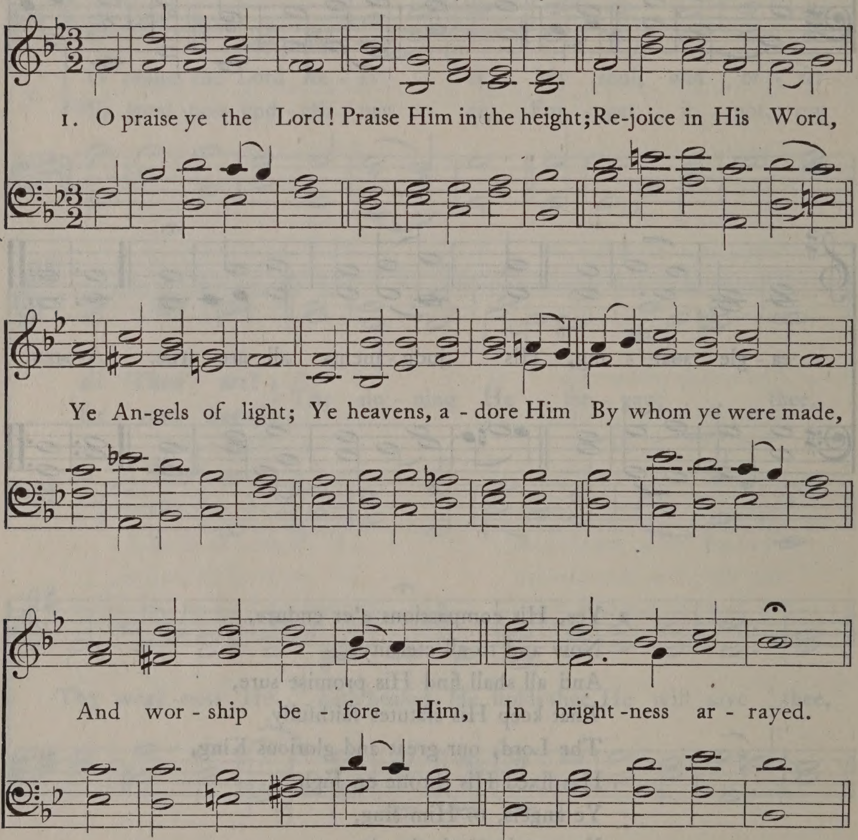
JOHANN GRAMANN (POLIANDER), 1487–1541. Tr. by MARGARETE MÜNSTEREBRG, 1889–

120

LAUDATE DOMINUM 5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

FIRST TUNE

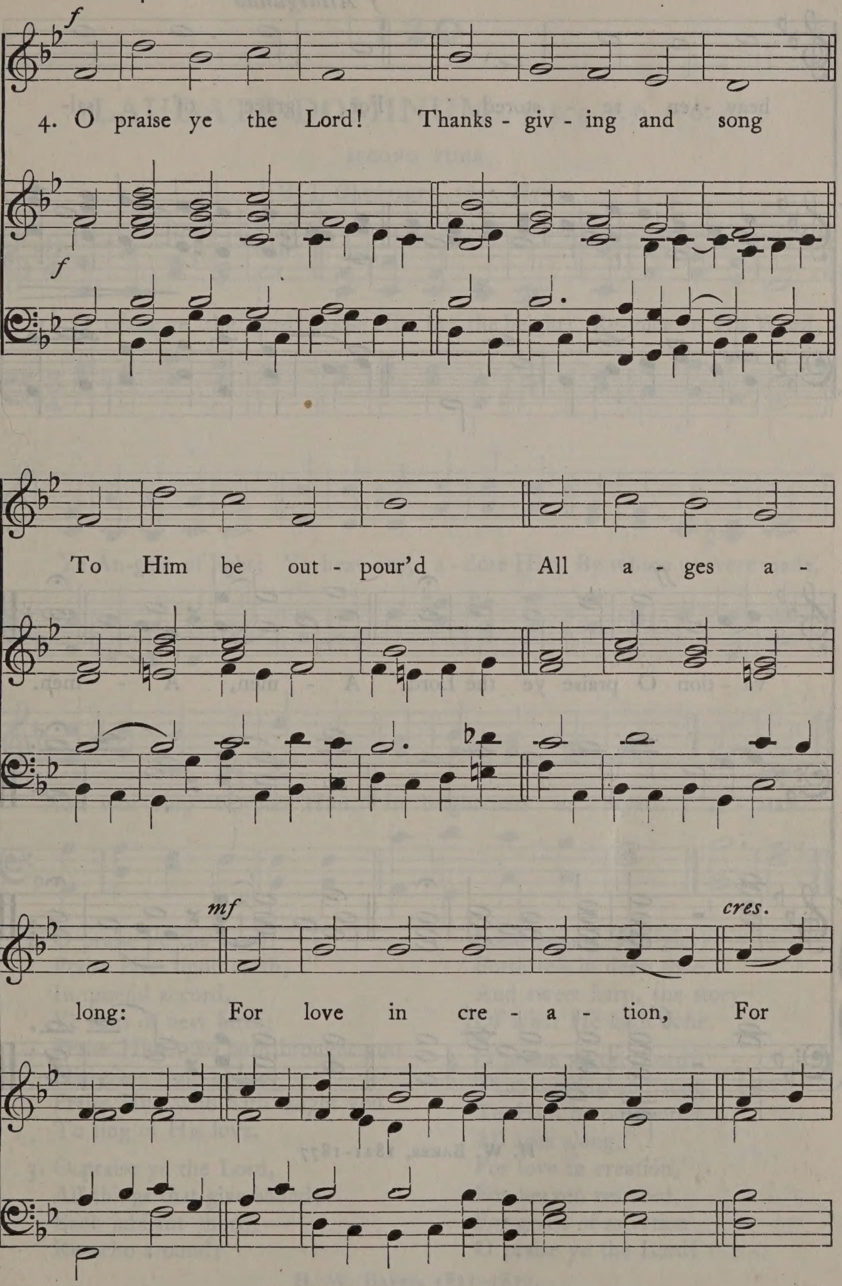
C. Hubert Parry, 1848–1918

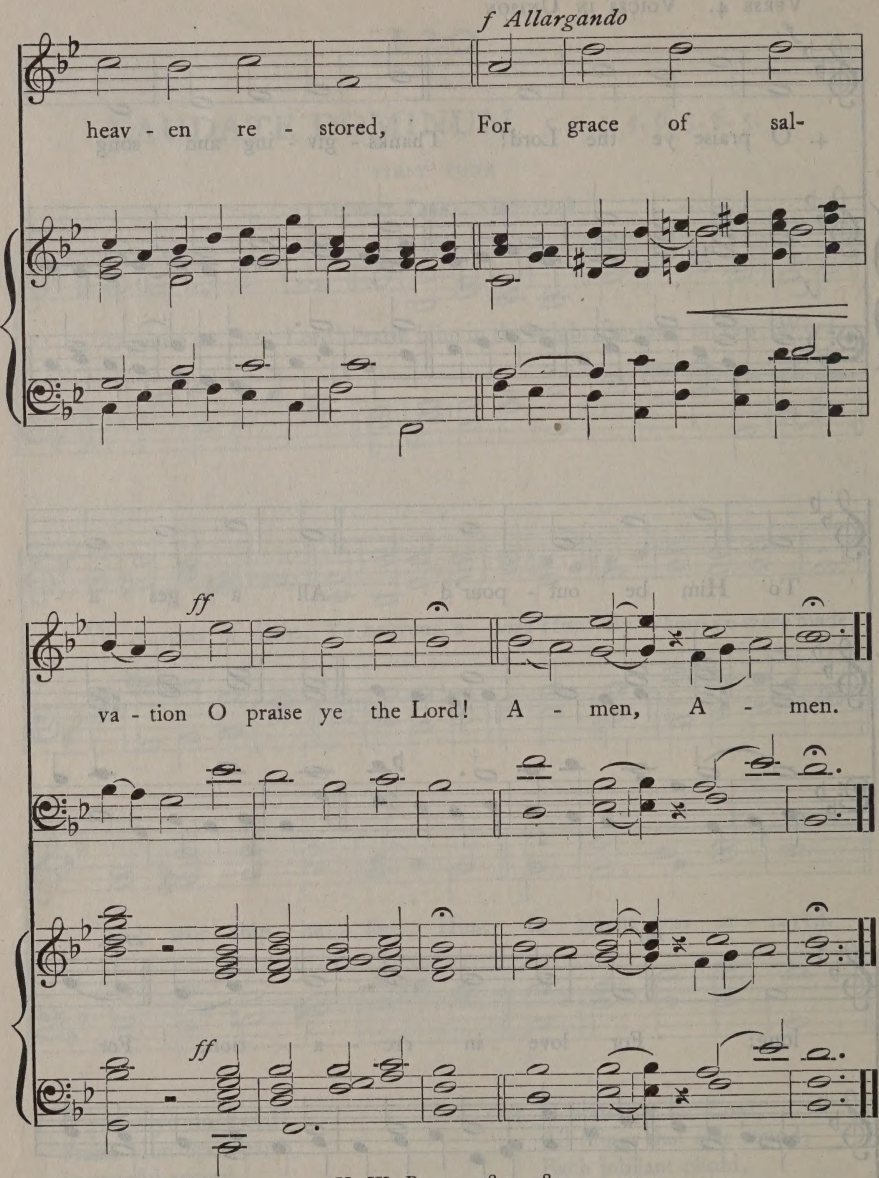

1. O praise ye the Lord! Praise Him in the height; Re-joice in His Word,
Ye An-gels of light; Ye heavens, a - dore Him By whom ye were made,
And wor - ship be - fore Him, In bright -ness ar - rayed.

2 O praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him upon earth,
In tuneful accord,
Ye sons of new birth;
Praise Him who hath brought you
His grace from above,
Praise Him who hath taught you
To sing of His love.

3 O praise ye the Lord,
All things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord,
Re-echo around;
Loud organs, His glory
Forth tell in deep tone,
And sweet harp, the story
Of what He hath done.

VERSE 4. VOICES IN UNISON


f
4. O praise ye the Lord! Thanks - giv - ing and song
f
To Him be out - pour'd All a - ges a -
mf
cres.
long: For love in cre - a - tion, For


f Allargando
heav - en re - stored, For grace of sal-
ff
va - tion O praise ye the Lord! A - men, A - men.
ff

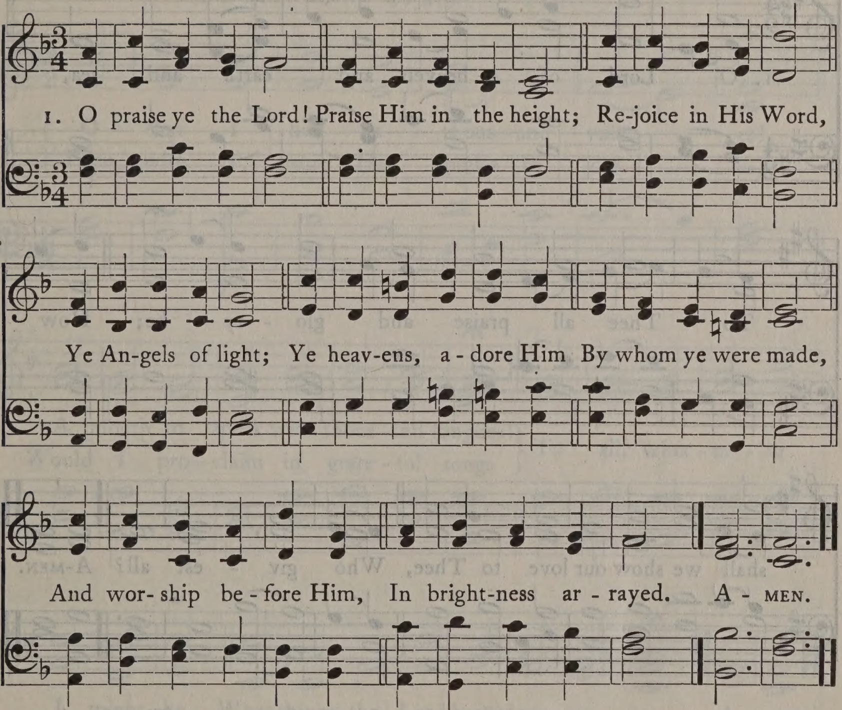
H. W. Baker, 1821–1877

120

LAUDATE DOMINUM 5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

SECOND TUNE

H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876


1. O praise ye the Lord! Praise Him in the height; Re-joice in His Word,
Ye An-gels of light; Ye heav-ens, a-dore Him By whom ye were made,
And wor-ship be-fore Him, In bright-ness ar-rayed. A- MEN.

2 O praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him upon earth,
In tuneful accord,
Ye sons of new birth;
Praise Him who hath brought you
His grace from above,
Praise Him who hath taught you
To sing of His love.

3 O praise ye the Lord,
All things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord,
Re-echo around;
Loud organs, His glory
Forth tell in deep tone,
And sweet harp, the story
Of what He hath done.

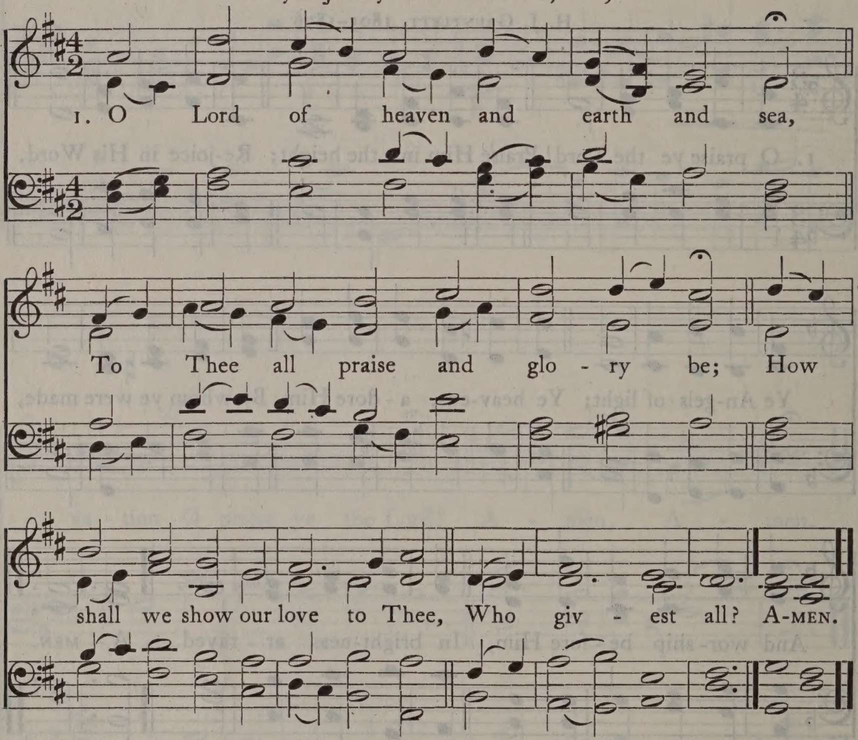
4 O praise ye the Lord!
Thanksgiving and song
To Him be outpoured
All ages along:
For love in creation,
For heaven restored,
For grace of salvation
O praise ye the Lord!

H. W. Baker, 1821–1877

121

ES IST KEIN TAG 8. 8. 8. 4.

Melody in J. Meyer's "Seelenfreund," 1692


1. O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glo - ry be; How
shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all? A-MEN.

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou are there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

6 To Thee from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

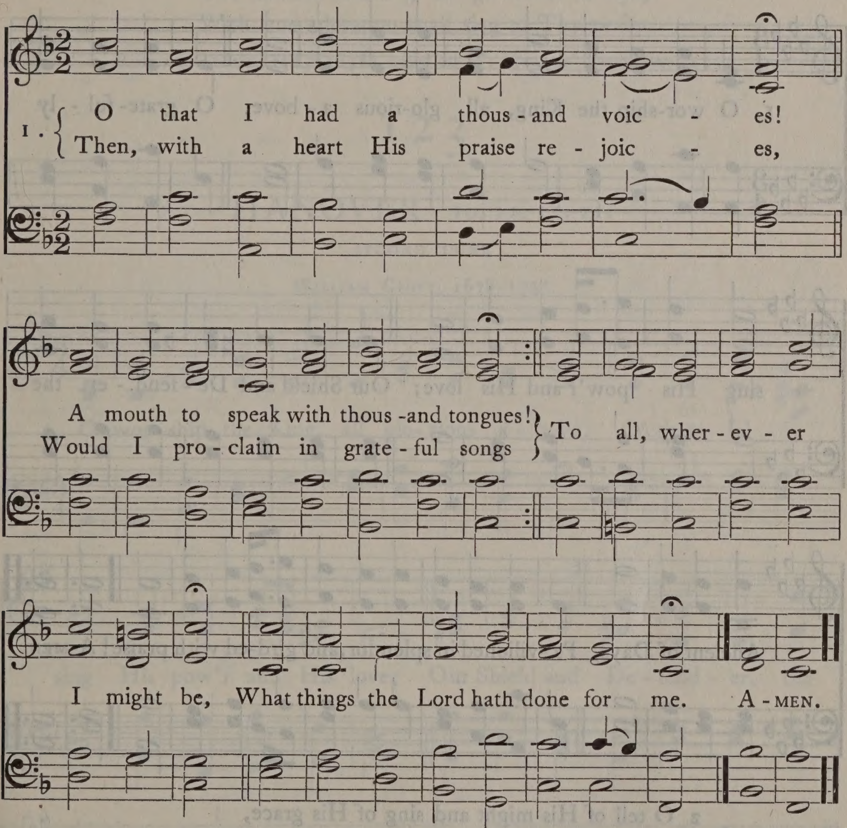
Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–1885

122

O DASS ICH TAUSEND ZUNGEN HÄTTE

9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

1738


1.
O that I had a thous - and voic - es!
Then, with a heart His praise re - joic - es,
A mouth to speak with thous -and tongues!
Would I pro - claim in grate - ful songs
To all, wher - ev - er
I might be, What things the Lord hath done for me.
A - MEN.

2 Dear Father, endless praise I render,
For soul and body strangely joined;
I praise Thee, Guardian kind and tender,
For all the noble joys I find
So richly spread on every side,
And freely for my use supplied.

3 Accept, O Lord, I now implore Thee,
The meager praise I give below:
In heaven I better will adore Thee,
When I an angel's strength shall know;
There would I join their sacred praise,
And heavenly hallelujahs raise.

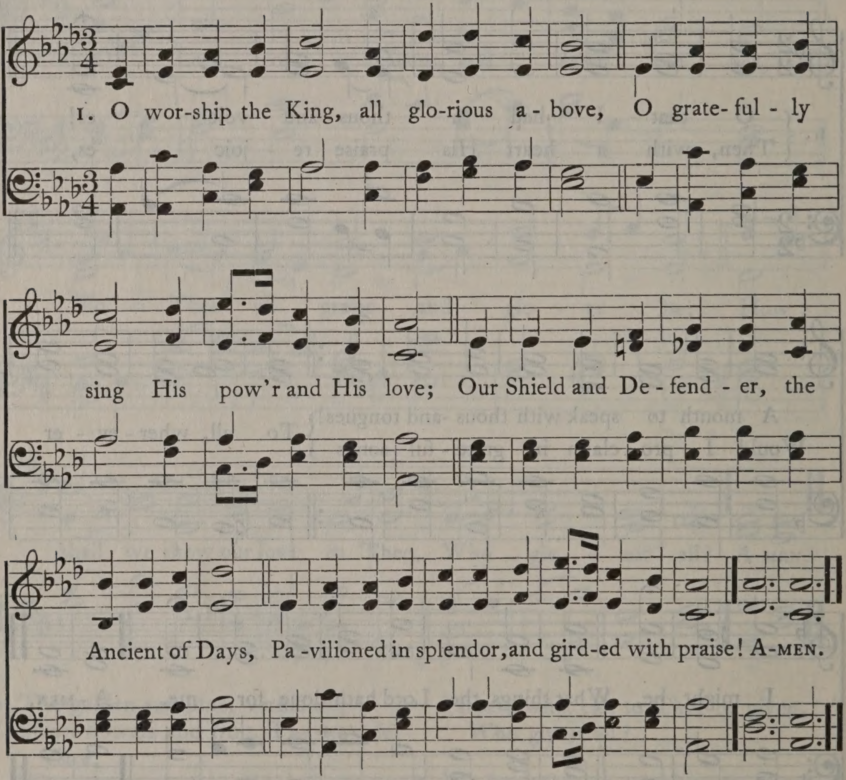
Johann Mentzer, 1658–1734. Tr. by H. Mills, 1845

123

LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11.

FIRST TUNE

From J. MICHAEL HAYDN, 1737–1806


1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a - bove, O grate- ful - ly
sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
Ancient of Days, Pa -vilioned in splendor, and gird-ed with praise! A-MEN.

2 O tell of His might and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

5 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humble creation, though feeble its lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

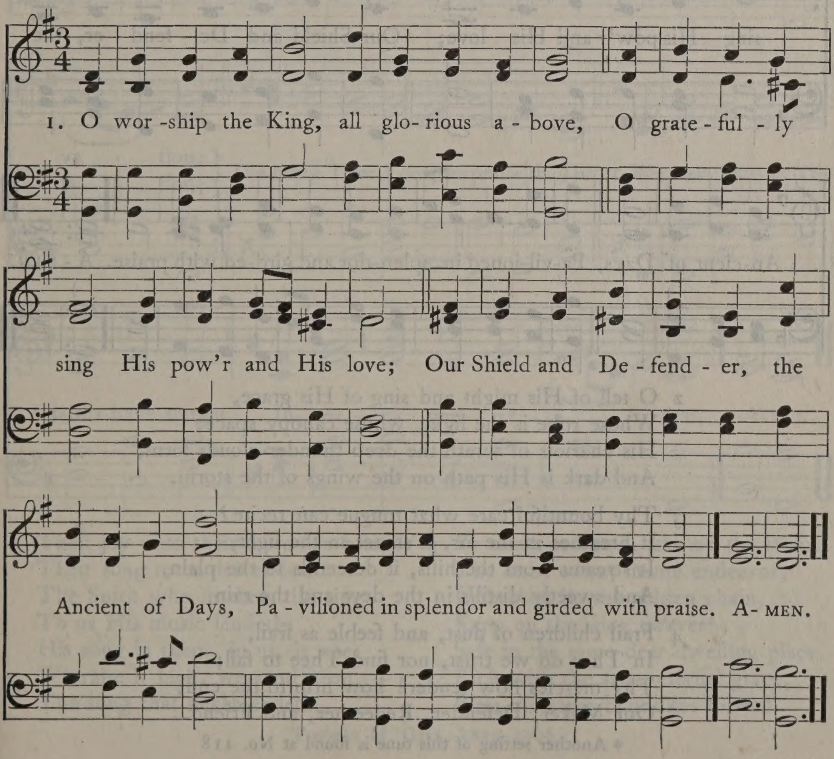
Robert Grant, 1785–1838; based on W. Kethes' Paraphrase, 1551

123

HANOVER 10. 10. 11. 11.

SECOND TUNE

William Croft, 1678–1727


1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a-bove, O grate-ful-ly
sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
Ancient of Days, Pa-vilioned in splendor and girded with praise. A-men.

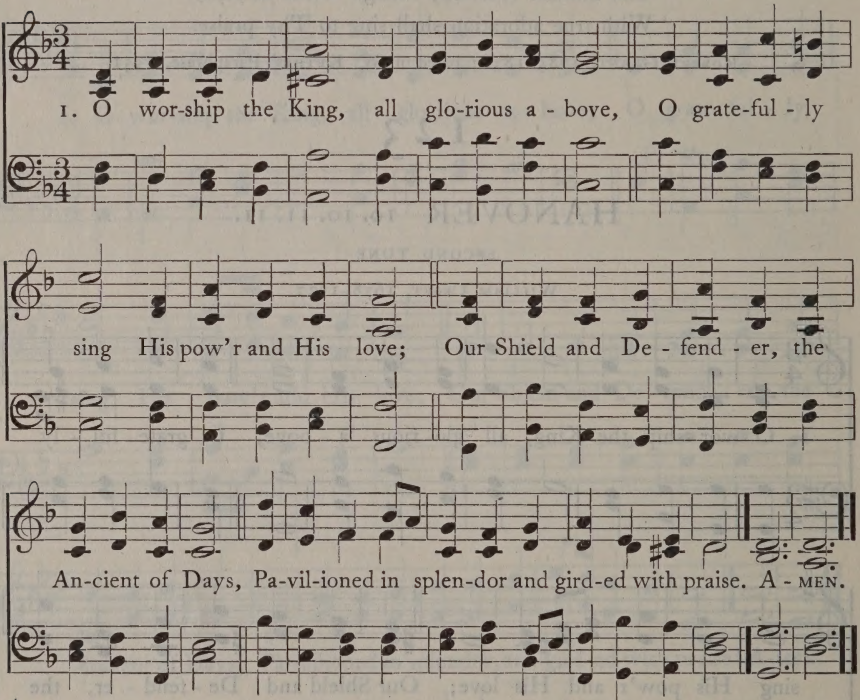
123

RAVENSCROFT'S 104TH (OLD 104TH)

5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

THIRD TUNE

Anon. Modern form of melody from RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621*


1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a - bove, O grate-ful - ly
sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor and gird-ed with praise. A - MEN.

2 O tell of His might and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

* Another setting of this tune is found at No. 118

5 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humble creation, though feeble its lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

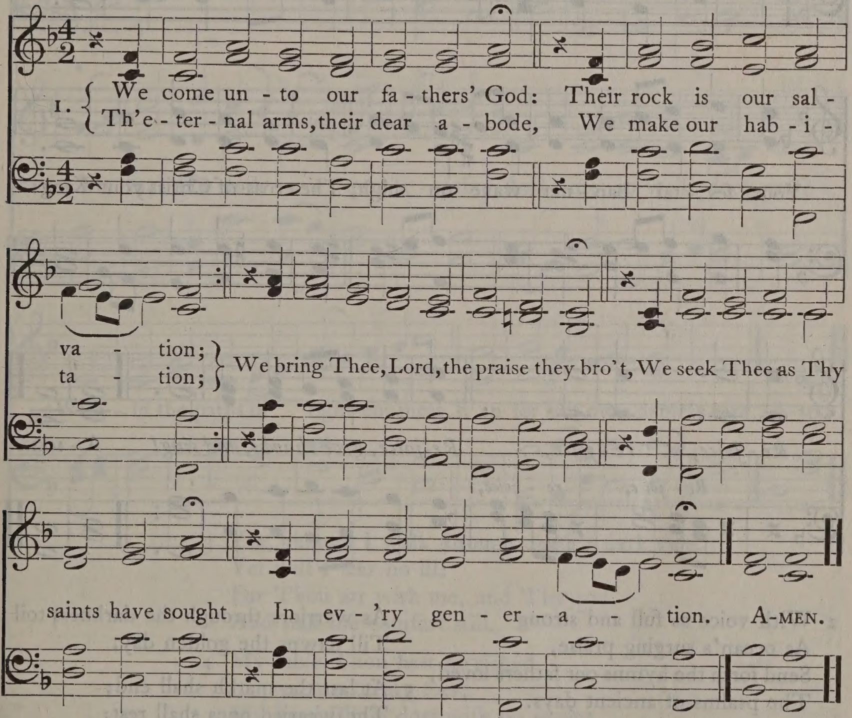
Robert Grant, 1785–1838. Based on W. Kethes' Paraphrase, 1551

124

ES IST GEWISSLICH AN DER ZEIT

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Melody, 1535. Harm. chiefly by Melchior Vulpius, cir. 1560–1616


1. { We come un - to our fa - thers' God: Their rock is our sal - va - tion;
{ Th'e - ter - nal arms, their dear a - bode, We make our hab - i - ta - tion;
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they bro't, We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought In ev - 'ry gen - er - a - tion.
A-men.

2 Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth:
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on,—
The song that never endeth.

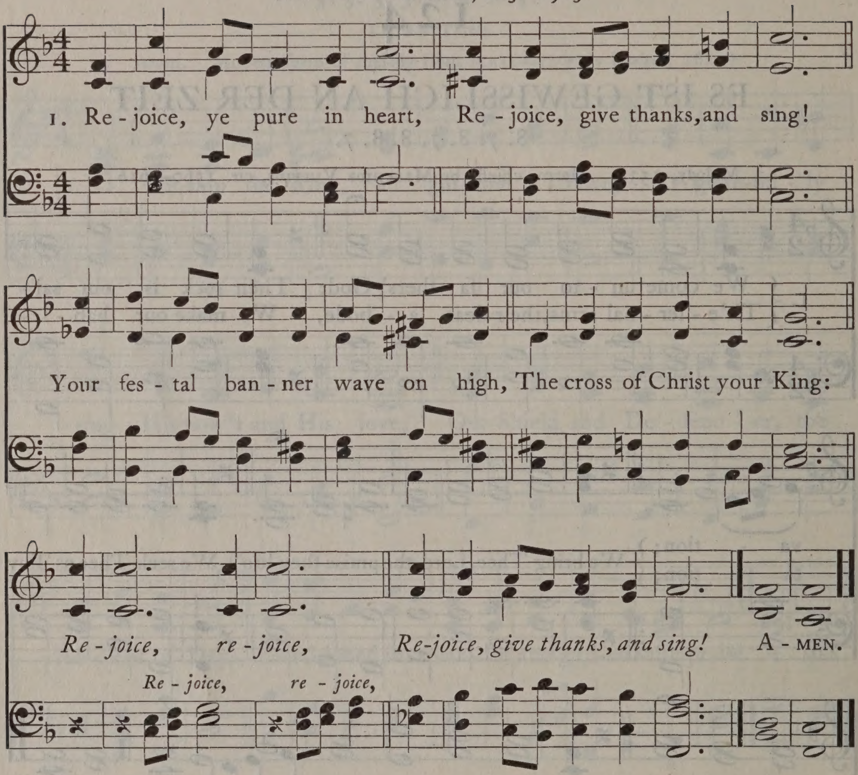
3 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavor;
Unbroken be the golden chain,
Keep on the song forever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver!

Thomas H. Gill, 1819–1906

125

MARION S. M. With Refrain

ARTHUR H. MESSITER, 1831–1903


1. Re-joice, ye pure in heart, Re-joice, give thanks, and sing!
Your fes-tal ban-ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King:
Re-joice, re-joice, Re-joice, give thanks, and sing! A-MEN.
Re-joice, re-joice,

2 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

3 Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

4 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

5 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

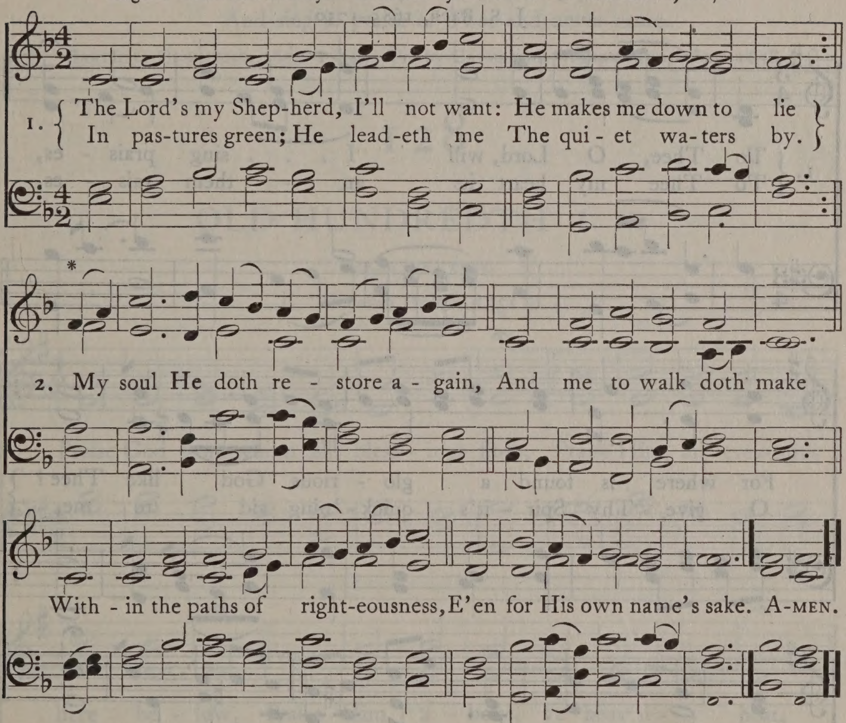
6 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE, 1821–1891

126

FOREST GREEN C. M. D.

English traditional melody. Collected by R. Vaughan Williams, 1872–


1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
In pas-tures green; He lead-eth me The qui - et wa-ters by.
*
2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain, And me to walk doth make
With - in the paths of right-eousness, E'en for His own name's sake. A-men.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

*5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forever more
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter, 1650. Founded on a version by Francis Rous, 1641

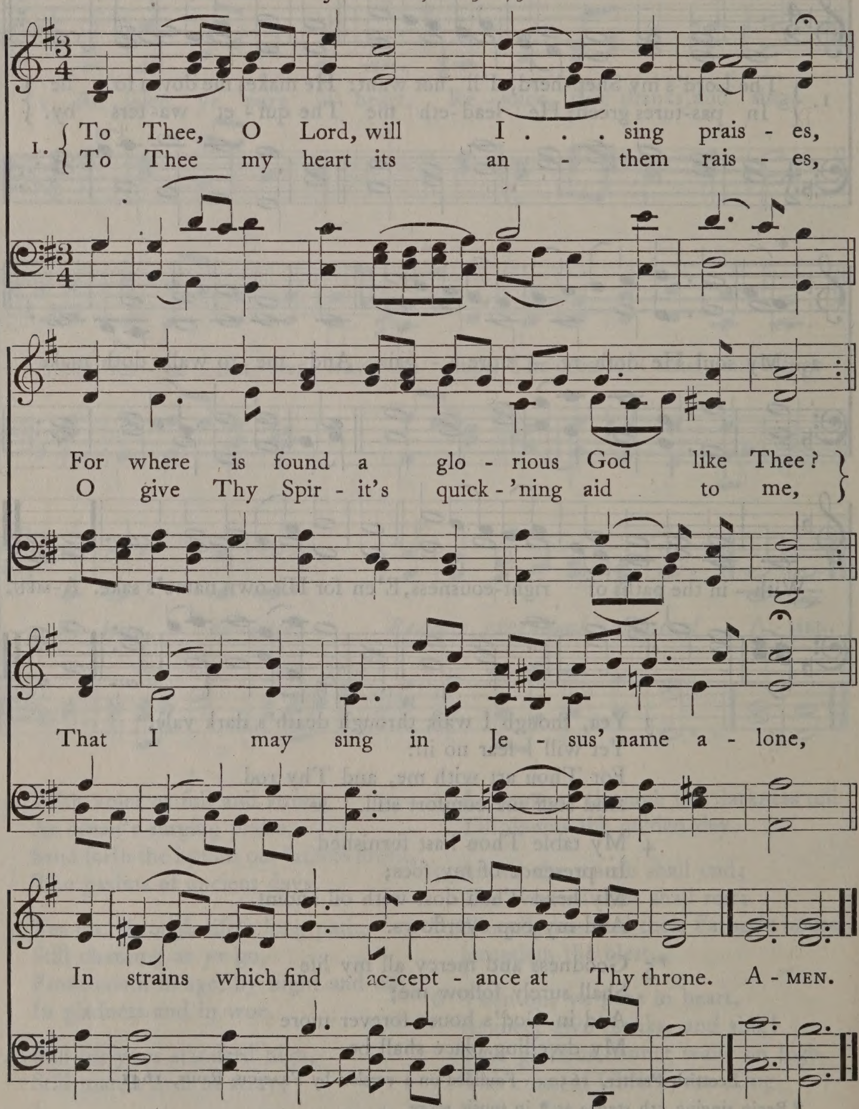
* Begin singing 5th stanza at * in music score

127

DIR, DIR, JEHOVAH, WILL ICH SINGEN

9. 10. 9. 10. 10. 10.

J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. To Thee, O Lord, will I . . . sing prais - es,
To Thee my heart its an - them rais - es,
For where is found a glo - rious God like Thee?
O give Thy Spir - it's quick - 'ning aid to me,
That I may sing in Je - sus' name a - lone,
In strains which find ac-cept - ance at Thy throne. A - men.

2 To Thy dear Son, O Father, lead me,
That He again to Thee may lead my soul.
Thy Spirit in green pastures feed me,
And all my powers of heart and mind control,
That I may always feel Thy holy peace,
And sing in praise of Thee and never cease.

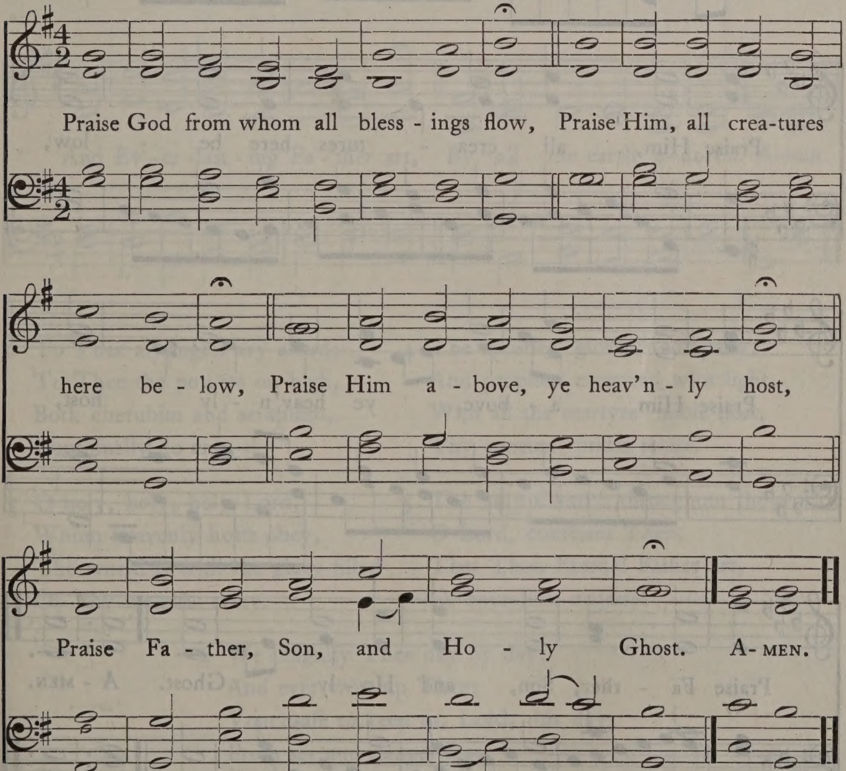
Barthol. Crasselius, 1677–1724. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

128

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

FIRST SETTING

Genevan Psalter, 1551


Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him, all crea-tures
here be - low, Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host,
Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A- men.

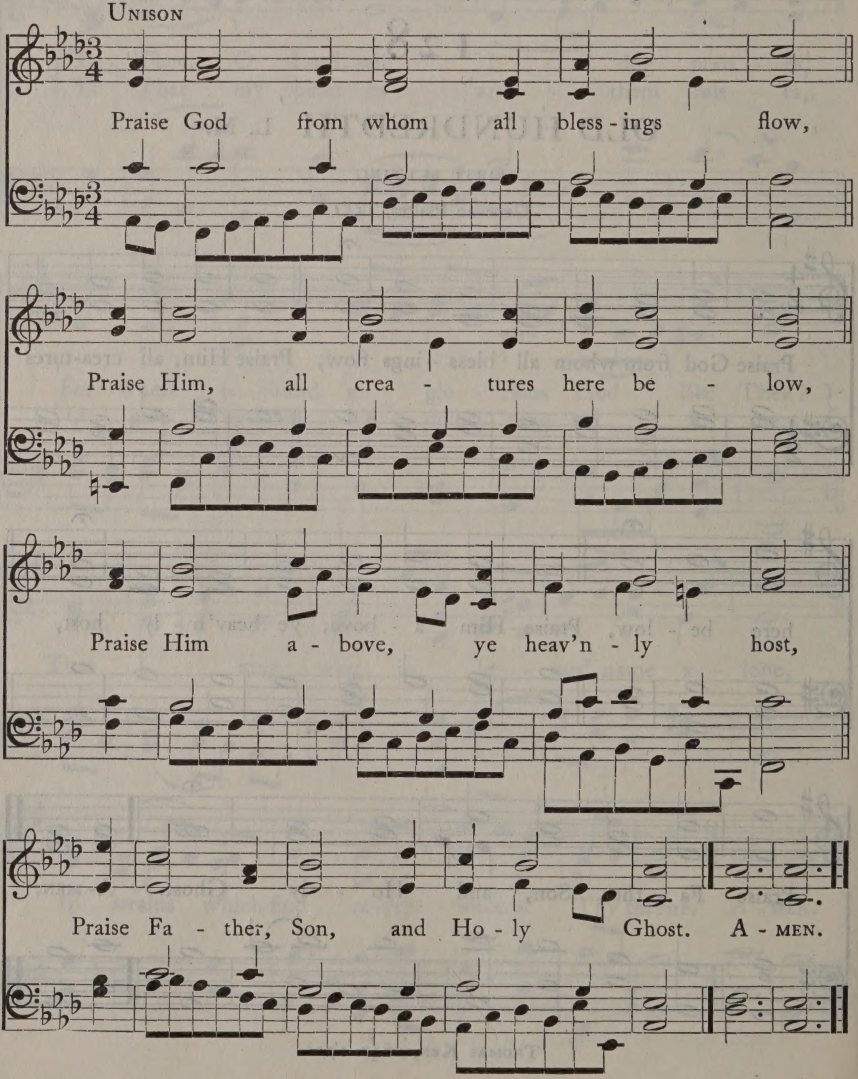
Thomas Ken, 1637–1711

128

HERR GOTT, DICH LOBEN ALLE WIR (OLD HUNDREDTH) L. M.

SECOND SETTING

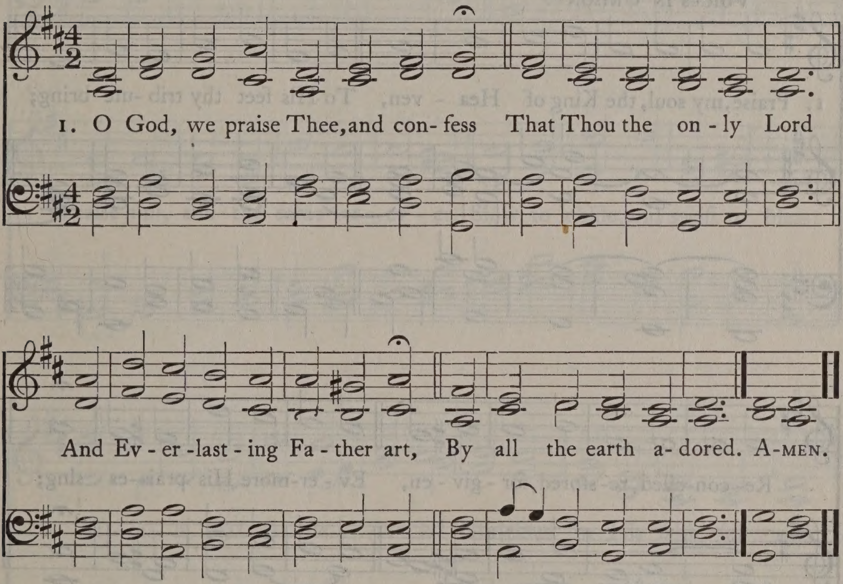
Genevan Psalter, 1551. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


Unison
Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow,
Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low,
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host,
Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

129

DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615


1. O God, we praise Thee, and con- fess That Thou the on - ly Lord
And Ev - er -last - ing Fa - ther art, By all the earth a- dored. A-MEN.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

6 We magnify Thee day by day,
And ever worship Thee;
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day,
From sin and danger free.

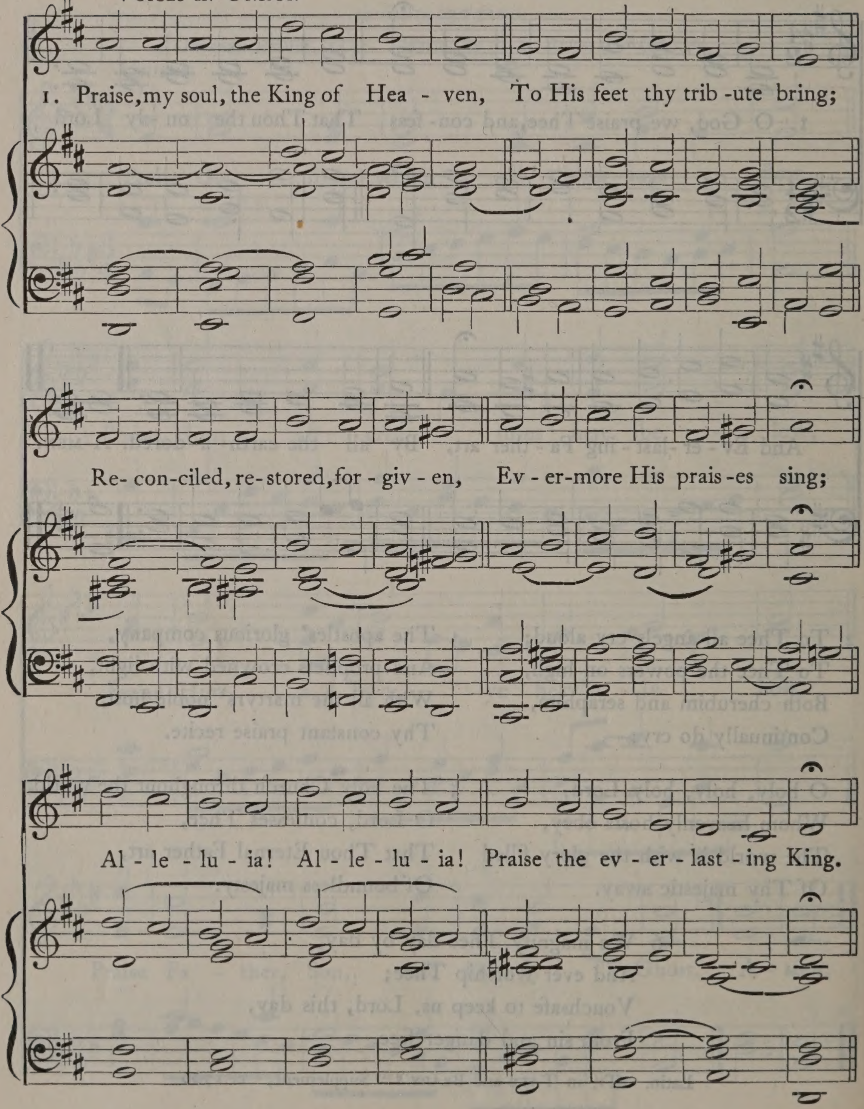
Latin. Tr. in TATE and BRADY's "Supplement," c. 1700

130

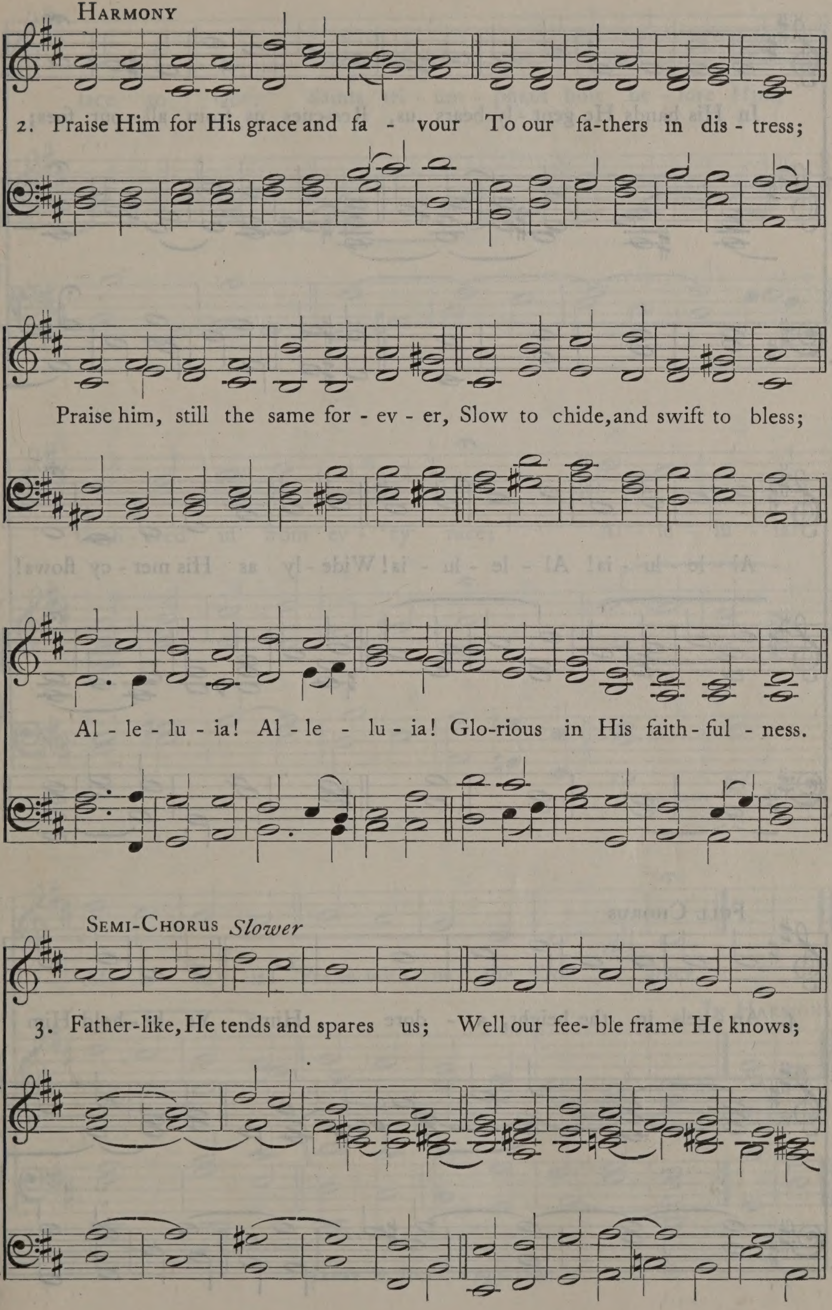
PRAISE, MY SOUL 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

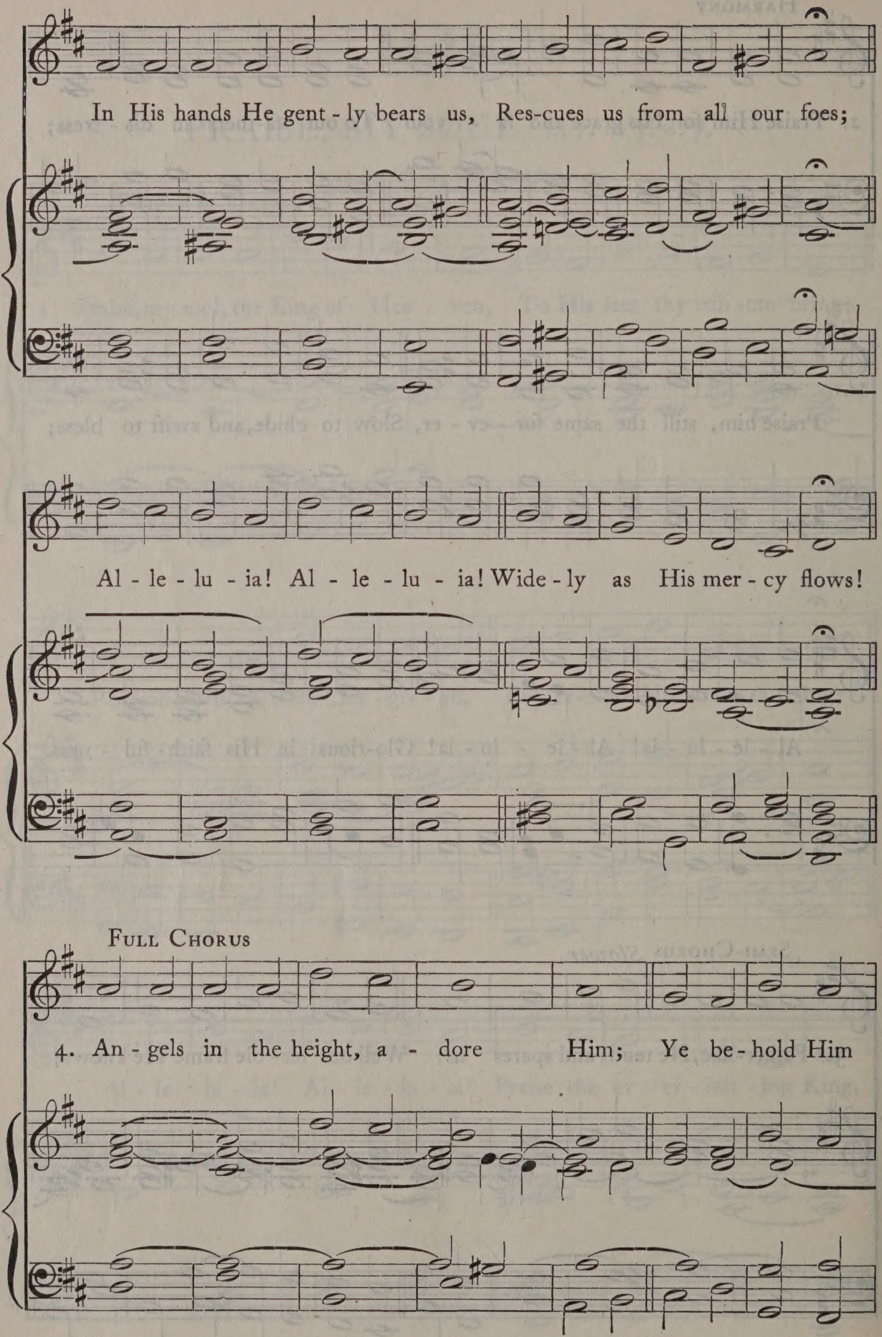
JOHN GOSS, 1800–1880

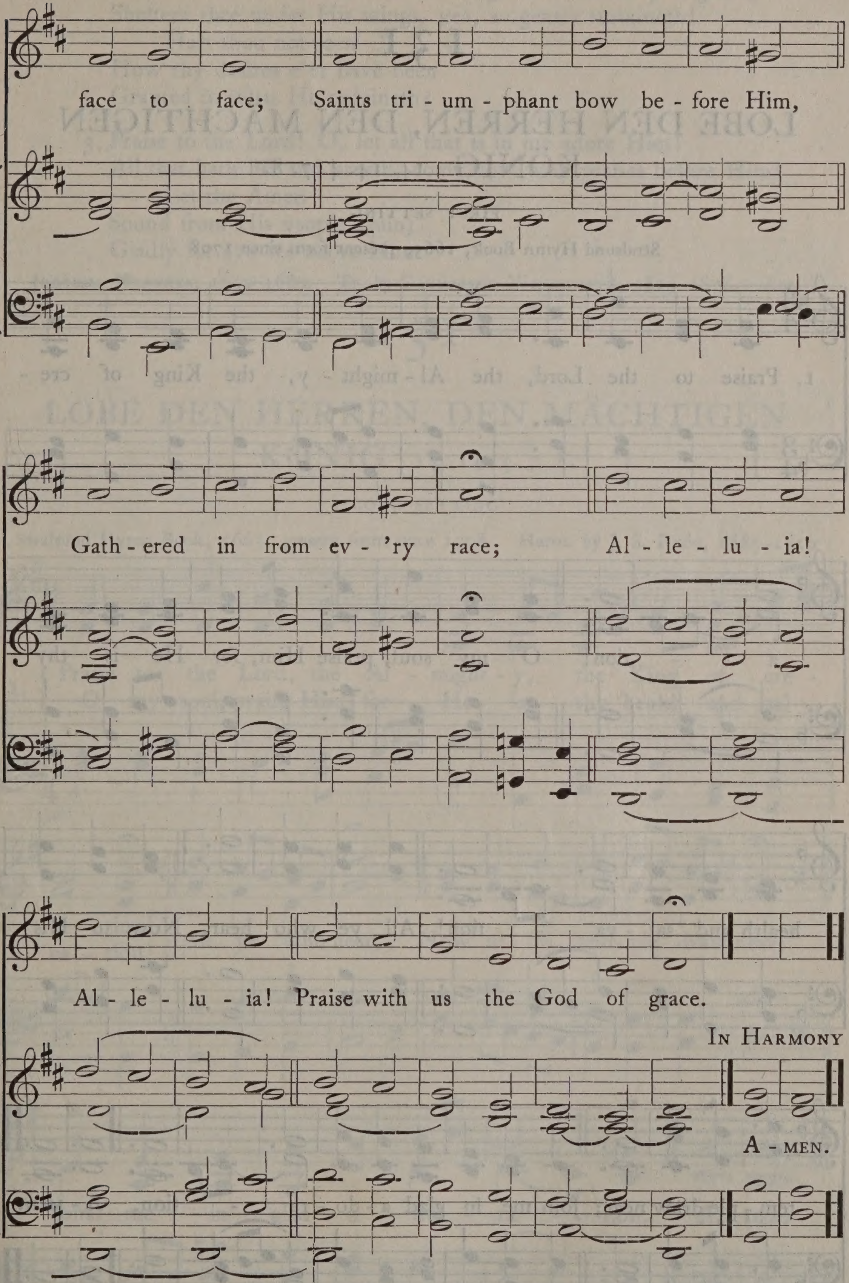
VOICES IN UNISON


1. Praise, my soul, the King of Hea - ven, To His feet thy trib - ute bring;
Re- con-ciled, re- stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er-more His prais - es sing;
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

Praise


HARMONY
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa-thers in dis - tress;
Praise him, still the same for - ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo-rious in His faith - ful - ness.
SEMI-CHORUS *Slower*
3. Father-like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee- ble frame He knows;


In His hands He gent - ly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes;
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows!
Full Chorus
4. An - gels in the height, a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him


face to face; Saints tri - um - phant bow be - fore Him,
Gath - ered in from ev - 'ry race; Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.
IN HARMONY
A - MEN.

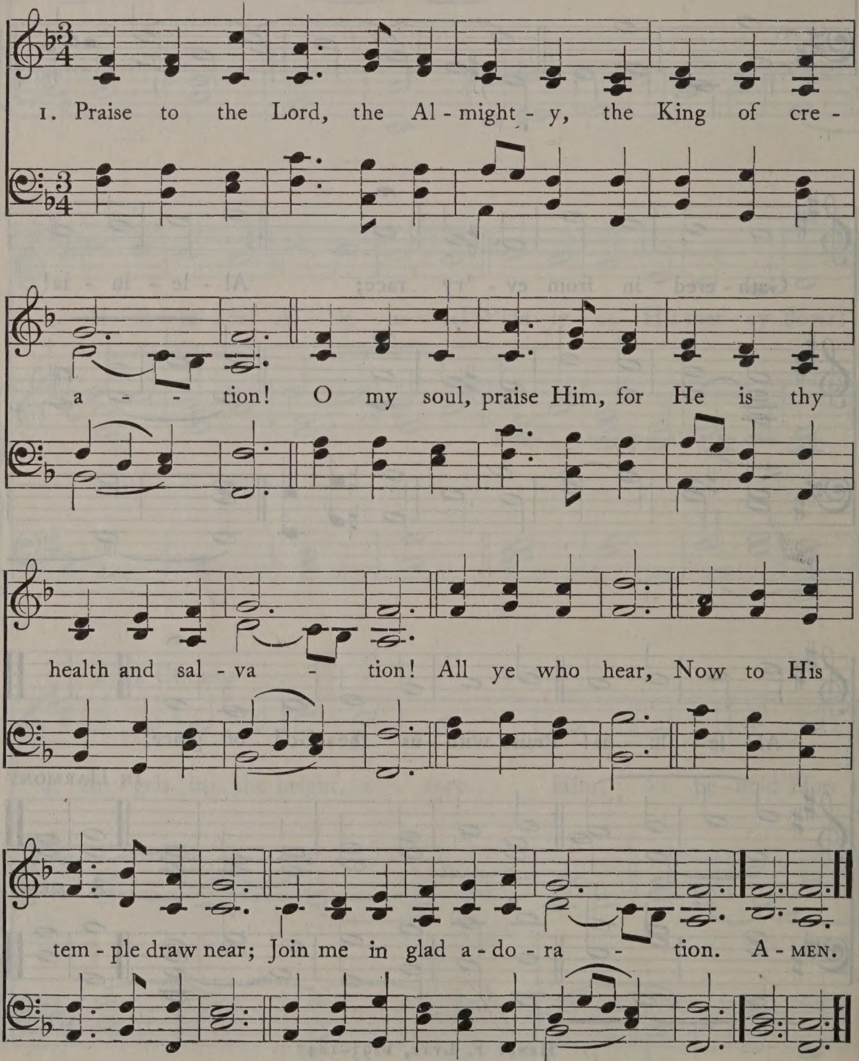
HENRY F. LYTE, 1793–1847

131

LOBE DEN HERREN, DEN MÄCHTIGEN KÖNIG 14. 14. 4. 7. 8.

FIRST SETTING

Stralsund Hymn Book, 1665; present form since 1708


1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a - - tion!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal - va - tion!
All ye who hear, Now to His tem - ple draw near;
Join me in glad a - do - ra - tion.
A - MEN.

2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen
How thy desires e'er have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

3 Praise to the Lord! O, let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again;
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

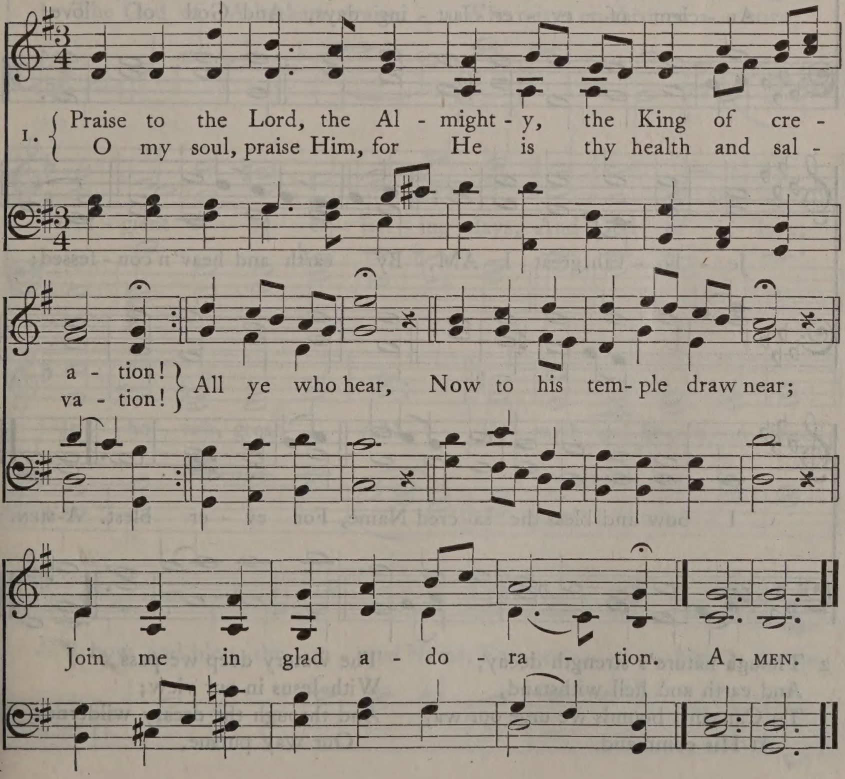
Joachim Neander, 1650–1680. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878. Abr.

131

LOBE DEN HERREN, DEN MÄCHTIGEN KÖNIG 14. 14. 4. 7. 8.

SECOND SETTING

Stralsund Hymn Book, 1665; present form since 1708. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750

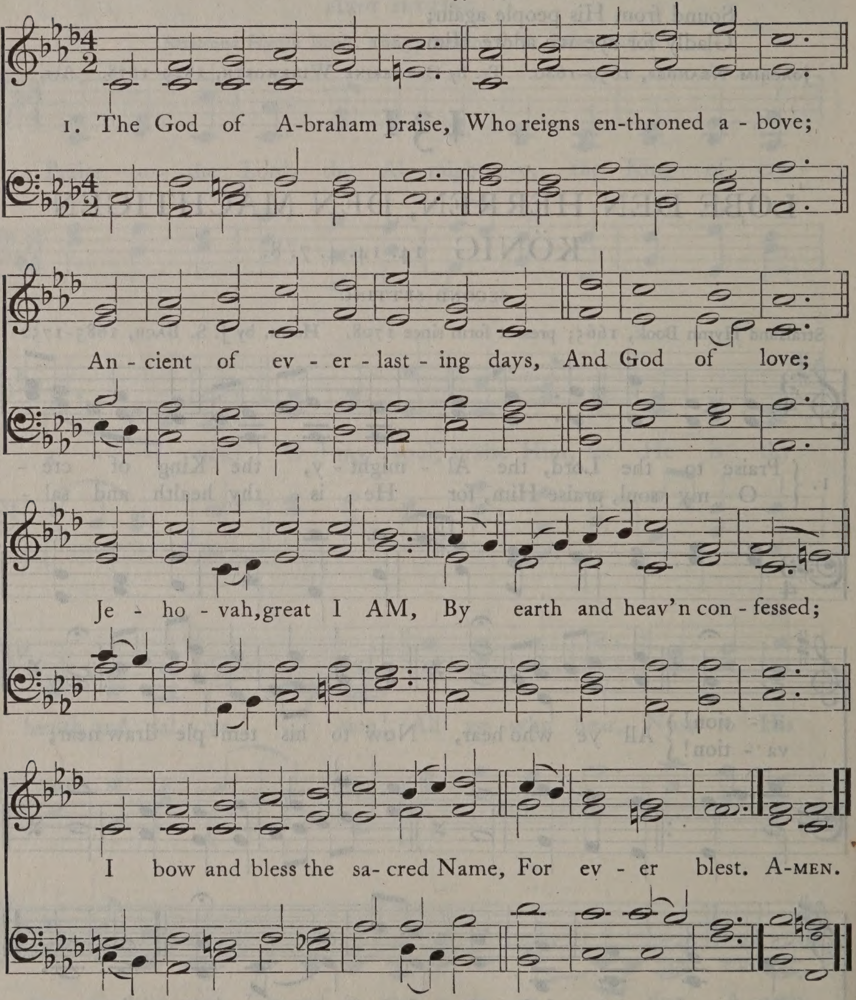

1. { Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a - tion!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal - va - tion! }
All ye who hear, Now to his tem- ple draw near;
Join me in glad a - do - ra - tion.
A - MEN.

132

LEONI 6. 6. 8. 4. D.

FIRST TUNE

Hebrew Melody, 1770


1. The God of A-braham praise, Who reigns en-throned a - bove;
An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love;
Je - ho - vah, great I AM, By earth and heav'n con - fessed;
I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For ev - er blest. A-MEN.

2 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds we urge our way
At His command.

The watery deep we pass
With Jesus in our view;
And through the dreary wilderness
Our way pursue.

3 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

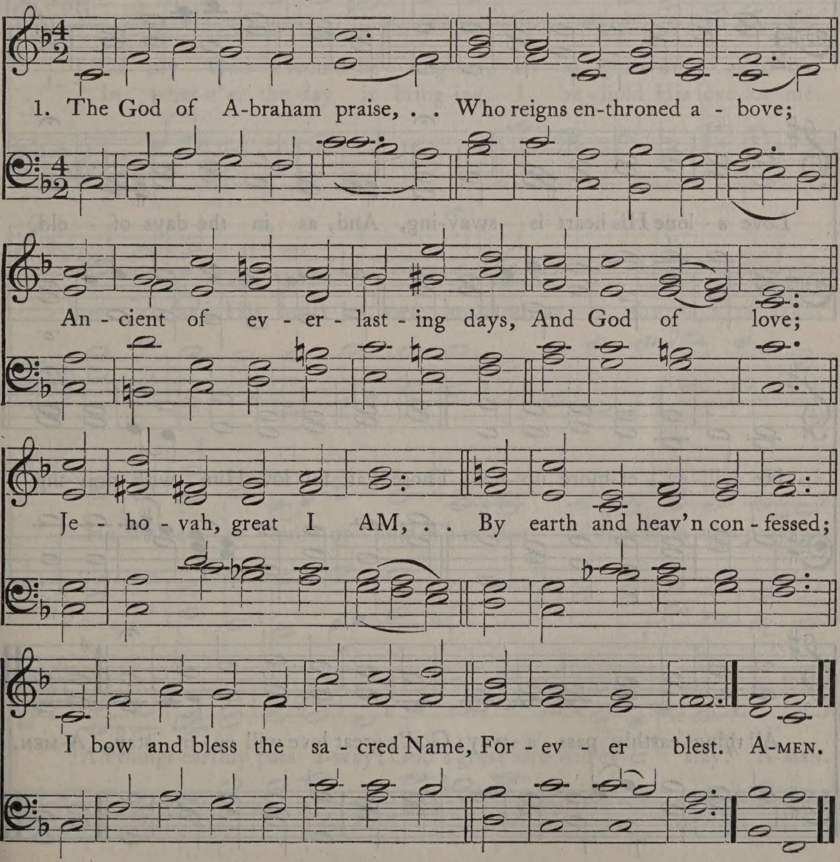
Thomas Olivers, 1725–1799

132

COVENANT 6. 6. 8. 4. D.

SECOND TUNE

John Stainer, 1840–1901


1. The God of A-braham praise, . . Who reigns en-throned a - bove;
An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love;
Je - ho - vah, great I AM, . . By earth and heav'n con - fessed;
I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For - ev - er blest. A-men.

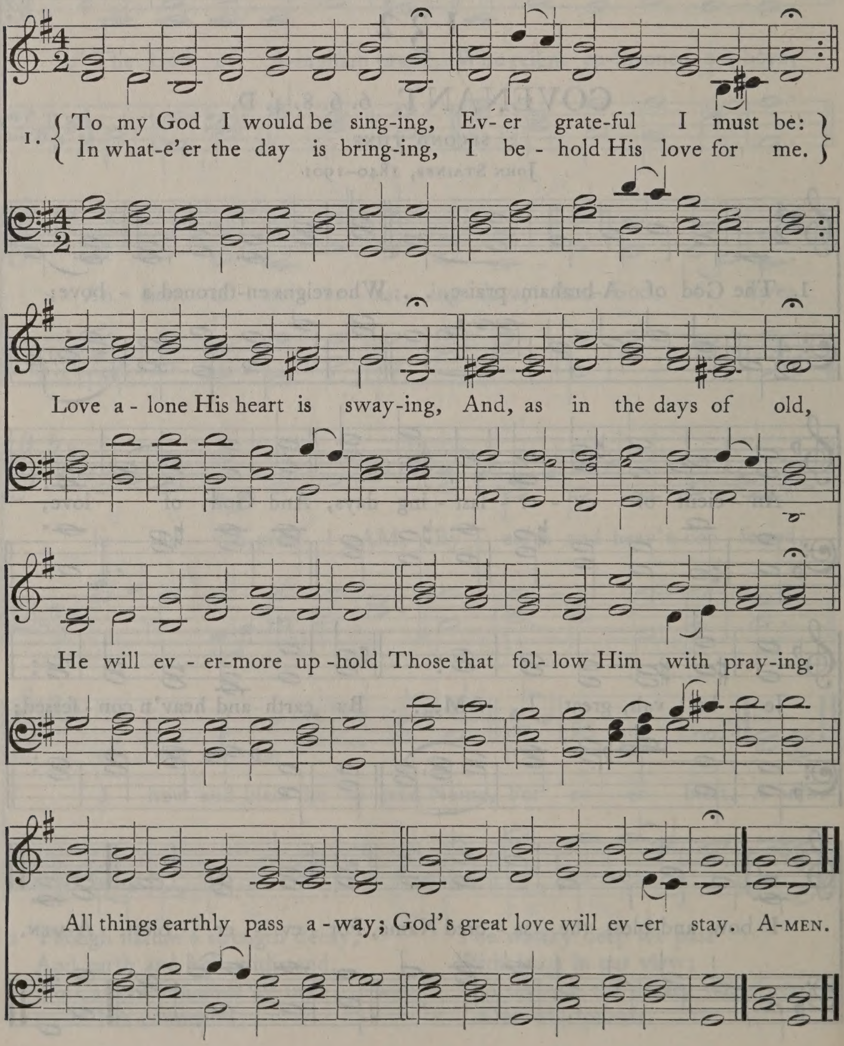
133

SOLLT ICH MEINEM GOTT NICHT SINGEN?

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8. 7. 7.

FIRST TUNE

A. P. Bertsch, 1758–1820


1. { To my God I would be sing-ing, Ev-er grate-ful I must be: }
{ In what-e'er the day is bring-ing, I be - hold His love for me. }
Love a - lone His heart is sway-ing, And, as in the days of old,
He will ev - er-more up -hold Those that fol- low Him with pray-ing.
All things earthly pass a - way; God's great love will ev -er stay. A-men.

2 When I sleep, He ne'er forsakes me,
Watches me and gives me cheer
Daily, when the dawn awakes me
And I feel His goodness near.
If my God did not uphold me,
If the Lord were not my guide,
Never could my strength abide
'Mid the troubles that enfold me.
All things earthly pass away;
God's great love will ever stay.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676. Tr. by Margarete Münsterberg, 1889–

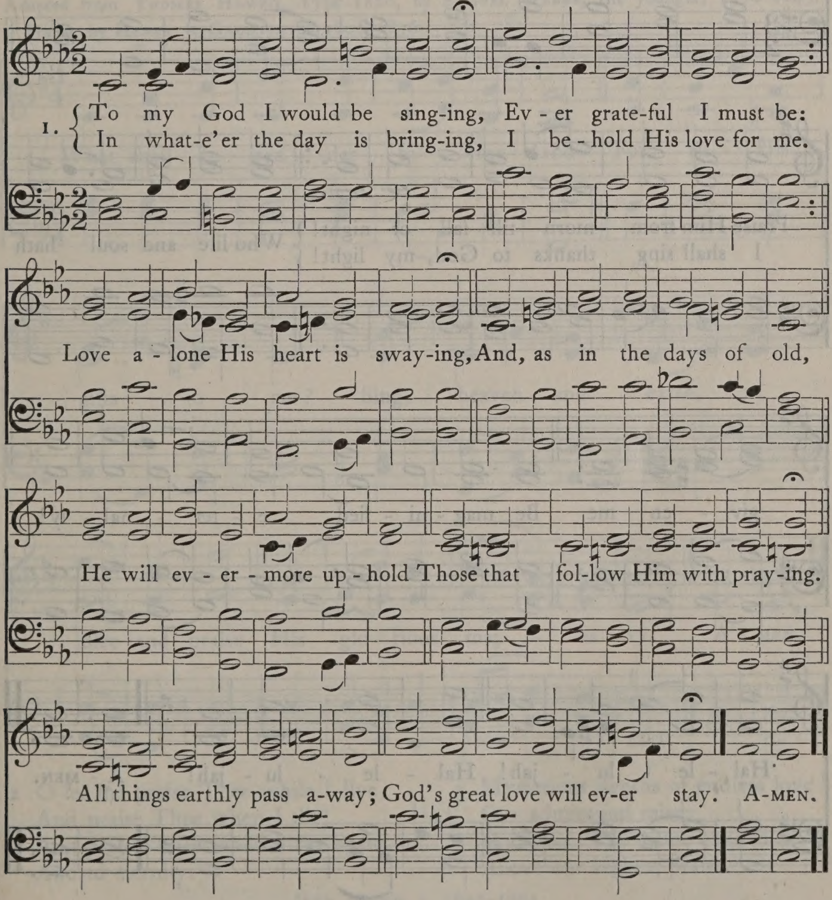
133

SOLLT ICH MEINEM GOTT NICHT SINGEN?

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8. 7. 7.

SECOND TUNE

Johann Schop (?), 1641

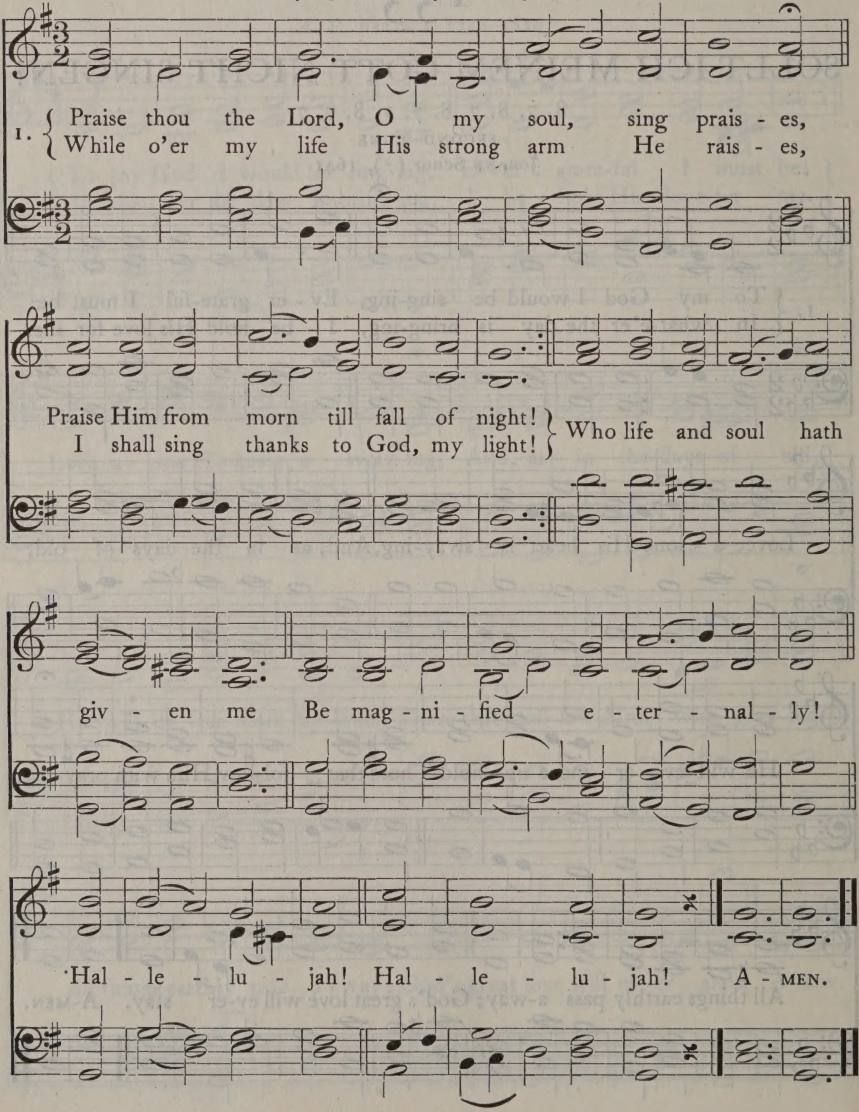

1. To my God I would be sing-ing, Ev - er grate-ful I must be:
In what-e'er the day is bring-ing, I be - hold His love for me.
Love a - lone His heart is sway-ing, And, as in the days of old,
He will ev - er - more up - hold Those that fol-low Him with pray-ing.
All things earthly pass a-way; God's great love will ev-er stay. A-men.

134

LOBE DEN HERREN, O MEINE SEELE

10. 8. 10. 8. 8. 8. 4. 4.

Freylinghausen's Hymn Book, 1714


1. { Praise thou the Lord, O my soul, sing prais - es,
While o'er my life His strong arm He rais - es,
Praise Him from morn till fall of night!
I shall sing thanks to God, my light! }
Who life and soul hath giv - en me
Be mag - ni - fied e - ter - nal - ly!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - MEN.

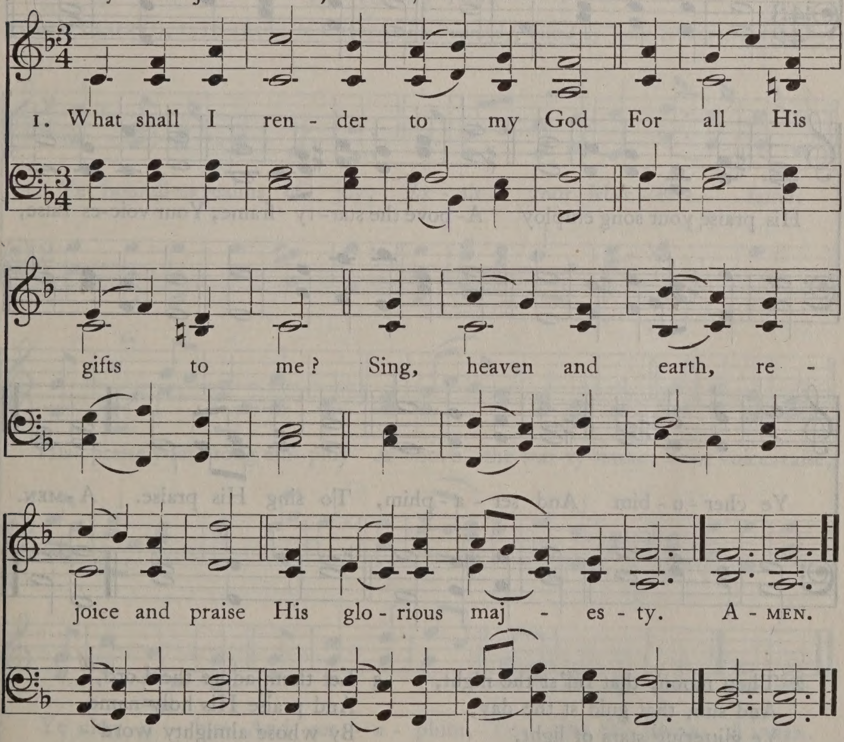
2 Sing, all ye nations, exalt the glory
Of Him whose arm doth valiantly!
All that hath life and breath, tell the story
In accent strong, with voices free!
Ye servants of the Triune God,
Father, and Son, and Spirit laud!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Johann Daniel Herrnschmidt, 1675–1723. Tr. by C. F. P., 1929

135

RICHMOND (CHESTERFIELD) C. M.

Adapted from Thomas Haweis, 1734–1820, by Samuel Webbe, the younger, 1770–1843.
Harm. by Henry J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876


1. What shall I ren - der to my God For all His
gifts to me? Sing, heaven and earth, re -
joice and praise His glo - rious maj - es - ty. A - MEN.

2 O let me praise Thee while I live,
And praise Thee when I die,
And praise Thee when I rise again,
And to eternity.

3 Mysterious depths of endless love
Our admiration raise;
My God, Thy name exalted is
Above our highest praise.

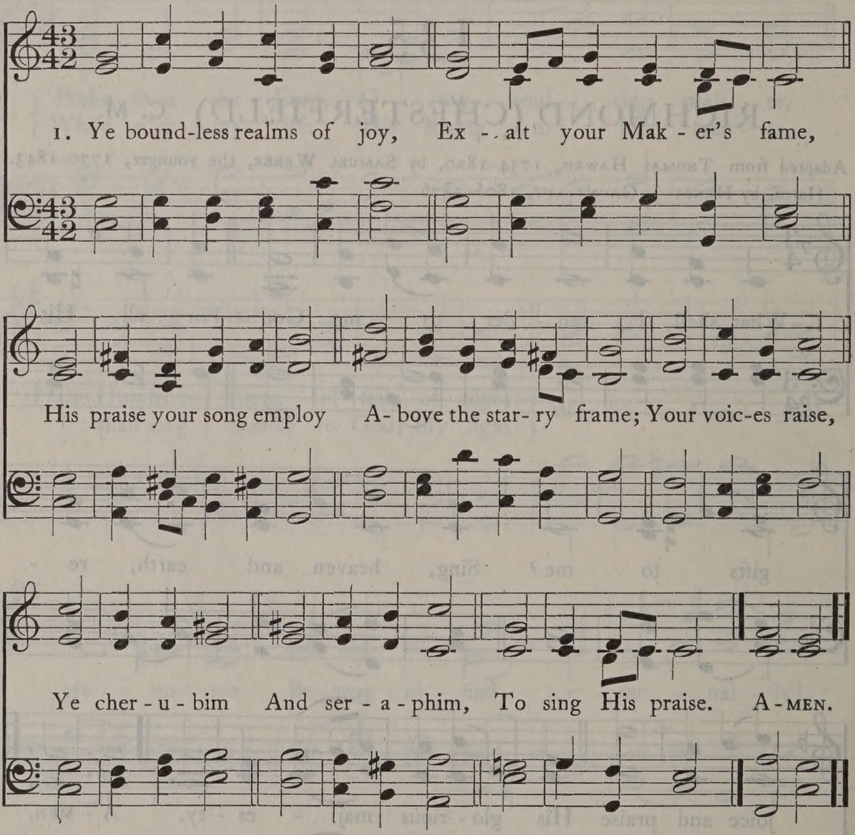
John Mason, c. 1645–1694

136

CROFT'S 136TH 6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4.

FIRST TUNE

William Croft, 1678–1727


1. Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your Mak - er's fame,
His praise your song employ A- bove the star- ry frame; Your voic-es raise,
Ye cher - u - bim And ser - a - phim, To sing His praise. A-MEN.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay;
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise;
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

5 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh;
Oh, therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

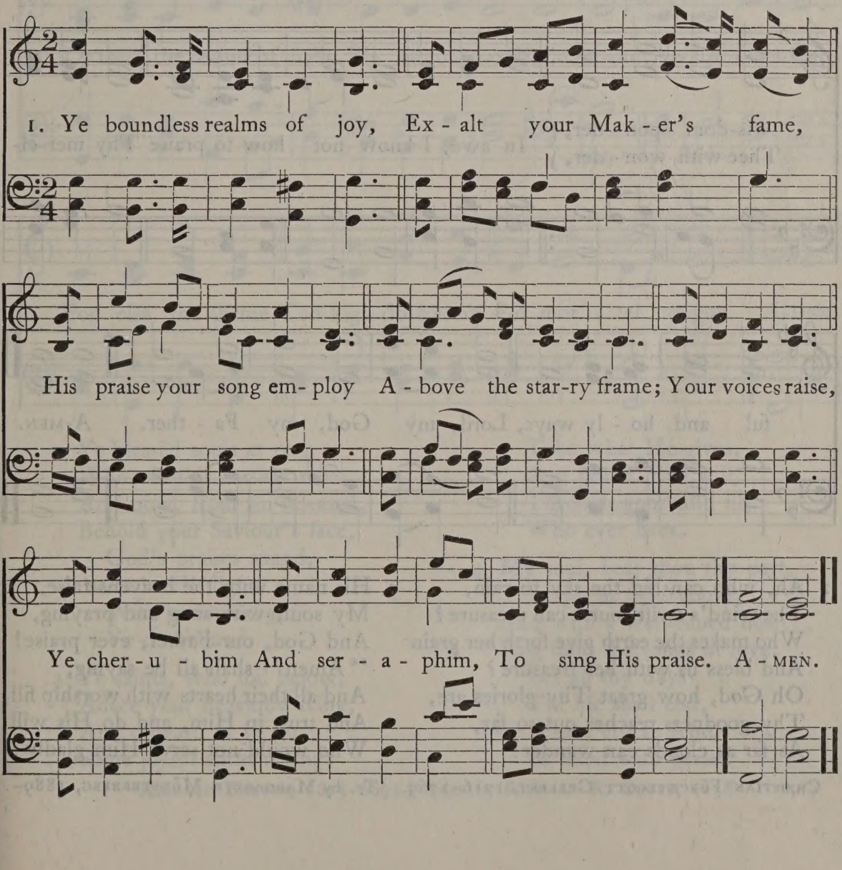
Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, 1696. Psalm 148

136

WARSAW 6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4.

SECOND TUNE

Thomas Clark (?), 1775–1859; in Cheetham's Psalmody, edited by John Houldsworth, 1832

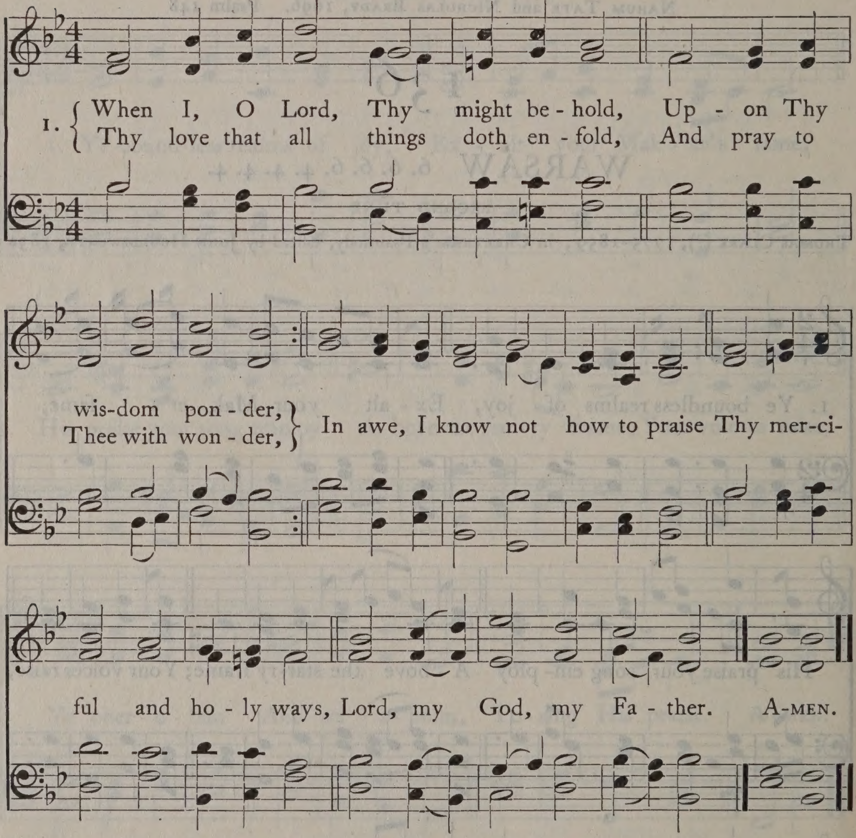

1. Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your Mak - er's fame,
His praise your song em- ploy A - bove the star-ry frame; Your voices raise,
Ye cher - u - bim And ser - a - phim, To sing His praise. A - men.

137

WENN ICH, O SCHÖPFER, DEINE MACHT

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Peter Sohren, 1668


1. When I, O Lord, Thy might be-hold, Up-on Thy wis-dom pon-der,
Thy love that all things doth en-fold, And pray to Thee with won-der,
In awe, I know not how to praise Thy mer-ci-ful and ho-ly ways, Lord, my God, my Fa-ther. A-men.

2 Ah, who can bid the sky to rain,
The wind's swift course can measure?
Who makes the earth give forth her grain
And bless us with her treasure?
Oh God, how great Thy glories are,
Thy goodness reaches out so far,
As far as clouds can wander!

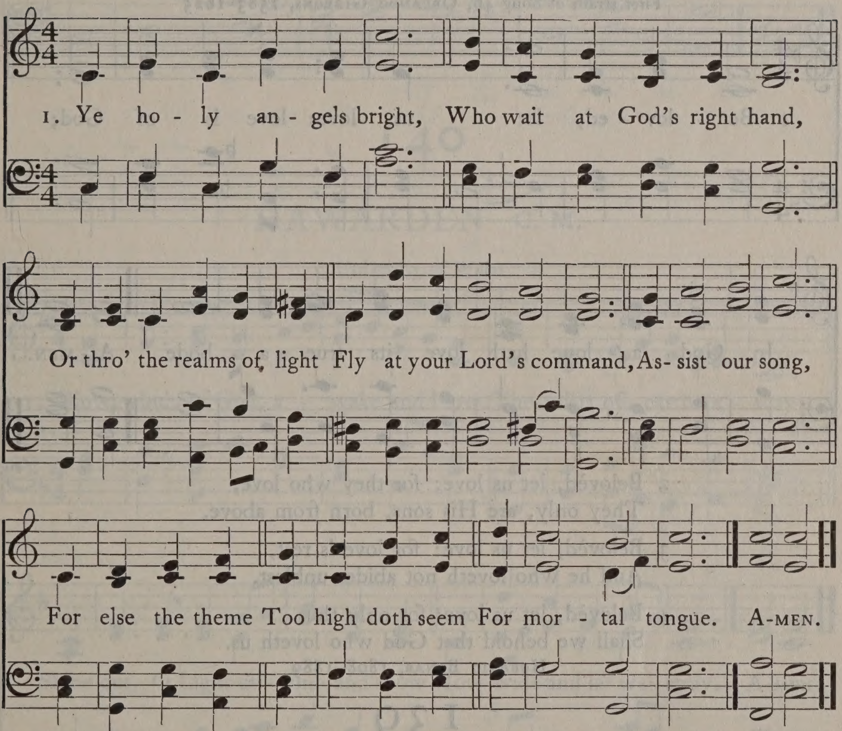
3 His name unto the heavens raise,
My soul, with song and praying,
And God, our Father, ever praise!
"Amen" shall all be saying,
And all their hearts with worship fill,
And trust in Him, and do His will!
Who would not serve Him gladly?

Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, 1716–1769. Tr. by Margarete Münsterberg, 1889–

138

DARWALL'S 148TH 6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4.

J. Darwall, 1731–1789


1. Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand,
Or thro' the realms of light Fly at your Lord's command, As- sist our song,
For else the theme Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue. A-men.

2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold your Saviour's face,
God's praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives,
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives.

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love:
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise.

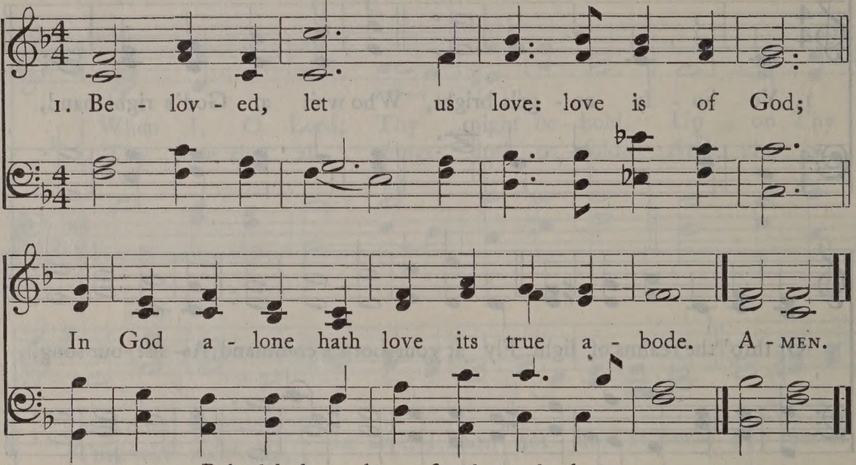
Richard Baxter, 1615–1691; recast by Richard R. Chope, 1858

139

SONG 46 10. 10.

FIRST TUNE

First strain of Song 46, Orlando Gibbons, 1583–1625


1. Be - lov - ed, let us love: love is of God;
In God a - lone hath love its true a - bode. A - MEN.

2 Belovèd, let us love: for they who love,
They only, are His sons, born from above.

3 Belovèd, let us love: for love is rest,
And he who loveth not abides unblest.

4 Belovèd, let us love: for only thus
Shall we behold that God who loveth us.

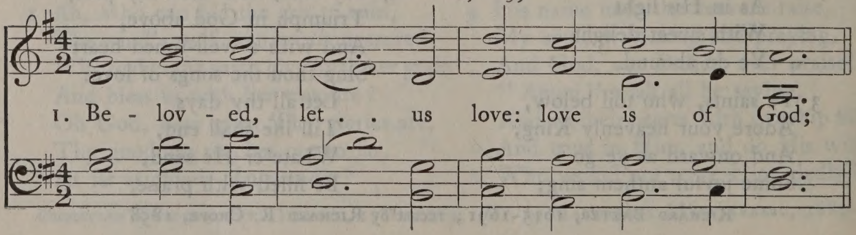
Horatio Bonar, 1808–1889

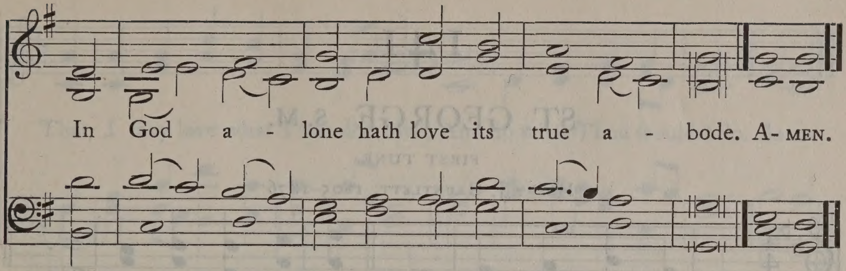
139

ELBERTON 10. 10.

SECOND TUNE

Basil Harwood, 1859-

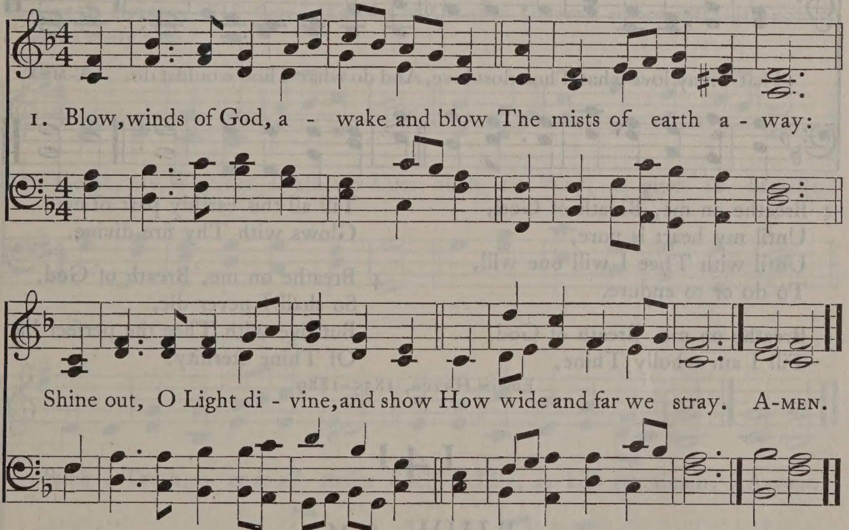

1. Be - lov - ed, let . . us love: love is of God;


In God a - lone hath love its true a - bode. A-MEN.

140

HAWARDEN C. M.

University of Wales


1. Blow, winds of God, a - wake and blow The mists of earth a - way:
Shine out, O Light di - vine, and show How wide and far we stray. A-MEN.

2 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name and sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight,
And naked to Thy glance;
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

4 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

5 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of the cross
Is better than the sun.

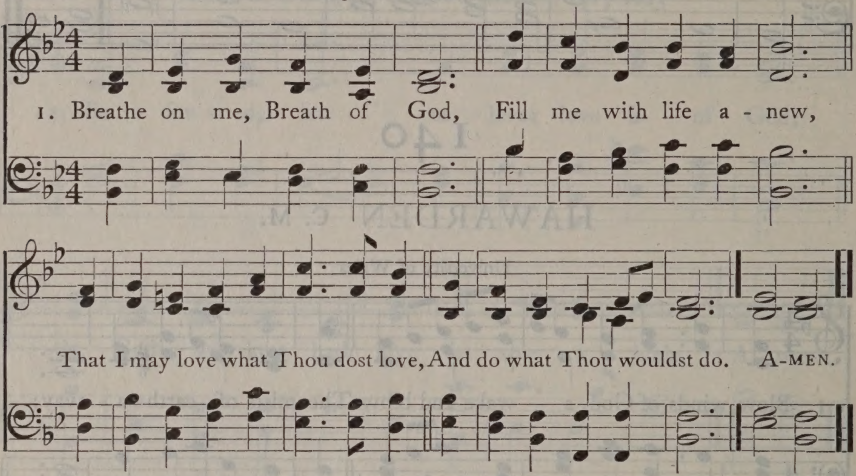
J. G. Whittier, 1807–1892

141

ST. GEORGE S. M.

FIRST TUNE

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876


1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,
That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do. A-MEN.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

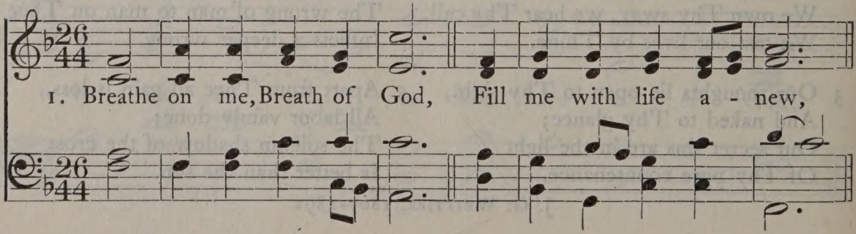
Edwin Hatch, 1835–1889

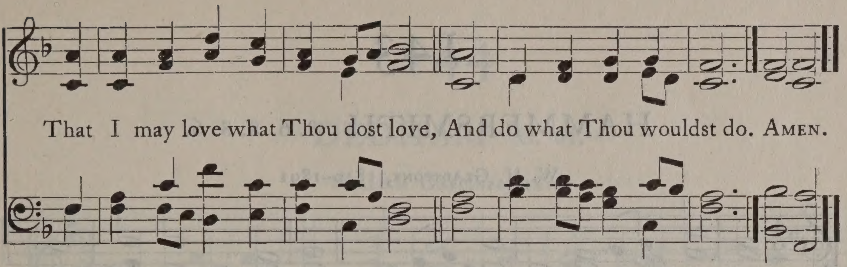
141

RHIW S. M.

SECOND TUNE

University of Wales

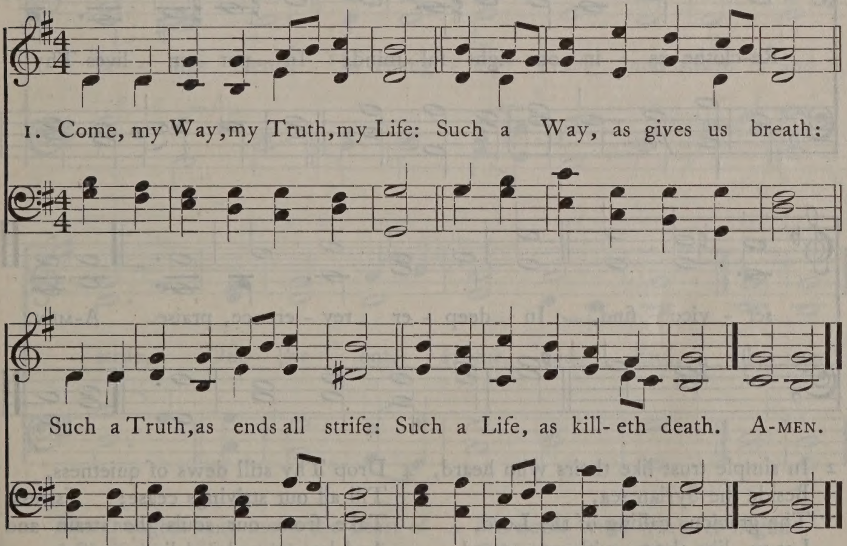

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,


That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do. Amen.

142

OUNDLE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1818–1901. Founded on Orlando Gibbons' anthem: "God is gone up with a merry noise."


1. Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life: Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife: Such a Life, as kill-eth death. A-men.

2 Come, my Light, my Feast, my
Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

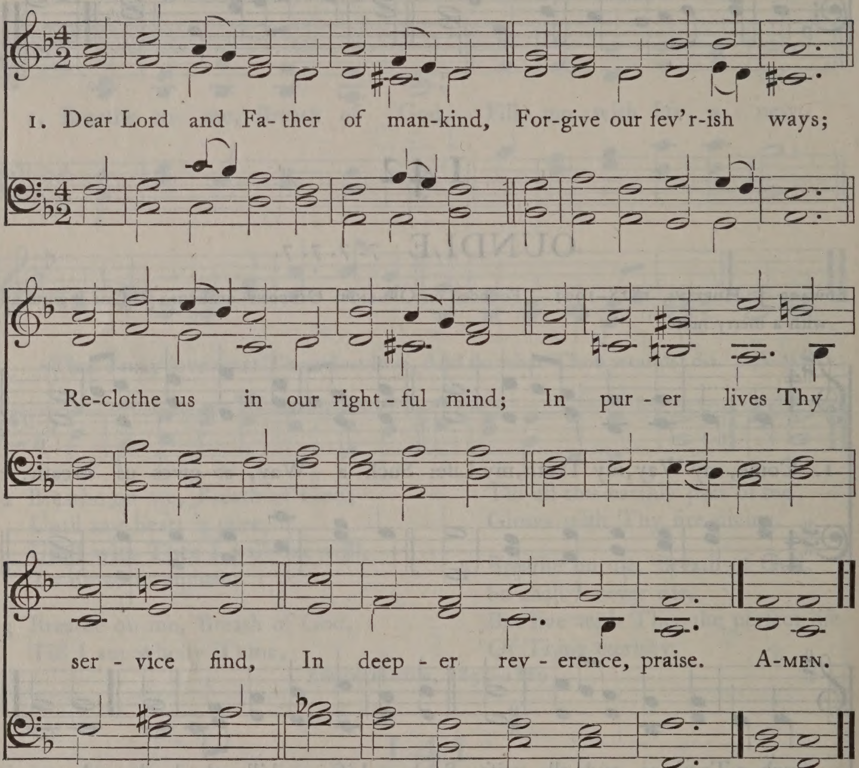
3 Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

George Herbert, 1593–1633

143

HAMMERSMITH 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

W. H. Gladstone, 1840–1891


1. Dear Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, For-give our fev'r-ish ways;
Re-clothe us in our right-ful mind; In pur-er lives Thy
ser-vice find, In deep-er rev-erence, praise. A-men.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

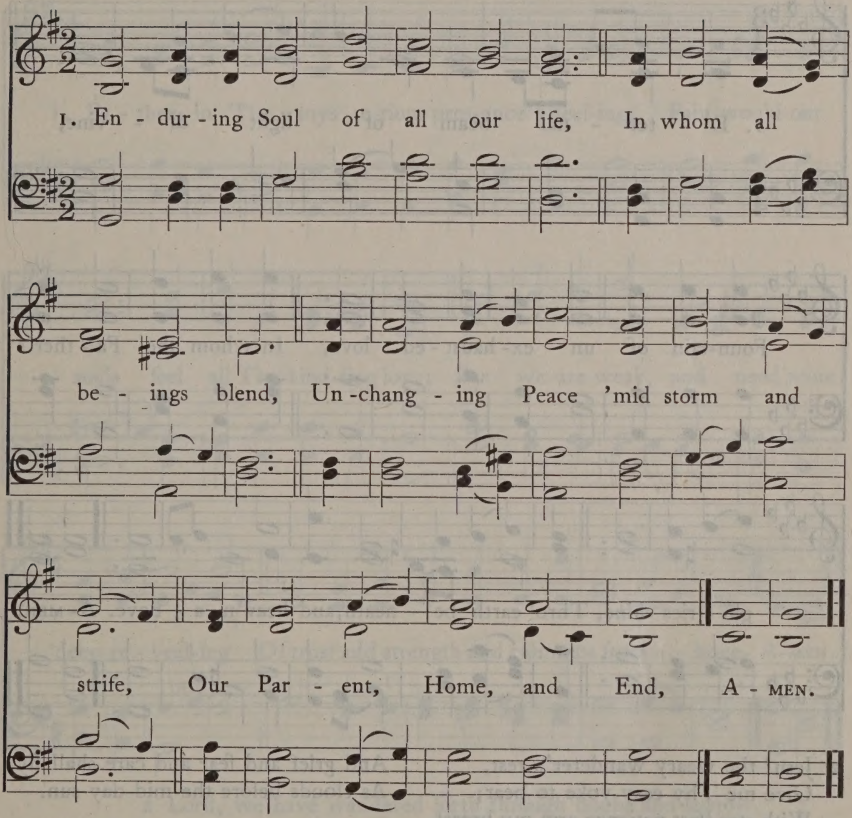
5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm.

John G. Whittier, 1807–1892

144

DEDHAM C. M.

William Gardiner, 1812


1. En - dur - ing Soul of all our life, In whom all
be - ings blend, Un - chang - ing Peace 'mid storm and
strife, Our Par - ent, Home, and End, A - men.

2 The thoughts that move the heart of [man
And lift his soul on high,
The skill that teaches him to plan
With wondrous subtlety,—

3 These are Thy thoughts, Almighty [Mind;
This skill is Thine, O Lord,
Who dost by hidden influence bind
All powers in sweet accord.

4 No noble work was e'er begun
Which came not first from heaven;
No living deed was ever done
Without Thine impulse given.

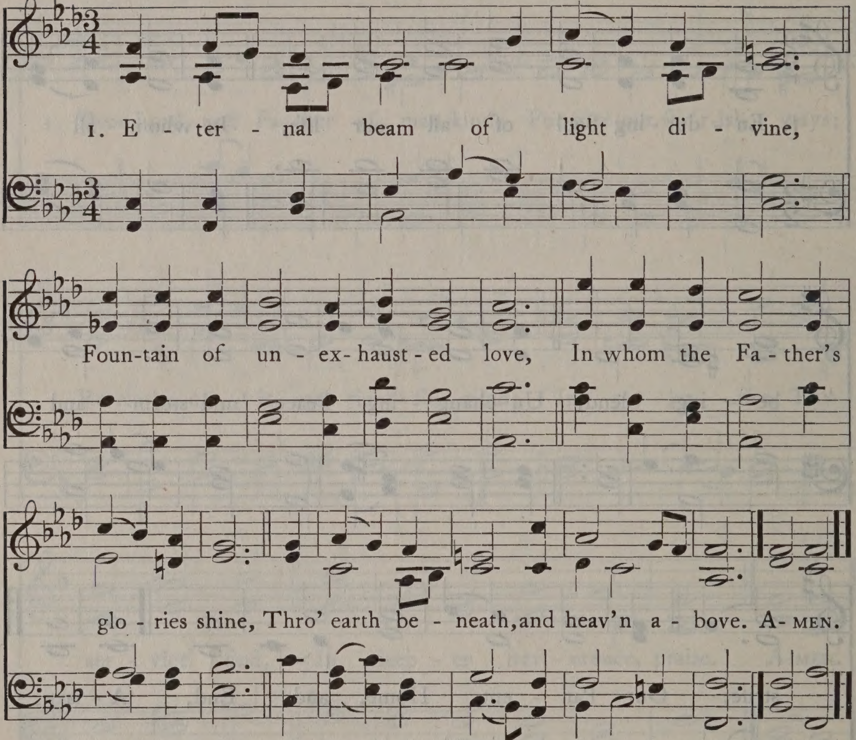
5 O fill us now, Thou Living Power,
With energy divine;
Thus shall our wills from hour to hour
Become not ours, but Thine.

E. Sherman Oakley, 1863–

145

UFFINGHAM L. M.

Jeremiah Clark, c. 1669–1707. Harm., anon.


1. E - ter - nal beam of light di - vine,
Foun-tain of un - ex- haust - ed love, In whom the Fa - ther's
glo - ries shine, Thro' earth be - neath, and heav'n a - bove. A- MEN.

2 Jesu! the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be Thou, O Rock of ages, nigh;
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, peace;
Say to my trembling heart, be still:
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

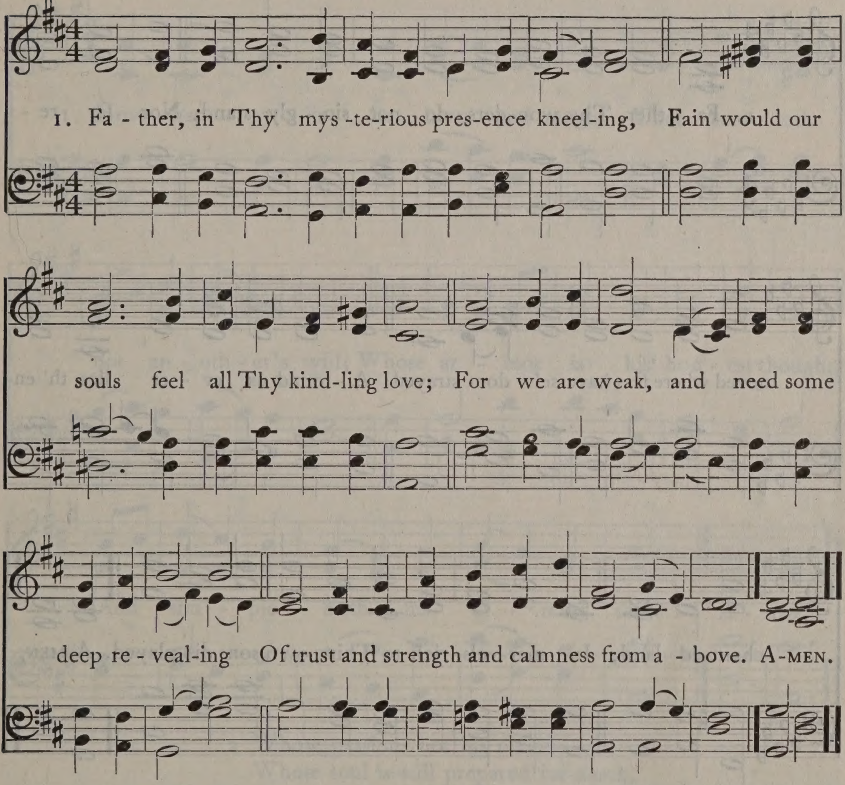
6 O death, where is Thy sting? where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God, or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

146

STRENGTH AND STAY 11. 10. 11. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1823–1876


1. Fa - ther, in Thy mys -te-rious pres-ence kneel-ing, Fain would our
souls feel all Thy kind-ling love; For we are weak, and need some
deep re - veal-ing Of trust and strength and calmness from a - bove. A-MEN.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

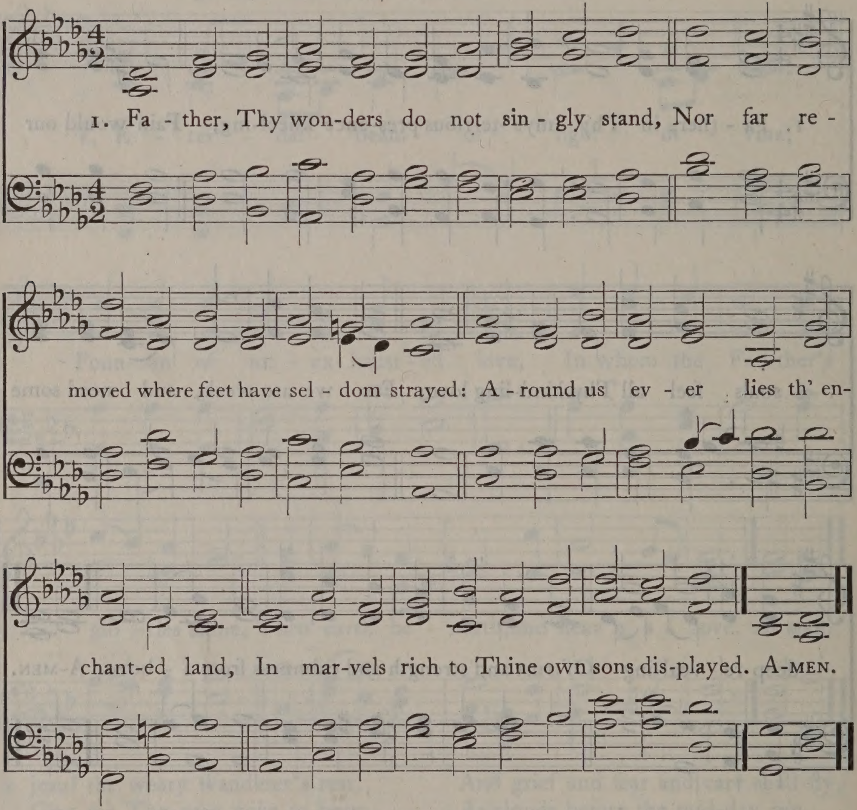
3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love,—
Now make us strong; we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Samuel Johnson, 1822–1882

147

FARLEY CASTLE 10. 10. 10. 10.

Henry Lawes, 1596–1662


1. Fa - ther, Thy won-ders do not sin - gly stand, Nor far re -
moved where feet have sel - dom strayed: A - round us ev - er lies th' en-
chant-ed land, In mar-vels rich to Thine own sons dis-played. A-men.

2 In finding Thee, are all things round us found;
In losing Thee, are all things lost beside.
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

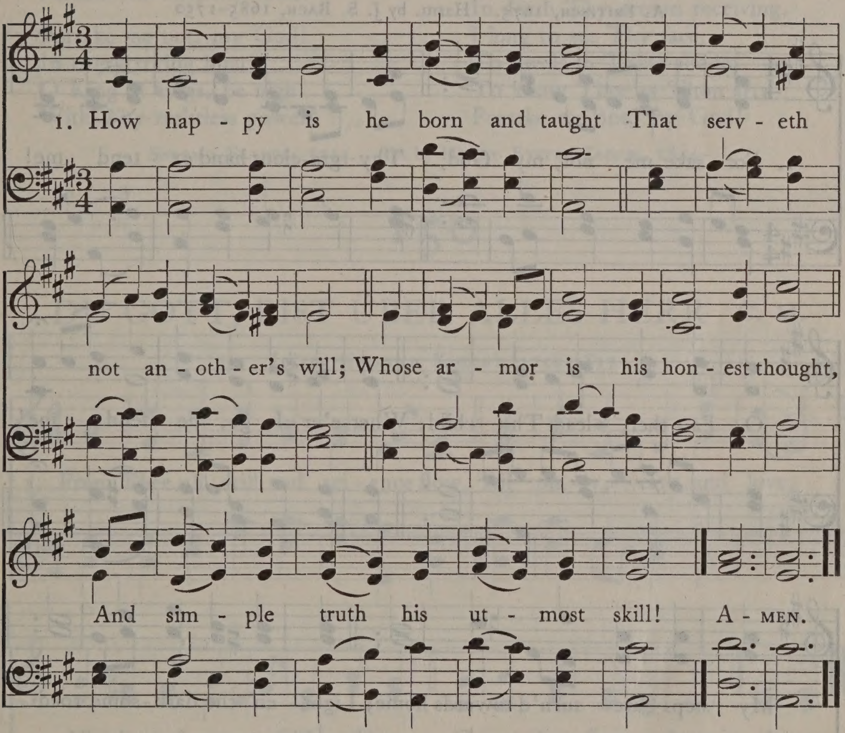
3 Open our eyes that we that world may see,
Open our ears that we Thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel Thy presence with us always near.

Jones Very, 1813–1880

148

WAREHAM (ALL SAINTS) L. M.

William Knapp, 1698–1768


1. How hap - py is he born and taught That serv - eth
not an - oth - er's will; Whose ar - mor is his hon - est thought,
And sim - ple truth his ut - most skill! A - men.

2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

3 Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,—
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

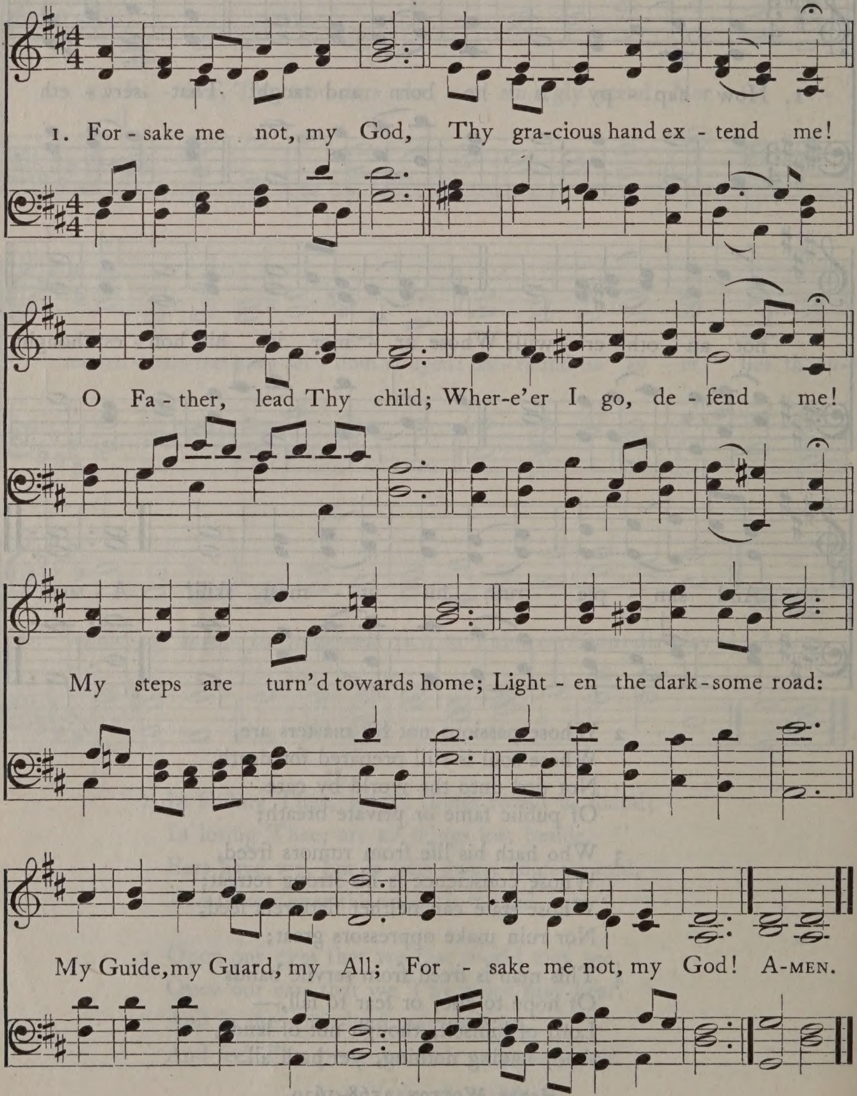
Henry Wotton, 1568–1639

149

O GOTT, DU FROMMER GOTT

6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

A. Fritzsch, 1675. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. For - sake me not, my God, Thy gra-cious hand ex - tend me!
O Fa - ther, lead Thy child; Wher-e'er I go, de - fend me!
My steps are turn'd towards home; Light - en the dark-some road:
My Guide, my Guard, my All; For - sake me not, my God! A-men.

2 Forsake me not, my God!
Restrain, confirm, direct me,
Control my tottering feet,
From sinful falls protect me;
The Holy Spirit grant;
And 'neath the heaviest load,
Be Thou my Strength and Stay;
Forsake me not, my God!

3 Forsake me not, my God!
In every trying hour,
O King of kings, be nigh
With Thy resistless power!
Against the tempter's arts,
Thy mighty aid afford,
That I may never yield;
Forsake me not, my God!

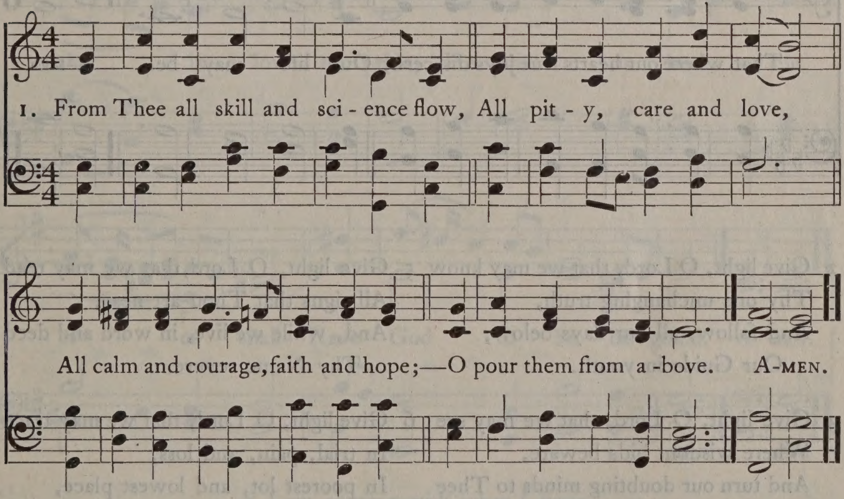
4 Forsake me not, my God!
Help me, Thy Word believing,
To keep through life Thy faith,
In death Thy crown receiving.
I long to see Thy face,
To dwell in Thine abode,
To know Thee as Thou art;
Forsake me not, my God!

Salomo Franck, 1714. Tr. by Henry Eyster Jacobs, 1844–

150

DU GOTT, BIST ÜBER ALLES HERR C. M.

Justin Heinrich Knecht, 1752–1817


1. From Thee all skill and sci - ence flow, All pit - y, care and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope;—O pour them from a -bove. A-MEN.

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health and light and peace;

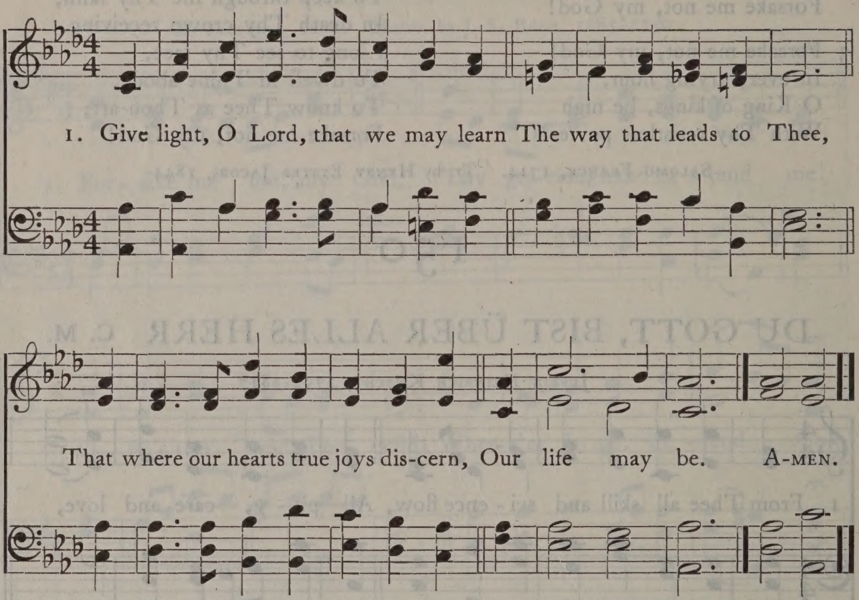
4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

Charles Kingsley, 1819–1875

151

ROTHLEY 8. 6. 8. 4.

JOHN GOSS, 1800–1880


1. Give light, O Lord, that we may learn The way that leads to Thee,
That where our hearts true joys dis-cern, Our life may be. A-MEN.

2 Give light, O Lord, that we may know
Thy one unchanging truth,
And follow, all our days below,
Our Guide in youth.

3 Give light, O Lord, that we may see
Where wisdom bids beware,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee
In faithful prayer.

4 Give light, O Lord, that we may look
Beneath, around, above,
And learn from nature's living book
Thy power and love.

5 Give light, O Lord, that we may read
All signs that Thou art near,
And, while we live, in word and deed
Thy Name revere.

6 Give light, O Lord, that we may trace
In trial, pain, and loss,
In poorest lot, and lowest place,
A Saviour's Cross.

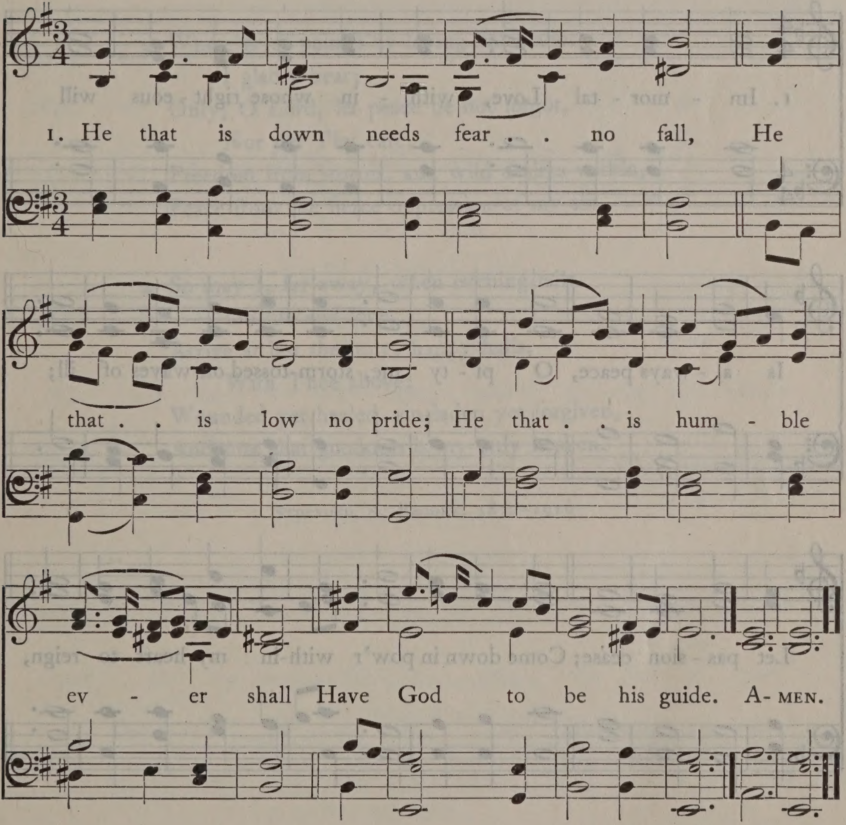
7 Give light, O Lord, that we may see
A home beyond the sky,
Where all who live in Christ with Thee
Shall never die.

L. TUTTIETT, 1825–1897

152

KING'S NORTON C. M.

Jeremiah Clark, c. 1670–1707. Harm. by M. M. Bridges, d. 1894


1. He that is down needs fear . . no fall, He
that . . is low no pride; He that . . is hum - ble
ev - er shall Have God to be his guide. A- men.

2 I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave
Because Thou savest such.

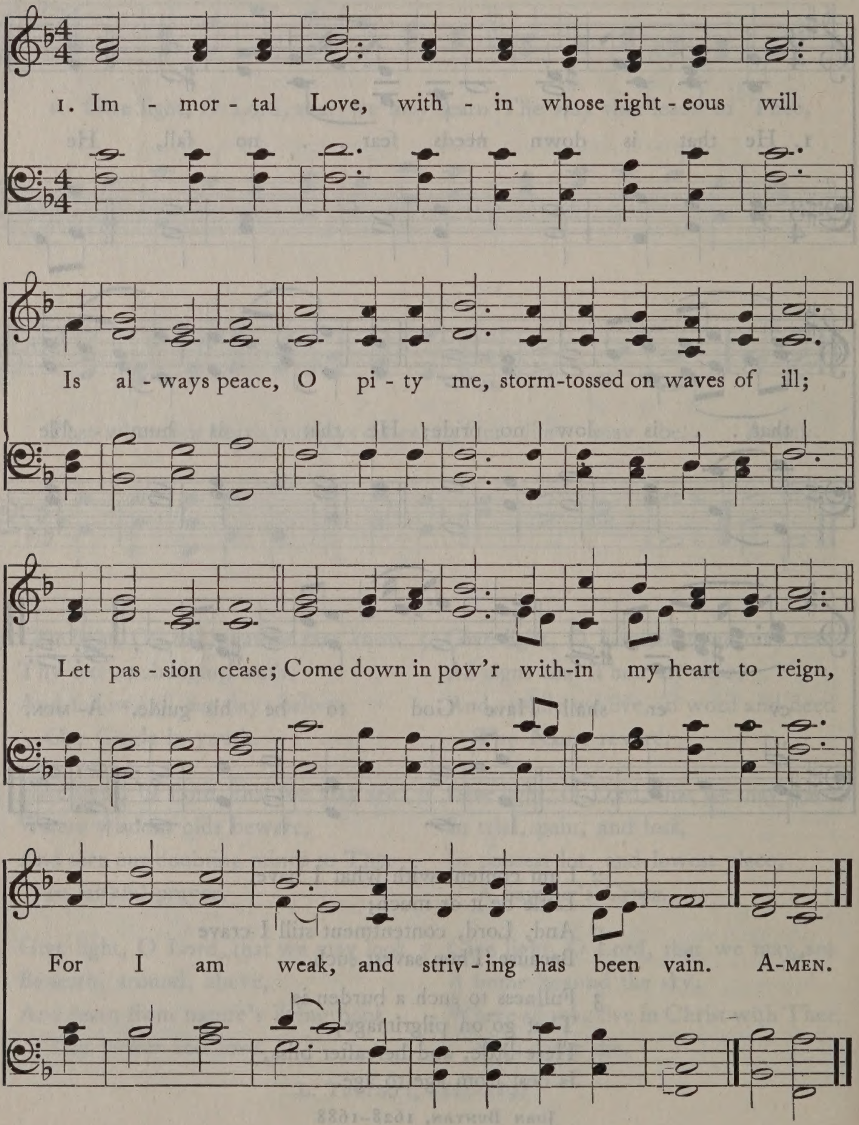
3 Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

John Bunyan, 1628–1688

153

SANDON 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

J. H. Purday, 1799–1865


1. Im - mor - tal Love, with - in whose right - eous will
Is al - ways peace, O pi - ty me, storm-tossed on waves of ill;
Let pas - sion cease; Come down in pow'r with-in my heart to reign,
For I am weak, and striv - ing has been vain. A-men.

2 The days are gone, when far and wide my will
Drove me astray;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way,
Which leads through mists and rocks to Thine abode;
Toiling for man, and Thee, Almighty God.

3 Whate'er of pain Thy loving hand allot
I gladly bear;
Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
Nor yet Thy care,
Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

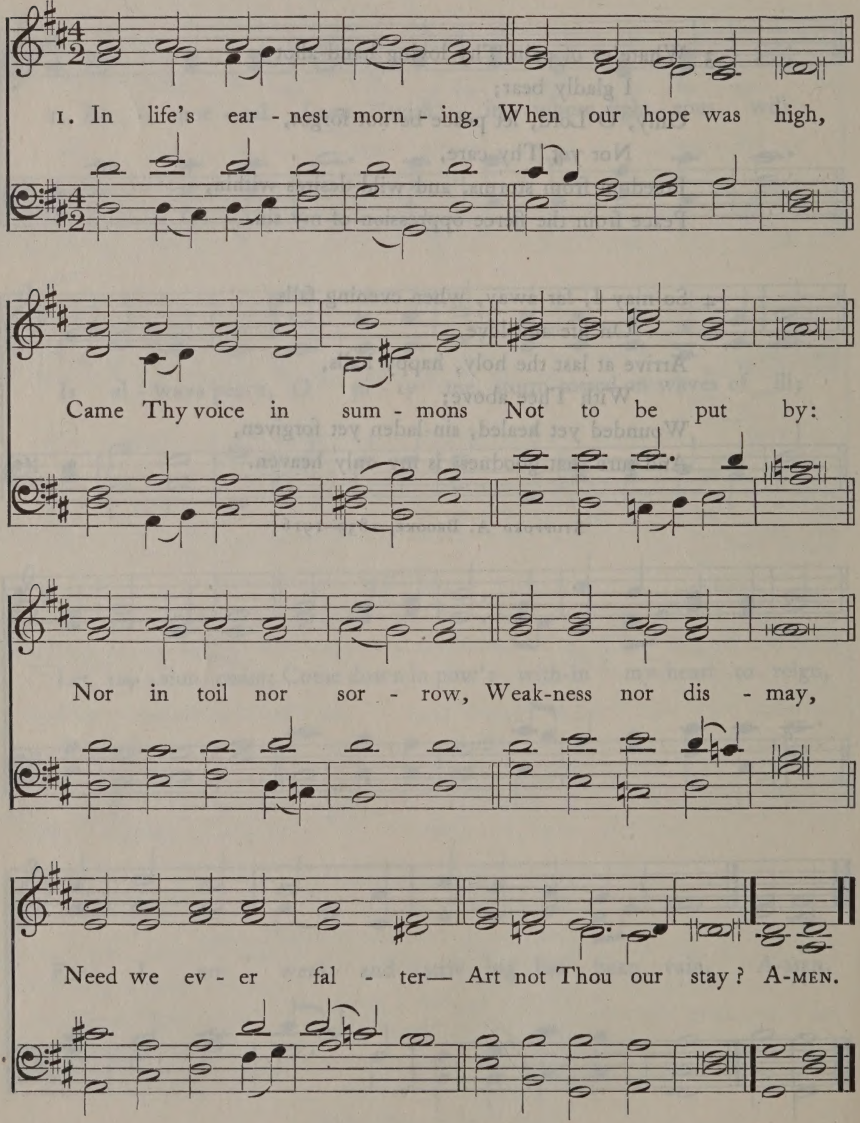
4 So may I, far away, when evening falls
On life and love,
Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
With Thee above;
Wounded yet healed, sin-laden yet forgiven,
And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

Stopford A. Brooke, 1832–1916

154

LAUS TIBI CHRISTE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

From a 14th cent. German processional melody


1. In life's ear - nest morn - ing, When our hope was high,
Came Thy voice in sum - mons Not to be put by:
Nor in toil nor sor - row, Weak-ness nor dis - may,
Need we ev - er fal - ter— Art not Thou our stay? A-MEN.

2 Teach us, Lord, Thy wisdom,
While we seek men's lore;
May the mind be humbled
As we know Thee more;
Let the larger vision
Bring the childlike heart,
And our deeper knowledge
Holier zeal impart.

3 Should our faith be palsied
By the touch of doubt,
Should our hearts grow empty,
Faithless, undevout,
Lord, in mercy lead us
To our springs in Thee,
Where are healing waters
Plentiful and free.

4 Should Thy face be clouded
To our spirits' sight,
Speak through human kindness,
Shine through nature's light,
In the face of loved ones,
In the ties of home—
Only, gracious Father,
To Thy children come.

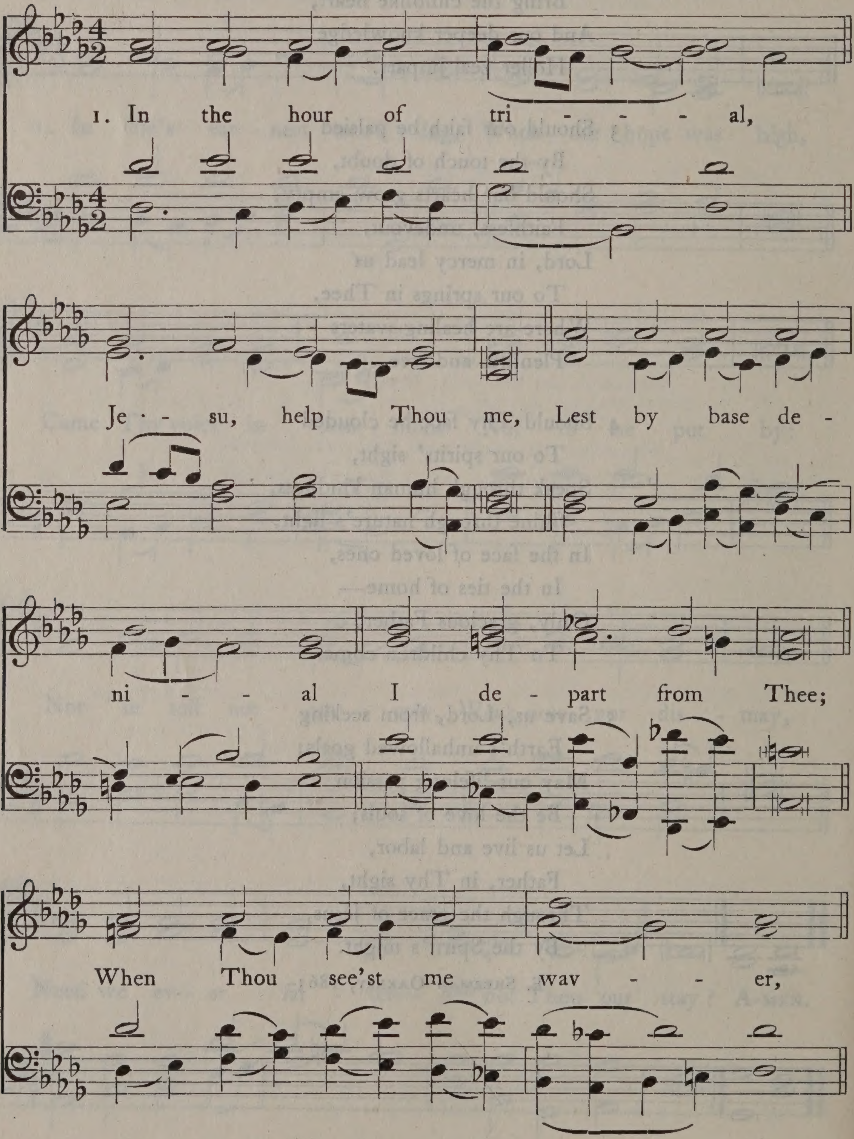
5 Save us, Lord, from seeking
Earth's unhallowed goals;
May our lifelong passion
Be the love of souls;
Let us live and labor,
Father, in Thy sight,
Through the grace of Jesus,
By the Spirit's might.

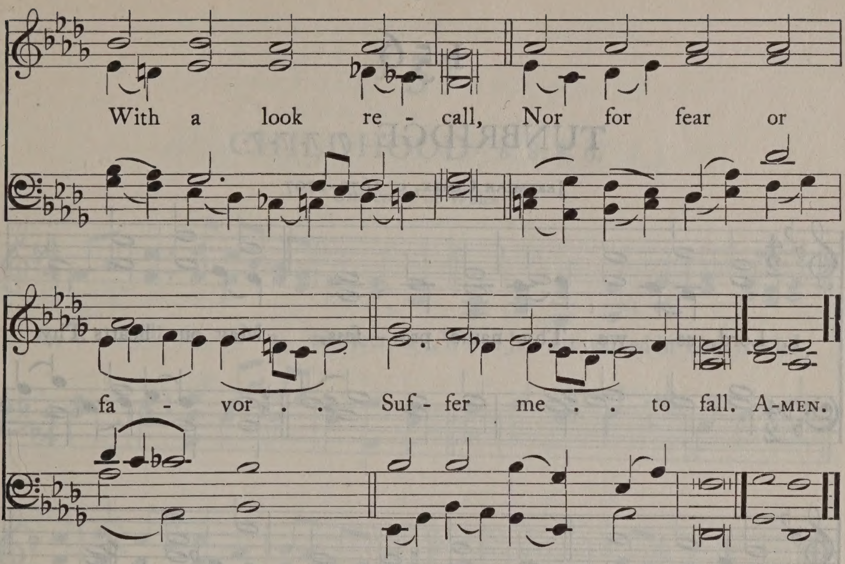
E. Sherman Oakley, 1863–

155

O WIR ARMEN SÜNDER (Abridged) 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Gantz Newe Geystliche Teutsche Hymnus, 1527. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. In the hour of tri - - - al,
Je - - su, help Thou me, Lest by base de -
ni - - al I de - part from Thee;
When Thou see'st me wav - - er,


With a look re - call, Nor for fear or
fa - vor . . Suf - fer me . . to fall. A-MEN.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe,
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

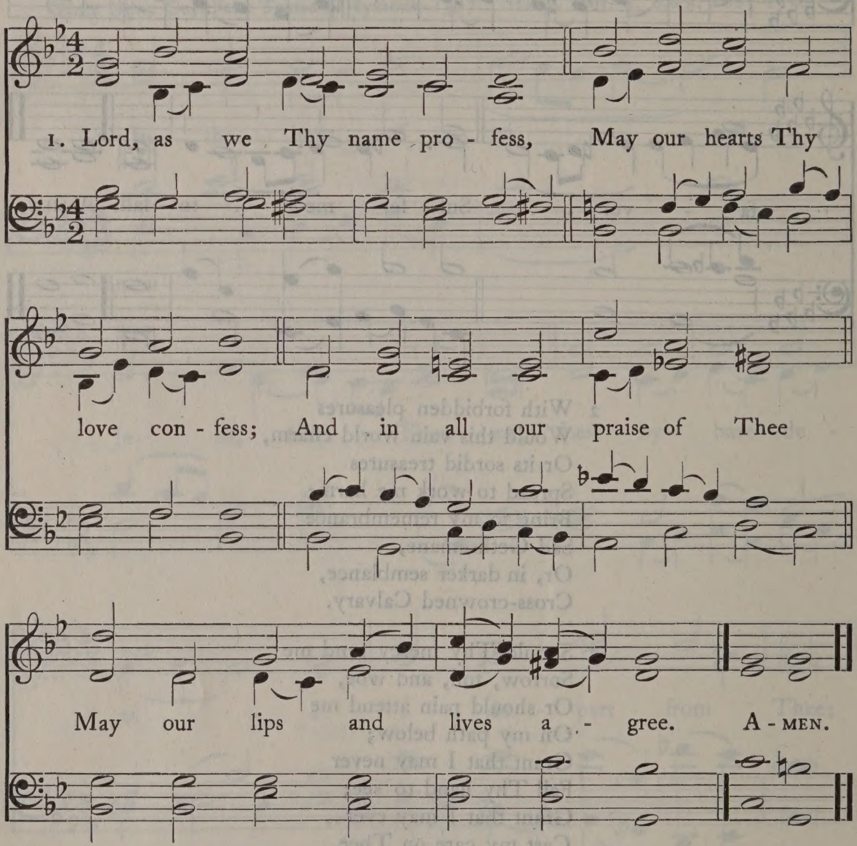
4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy Truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesu, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854. Alt.

156

TUNBRIDGE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Jeremiah Clark, c. 1670–1707


1. Lord, as we Thy name pro - fess, May our hearts Thy
love con - fess; And in all our praise of Thee
May our lips and lives a - gree. A - men.

2 Make us resolute to do
What Thou showest to be true;
Make us hate and shun the ill,
Loyal to Thy holy will.

3 May Thy yoke be meekly worn,
May Thy cross be bravely borne;
Make us patient, gentle, kind,
Pure in life and heart and mind.

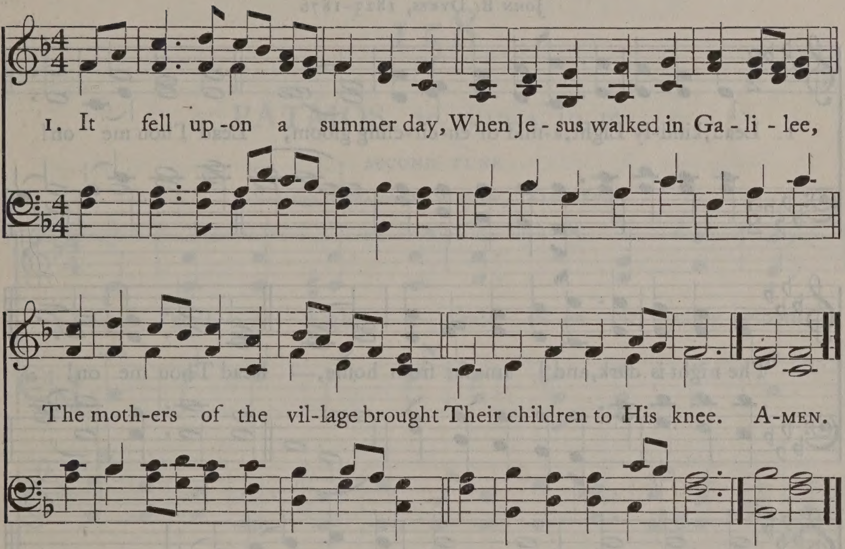
4 Gracious Saviour, heavenly Friend,
On Thy grace our souls depend;
Let that grace our needs supply
While we live and when we die.

Edwin P. Parker, 1890

157

CHILDHOOD 8. 8. 8. 6.

University of Wales


1. It fell up-on a summer day, When Je-sus walked in Ga-li-lee,
The moth-ers of the vil-lage brought Their children to His knee. A-MEN.

2 He took them in His arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
"Suffer these little ones to come
To Me," He gently said.

3 "Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childlike heart your hearts within,
Unto My kingdom ye may come
But may not enter in."

4 Master, I fain would enter there;
O let me follow Thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

5 Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self,
Build up my life, good Lord.

6 All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart Thine Heaven.

7 Oh, happy thus to live and move!
And, sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, His love,
His good in all mankind.

8 Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
Love giving, strong to heal.

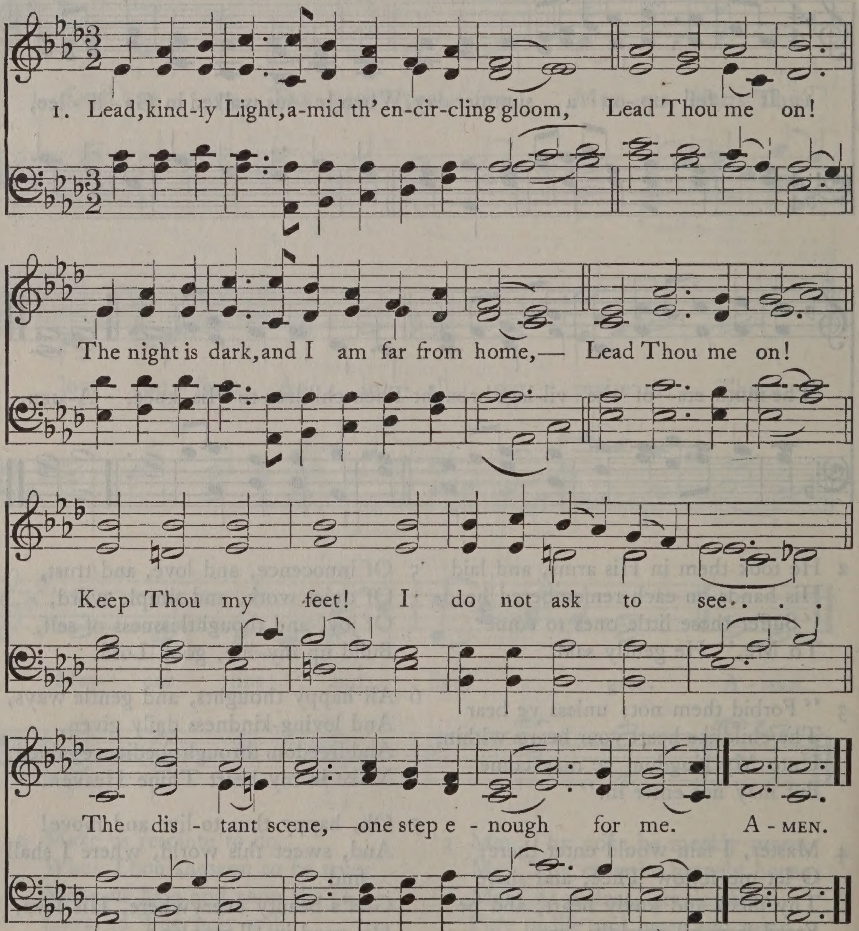
Stopford A. Brooke, 1832–1916

158

LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10

FIRST TUNE

John B. Dykes, 1823–1876


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,— Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see . . . .
The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me. A - men.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years!

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

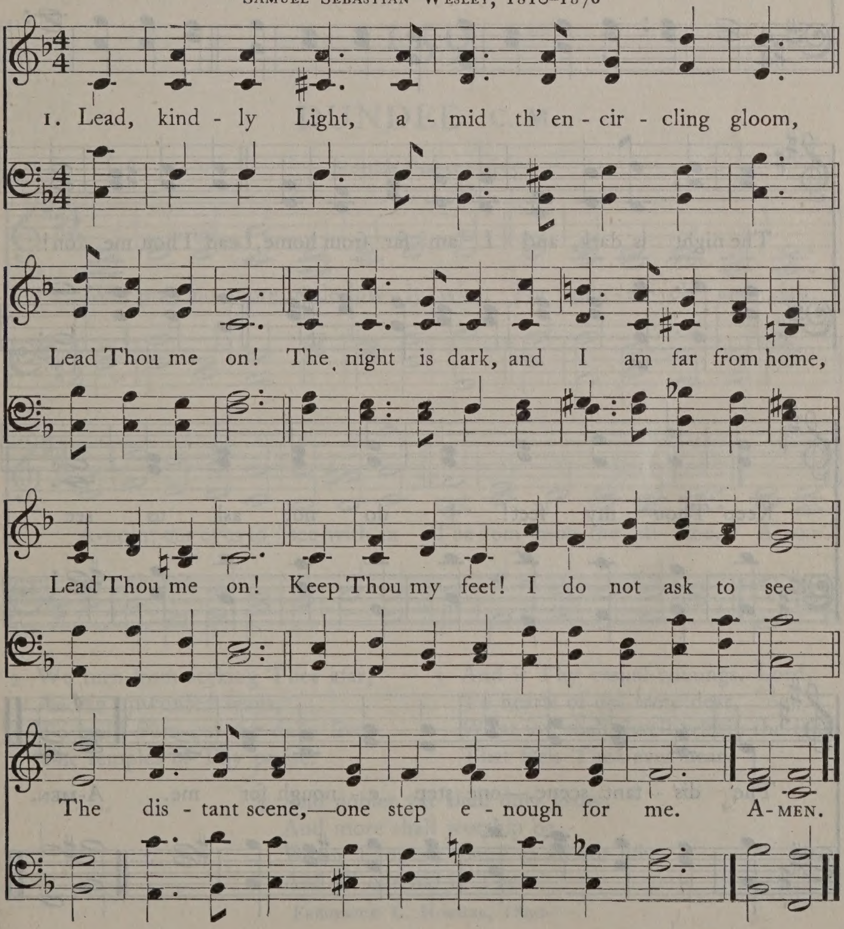
John H. Newman, 1801-1890

158

PATMOS 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

SECOND TUNE

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810-1876

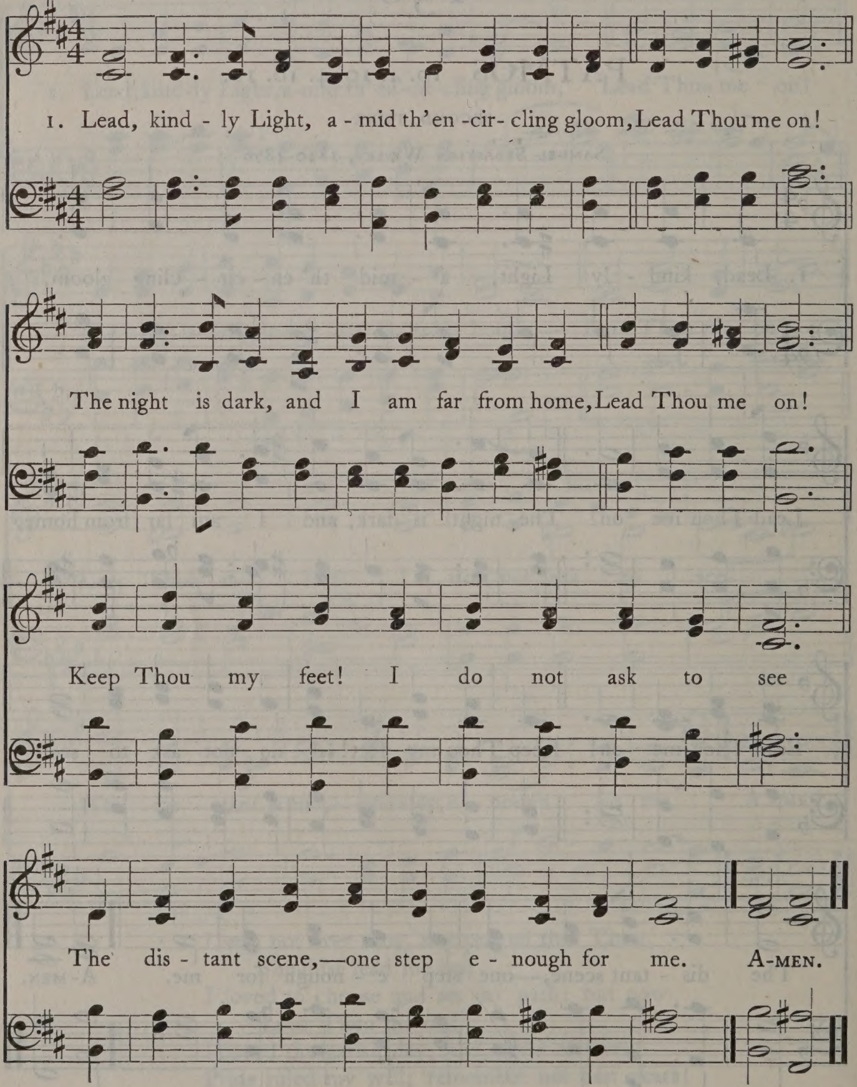

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom,
Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me. A-men.

158

YATTENDON NO. 11 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10

THIRD TUNE

Harry Ellis Wooldridge, 1845–1917. Phrygian Mode


1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en -cir- cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.
A-MEN.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years!

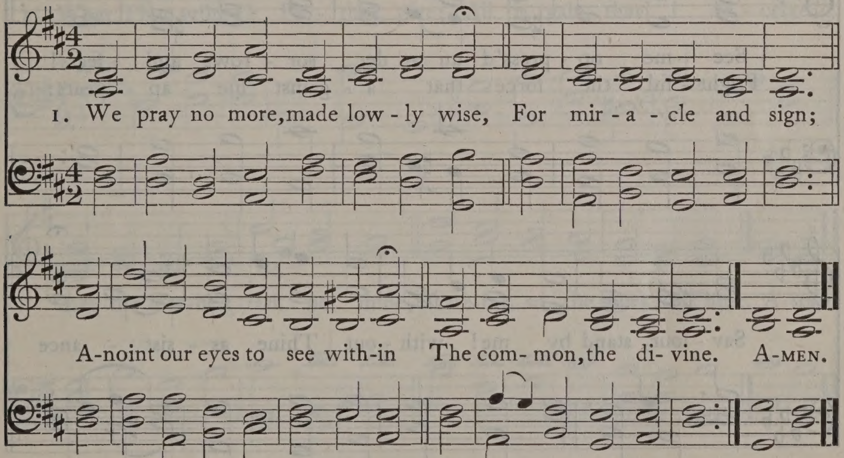
3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John H. Newman, 1801–1890

159

DUNDEE C. M.

Scottish Psalter, 1615


1. We pray no more, made low - ly wise, For mir - a - cle and sign;
A-noint our eyes to see with-in The com- mon, the di- vine. A-men.

2 We turn from seeking Thee afar,
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of Thy praise.

3 And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels Thee ever near!

4 And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

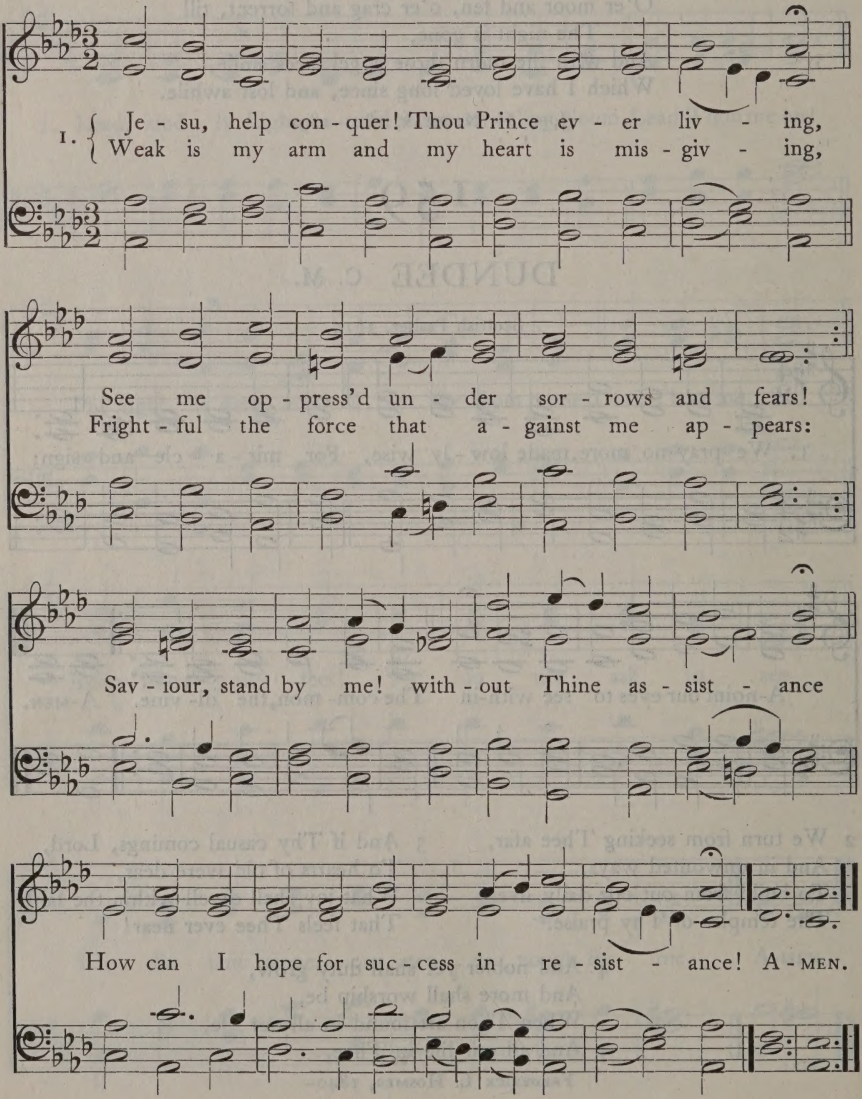
Frederick L. Hosmer, 1840–

160

JESU, HILF SIEGEN, DU FÜRSTE DES LEBENS

11. 10. 11. 10. 11. 11.

Darmstadt Hymn Book, 1698


1. Je - su, help con - quer! Thou Prince ev - er liv - ing,
Weak is my arm and my heart is mis - giv - ing,
See me op - press'd un - der sor - rows and fears!
Fright - ful the force that a - gainst me ap - pears:
Sav - iour, stand by me! with - out Thine as - sist - ance
How can I hope for suc - cess in re - sist - ance! A - MEN.

2 Jesu, help conquer! when sin that's indwelling,
Selfishness, envy, or pride I discern;
When I to slav'ry my passions am feeling,
When with my ruin my weakness I learn,
Longer compliance, O help me deny it!
Sin, with its strength, by Thy cross crucify it.

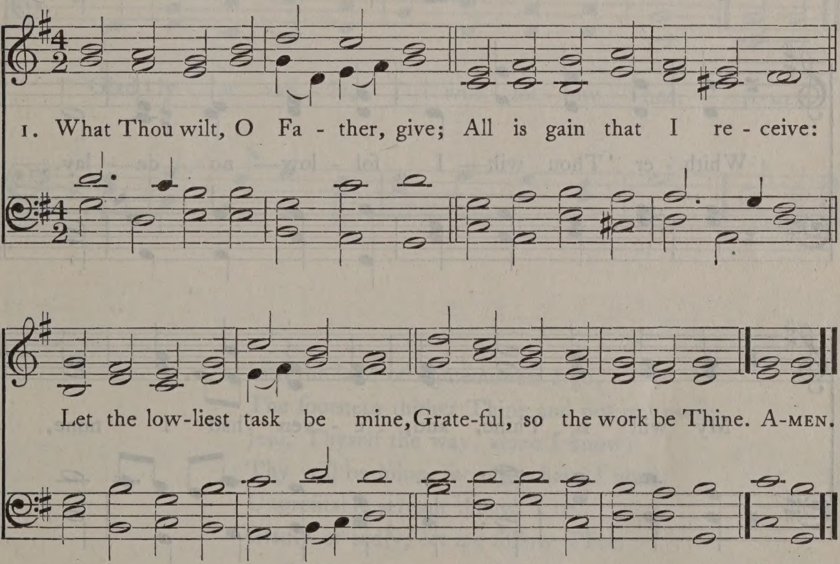
Johann Heinrich Schroeder, 1667–1699. Tr. in Mill's "Horae Germanicae"

161

OHNE RAST UND UNVERWEILT (VIENNA)

7. 7. 7. 7.

Justin H. Knecht, 1752–1817


1. What Thou wilt, O Fa - ther, give; All is gain that I re - ceive:
Let the low-liest task be mine, Grate-ful, so the work be Thine. A-men.

2 If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

3 Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;

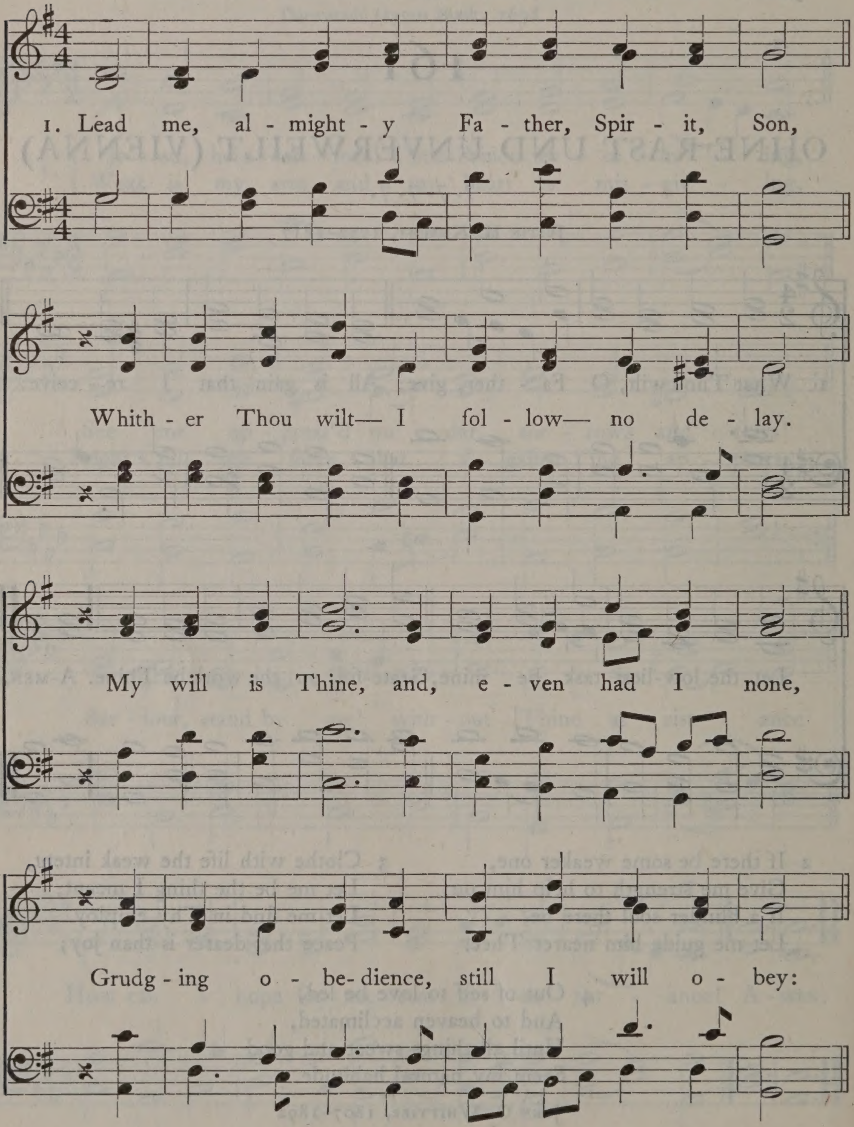
4 Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

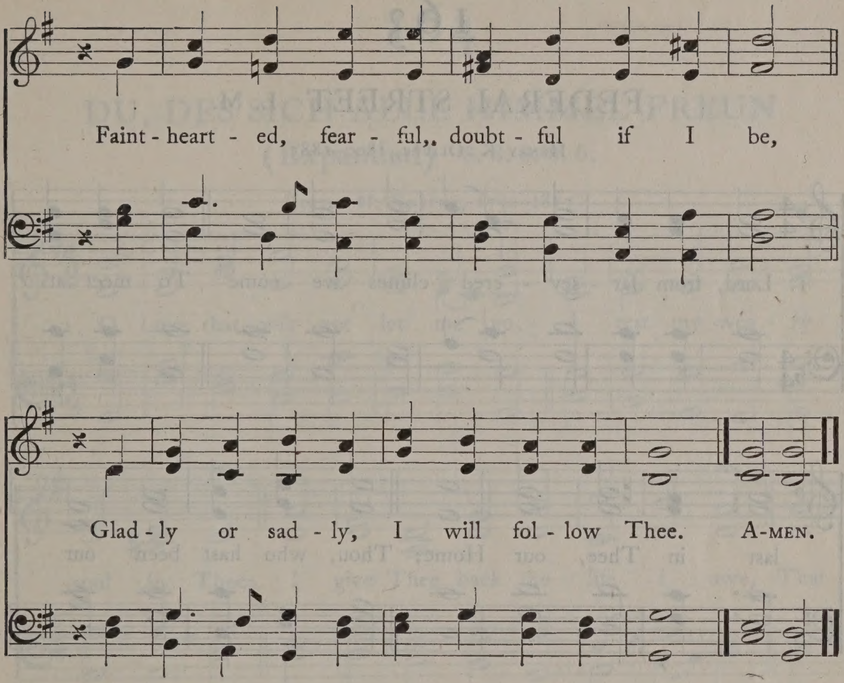
John G. Whittier, 1807–1892

162

SONG 1 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583–1625. Harm. by FREDERICK A. G. OUSELEY, 1825–1889


1. Lead me, al - might - y Fa - ther, Spir - it, Son,
Whith - er Thou wilt— I fol - low— no de - lay.
My will is Thine, and, e - ven had I none,
Grudg - ing o - be- dience, still I will o - bey:


Faint - heart - ed, fear - ful,, doubt - ful if I be,
Glad - ly or sad - ly, I will fol - low Thee. A-MEN.

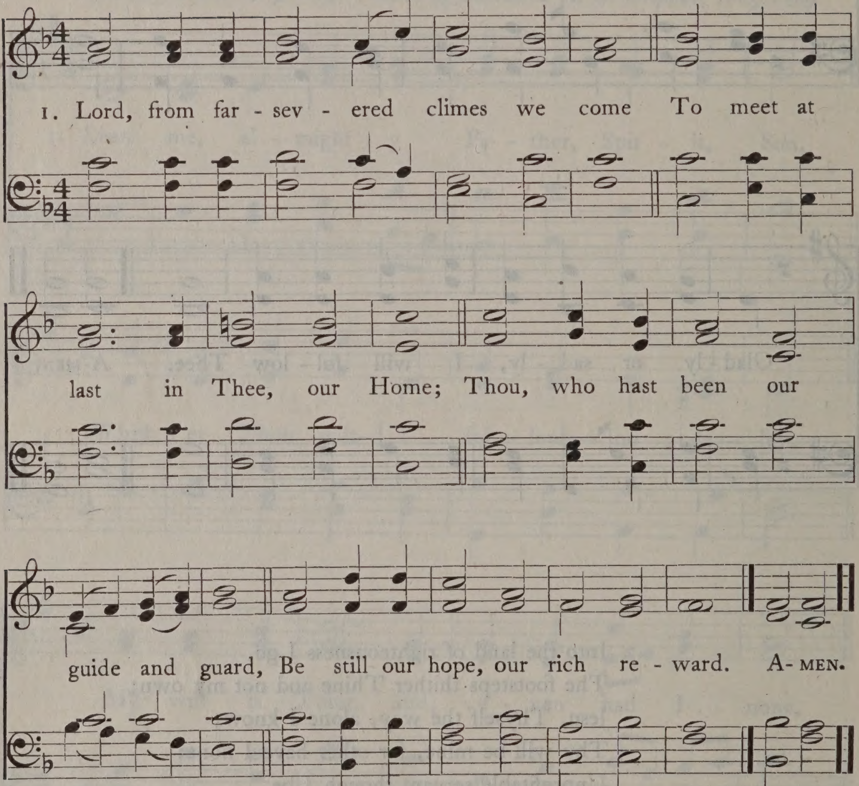
2 Into the land of righteousness I go,
The footsteps thither Thine and not my own;
Jesu, Thyself the way, alone I know;
Thy will be mine, for other have I none:
Unprofitable servant though I be,
Gladly or sadly, let me follow Thee.

WILLIAM STUBBS, 1825–1901

163

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1800–1885


1. Lord, from far - sev - ered climes we come To meet at
last in Thee, our Home; Thou, who hast been our
guide and guard, Be still our hope, our rich re - ward. A- men.

2 Defend us, Lord, from every ill,
Strengthen our hearts to do Thy will;
In all we plan and all we do
Still keep us to Thy service true.

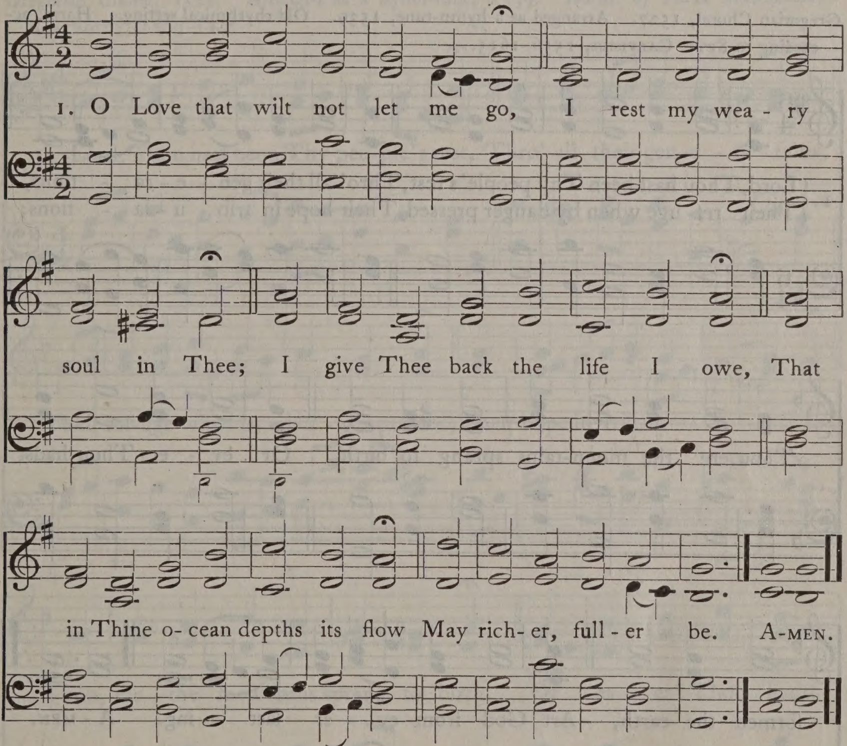
3 Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!
Open our eyes and make us see
The path which leads to heaven and Thee!

John Hay, 1838–1905. Abr.

164

DU, DES SICH ALLE HIMMEL FREUN
(Expanded) 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Justin H. Knecht, 1752–1817


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
in Thine o- cean depths its flow May rich- er, full - er be. A-MEN.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson, 1842–1906

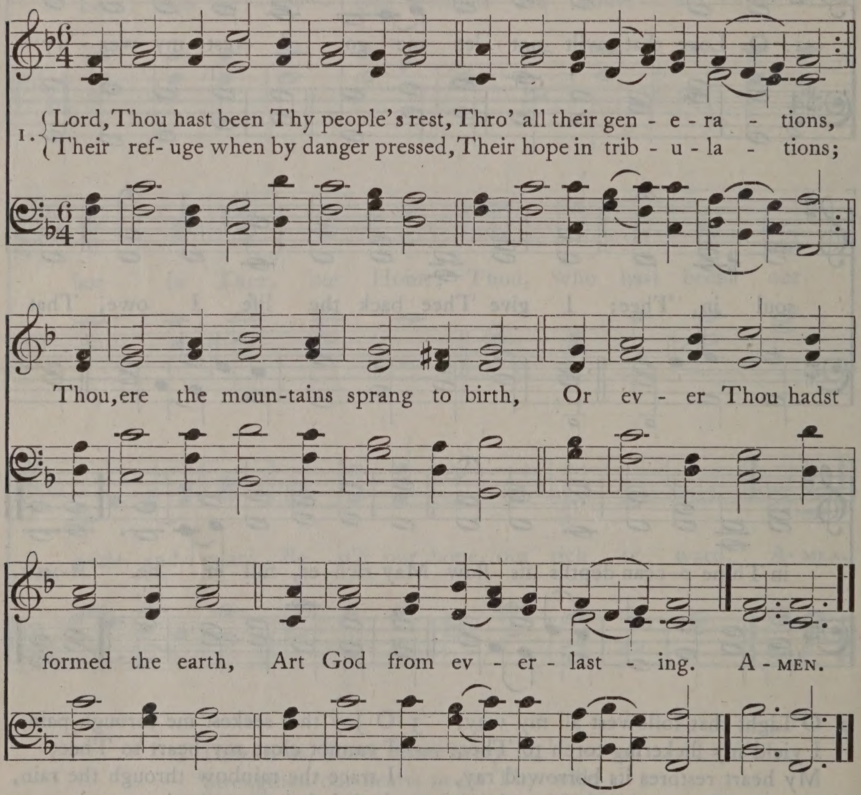
165

ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH' SEI EHR'

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

FIRST SETTING

Gregorian Choral, 1527. Arranged as a hymn-tune, 1539. Old rhythmical setting. Harm. according to SETH CALVISIUS, 1556–1615.


1. Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's rest, Thro' all their gen - e - ra - tions,
Their ref- uge when by danger pressed, Their hope in trib - u - la - tions;
Thou, ere the moun-tains sprang to birth, Or ev - er Thou hadst
formed the earth, Art God from ev - er - last - ing. A - MEN.

2 Lord, teach us so to mark our days
That we may prize them duly;
So guide our feet in wisdom's ways,
That we may love Thee truly.
Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,
And with Thy goodness, as of old,
O satisfy us early!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854. Ps. 90

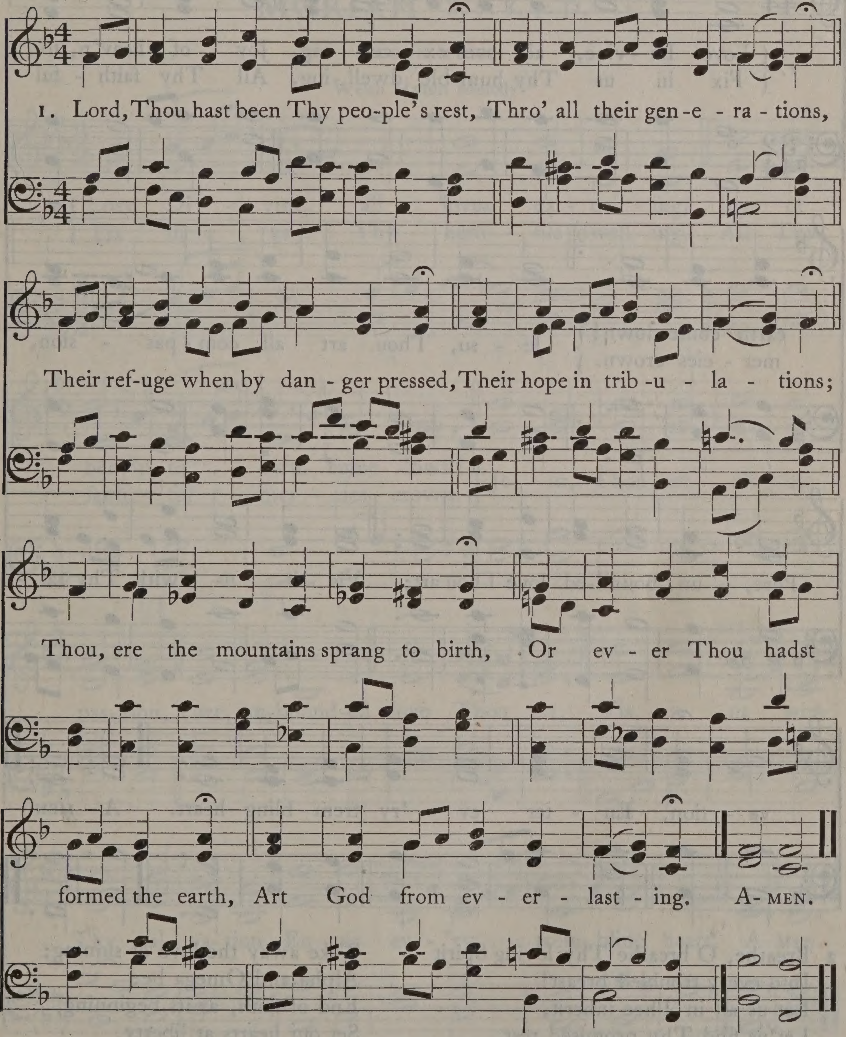
165

ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH' SEI EHR'

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

SECOND SETTING

Gregorian Choral, 1527. Arranged as a hymn-tune, 1539. Harm. by **Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy**, 1809–1847

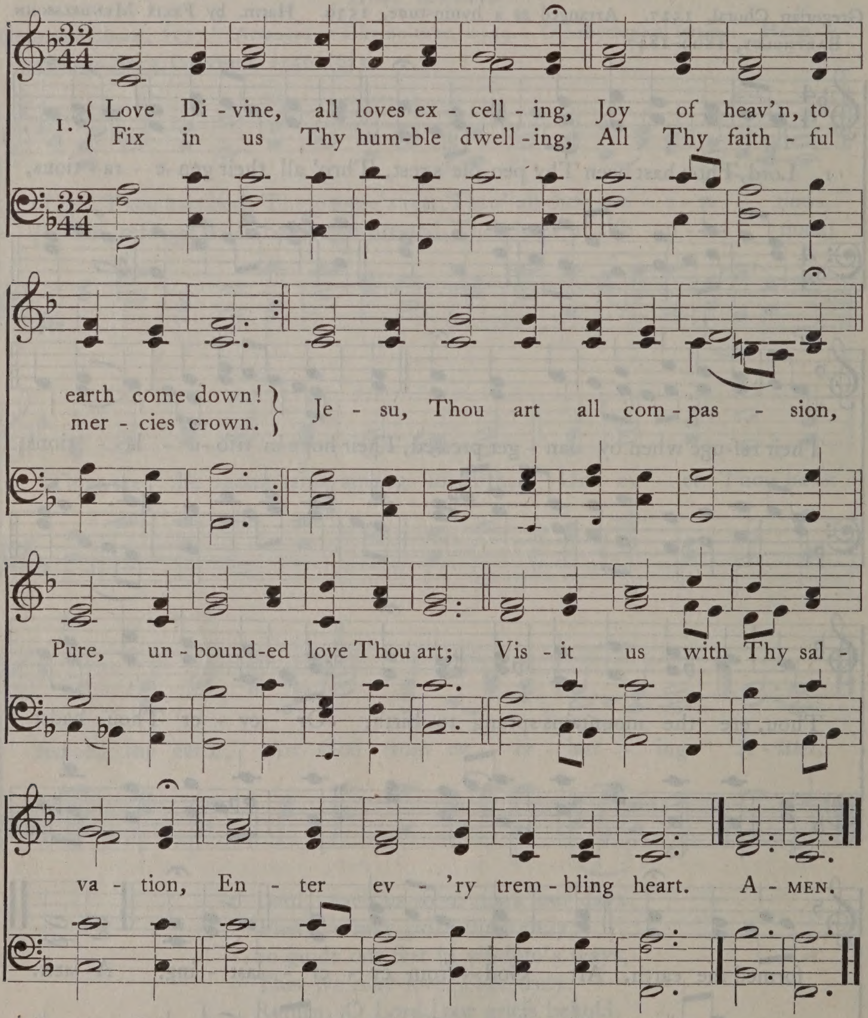

1. Lord, Thou hast been Thy peo-ple's rest, Thro' all their gen-e-ra-tions,
Their ref-uge when by dan-ger pressed, Their hope in trib-u-la-tions;
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth, Or ev-er Thou hadst
formed the earth, Art God from ev-er-last-ing. A-MEN.

166

O DU LIEBE MEINER LIEBE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

FIRST TUNE

From Johann G. Ebeling, 1666. Moravian Choral Book, 1784


1. Love Di-vine, all loves ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Je-su, Thou art all com-pas-sion,
Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion,
En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
A-MEN.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Graciously return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

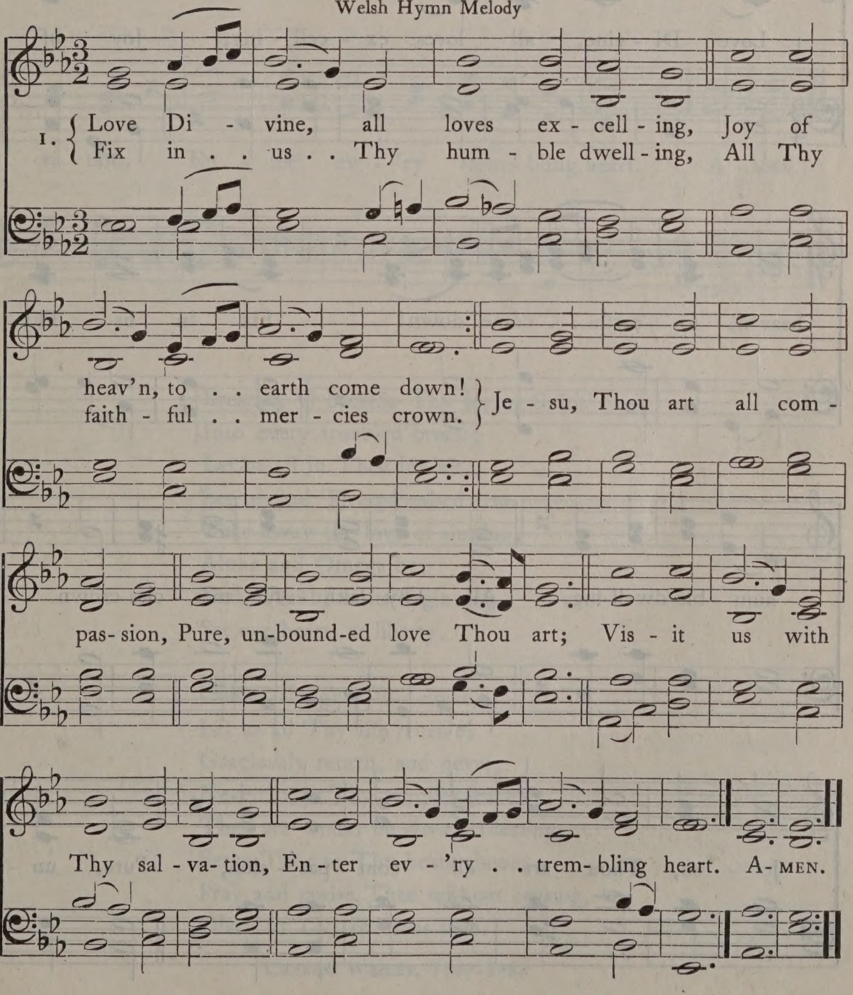
Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

166

MORIAH 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

SECOND TUNE

Welsh Hymn Melody


1. { Love Di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to . . earth come down!
Fix in . . us . . Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful . . mer - cies crown. }
Je - su, Thou art all com - pas- sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va- tion, En - ter ev - 'ry . . trem- bling heart. A- MEN.

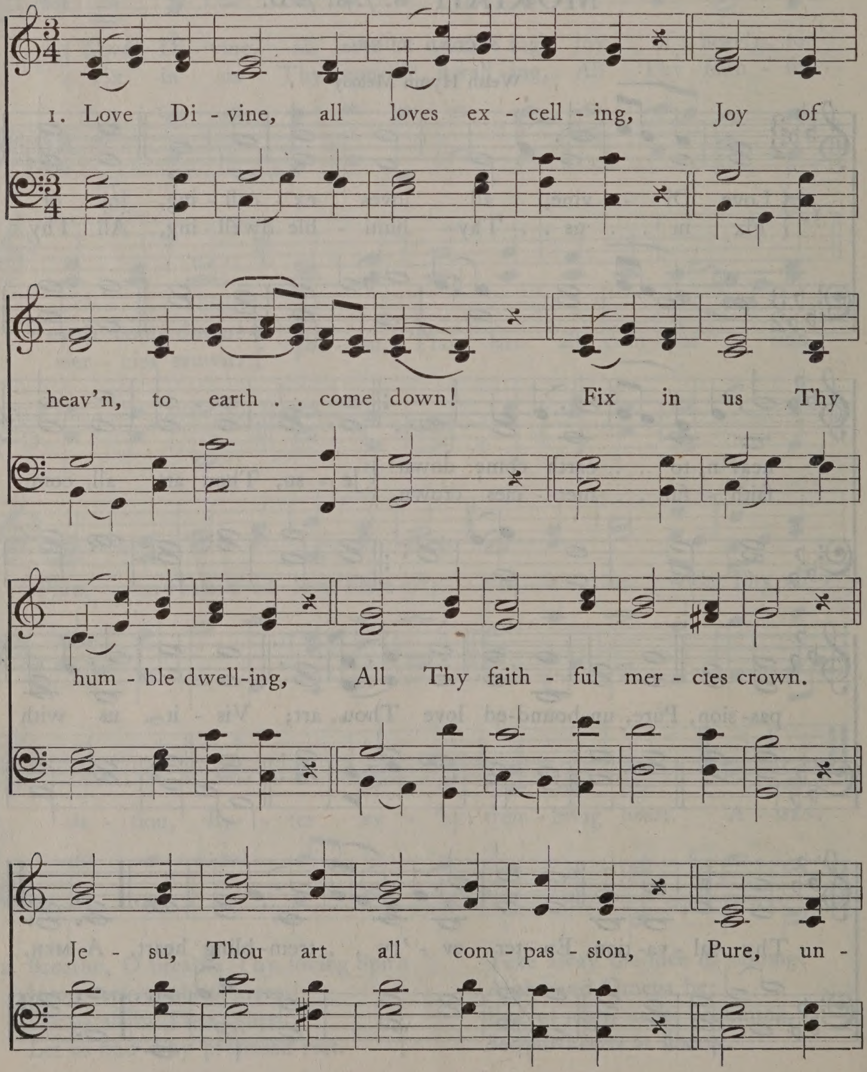
166

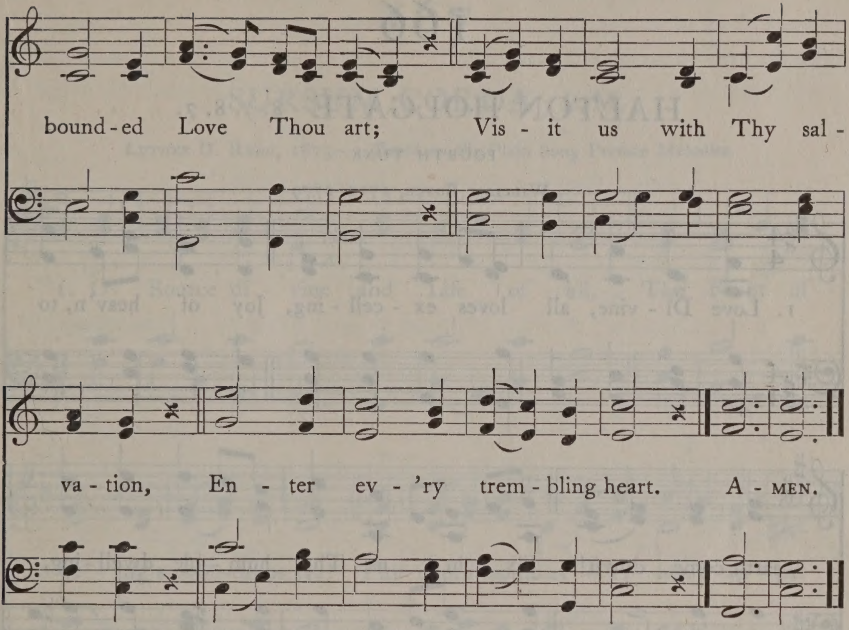
LIEBLICH, DUNKEL, SANFT UND STILLE

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

THIRD TUNE

Johann Walther, d. 1820


1. Love Di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of
heav'n, to earth . . come down! Fix in us Thy
hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Je - su, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un -


bound - ed Love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal -
va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart. A - MEN.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Graciously return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

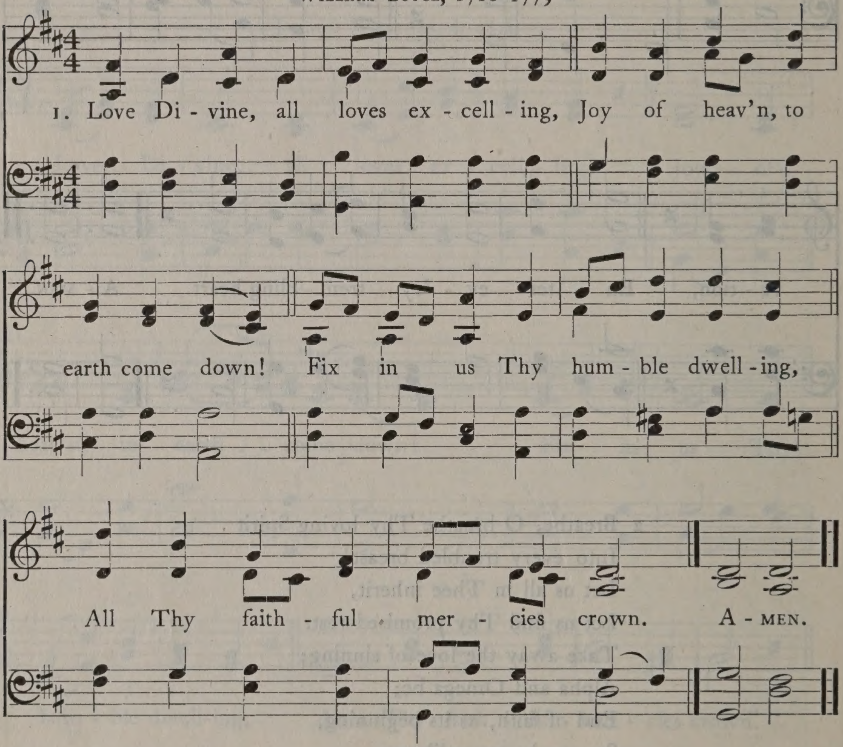
Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

166

HALTON HOLGATE 8. 7. 8. 7.

FOURTH TUNE

William Boyce, 1710–1779


1. Love Di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to
earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing,
All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
A - MEN.

2 Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

3 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.

4 Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

5 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Graciously return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

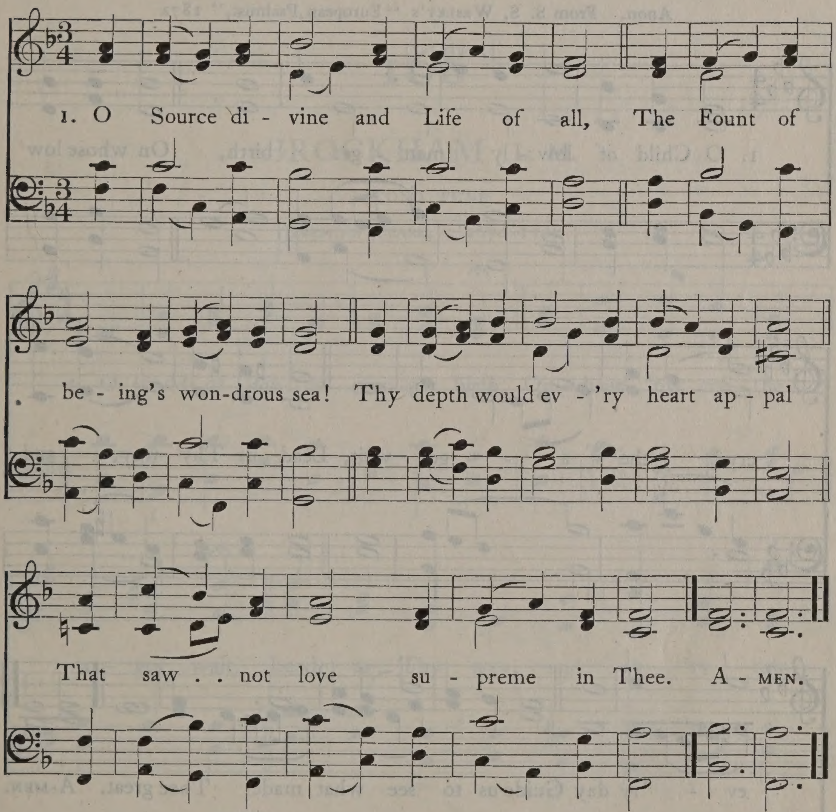
6 Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

167

SURSUM CORDA L. M.

Luther D. Reed, 1873–. Based on the Plain Song Preface Melodies


1. O Source di - vine and Life of all, The Fount of
be - ing's won-drous sea! Thy depth would ev - 'ry heart ap - pal
That saw . . not love su - preme in Thee. A - MEN.

2 We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood:
We know Thee truly but in this,—
That Thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.

4 Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only Guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy creature's erring will,
And teach his heart to love Thy law.

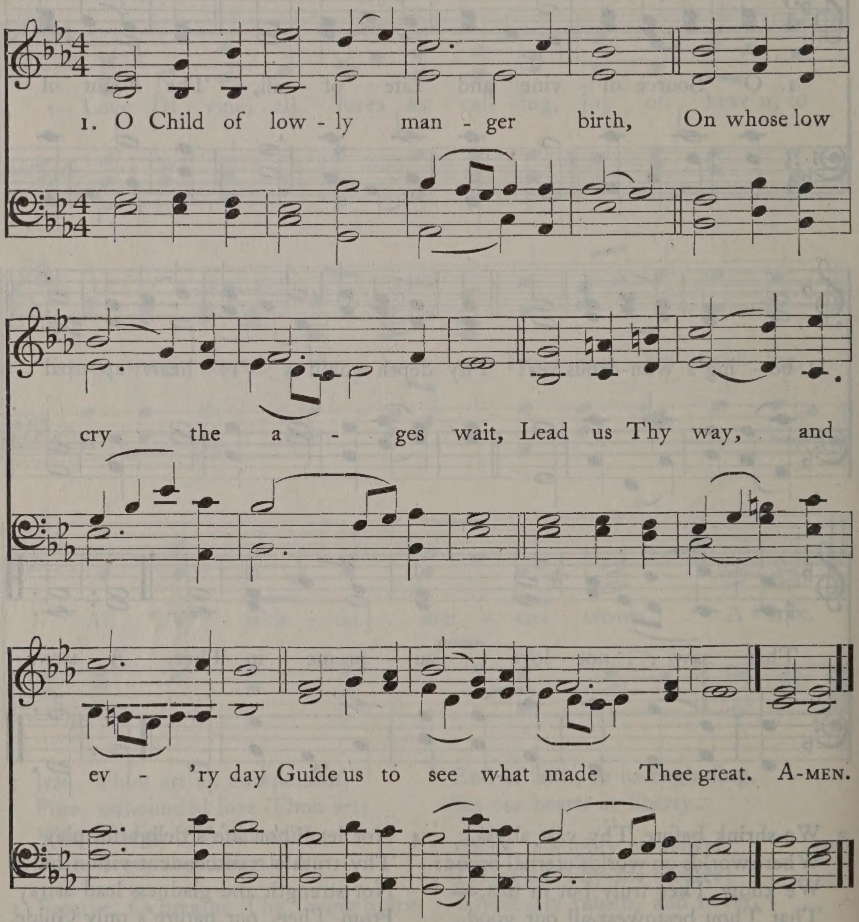
John Sterling, 1806–1844

168

WELLS L. M.

FIRST TUNE

Anon. From S. S. Wesley's "European Psalmist," 1872


1. O Child of low - ly man - ger birth, On whose low
cry the a - ges wait, Lead us Thy way, and
ev - 'ry day Guide us to see what made Thee great. A-MEN.

2 O Jesu, Youth of Nazareth,
Preparing for the bitter strife,
Wilt Thou impart to every heart
Thy perfect purity of life?

3 O Christ whose words make dear the fields
And hillsides green of Galilee,
Grant us to find, with reverent mind,
The truth Thou saidst should make us free.

4 O suffering Lord on Calvary,
Whom love led on to mortal pain,
We know Thy cross is not a loss
If we Thy love shall truly gain.

5 O Master of abundant life
From natal morn to victory's hour,
We look to Thee; heed Thou our plea,
Teach us to share Thy ageless power.

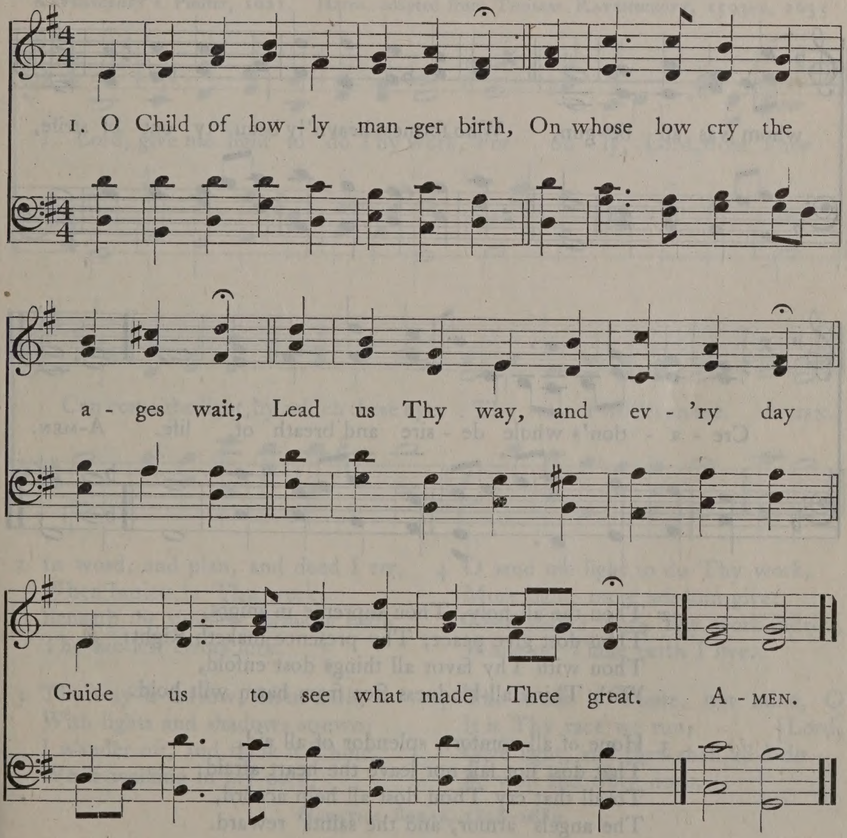
FERDINAND Q. BLANCHARD, 1872-

168

BROCKHAM L. M.

SECOND TUNE

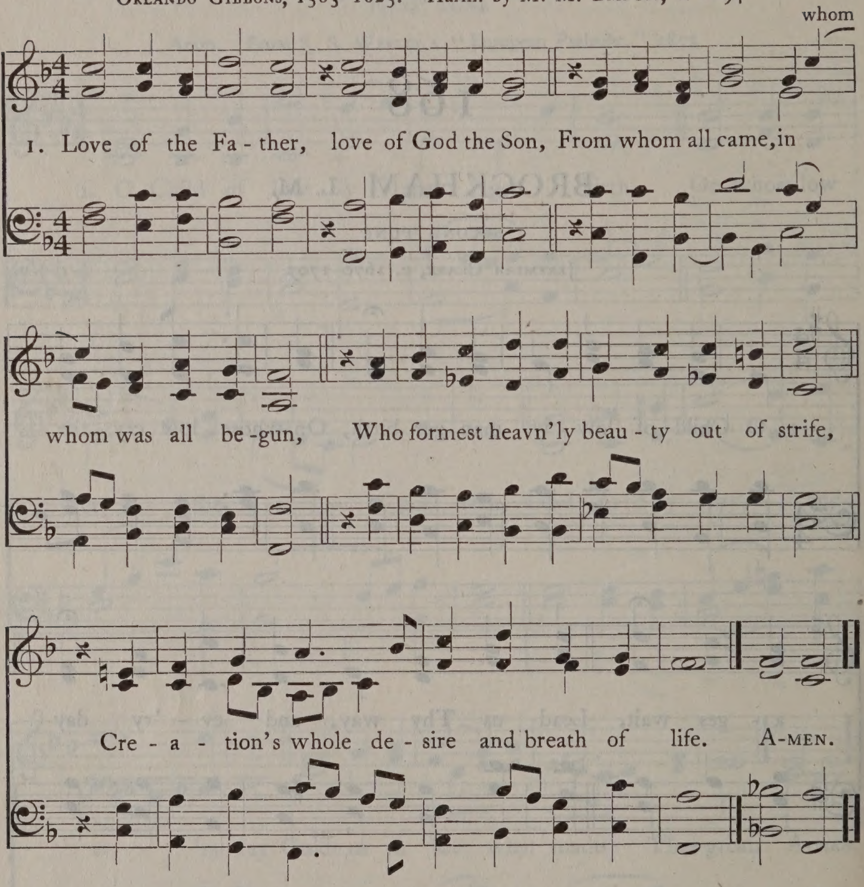
JEREMIAH CLARK, c. 1670–1707


1. O Child of low - ly man - ger birth, On whose low cry the
a - ges wait, Lead us Thy way, and ev - 'ry day
Guide us to see what made Thee great. A - MEN.

169

SONG 22 10. 10. 10. 10.

Orlando Gibbons, 1583–1625. Harm. by M. M. Bridges, d. 1894


1. Love of the Fa - ther, love of God the Son, From whom all came, in whom
whom was all be - gun, Who formest heavn'ly beau - ty out of strife,
Cre - a - tion's whole de - sire and breath of life. A-men.

2 Thou the all-holy, Thou supreme in might,
Thou dost give peace, Thy presence maketh Right:
Thou with Thy favor all things dost enfold,
With Thine all-kindness free from harm wilt hold.

3 Hope of all comfort, splendor of all aid,
That dost not fail nor leave the heart afraid:
To all that cry Thou dost all help accord,
The angels' armor, and the saints' reward.

4 Purest and highest, wisest and most just,
There is no truth save only in Thy trust:
Thou dost the mind from earthly dreams recall,
And bring through Christ to Him, for whom are all.

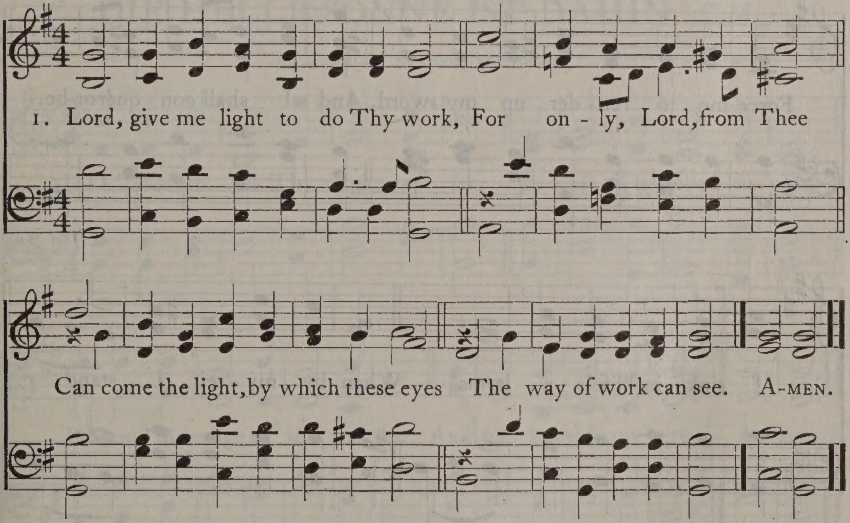
5 Eternal glory, all men Thee adore,
Who art and shalt be worshipped evermore.
Us whom Thou madest, comfort with Thy might,
And lead us to enjoy Thy heavenly light.

Anon., 14th cent.? Trans., Yattendon Hymnal, 1899

170

ABBEY C. M.

Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621. Harm. adapted from Thomas Ravenscroft, 1593–c. 1635


1. Lord, give me light to do Thy work, For on - ly, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes The way of work can see. A-men.

2 In word, and plan, and deed I err,
When busiest in Thy work;
Beneath the simplest forms of truth
The subtlest errors lurk.

3 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn;
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.

4 O send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give;
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

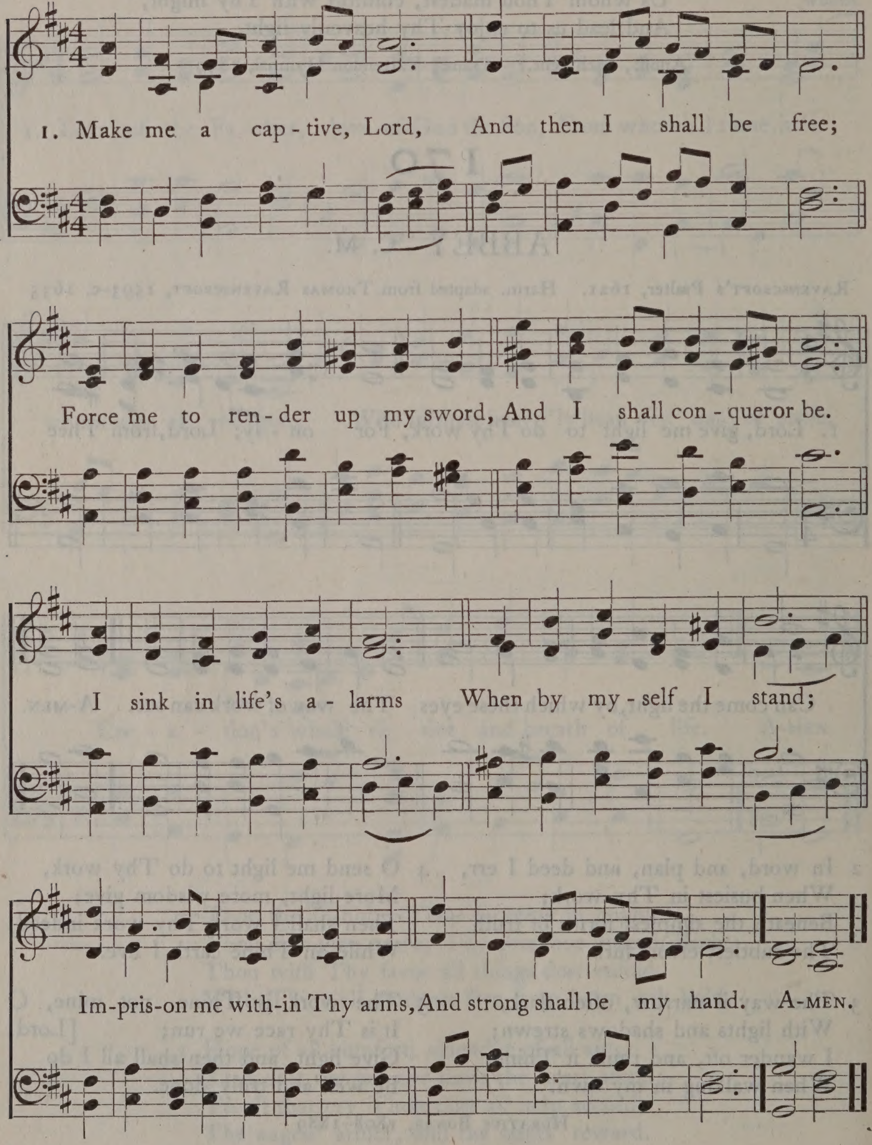
5 The work is Thine, not mine, O [Lord;
It is Thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–1889

171

ICH HALTE TREULICH STILL S. M. D.

Attributed to J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. Make me a cap - tive, Lord, And then I shall be free;
Force me to ren - der up my sword, And I shall con - queror be.
I sink in life's a - larms When by my - self I stand;
Im-pris-on me with-in Thy arms, And strong shall be my hand. A-men.

2 My heart is weak and poor
Until it master find;
It has no spring of action sure,
It varies with the wind:
It cannot freely move
Till Thou hast wrought its chain;
Enslave it with Thy matchless love,
And deathless it shall reign.

3 My power is faint and low
Till I have learned to serve,
It wants the needed fire to glow,
It wants the breeze to nerve;
It cannot drive the world
Until itself be driven;
Its flag can only be unfurled
When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

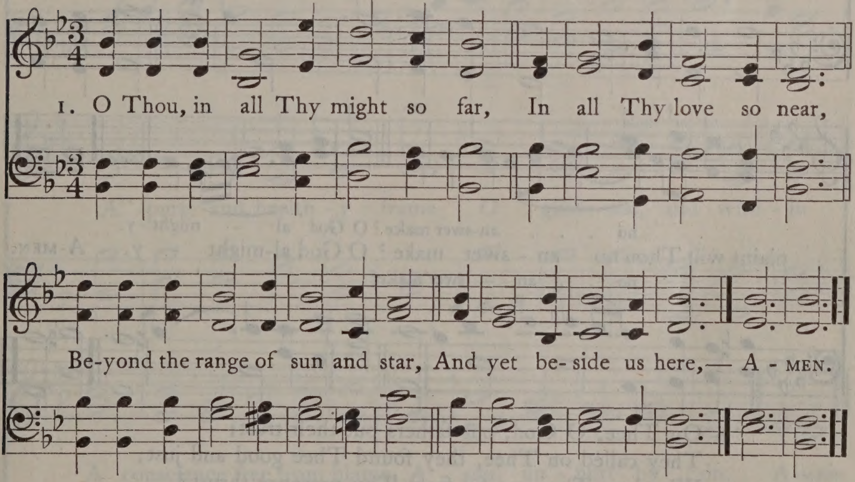
4 My will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach a monarch's throne
It must its crown resign:
It only stands unbent
Amid the clashing strife,
When on Thy bosom it has leant,
And found in Thee its life.

George Matheson, 1842–1906

172

DIE HELLE SONNE IST DAHIN C.M.

Sigmund G. Staden, 1607–1655


1. O Thou, in all Thy might so far, In all Thy love so near,
Be-yond the range of sun and star, And yet be-side us here,— A - MEN.

2 What heart can comprehend Thy name,
Or, searching, find Thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about?

3 Yet though I know Thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know Thou art,
To love Thee and adore.

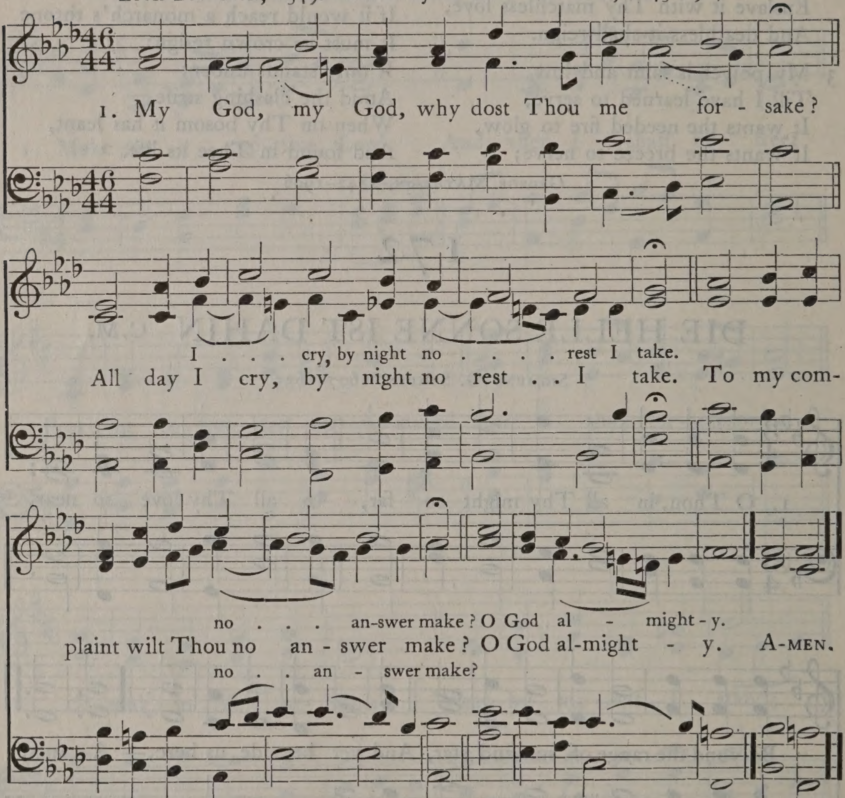
4 And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to Thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1840–

173

GENEVAN PSALM 22   10. 10. 10. 5.

Louis Bourgeois, 1549.   Harm. by H. E. Wooldridge, 1845–1917


1. My God, my God, why dost Thou me for - sake?
I . . . cry, by night no . . . . rest I take.
All day I cry, by night no rest . . I take. To my com-
no . . . an-swer make? O God al - might - y.
plaint wilt Thou no an - swer make? O God al-might - y. A-men.
no . . an - swer make?

2 On Thee, O God, our fathers put their trust;
They called on Thee, they found Thee good and just;
Why hast Thou me far from Thy presence thrust?
O God almighty.

3 See Thou, oh see, in misery profound,
In dark despair, by foes encompassed round,
In depth of care I lie, in sorrows drowned,
O God almighty.

4 Scorn not, scorn not my soul that hopes in Thee:
Show me Thy light that I Thy beauty see;
My terror kill, be gracious unto me,
O God almighty.

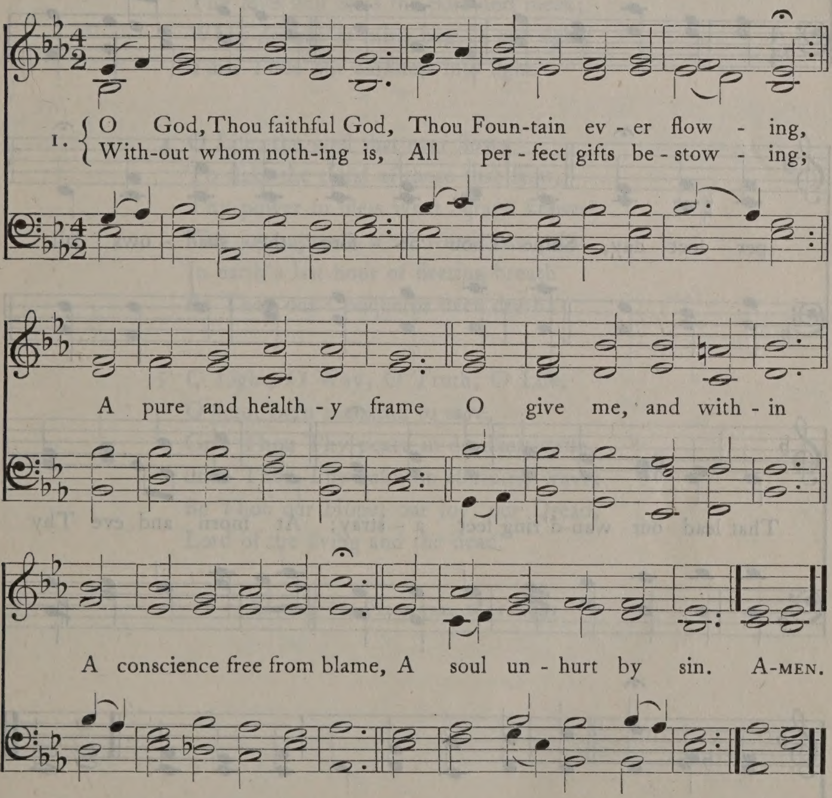
5 My God, my God, my prayer doth Thee embrace:
Oh look on me, and by Thy saving grace
Grant me to see the brightness of Thy face,
O God almighty.

Yattendon Hymnal, 1899. Psalm 22

174

O GOTT, DU FROMMER GOTT 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Meiningen Hymn Book, 1693


1. O God, Thou faithful God, Thou Foun-tain ev - er flow - ing,
With-out whom noth-ing is, All per - fect gifts be - stow - ing;
A pure and health - y frame O give me, and with - in
A conscience free from blame, A soul un - hurt by sin. A-MEN.

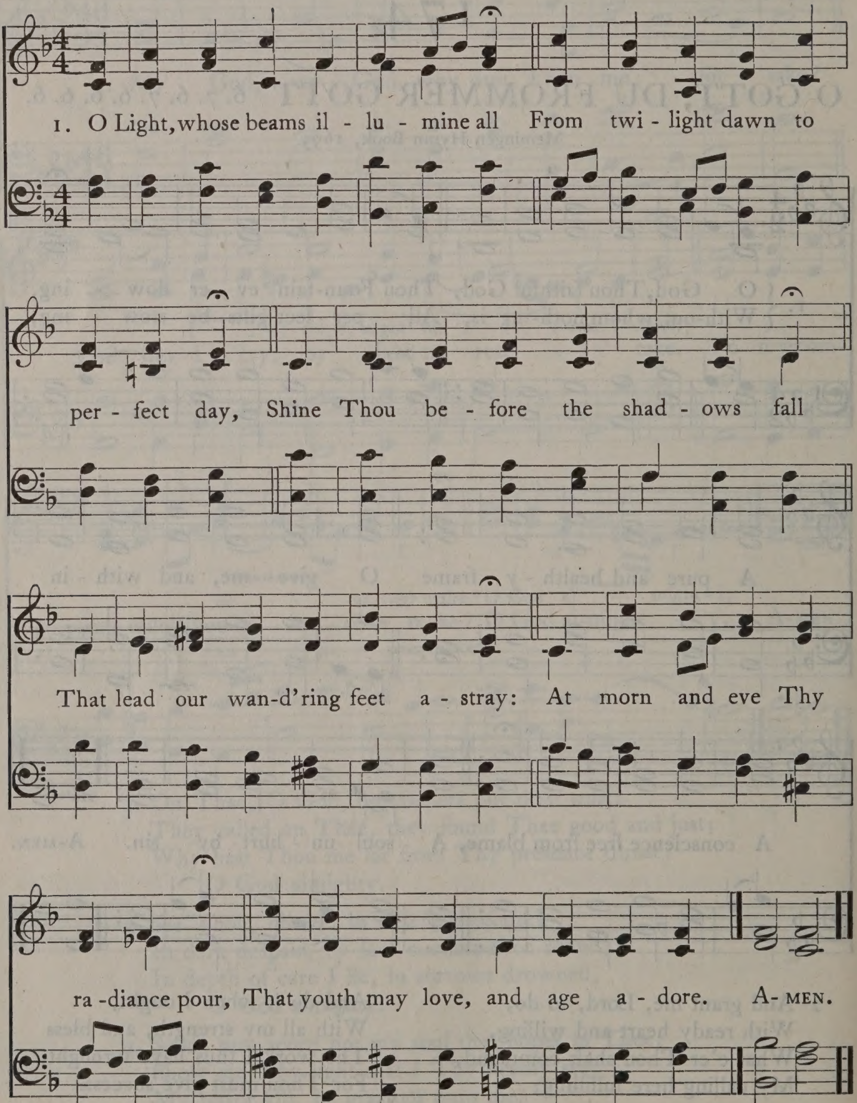
2 And grant me, Lord, to do,
With ready heart and willing,
What e'er Thou shalt command,
My calling here fulfilling;
And do it when I ought,
With all my strength, and bless
The work I thus have wrought,
For Thou must give success.

Johann Heermann, 1585–1647. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

175

BICKLEY 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

William H. Monk, 1823–1889


1. O Light, whose beams il - lu - mine all From twi - light dawn to
per - fect day, Shine Thou be - fore the shad - ows fall
That lead our wan-d'ring feet a - stray: At morn and eve Thy
ra - diance pour, That youth may love, and age a - dore. A - men.

2 O Way, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what Seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

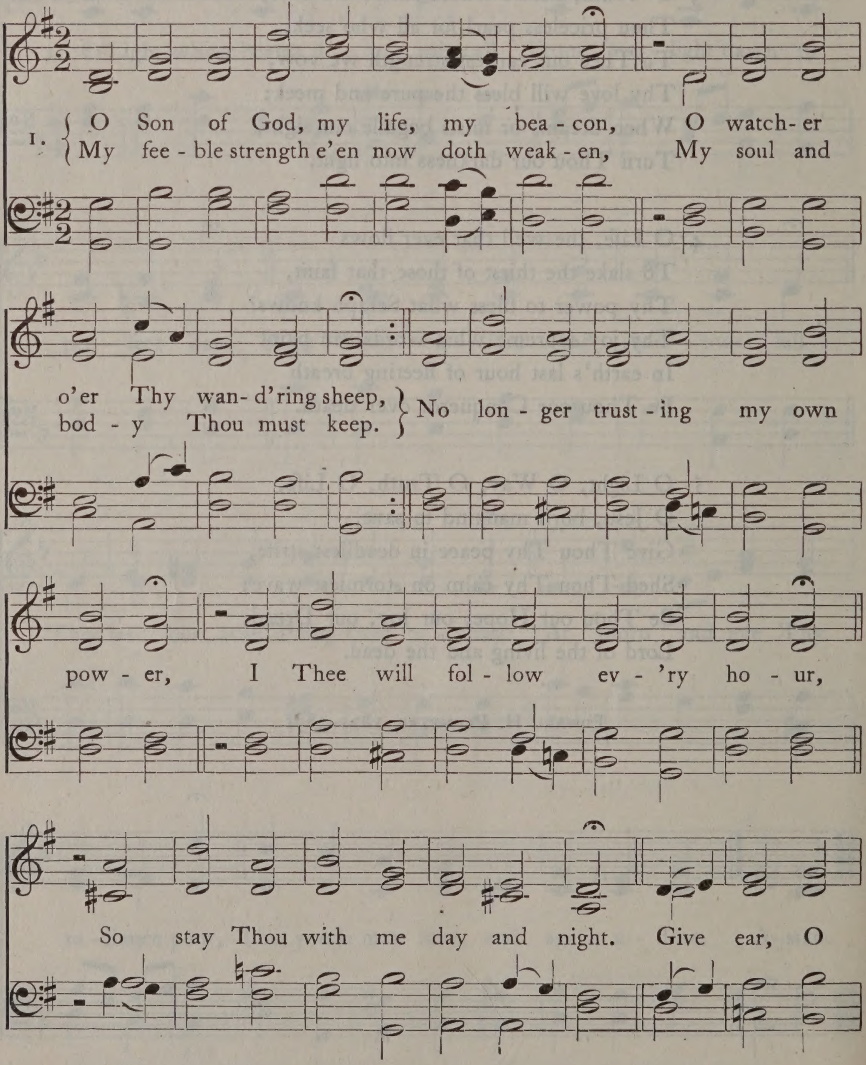
5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesu, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our Hope, our Joy, our Dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.

Edward H. Plumptre, 1821–1891

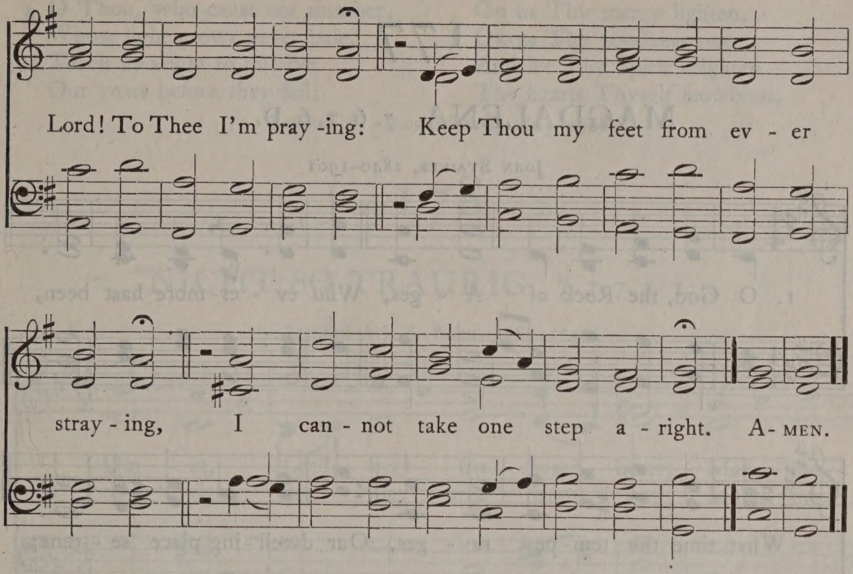
176

MEIN SCHÖPFER, DER MIT HULD UND STÄRKE (O GOTTES SOHN, DU LICHT UND LEBEN) P. M.

JOHANN G. WELLER, 1766–1826


1. O Son of God, my life, my bea - con, O watch- er o'er Thy wan- d'ring sheep,
My fee - ble strength e'en now doth weak - en, My soul and bod - y Thou must keep.
No lon - ger trust - ing my own pow - er, I Thee will fol - low ev - 'ry ho - ur,
So stay Thou with me day and night. Give ear, O

Prayer


Lord! To Thee I'm pray-ing: Keep Thou my feet from ev-er
stray-ing, I can-not take one step a-right. A-MEN.

2 Fill me with faith so sure abiding
That I must ever follow Thee;
Take from my hands all vain deciding,
My goal is all I need to see.
Without Thee life can give no pleasure,
With Thee my heart, beyond all measure,
Is filled with honor for Thy name.
Through all my life I'll sing Thy glory,
In joyful measures tell the story
Of my great Lord and Master's fame.

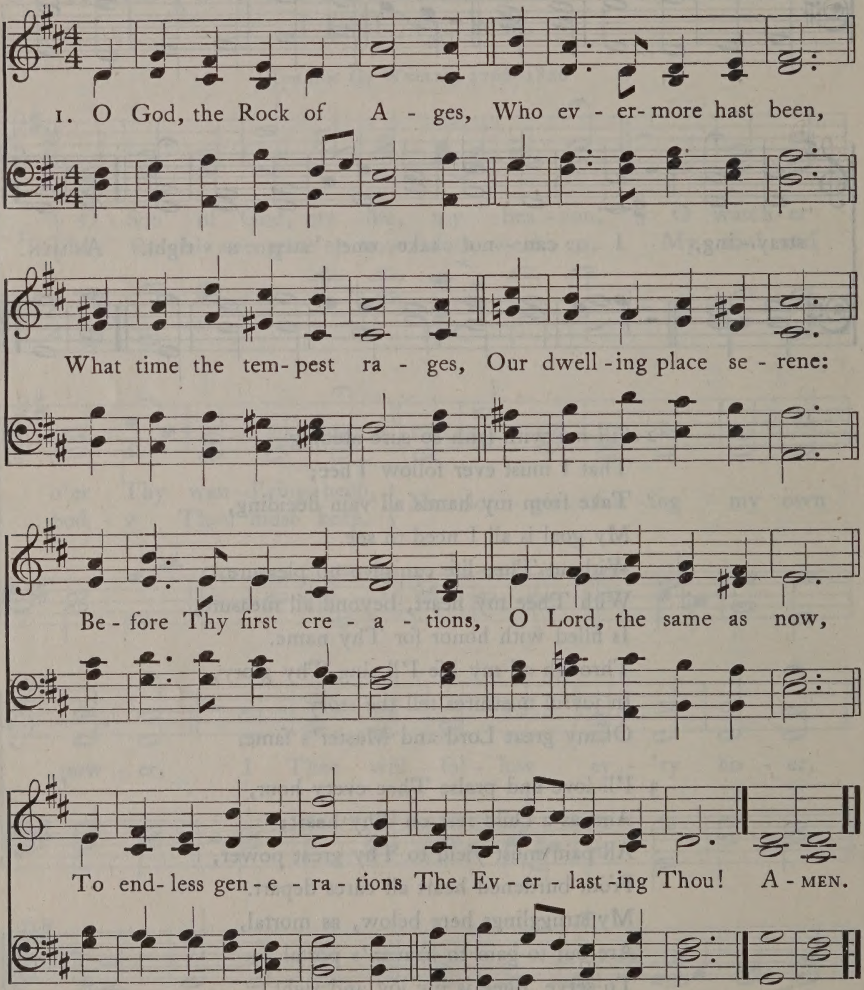
3 I'll love and praise Thee every hour,
And as a child rest on Thy heart;
All pain must yield to Thy great power,
From burdened heart all cares depart.
My strugglings here below, as mortal,
Are but to gain to heaven's portal,
To serve Thee is my joy and right.
Within Thy mighty arms enfold me,
Dissolve all bonds that would withhold me,
Thou everlasting beam of light.

Tr. by James C. Graham, 1868–

177

MAGDALENA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John Stainer, 1840–1901


1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er-more hast been,
What time the tem-pest ra - ges, Our dwell-ing place se - rene:
Be-fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
To end-less gen-e - ra-tions The Ev - er - last-ing Thou! A - men.

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die,—
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

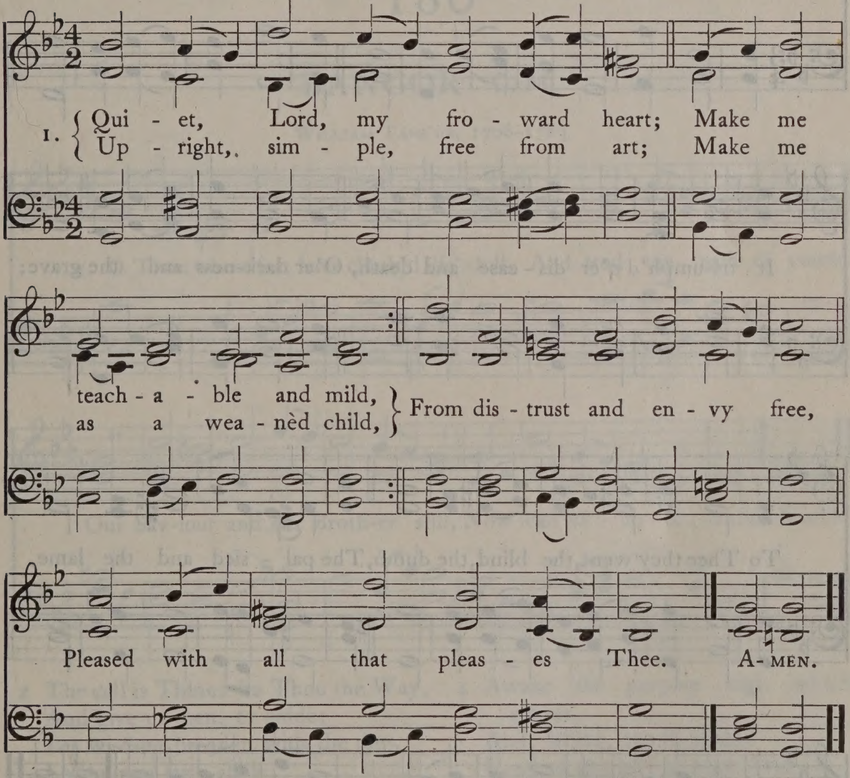
3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail;
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1825–1906

178

NICHT SO TRAURIG 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Ascribed to J. S. BACH, 1685–1750


1. { Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart; Make me teach - a - ble and mild,
{ Up - right, sim - ple, free from art; Make me as a wea - nèd child,
From dis - trust and en - vy free,
Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee.
A - MEN.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

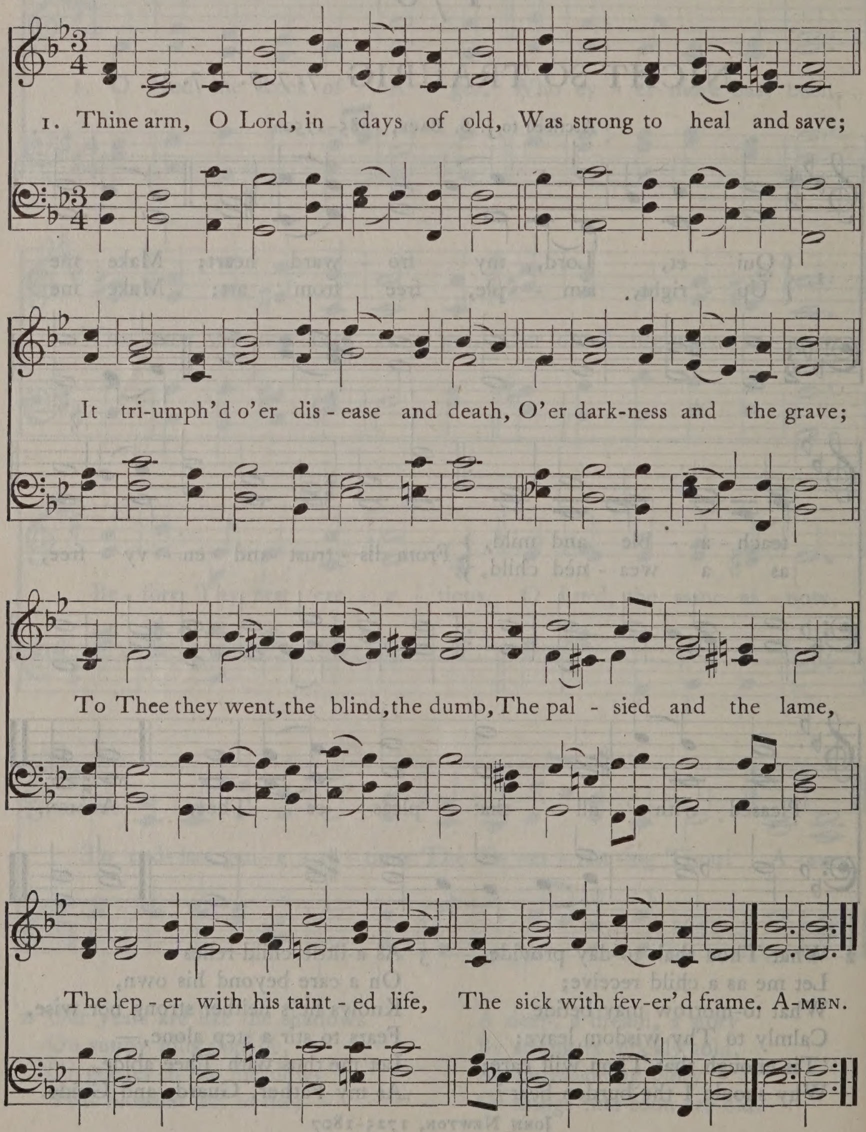
3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807

179

ST. MATTHEW (MODERN FORM) C. M. D.

William Croft, 1678–1727


1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old, Was strong to heal and save;
It tri-umph'd o'er dis-ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave;
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,
The lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fev-er'd frame. A-men.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

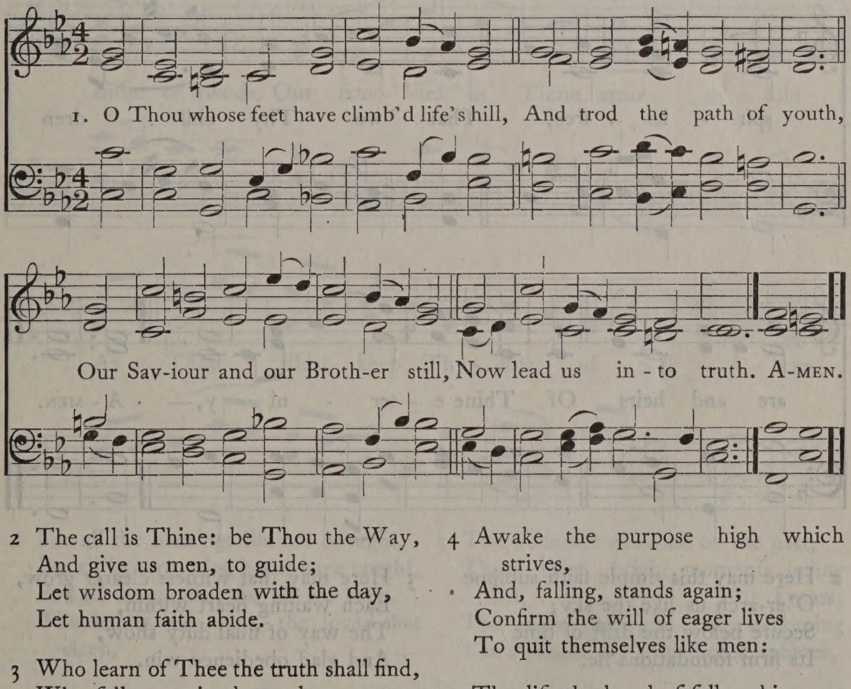
3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine Almighty Breath;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong
May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. Plumptre, 1821–1891

180

BANGOR C. M.

William Tans'ur, 1706–1783


1. O Thou whose feet have climb'd life's hill, And trod the path of youth,
Our Sav-iour and our Broth-er still, Now lead us in-to truth. A-men.

2 The call is Thine: be Thou the Way,
And give us men, to guide;
Let wisdom broaden with the day,
Let human faith abide.

3 Who learn of Thee the truth shall find,
Who follow, gain the goal;
With reverence crown the earnest mind,
And speak within the soul.

4 Awake the purpose high which strives,
And, falling, stands again;
Confirm the will of eager lives
To quit themselves like men:

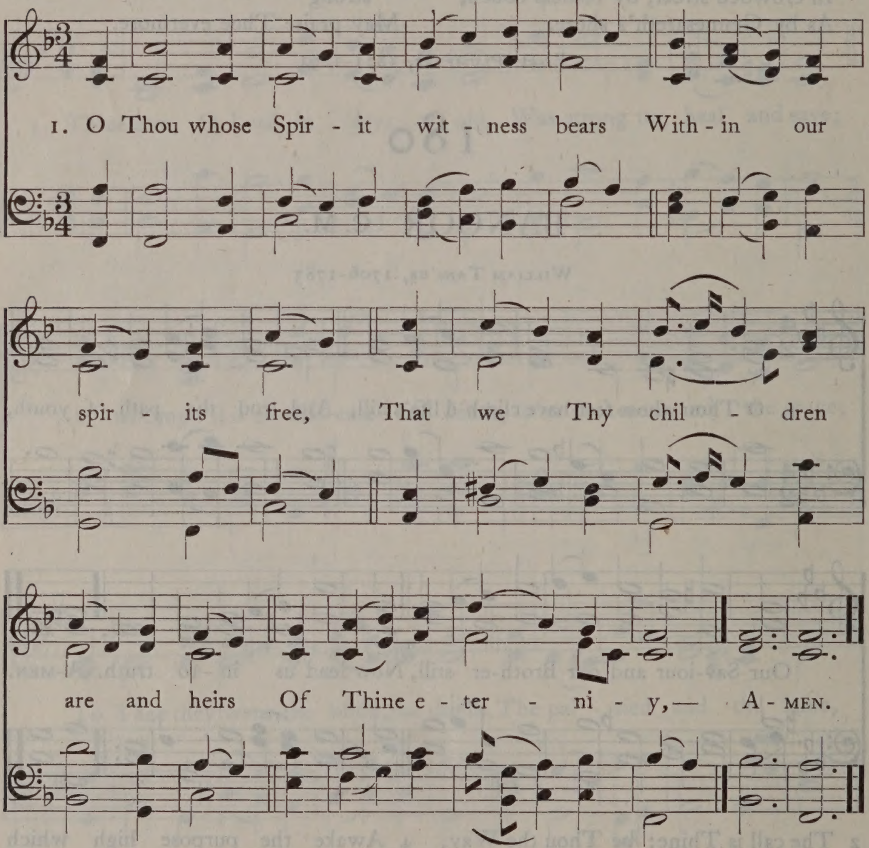
3 Thy life the bond of fellowship,
Thy love the law that rules,
Thy name, proclaimed by every lip,
The Master of our schools.

Louis F. Benson, 1855–

181

WESTMINSTER NEW C. M.

James Nares, 1715–1783


1. O Thou whose Spir - it wit - ness bears With - in our spir - its free, That we Thy chil - dren are and heirs Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty,— A - MEN.

2 Here may this simple faith sublime
O'er-arch us like the sky;
Secure below the drift of time
Its firm foundations lie.

3 Here may that witness clearer grow,
Each waiting heart within,
The way of filial duty show,
And glad obedience win.

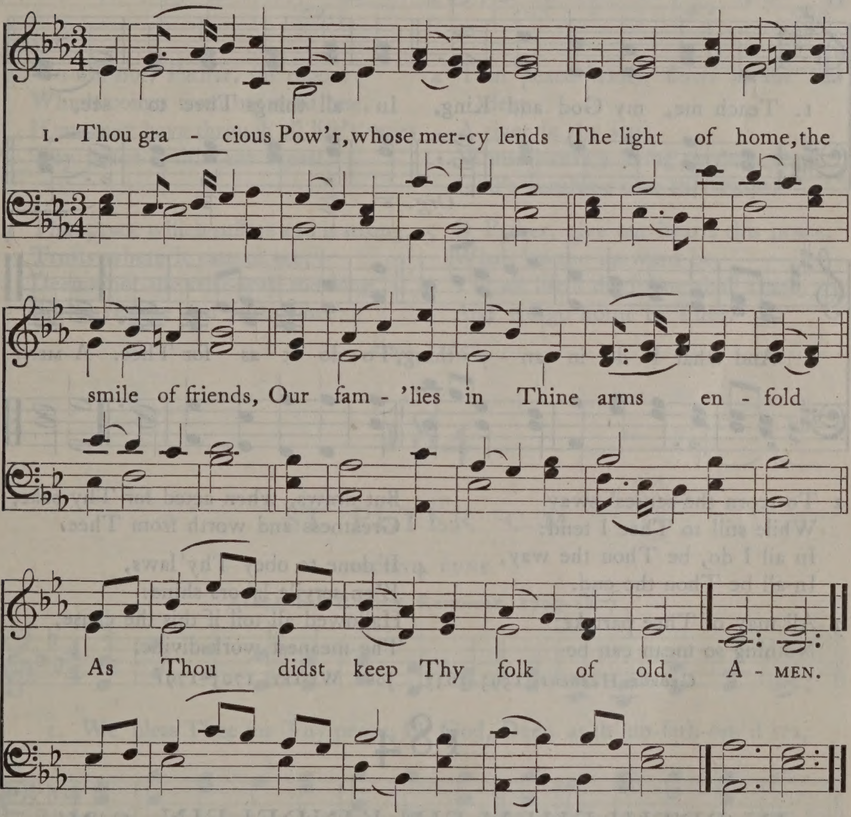
4 Here be life's sorrows sanctified,
Here truth her radiance pour,
While hope and faith and love abide,
Forever more and more!

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1840–

182

ST. OLAVE L. M.

Robert Hudson, 1732–1815. Harm. by S. S. Wesley, 1810–1876


1. Thou gra - cious Pow'r, whose mer-cy lends The light of home, the
smile of friends, Our fam - 'lies in Thine arms en - fold
As Thou didst keep Thy folk of old. A - MEN.

2 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

3 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres,

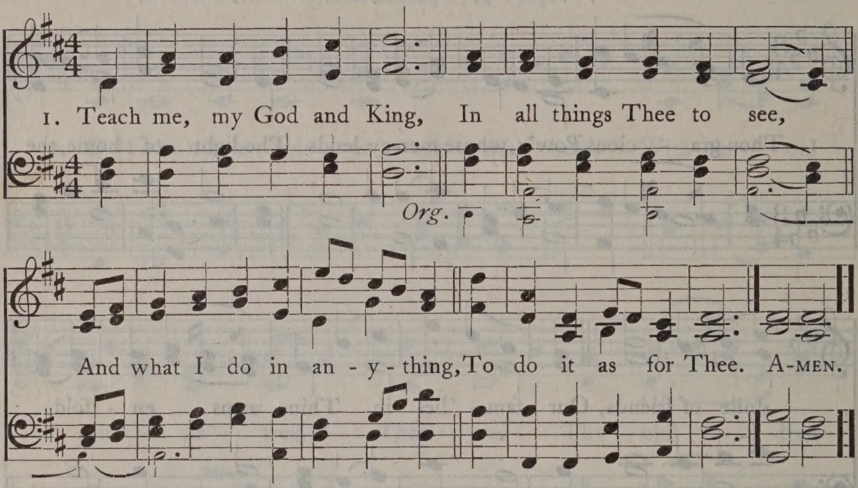
4 We thank Thee, Father; let Thy grace
Our loving circles still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809–1894. V. 1, alt.

183

GRATZ S. M.

Anon. From an Ely MS.


1. Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see,
Org.
And what I do in an - y - thing, To do it as for Thee. A-men.

2 To scorn the senses' sway
While still to Thee I tend:
In all I do, be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake:
Nothing so mean can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine:
Hallowed all toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

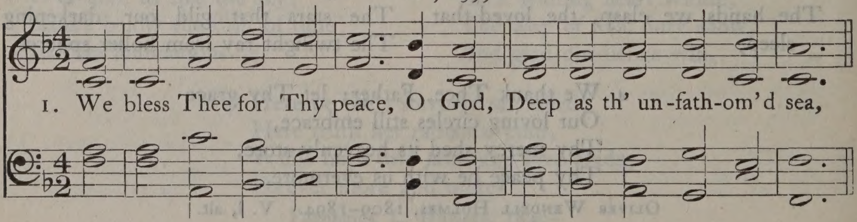
George Herbert, 1593–1633. John Wesley, 1703–1791

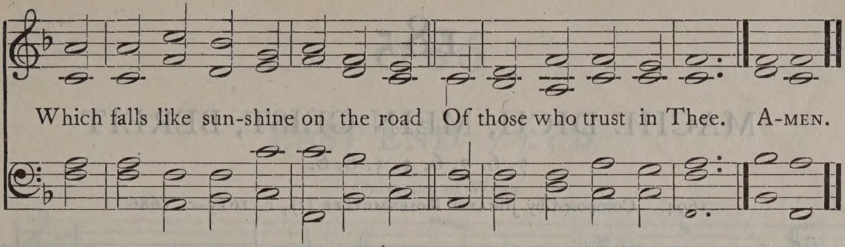
184

IN BETHLEHEM EIN KINDELEIN C. M.

FIRST TUNE

Görlitz, 1599


1. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God, Deep as th' un-fath-om'd sea,


Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee. A-MEN.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee:

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

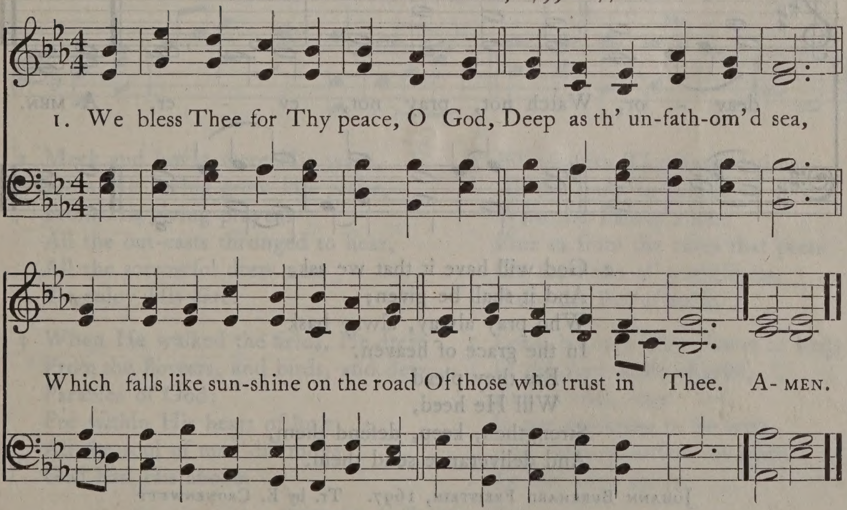
Anon., 1858

184

ST. PETER C. M.

SECOND TUNE

ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1799–1877

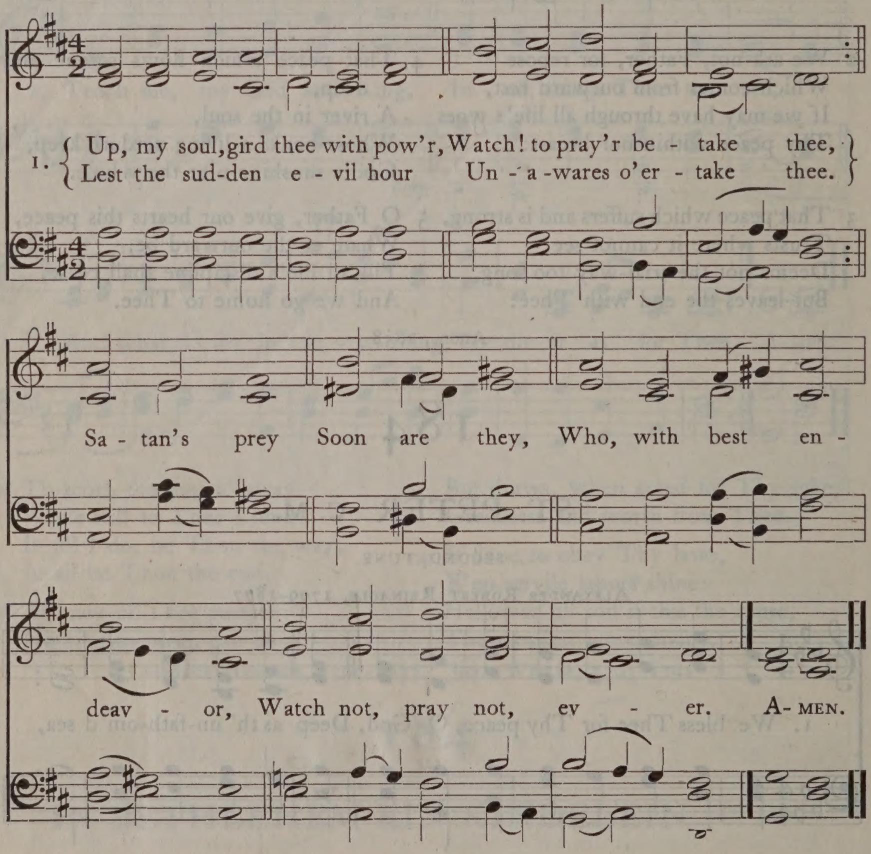

1. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God, Deep as th' un-fath-om'd sea,
Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee. A- MEN.

185

MACHE DICH, MEIN GEIST, BEREIT

7. 6. 7. 6. 3. 3. 6. 6.

1694. Composed by Johann Rosenmüller (?), c. 1615–c. 1686


1. Up, my soul, gird thee with pow'r, Watch! to pray'r be - take thee,
Lest the sud-den e - vil hour Un - a - wares o'er - take thee.
Sa - tan's prey Soon are they, Who, with best en -
deav - or, Watch not, pray not, ev - er.
A- MEN.

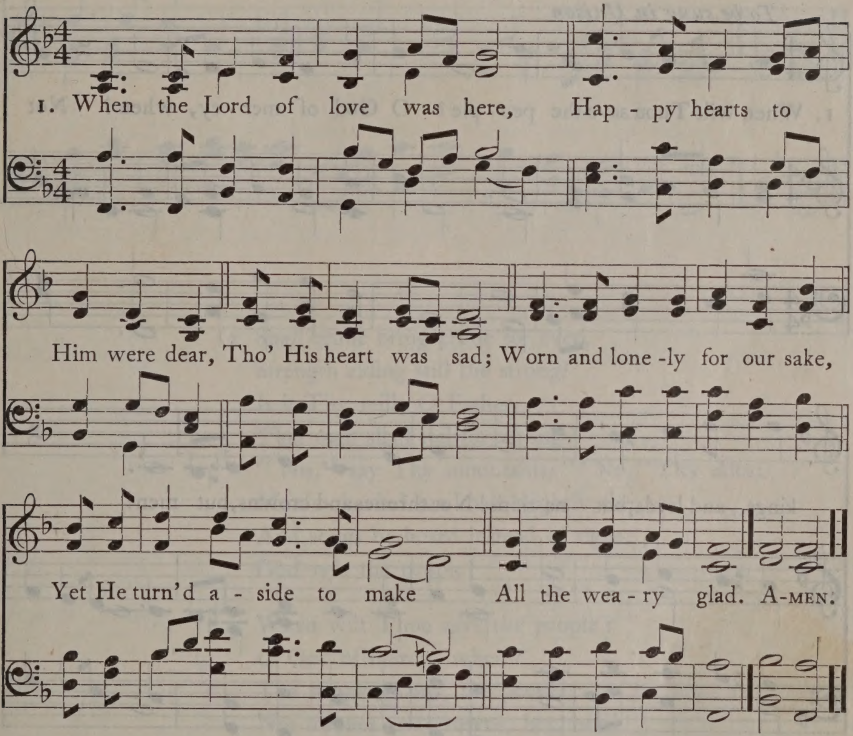
2 God will have it that we ask,
And it shall be given;
Who pray alway, alway bask
In the grace of heaven.
Ere they plead
Will He heed,
Strengthen, keep, defend them,
And deliverance send them.

Johann Burkhard Freistein, 1697. Tr. by E. Cronenwett

186

EAST END 7. 7. 5. D.

University of Wales


1. When the Lord of love was here, Hap - py hearts to
Him were dear, Tho' His heart was sad; Worn and lone -ly for our sake,
Yet He turn'd a - side to make All the wea - ry glad. A-MEN.

2 Meek and lowly were His ways,
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving prayer:
All the out-casts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.

3 When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.

4 Fill us with Thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life:
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret of strife.

5 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love.
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

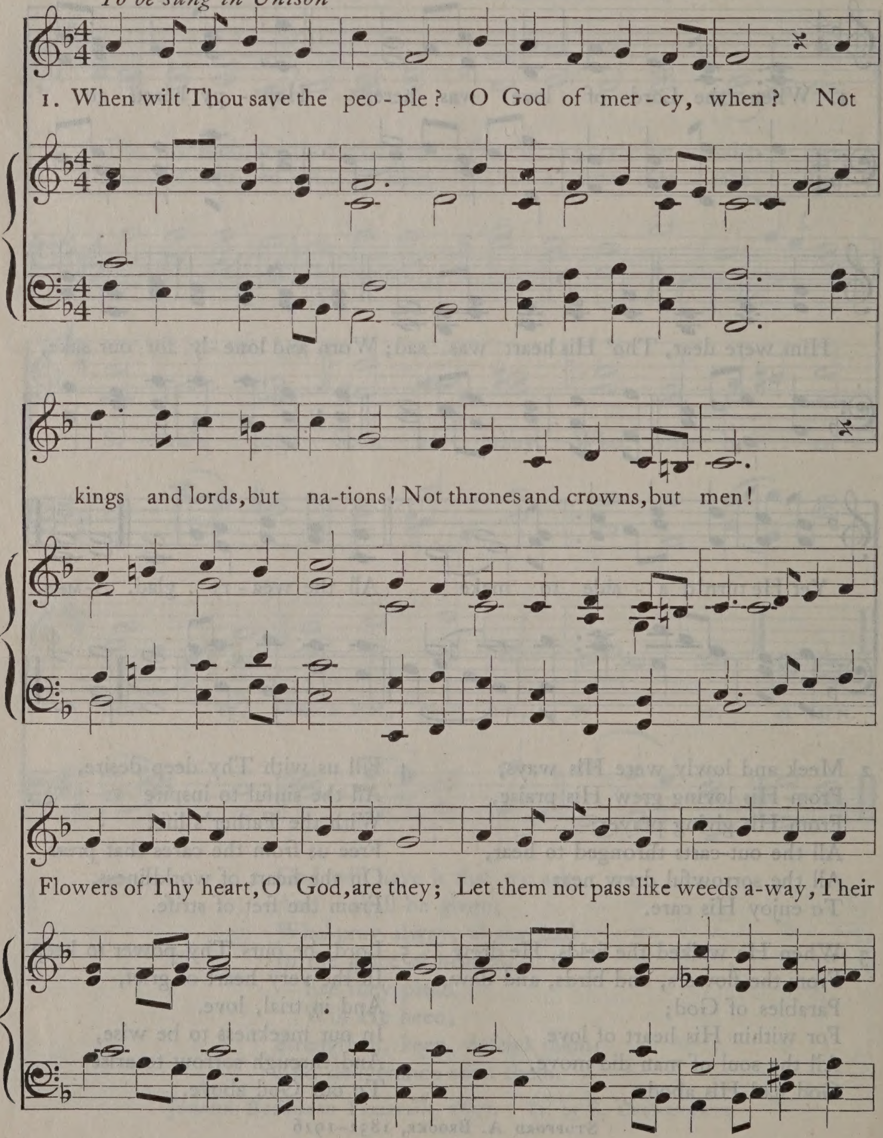
Stopford A. Brooke, 1832–1916

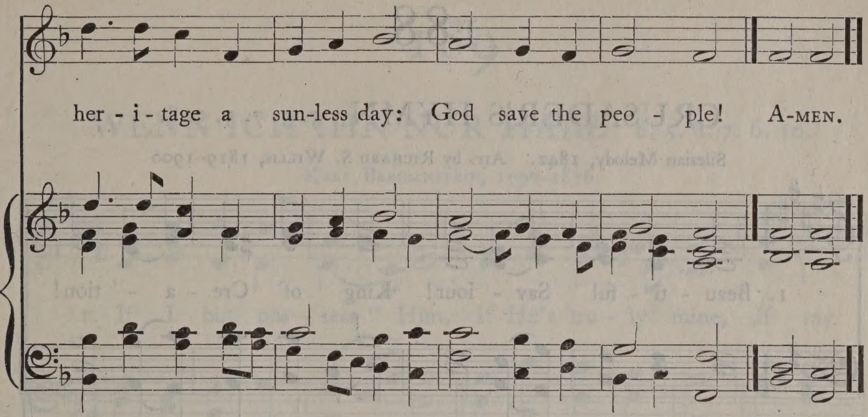
187

KENDAL 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. 8. 5.

Arthur Somervell, 1863–

To be sung in Unison


1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when? Not
kings and lords, but na-tions! Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass like weeds a-way, Their


her - i - tage a sun-less day: God save the peo - ple! A-MEN.

2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs;
God save the people!

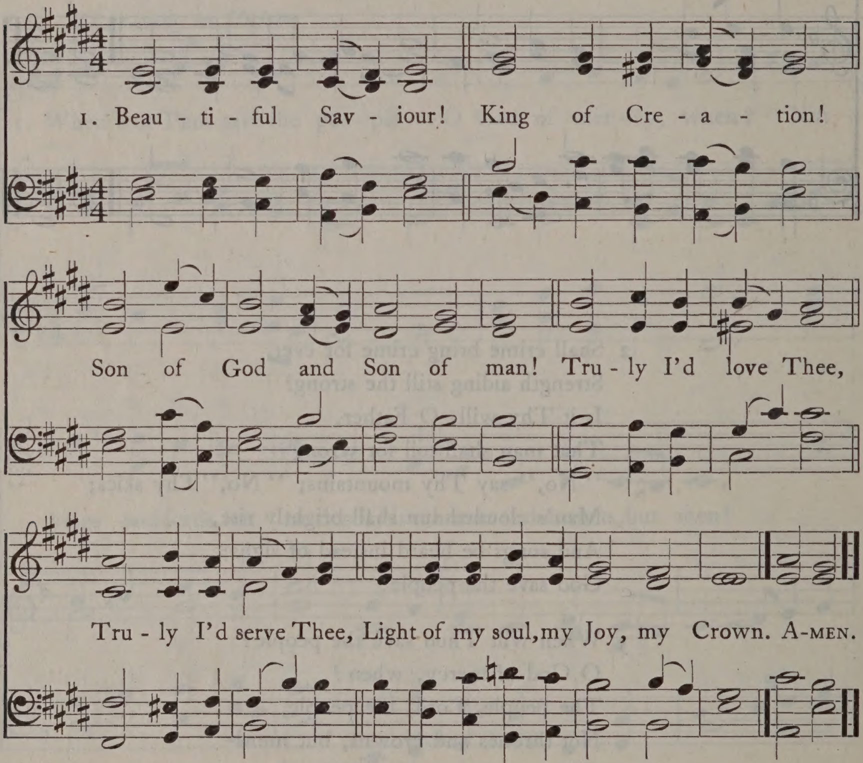
3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thy angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, 1781–1849

188

CRUSADER'S HYMN 5. 5. 7. 5. 5. 8.

Silesian Melody, 1842. Arr. by Richard S. Willis, 1819–1900


1. Beau - ti - ful Sav - iour! King of Cre - a - tion!
Son of God and Son of man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee,
Tru - ly I'd serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown. A-men.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fair are the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming Spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer;
He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fair is the moonlight,
Bright the sparkling stars on high;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky.

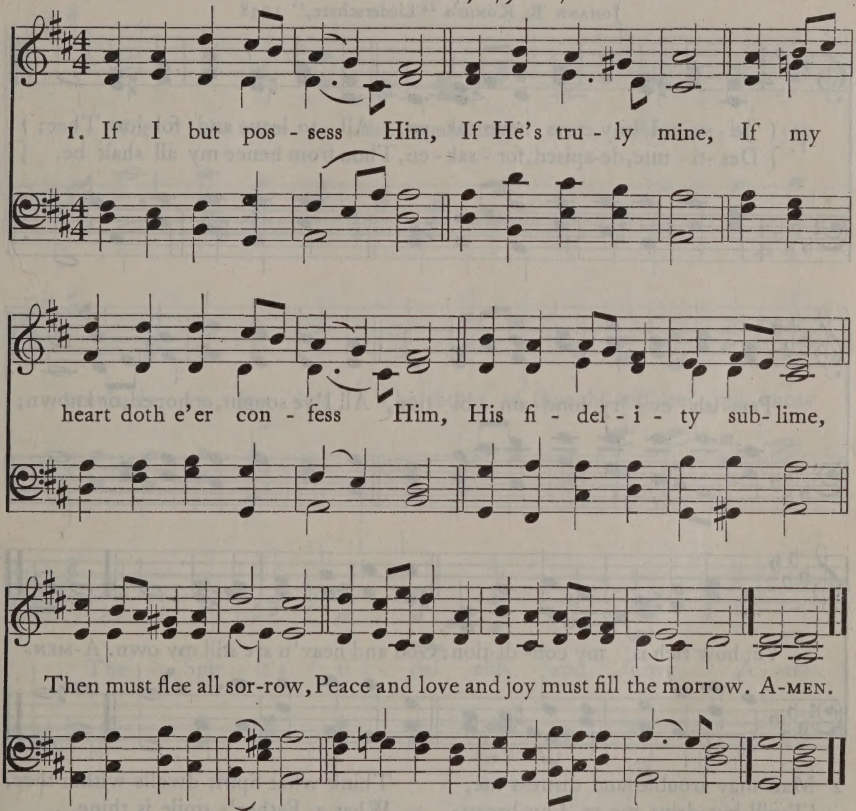
4 Beautiful Saviour!
Lord of the nations!
Son of God and Son of man!
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and forevermore be Thine!

From the Münster Hymn Book, 1677. Tr. by Joseph A. Seiss, 1823–1904

189

WENN ICH IHN NUR HABE 6. 5. 8. 7. 6. 10.

Karl Breidenstein, 1796–1876


1. If I but pos - sess Him, If He's tru - ly mine, If my
heart doth e'er con - fess Him, His fi - del - i - ty sub- lime,
Then must flee all sor-row, Peace and love and joy must fill the morrow. A-men.

2 If I but possess Him
All the rest may go;
Ne'er has been such reverence shown Him
As my pilgrim-staff shall show.
Let the others wander
On this world's bright high-way over yonder.

3 If I but possess Him
Then I'll be at peace,
Ever for my sweet refection
His heart-flood shall never cease;
Sweetly shall I rest me,
Knowing surely that His love hath blessed me.

4 Where I but possess Him
There's my fatherland;
Every gift I do inherit,
Freely falls into my hand.
Round about me brothers
Long lost find I, and there are no others.

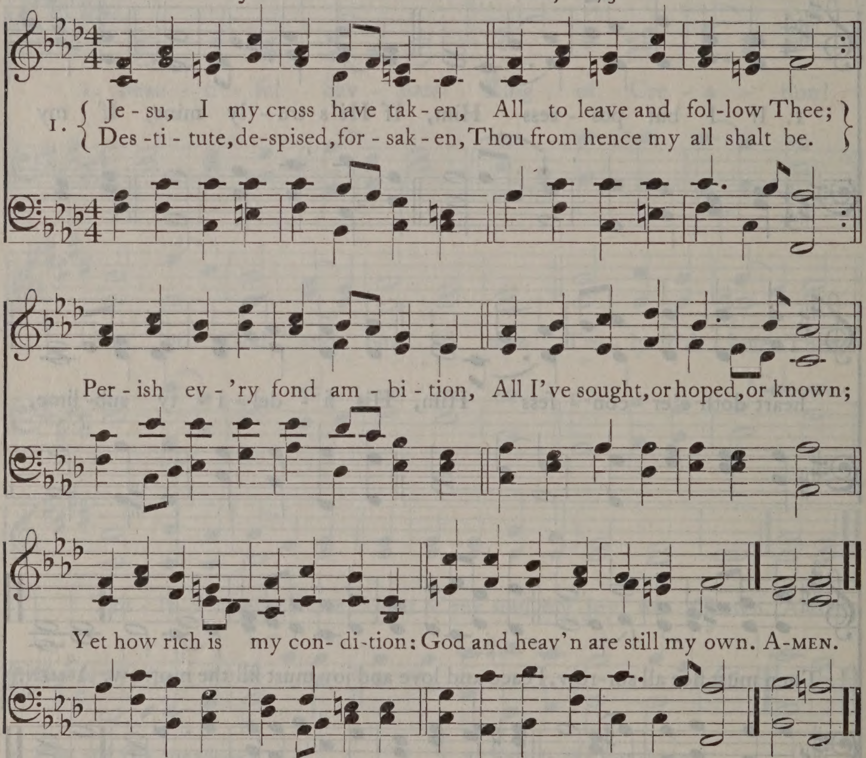
Friedrich von Hardenberg (Novalis), 1772–1801. Tr. by James C. Graham et al., 1927

190

WILL MICH DENN MEIN GOTT ERSTICKEN

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Johann B. König's "Liederschatz," 1738


1. { Je-su, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; }
{ Des-ti-tute, de-spised, for-sak-en, Thou from hence my all shalt be. }
Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my con-di-tion: God and heav'n are still my own. A-men.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

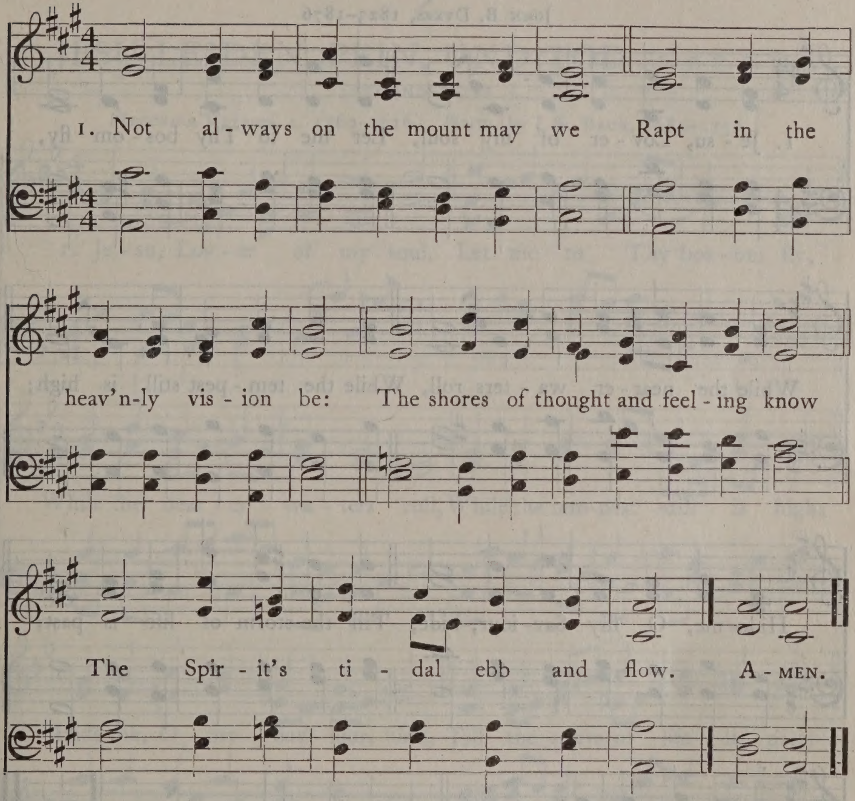
4 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793–1847

191

WHITEHALL L. M.

Melody by H. Lawes, 1596–1662


1. Not al - ways on the mount may we Rapt in the
heav'n-ly vis - ion be: The shores of thought and feel - ing know
The Spir - it's ti - dal ebb and flow. A - men.

2 "Lord, it is good abiding here,"
We cry, the heavenly presence near;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies.

3 Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways,

4 Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

5 The mount for vision: but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

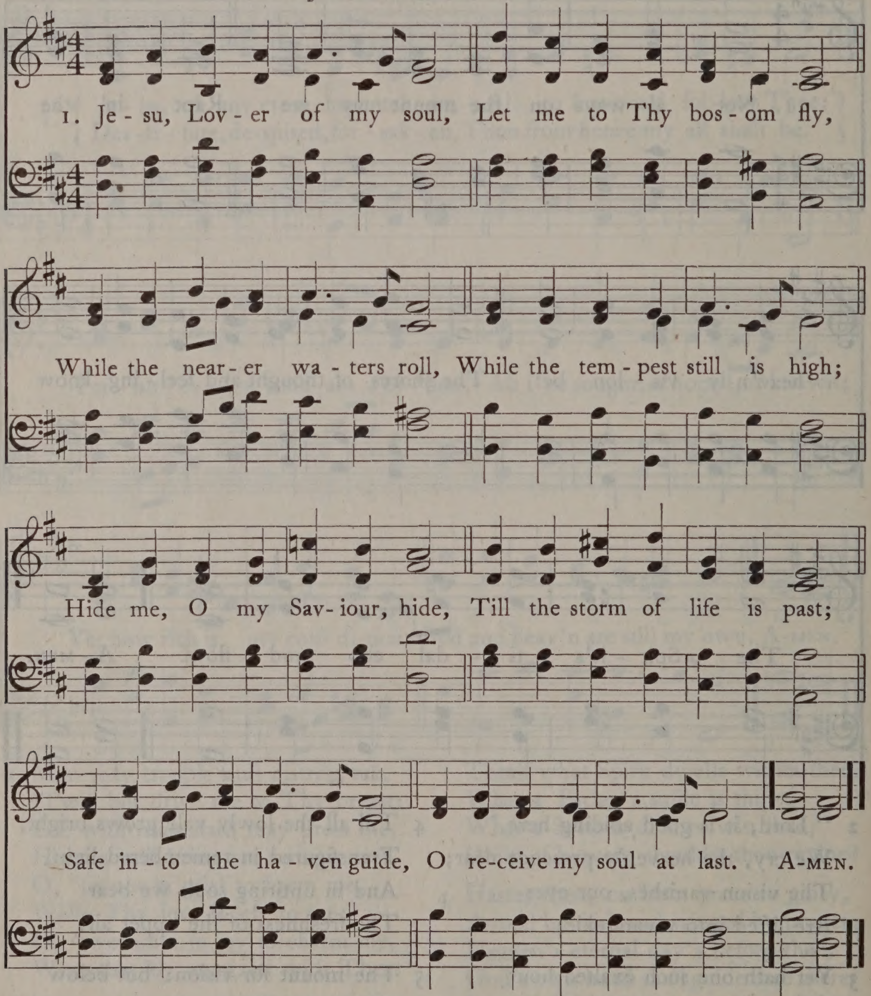
Frederick L. Hosmer, 1840–

192

HOLLINGSIDE 7.7.7.7.D.

FIRST TUNE

John B. Dykes, 1823–1876


1. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A-men.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

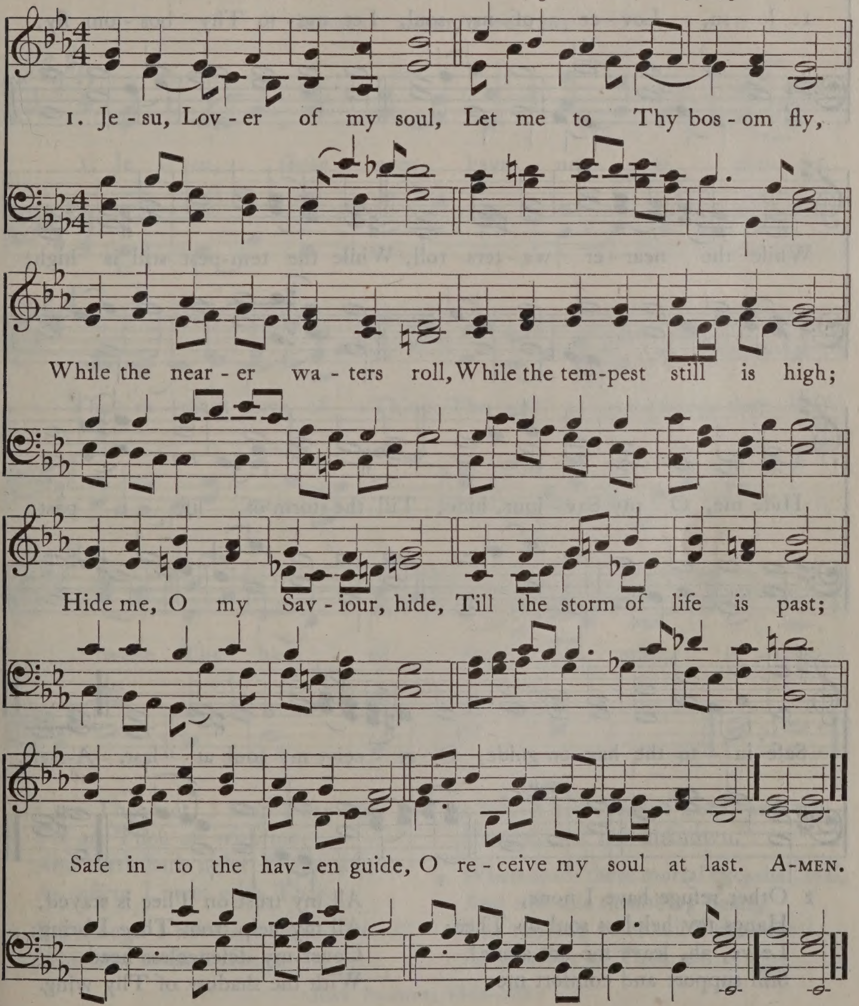
CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788

192

JESU LEIDEN, PEIN, UND TOD 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

SECOND TUNE

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, c. 1560–1616. Harm. by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750

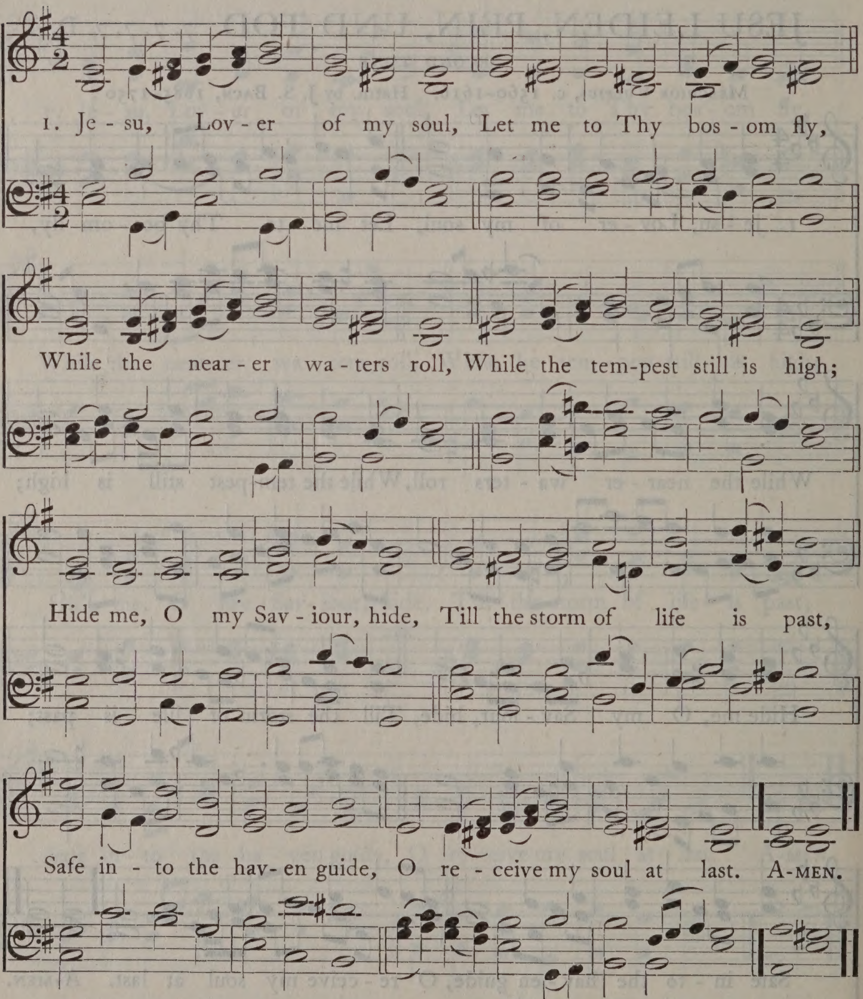

1. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A-MEN.

192

ABERYSTWYTH 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

THIRD TUNE

Joseph Parry, 1841–1903


1. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past,
Safe in - to the hav- en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A-men.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

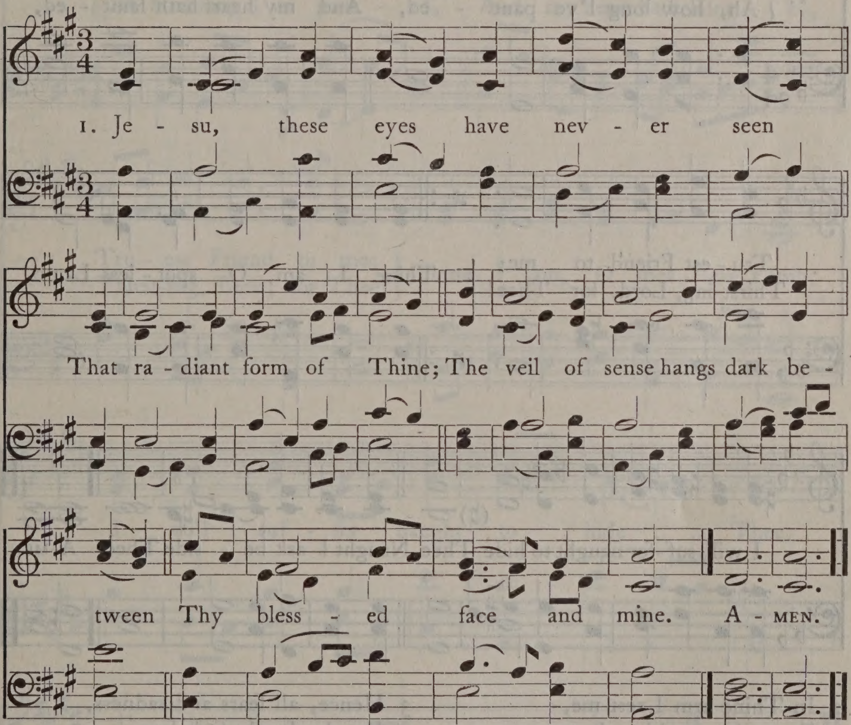
3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

193

WILTSHIRE C. M.

George T. Smart, 1776–1867


1. Je - su, these eyes have nev - er seen
That ra - diant form of Thine; The veil of sense hangs dark be -
tween Thy bless - ed face and mine. A - men.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

4 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

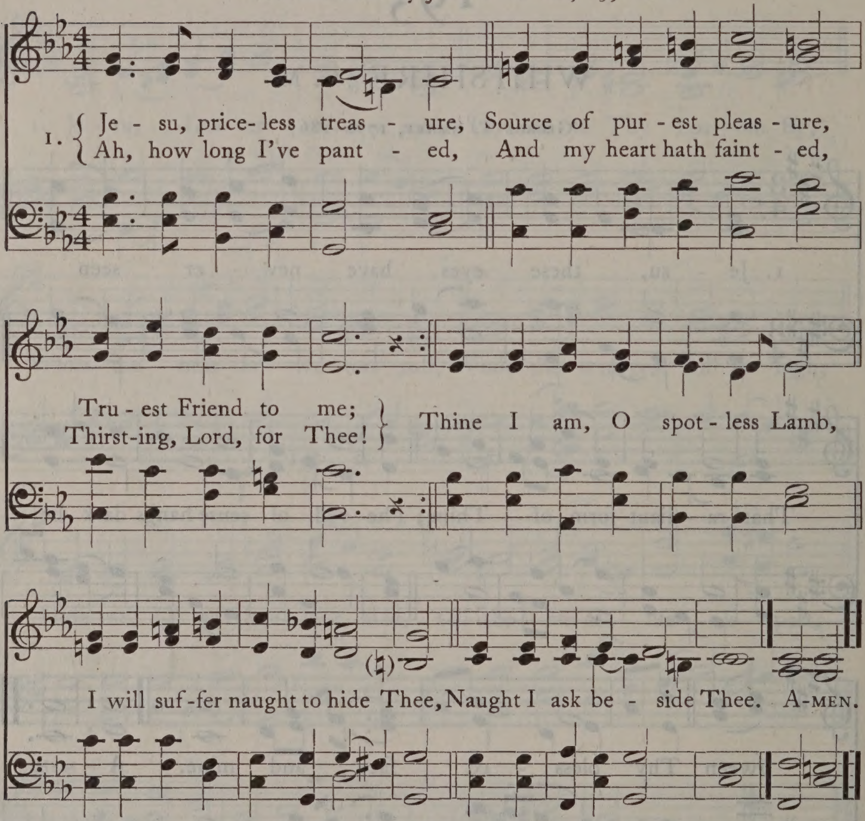
Ray Palmer, 1808–1887

194

JESU, MEINE FREUDE 6. 6. 5. 6. 6. 5. 7. 8. 6.

FIRST SETTING

Mel. and harm. by Johann Crüger, 1598–1662


1. { Je - su, price- less treas - ure, Source of pur - est pleas - ure,
{ Ah, how long I've pant - ed, And my heart hath faint - ed,
Tru - est Friend to me; }
Thirst-ing, Lord, for Thee! }
Thine I am, O spot - less Lamb,
I will suf-fer naught to hide Thee, Naught I ask be - side Thee. A-men.
(♮)

2 In Thine arm I rest me,
Foes who would molest me
Cannot reach me here;
Though the earth be shaking,
Every heart be quaking,
Jesus calms my fear;
Sin and hell in conflict fell
With their bitter storms assail me,
Jesus will not fail me.

3 Hence, all fears and sadness,
For the Lord of gladness,
Jesus, enters in;
They who love the Father,
Though the storms may gather,
Still have peace within;
Yea, whate'er I here must bear,
Still in Thee lies purest pleasure,
Jesu, priceless treasure.

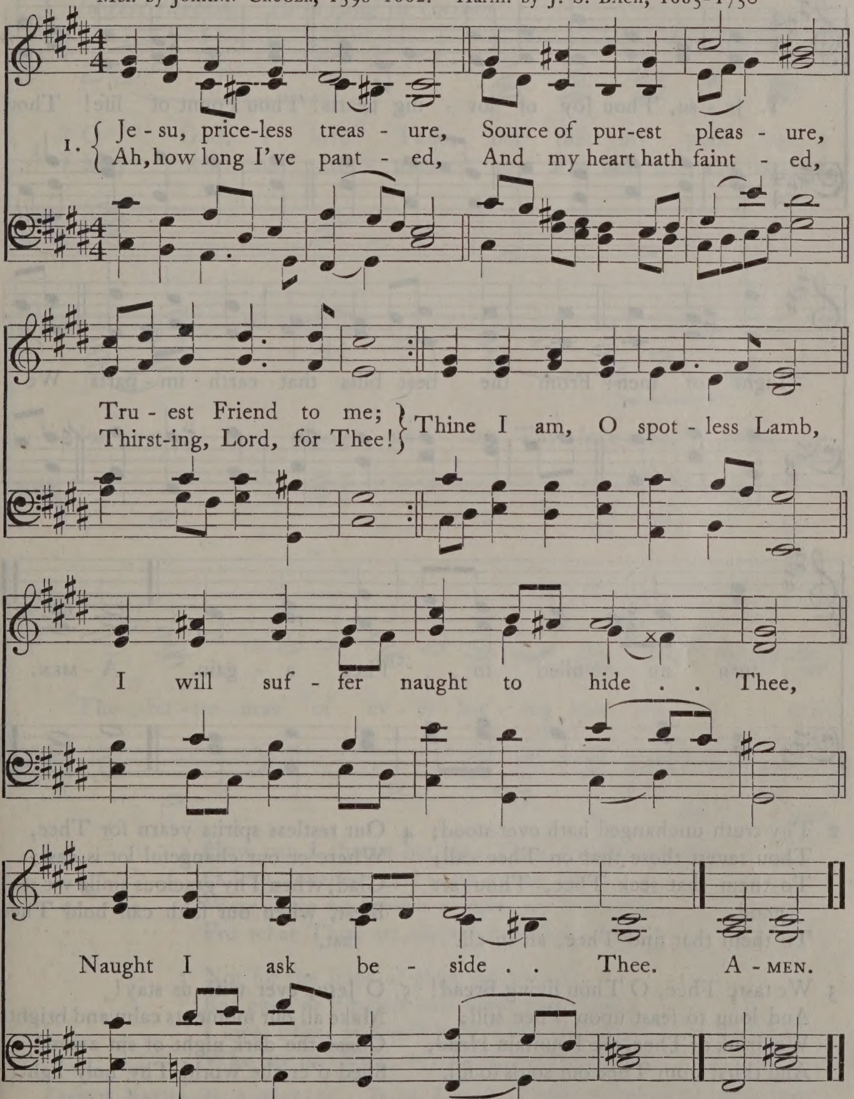
J. Franck, 1653. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

194

JESU, MEINE FREUDE 6. 6. 5. 6. 6. 5. 7. 8. 6.

SECOND SETTING

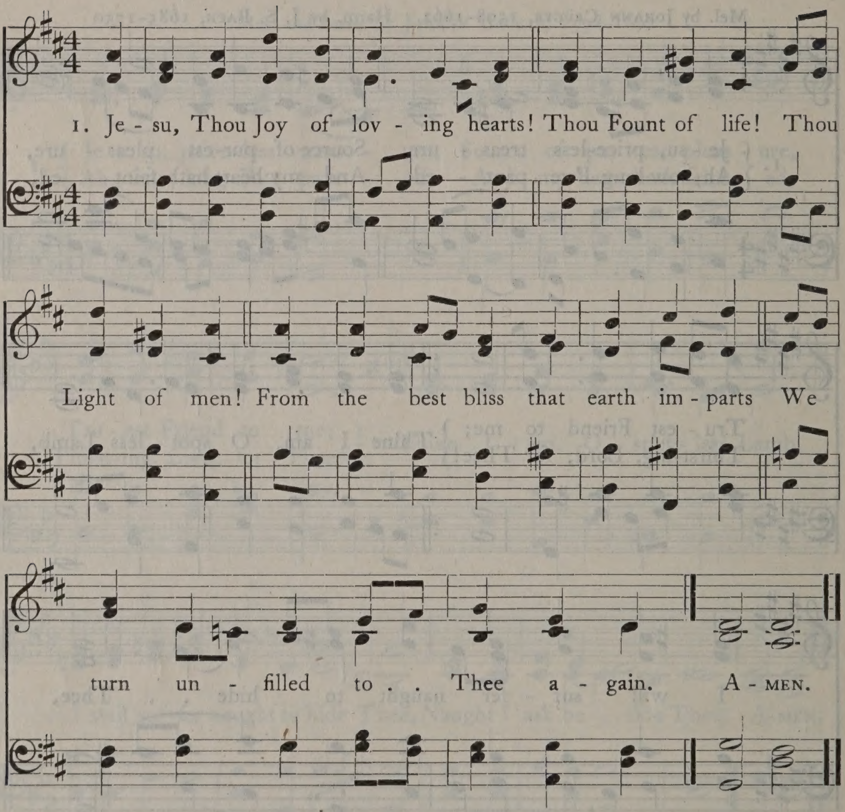
Mel. by JOHANN CRÜGER, 1598–1662. Harm. by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750


1. Je - su, price-less treas - ure, Source of pur-est pleas - ure,
Ah, how long I've pant - ed, And my heart hath faint - ed,
Tru - est Friend to me;
Thirst-ing, Lord, for Thee!
Thine I am, O spot - less Lamb,
I will suf - fer naught to hide . . Thee,
Naught I ask be - side . . Thee. A - MEN.

195

ST. BERNARD L. M.

William H. Monk, 1823–1889


1. Je - su, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! Thou
Light of men! From the best bliss that earth im - parts We
turn un - filled to . . Thee a - gain. A - men.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst from Thee our souls to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesu, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away!
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

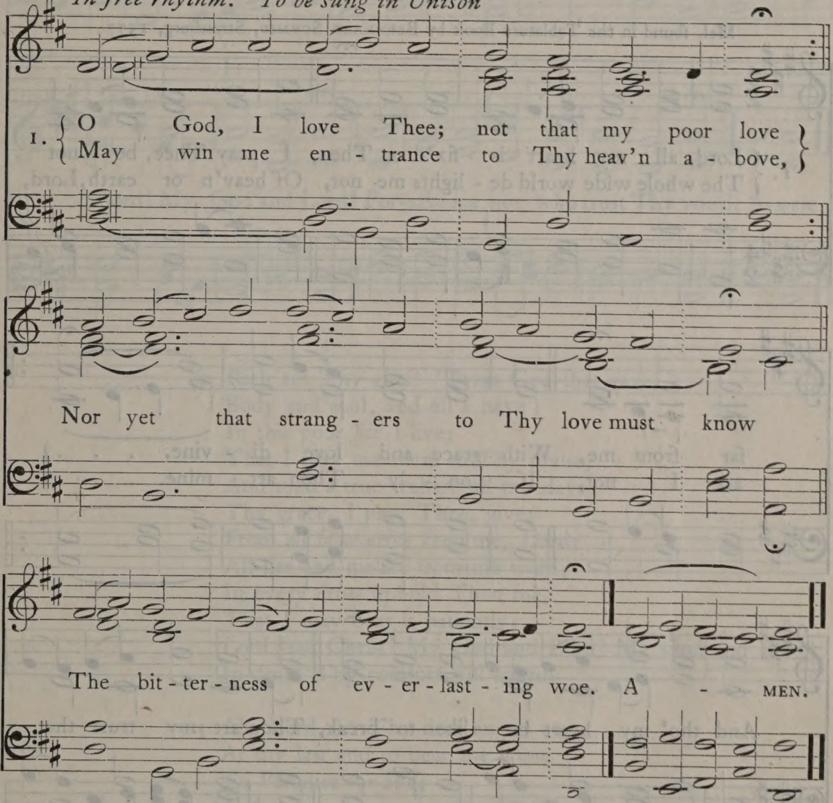
St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153. Tr. by Ray Palmer, 1808–1887

196

ADORO TE 10. 10. 10. 10.

Proper Melody to "Adoro te devote" (from the Solesmes Version)

In free rhythm. To be sung in Unison


1. { O God, I love Thee; not that my poor love }
{ May win me en - trance to Thy heav'n a - bove, }
Nor yet that strang - ers to Thy love must know
The bit - ter - ness of ev - er - last - ing woe. A - MEN.

2 How can I choose but love Thee, God's dear Son,
O Jesu, loveliest, and most loving One!
Were there no heaven to gain, no hell to flee,
For what Thou art alone I must love Thee.

3 Not for the hope of glory or reward,
But even as Thyself hast loved me, Lord,
I love Thee, and will love Thee and adore,
Who art my King, my God, for evermore.

Francis Xavier (?), 1506–1552. Tr. by Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1825–1906

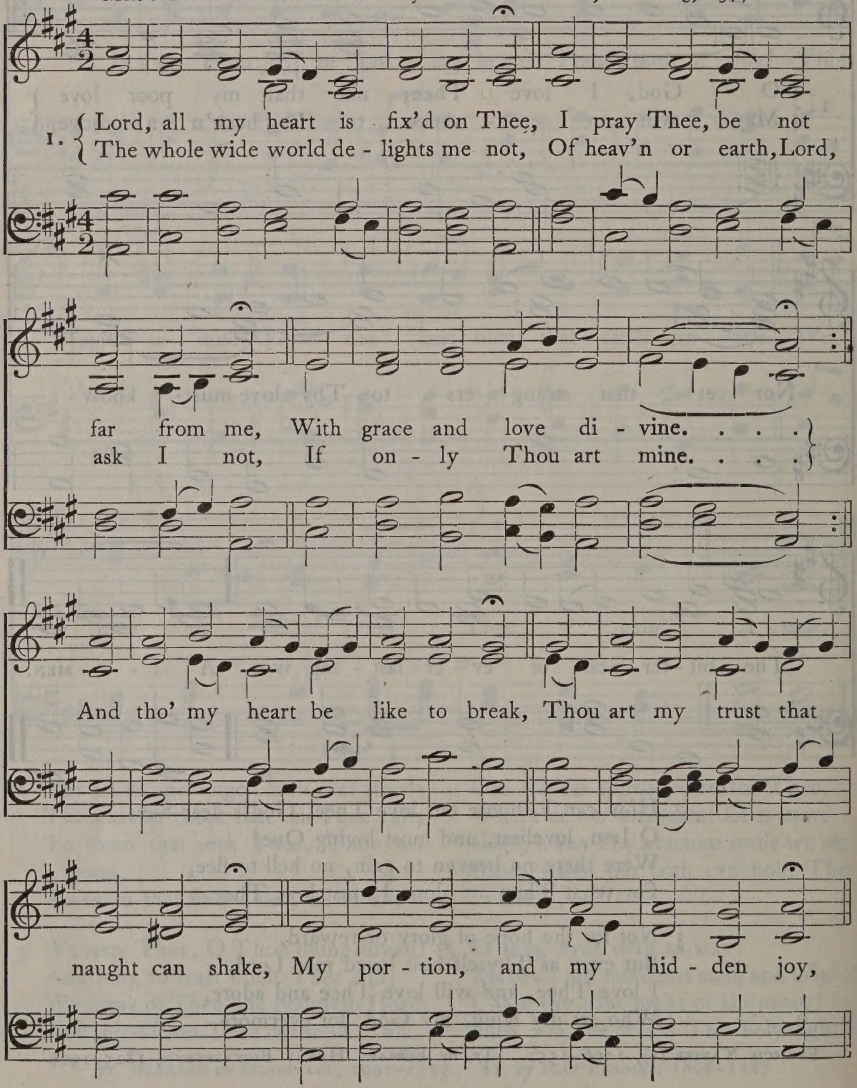
197

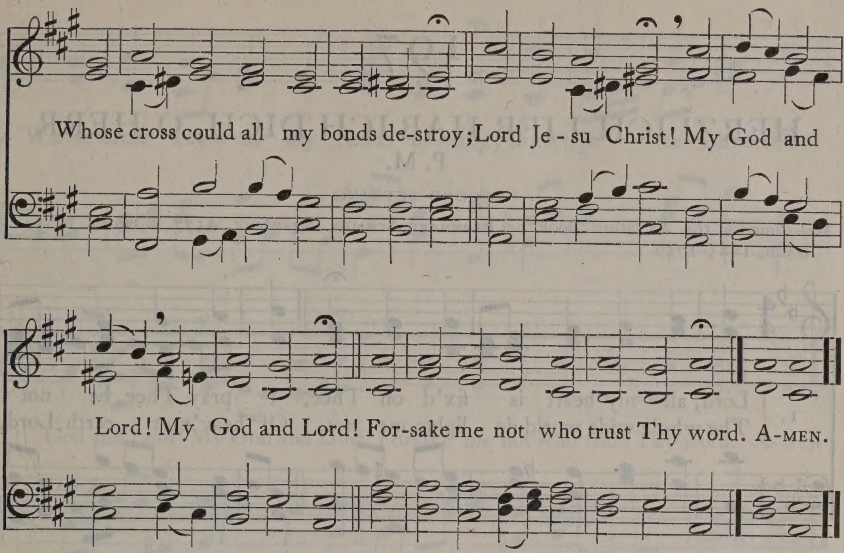
HERZLICH LIEB HAB ICH DICH, O HERR

P.M.

FIRST SETTING

Mel. found in the Tablature Book by BERNHARD SCHMID, Strassburg, 1577


1. Lord, all my heart is fix'd on Thee, I pray Thee, be not far from me, With grace and love di - vine. . . .
The whole wide world de - lights me not, Of heav'n or earth, Lord, ask I not, If on - ly Thou art mine. . . .
And tho' my heart be like to break, Thou art my trust that naught can shake, My por - tion, and my hid - den joy,


Whose cross could all my bonds de-stroy; Lord Je - su Christ! My God and
Lord! My God and Lord! For-sake me not who trust Thy word. A-MEN.

2 Rich are Thy gifts! 'Twas God that gave
Body and soul, and all I have
In this poor life I live;
That I may use them to Thy praise,
And man's true welfare all my days,
Thy grace, I pray Thee, give;
From all false error keep me, Lord;
All lies and malice from me ward;
In every cross uphold Thou me,
That I may bear it patiently;
Lord Jesu Christ! My God and Lord! My God and Lord!
In death Thy comfort still afford.

3 Ah, Lord, let Thy dear angels come
At my last end to bear me home
To Paradise for aye;
And in its narrow chamber keep
My body safe in painless sleep
Until Thy judgment day;
And then from death awaken me,
That these mine eyes with joy may see,
O Son of God, Thy glorious face,
My Saviour, and my fount of Grace!
Lord Jesu Christ! Receive my prayer! Receive my prayer!
Thy love will I for aye declare.

MARTIN SCHALLING, 1532–1608. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

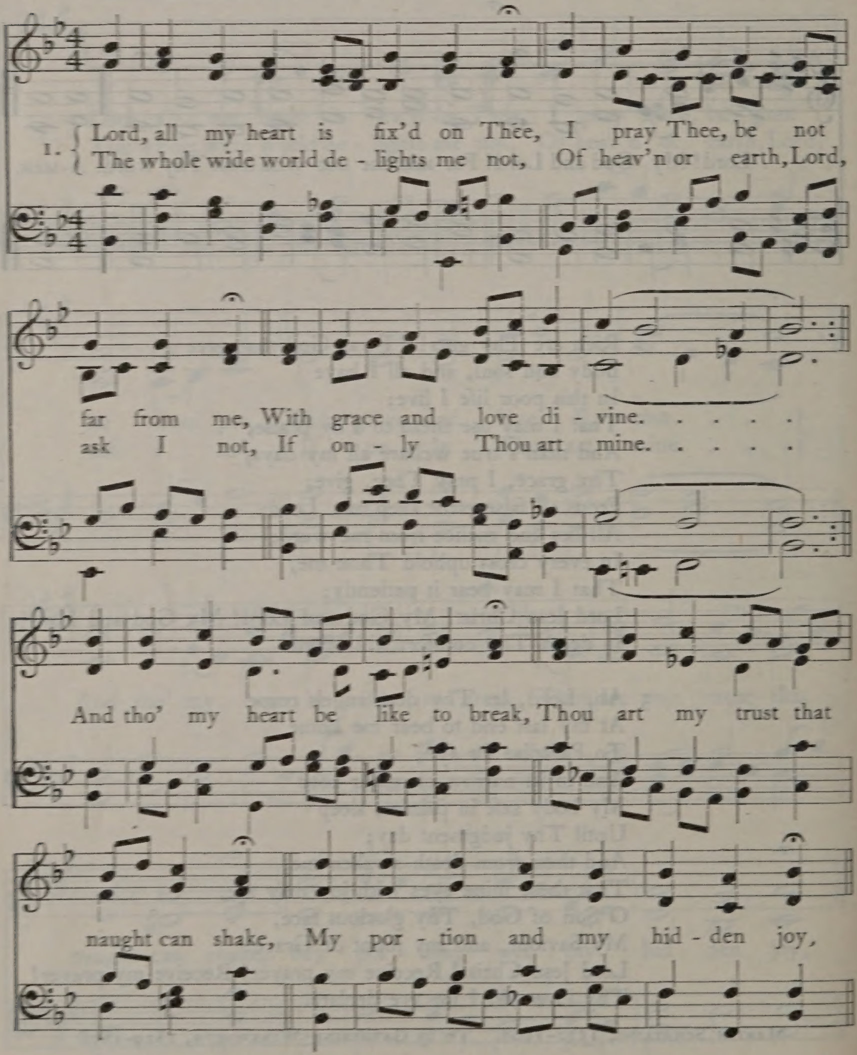
197

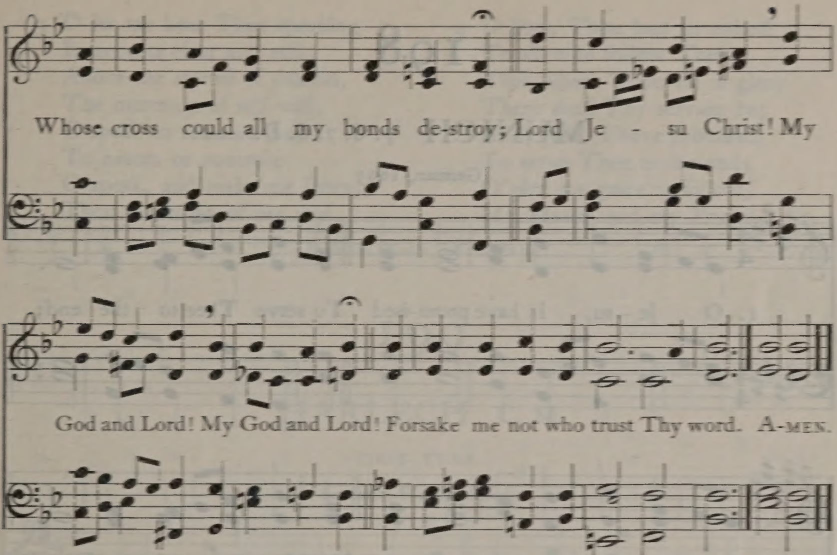
HERZLICH LIEB HAB ICH DICH, O HERR

P. M.

SECOND SETTING

Mel. found in the Tablature Book by Bernhard Schmid, Strassburg, 1577. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750


1. Lord, all my heart is fix'd on Thee, I pray Thee, be not far from me, With grace and love di - vine. . . . .
The whole wide world de - lights me not, Of heav'n or earth, Lord, ask I not, If on - ly Thou art mine. . . . .
And tho' my heart be like to break, Thou art my trust that naught can shake, My por - tion and my hid - den joy,


Whose cross could all my bonds de-stroy; Lord Je - su Christ! My
God and Lord! My God and Lord! Forsake me not who trust Thy word. A-MEN.

2 Rich are Thy gifts! 'Twas God that gave
Body and soul, and all I have
In this poor life I live;
That I may use them to Thy praise,
And man's true welfare all my days,
Thy grace, I pray Thee, give;
From all false error keep me, Lord;
All lies and malice from me ward;
In every cross uphold Thou me,
That I may bear it patiently;
Lord Jesu Christ! My God and Lord! My God and Lord!
In death Thy comfort still afford.

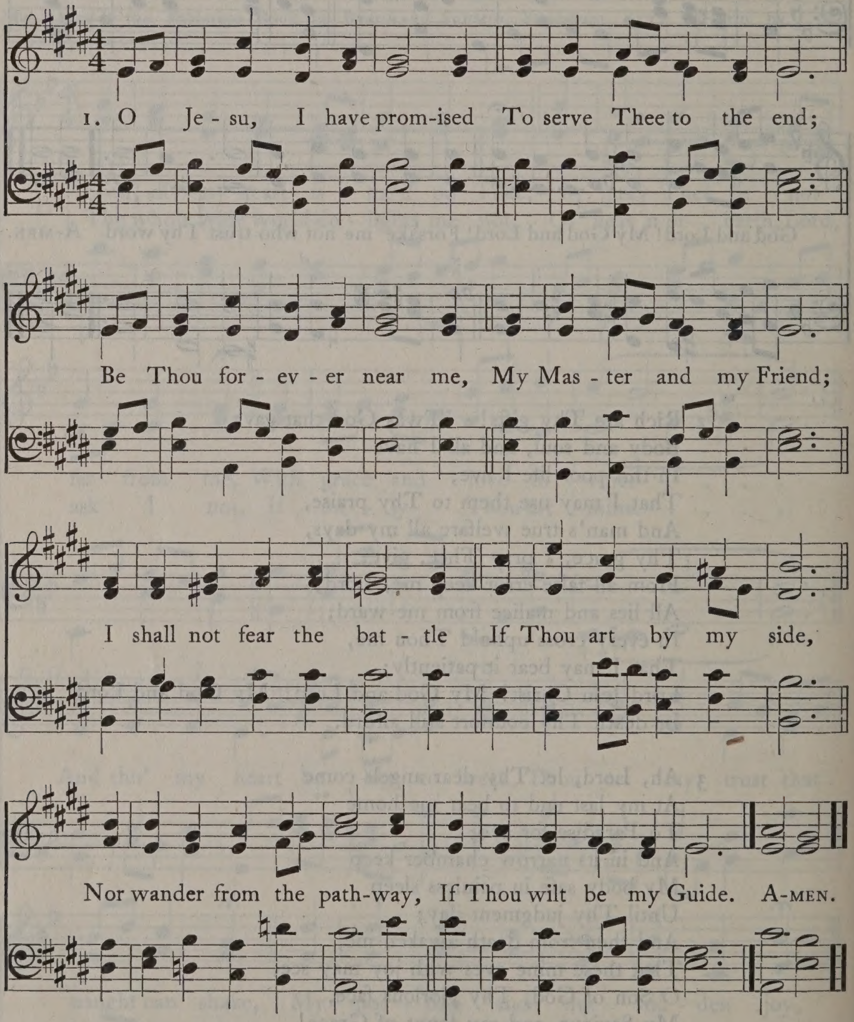
3 Ah, Lord, let Thy dear angels come
At my last end to bear me home
To Paradise for aye;
And in its narrow chamber keep
My body safe in painless sleep
Until Thy judgment day;
And then from death awaken me,
That these mine eyes with joy may see,
O Son of God, Thy glorious face,
My Saviour, and my fount of Grace!
Lord Jesu Christ! Receive my prayer! Receive my prayer!
Thy love will I for aye declare.

MARTIN SCHALLING, 1532–1608. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

198

MUNICH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

German, 1693


1. O Je - su, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend;
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the path-way, If Thou wilt be my Guide. A-MEN.

2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesu, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesu, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesu, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

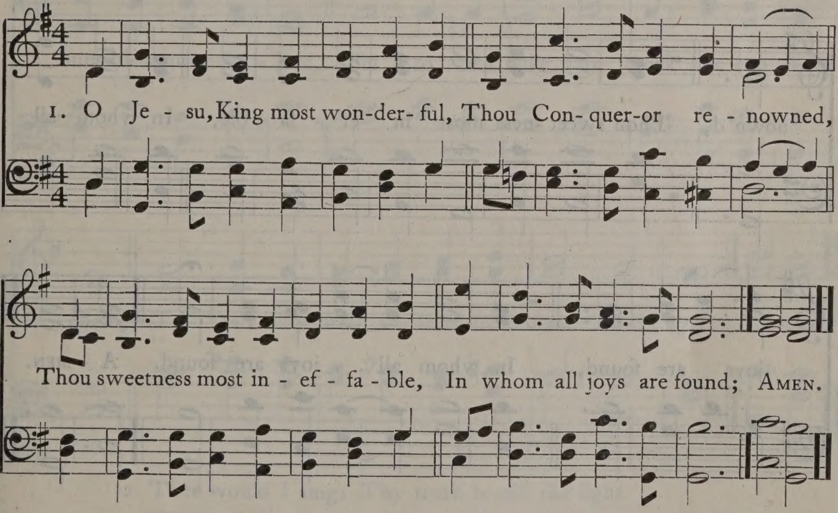
John E. Bode, 1816–1874

199

HARLECH C. M.

FIRST TUNE

Ancient Welsh Melody


1. O Je - su, King most won-der- ful, Thou Con- quer-or re - nowned,
Thou sweetness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found; Amen.

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesu, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore,
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

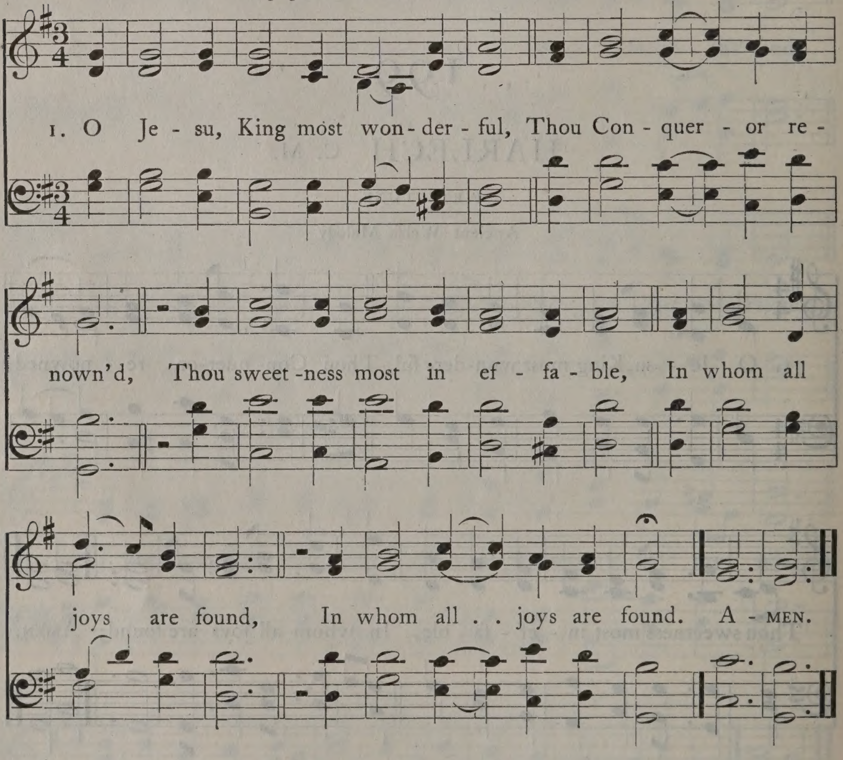
St. Bernard of Clairvaux (?), 1091–1153. Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

199

HERR, WAS SIND DAS FÜR WUNDEN?
(O CHRISTE, MORGENSTERNE) C. M.

SECOND TUNE

1585. BARTHOLOMÄUS GESIUS, 1605


1. O Je - su, King most won - der - ful, Thou Con - quer - or re - nown'd,
Thou sweet - ness most in ef - fa - ble, In whom all
joys are found, In whom all . . joys are found. A - MEN.

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
When truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
‖:Then kindles love divine.:‖

3 O Jesu, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
‖:And all we can desire;:‖

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore,
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
‖:To seek Thee more and more.:‖

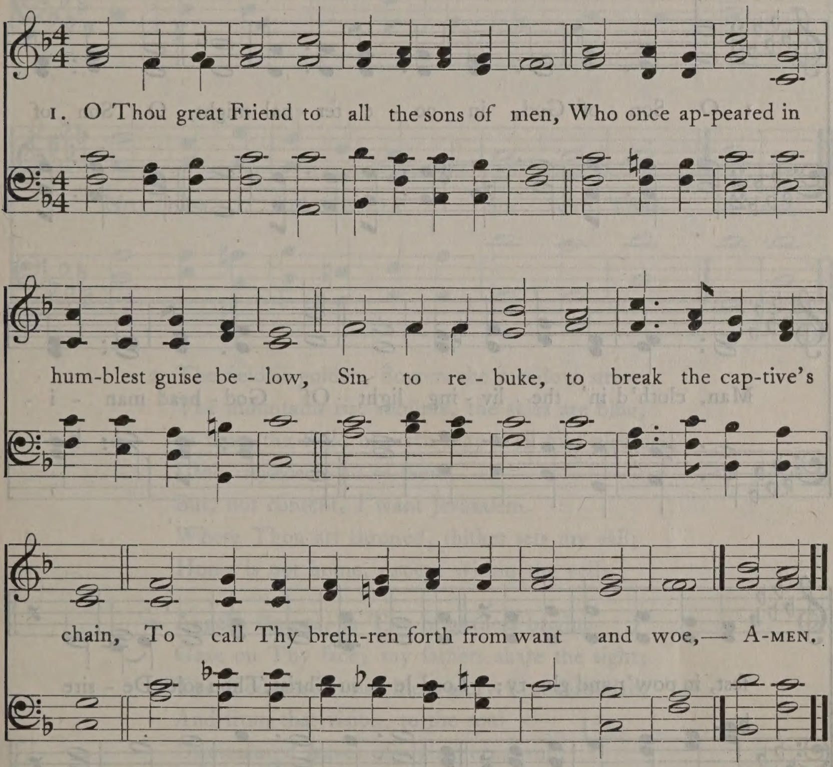
5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
‖:The image of Thine own.:‖

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (?), 1091–1153. Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–1878

200

LANGRAN 10. 10. 10. 10.

James Langran, 1835–1909


1. O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once ap-peared in
hum-blest guise be - low, Sin to re - buke, to break the cap-tive's
chain, To call Thy breth-ren forth from want and woe,— A-men.

2 Thee would I sing: Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

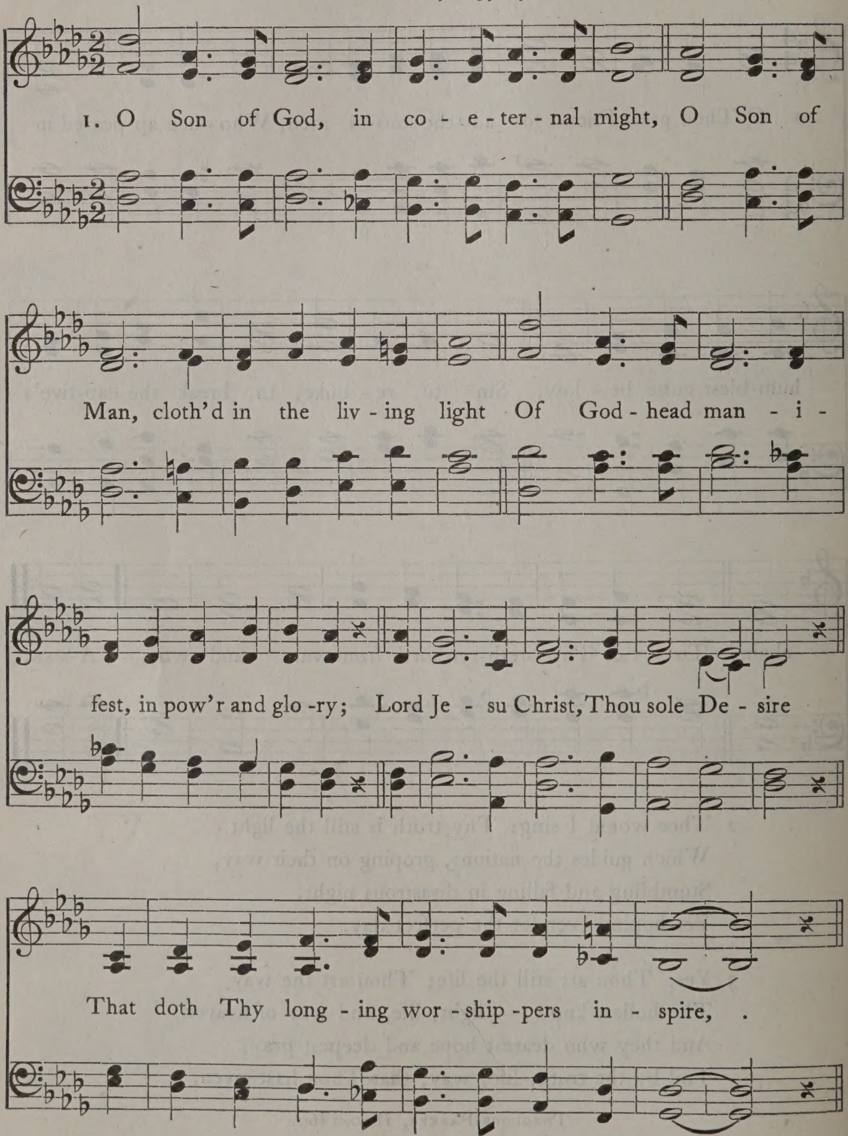
3 Yes: Thou art still the life; Thou art the way
The holiest know, — light, life, and way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
Toil by the truth, life, way, that Thou hast given.

Theodore Parker, 1810–1860

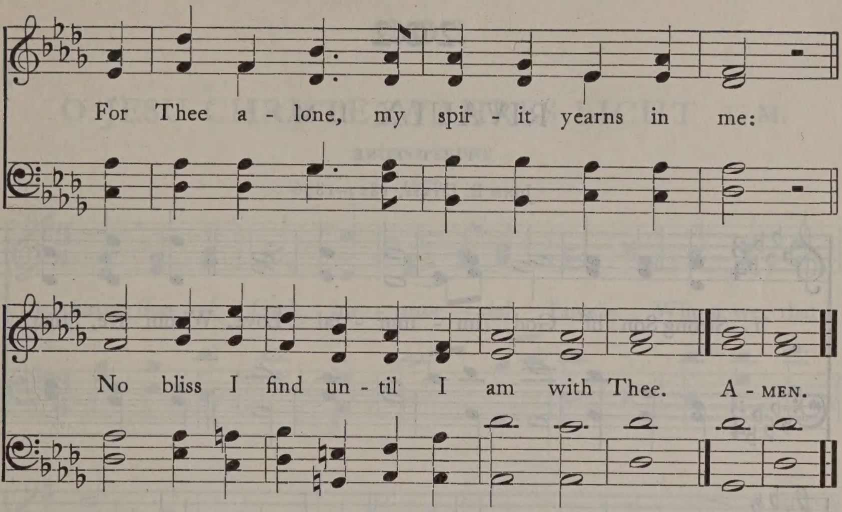
201

O GOTTESSOHN P. M.

Adolph Spaeth, 1839–1910


1. O Son of God, in co - e - ter - nal might, O Son of
Man, cloth'd in the liv - ing light Of God - head man - i -
fest, in pow'r and glo - ry; Lord Je - su Christ, Thou sole De - sire
That doth Thy long - ing wor - ship - pers in - spire,

Devotion to Christ


For Thee a - lone, my spir - it yearns in me:
No bliss I find un - til I am with Thee. A - MEN.

2 The field is golden, flowers the meadow strew,
The mountains rise sublime, the skies are blue;
In these the child of earth may well find pleasure;
I too, rejoice in all of them,
But, not content, I want Jerusalem.
Where Thou art thronéd, thither sets my sail;
Home is not home, except within the veil.

3 Angelic legions, in Thy brightness bright,
Gaze on Thy face; my fathers share the sight;
The God-man's matchless glory is unshrouded,
And from that vision, to the soul
Unmeasured waves of joy supernal roll,
That rise in full and ever fuller tone,
Like ocean surges, to the Lamb's white throne.

4 Then let me go,—what further hinders me?—
To mine own folk, the Son of Man to see.
No glance will I, of that majestic beauty
My eager soul would take her fill.
Joy even now, and trembling, through me thrill.
I must away! Thou hast prepared my place;
My spirit panteth, Lord, to see Thy face.

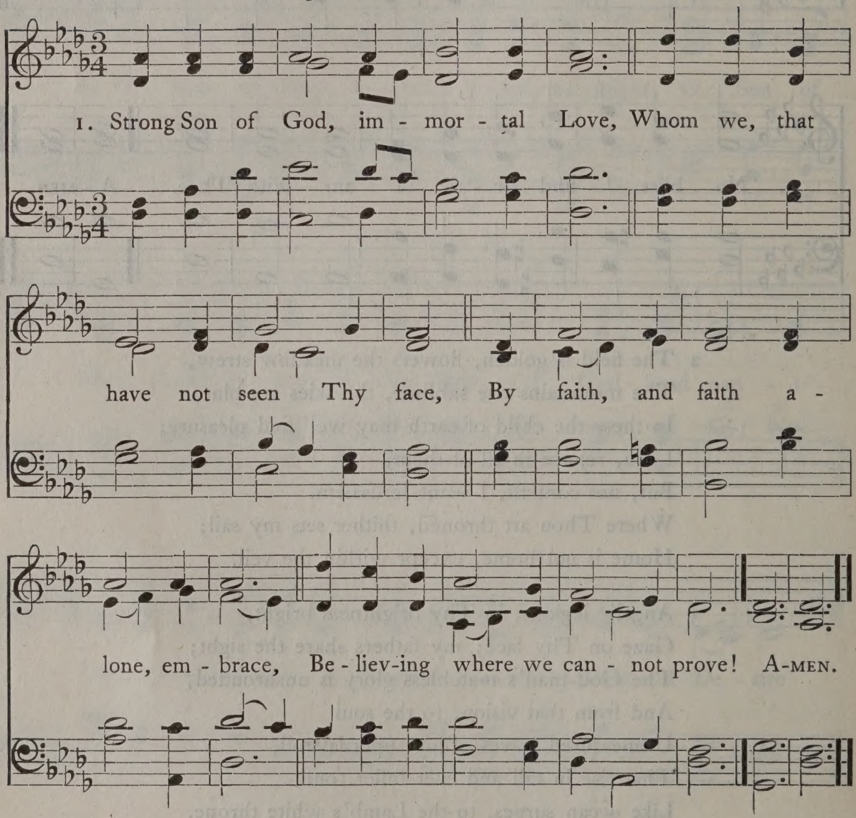
WILHELM LOEHE, 1808–1872. Tr. by HARRIETT REYNOLDS SPAETH, 1845–

202

RIVAULX L. M.

FIRST TUNE

John B. Dykes, 1823–1876


1. Strong Son of God, im - mor - tal Love, Whom we, that
have not seen Thy face, By faith, and faith a -
lone, em - brace, Be - liev-ing where we can - not prove! A-men.

2 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

3 Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

4 We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

5 Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

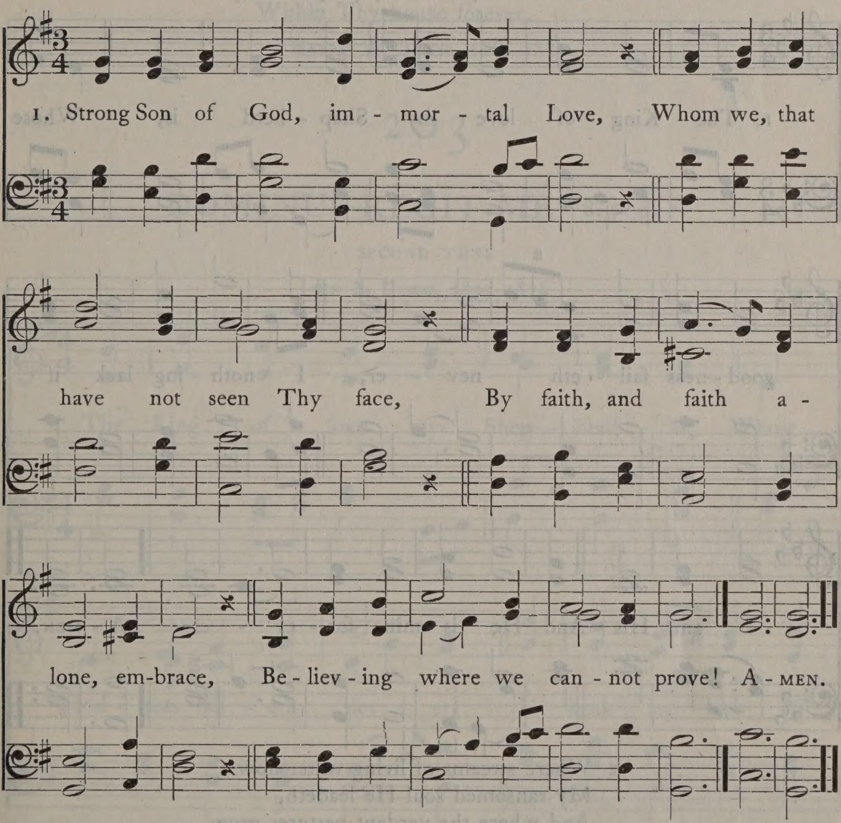
Alfred Tennyson, 1809–1892

202

O JESU CHRISTE, WAHRES LICHT L. M.

SECOND TUNE

1676


1. Strong Son of God, im - mor - tal Love, Whom we, that
have not seen Thy face, By faith, and faith a -
lone, em-brace, Be - liev - ing where we can - not prove! A - MEN.

2 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

3 Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

4 We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

5 Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

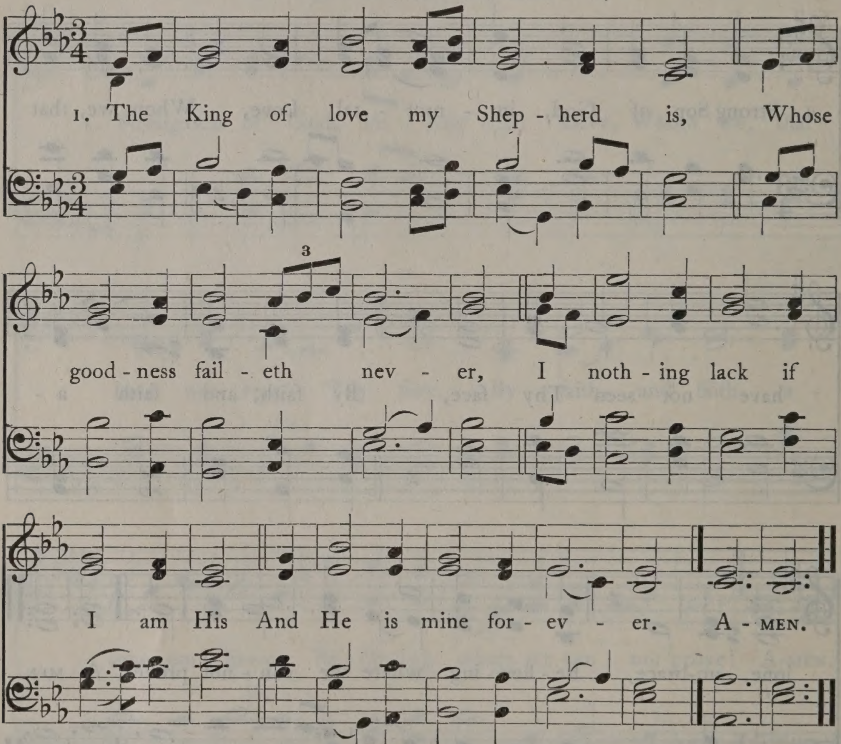
Alfred Tennyson, 1809–1892

203

ST. COLUMBA 8. 7. 8. 7.

FIRST TUNE

Ancient Irish Hymn Melody (Original form)


1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose
3
good - ness fail - eth nev - er, I noth - ing lack if
I am His And He is mine for - ev - er. A - MEN.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

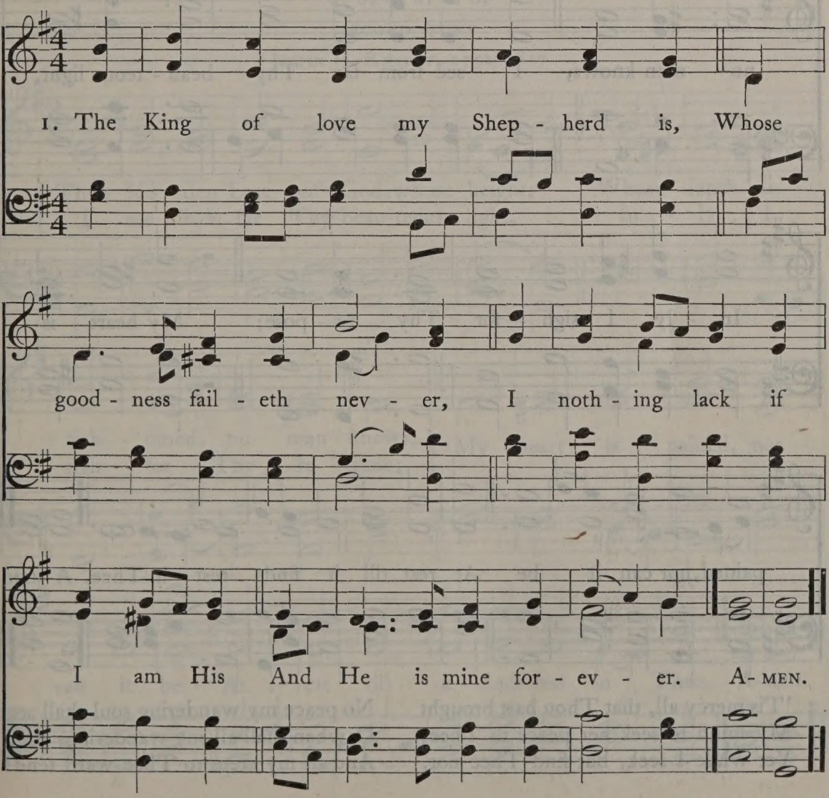
Henry W. Baker, 1821–1877

203

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8. 7. 8. 7.

SECOND TUNE

John B. Dykes, 1823–1876



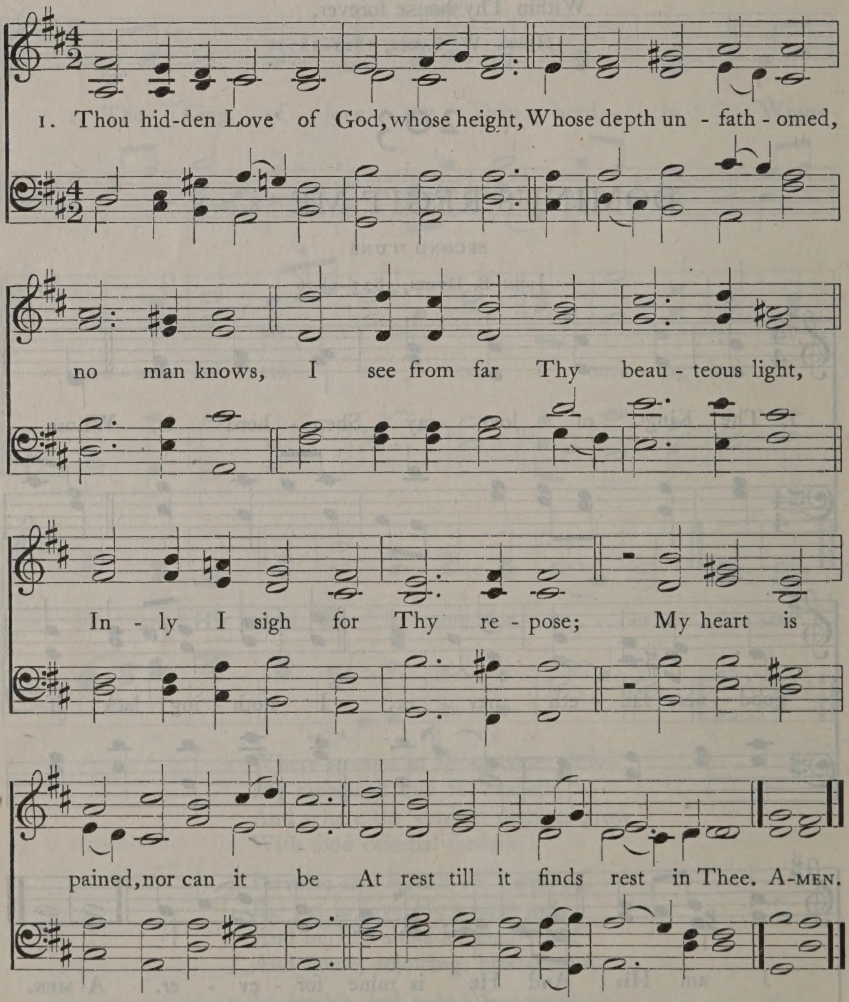
1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose
good - ness fail - eth nev - er, I noth - ing lack if
I am His And He is mine for - ev - er. A- MEN.

204

DAVID'S HARP 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

FIRST TUNE

Robert King in "The Divine Companion," 1722


1. Thou hid-den Love of God, whose height, Whose depth un - fath - omed,
no man knows, I see from far Thy beau - teous light,
In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose; My heart is
pained, nor can it be At rest till it finds rest in Thee. A-men.

2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I,
Ceaseless, may "Abba, Father!" cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697–1769. Tr. by John Wesley, 1703–1791

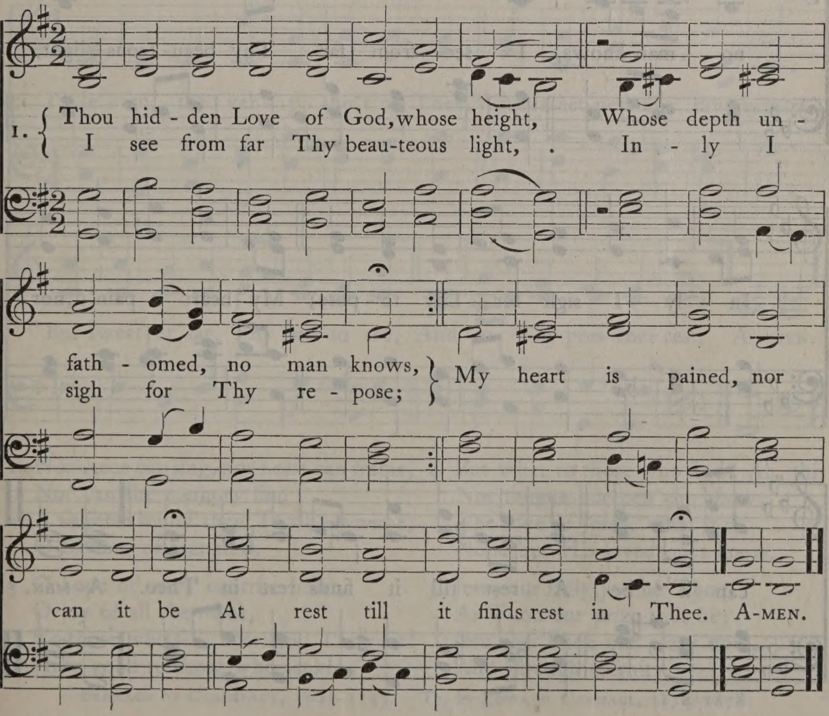
204

AUS GNADEN SOLL ICH SELIG WERDEN

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

SECOND TUNE

Justin H. Knecht, 1752–1817

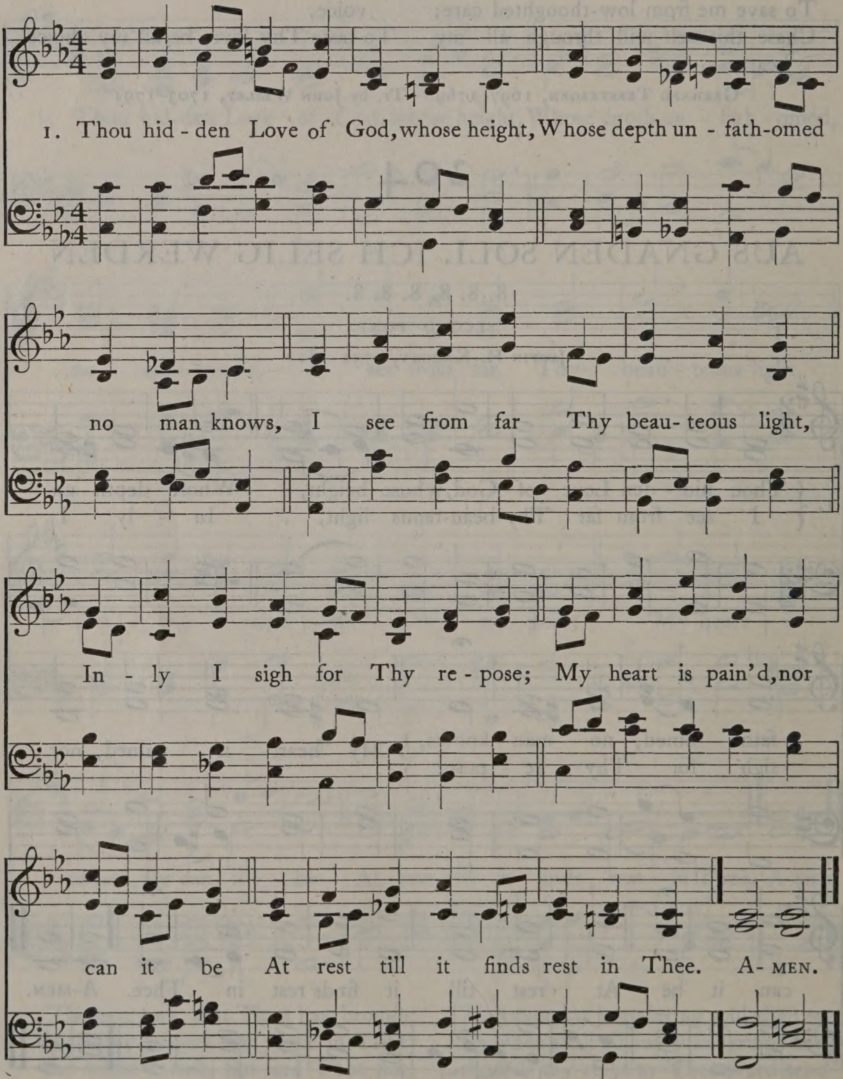

1. Thou hid - den Love of God, whose height, Whose depth un - fath - omed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beau-teous light, In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest till it finds rest in Thee. A-MEN.

204

BRECKNOCK 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

THIRD TUNE

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. Thou hid - den Love of God, whose height, Whose depth un - fath-omed
no man knows, I see from far Thy beau- teous light,
In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose; My heart is pain'd, nor
can it be At rest till it finds rest in Thee. A- MEN.

2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast bro't
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will thro' all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I,
Ceaseless, may "Abba, Father!" cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

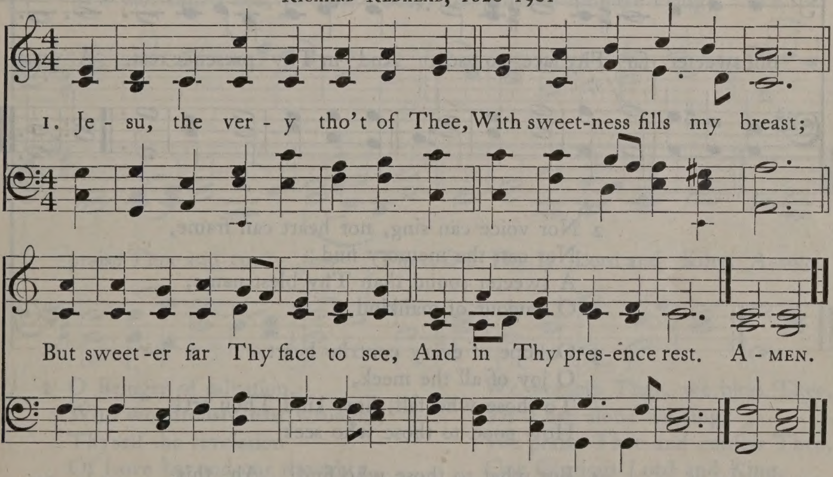
Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697–1769. Tr. by John Wesley, 1703–1791

205

METZLER'S REDHEAD NO. 66 C. M.

FIRST TUNE

Richard Redhead, 1820–1901


1. Je - su, the ver - y tho't of Thee, With sweet-ness fills my breast;
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A - men.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

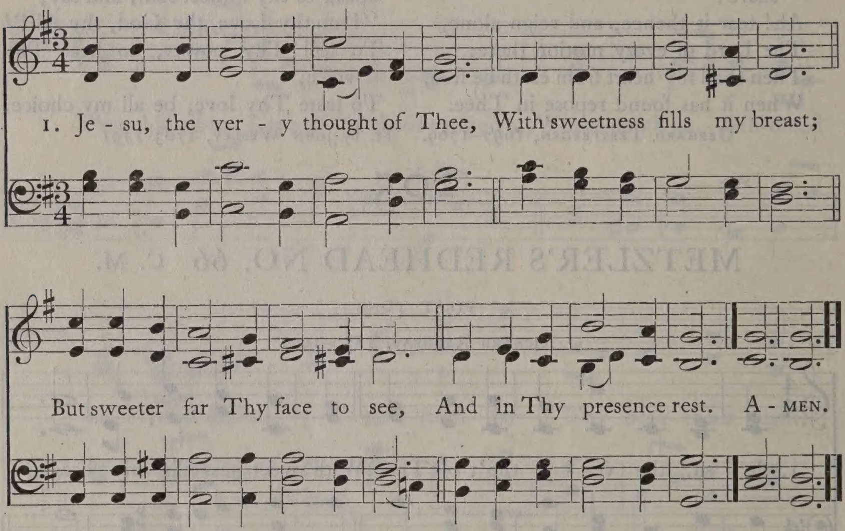
Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153. Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

205

ST. AGNES C. M.

SECOND TUNE

John B. Dykes, 1823–1876


1. Je - su, the ver - y thought of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest. A - MEN.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

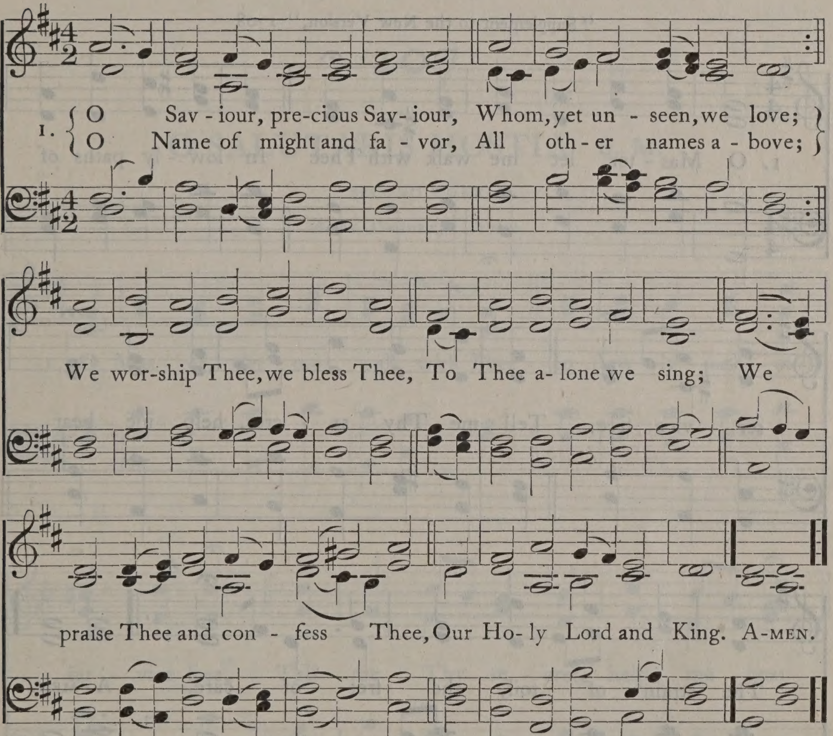
5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153. Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

206

MEIRIONYDD 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Melody by William Lloyd, 1786–1852


1. { O Sav - iour, pre-cious Sav- iour, Whom, yet un - seen, we love; }
{ O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove; }
We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a- lone we sing; We
praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our Ho- ly Lord and King. A-men.

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of Love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee and confess Thee,
Our Gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine.
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee and confess Thee,
Our Glorious Lord and King.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee,
Our Saviour and our King.

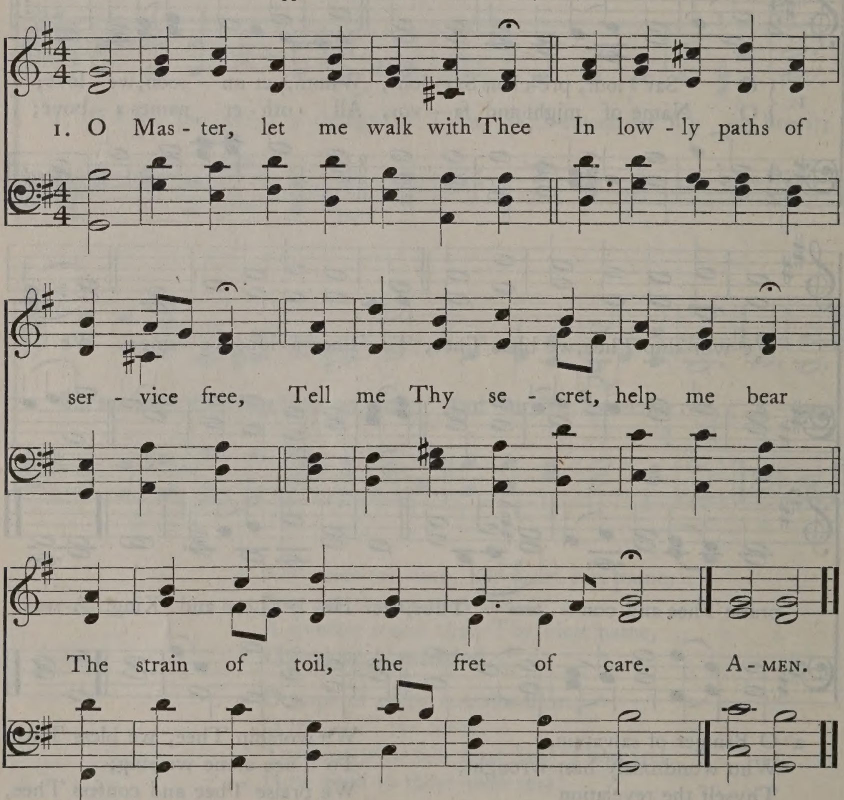
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879

207

ALFRETON L. M.

FIRST TUNE

"Supplement to the New Version," 1708


1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of ser - vice free, Tell me Thy se - cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A - MEN.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love,
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

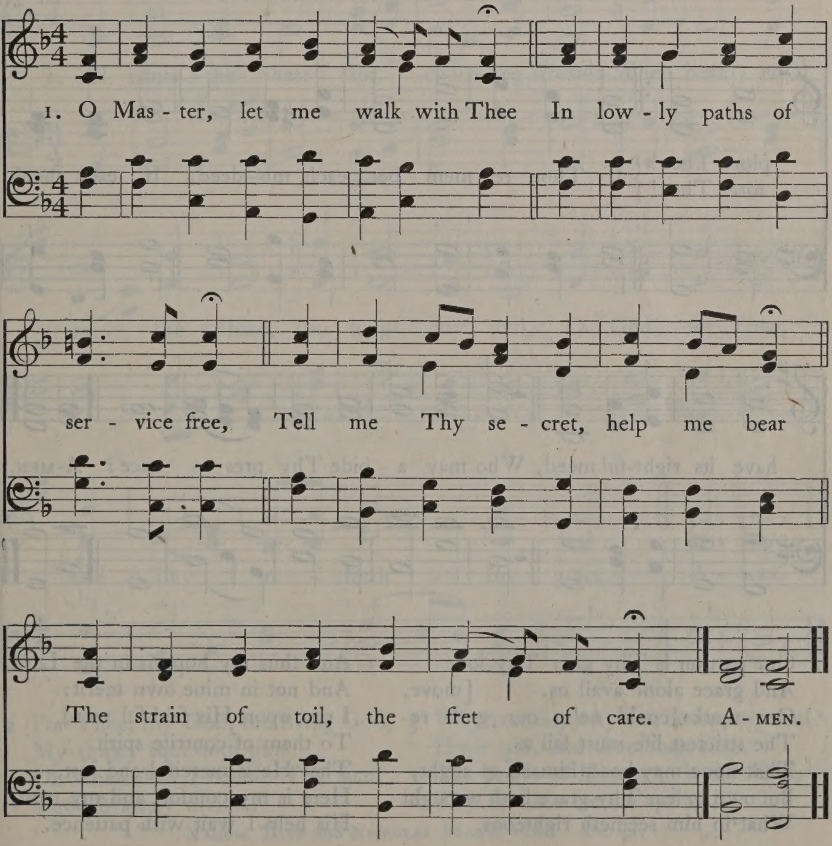
WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1836–1923

207

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA L. M.

SECOND TUNE

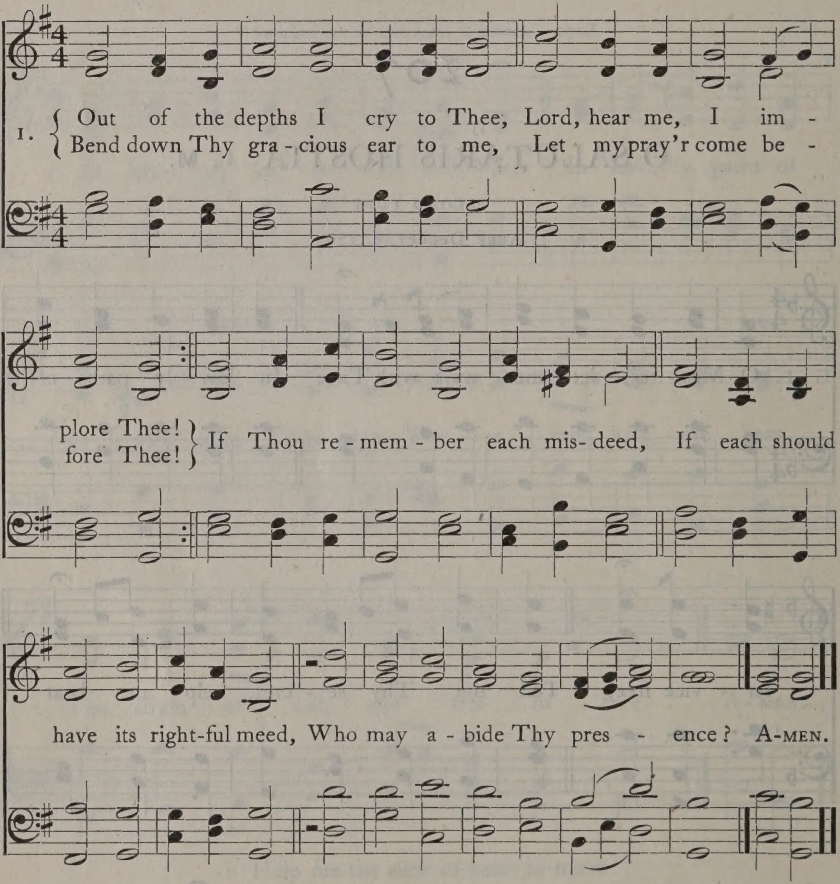
ABBÉ DUGUET, c. 1767


1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of
ser - vice free, Tell me Thy se - cret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care. A - MEN.

208

AUS TIEFER NOTH 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

"Teutsch Kirchenampt," Strassburg, 1525


1. Out of the depths I cry to Thee, Lord, hear me, I implore Thee!
Bend down Thy gracious ear to me, Let my pray'r come before Thee!
If Thou remember each misdeed, If each should have its rightful meed, Who may abide Thy presence? A-MEN.

2 Our pardon is Thy gift; Thy love
And grace alone avail us.
Our works could ne'er our guilt remove,
The strictest life must fail us.
That none may boast himself of aught,
But own in fear Thy grace hath wrought
What in him seemeth righteous.

3 And thus my hope is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit:
I rest upon His faithful word
To them of contrite spirit.
That He is merciful and just,—
Here is my comfort and my trust,
His help I wait with patience.

4 And though it tarry till the night,
And round till morning waken,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust Thy might,
Nor count itself forsaken.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.

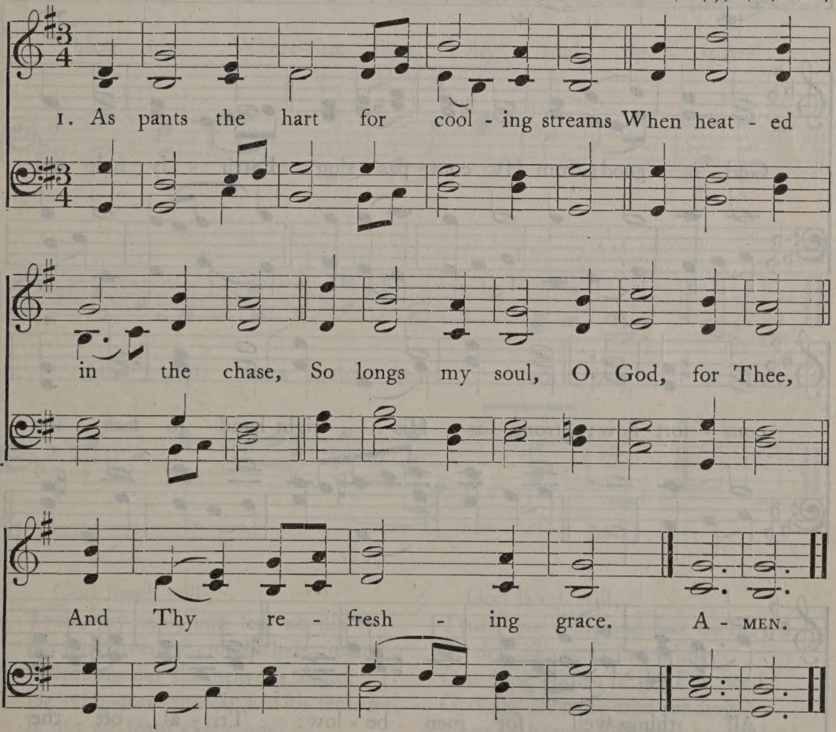
5 Tho' great our sins and sore our woes,
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmost need it soundeth.
Our kind and faithful Shepherd, He,
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

Martin Luther, 1483–1546. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

209

MARTYRDOM C. M.

Smith's "Sacred Music," 1825. Possibly an old Scottish Melody. Hugh Wilson (?), 1764–1824



1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heat - ed
in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.
A - men.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
Oh when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

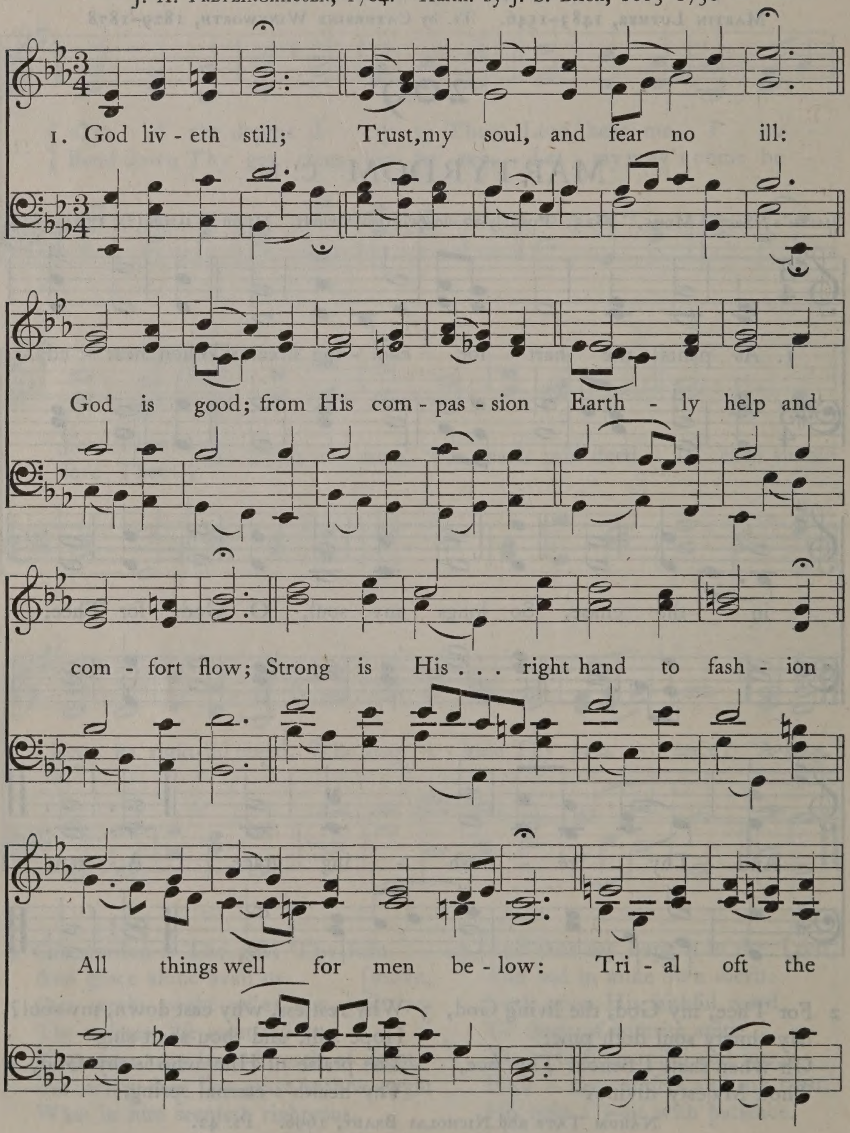
3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

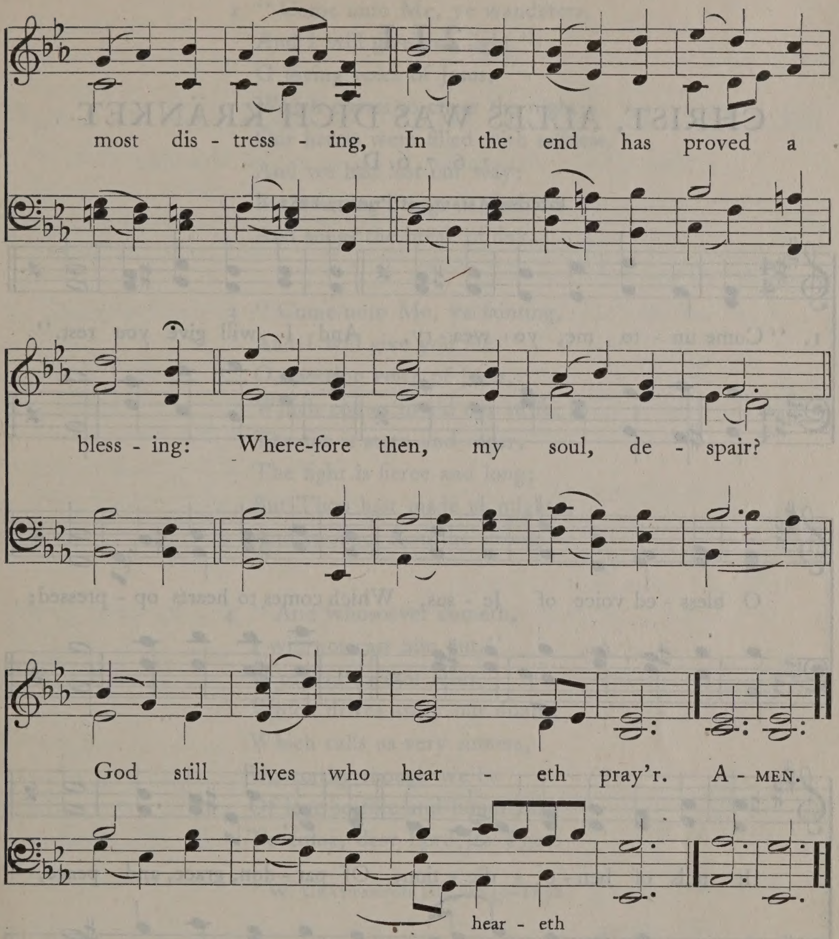
Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, 1696. Ps. 42.

210

GOTT LEBET NOCH P. M.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1704. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. God liv - eth still; Trust, my soul, and fear no ill:
God is good; from His com - pas - sion Earth - ly help and
com - fort flow; Strong is His . . . right hand to fash - ion
All things well for men be - low: Tri - al oft the


most dis - tress - ing, In the end has proved a
bless - ing: Where-fore then, my soul, de - spair?
God still lives who hear - eth pray'r. A - MEN.
hear - eth

2 God liveth still;
Trust, my soul, and fear no ill:
He who gives the clouds their measure,
Stretching out the heavens alone:
He who stores the earth with treasure,
Is not far from every one:
God in hour of need defendeth
Him whose heart in love ascendeth:
Wherefore then, my soul, despair?
God still lives who heareth prayer.

3 God liveth still;
Trust, my soul, and fear no ill:
Be thy life, until its ending,
One long course of grief or need,
God, in love the trial sending,
Thus to heaven thy soul would lead:
There will dawn, when cares are ended,
Joy and peace, for ever blended:
Wherefore then, my soul, despair?
God still lives who heareth prayer.

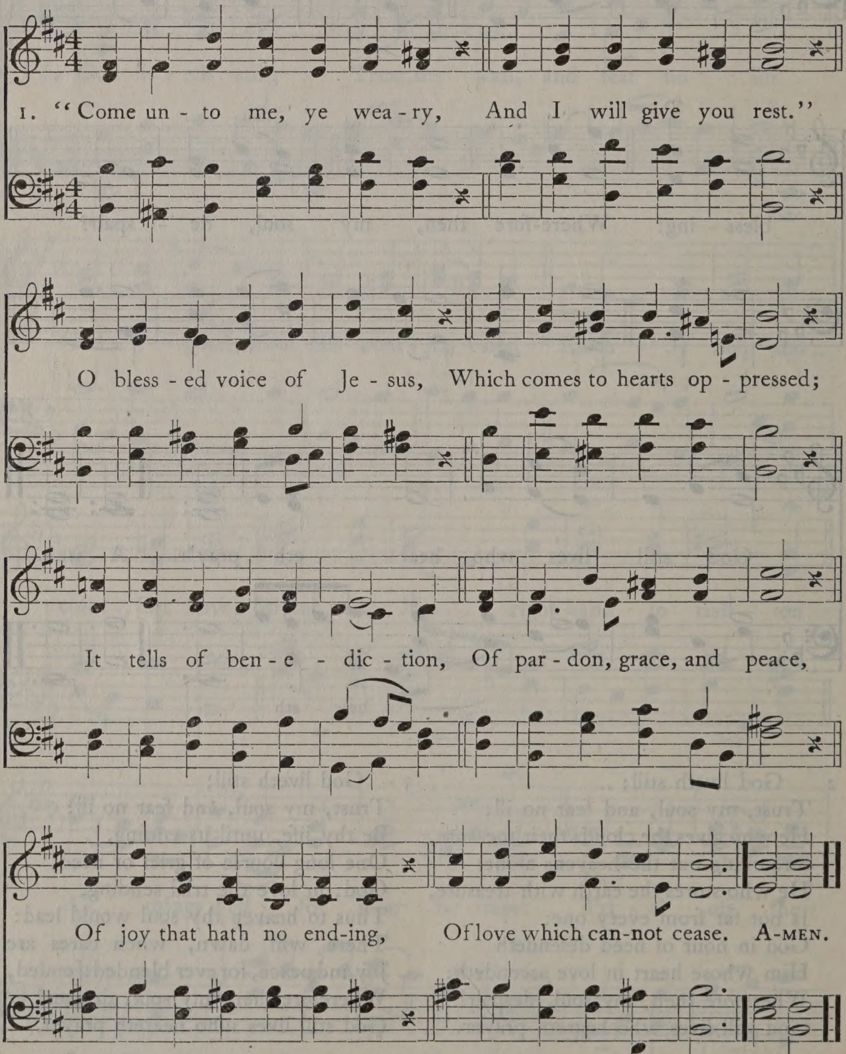
JOHANN FRIEDRICH ZIHN, 1650–1719. Tr. by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1812–1897

211

CHRIST, ALLES WAS DICH KRÄNKET

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Princess AMALIA of Prussia, 1782


1. "Come un - to me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - pressed;
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no end-ing, Of love which can-not cease. A-MEN.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife;
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

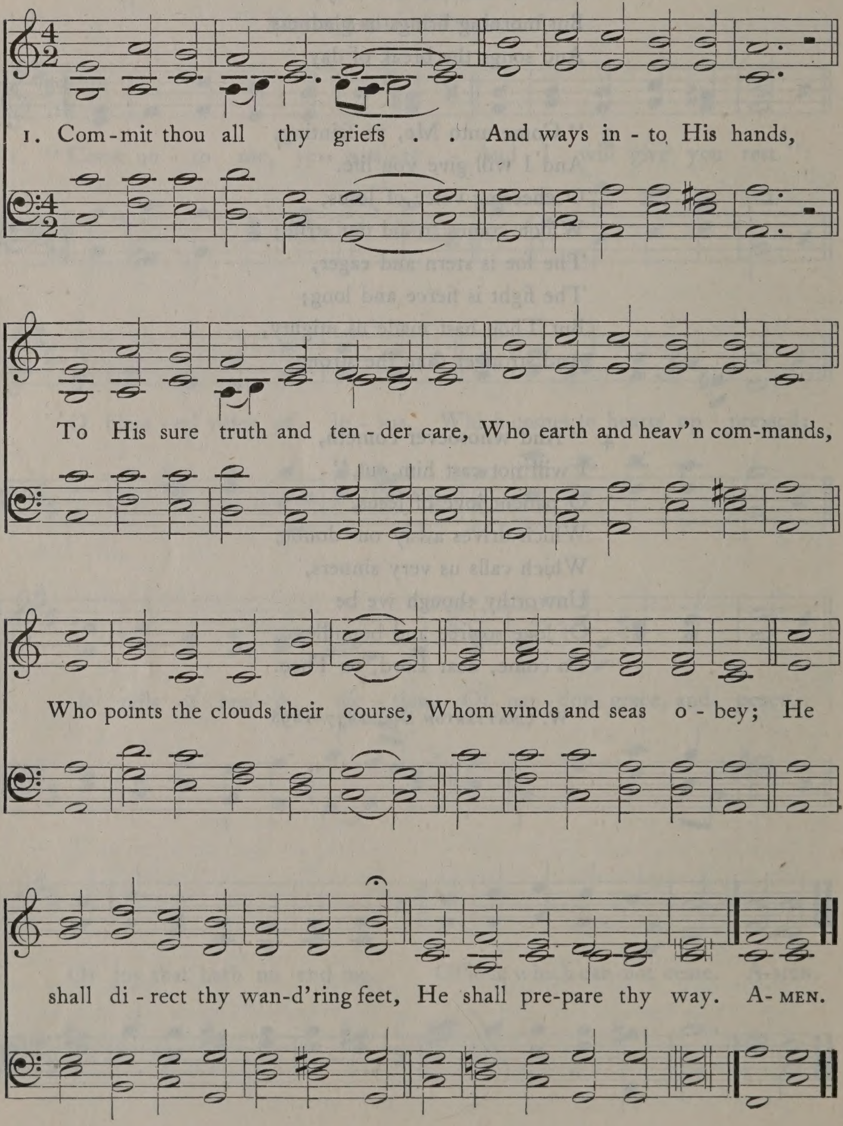
4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

W. Chatterton Dix, 1837–1898

212

HERZLICH THUT MICH VERLANGEN S. M. D.

Folksong, 1601. Harm. chiefly by JOHANN CRÜGER, 1598–1662


1. Com-mit thou all thy griefs . . And ways in-to His hands,
To His sure truth and ten-der care, Who earth and heav'n com-mands,
Who points the clouds their course, Whom winds and seas o-bey; He
shall di-rect thy wan-d'ring feet, He shall pre-pare thy way. A-MEN.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

3 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
And whatsoe'er Thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings!
What Thy unerring wisdom chose,
Thy power to being brings.

4 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
When Thou arisest, Lord,
What shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want, Thou giv'st;
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

5 Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed,
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

6 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim: God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

7 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

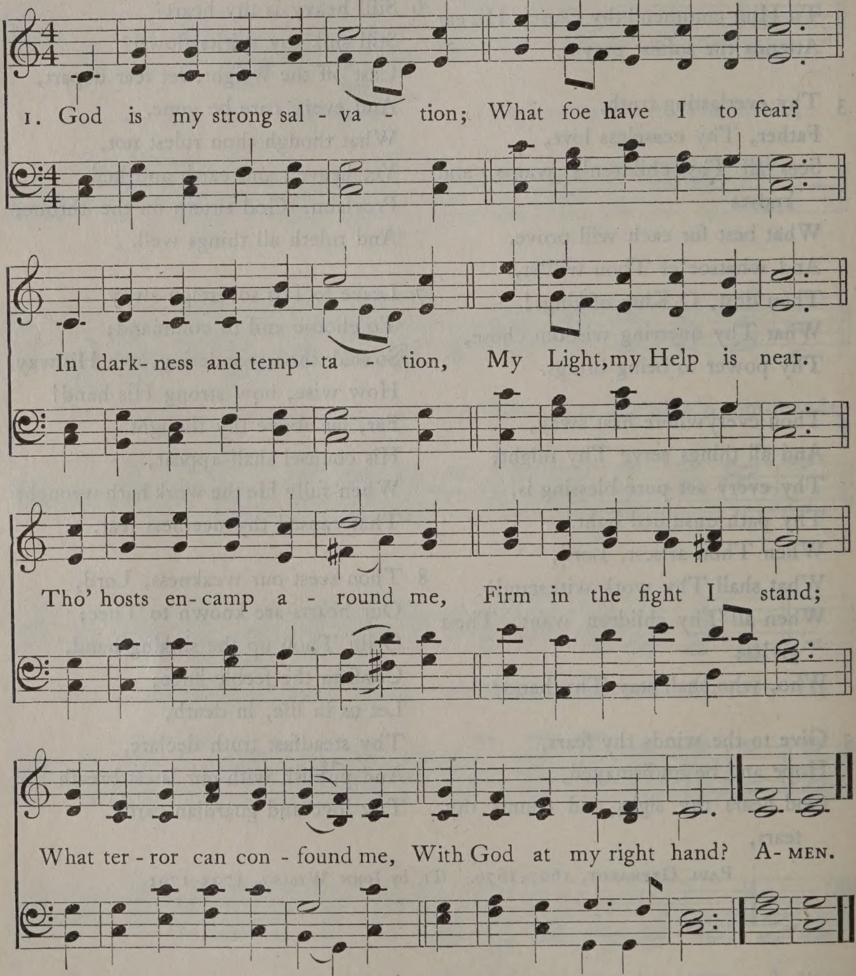
8 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee;
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care!

Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676. Tr. by John Wesley, 1703–1791

213

ST. THEODULPH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Melchior Teschner, 17th century


1. God is my strong sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear?
In dark- ness and temp - ta - tion, My Light, my Help is near.
Tho' hosts en- camp a - round me, Firm in the fight I stand;
What ter - ror can con - found me, With God at my right hand? A- men.

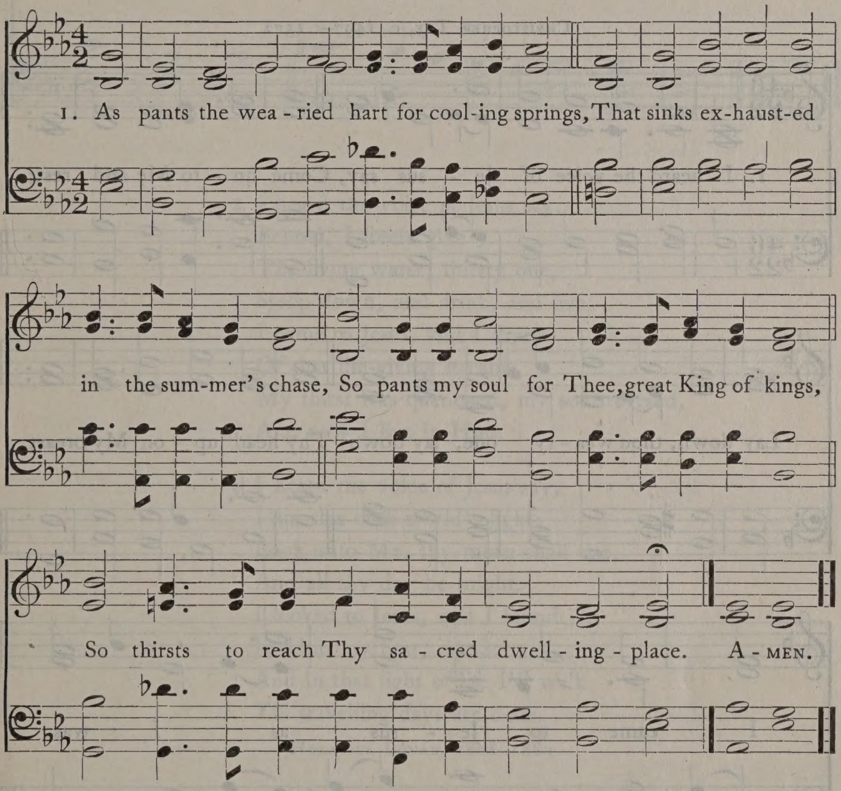
2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy day shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854

214

REFUGE 10. 10. 10. 10.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. As pants the wea - ried hart for cool-ing springs, That sinks ex-haust-ed
in the sum-mer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place. A - men.

2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

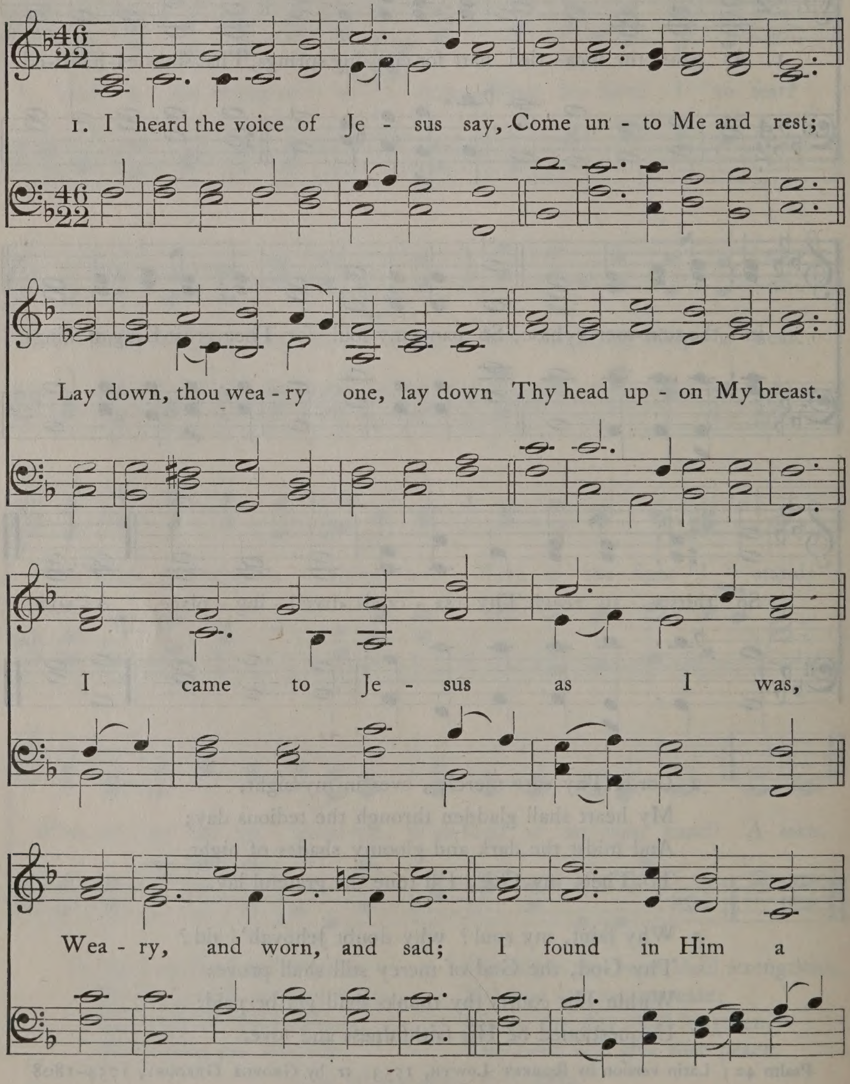
Psalm 42; Latin version by Robert Lowth, 1753; tr. by George Gregory, 1754–1808

215

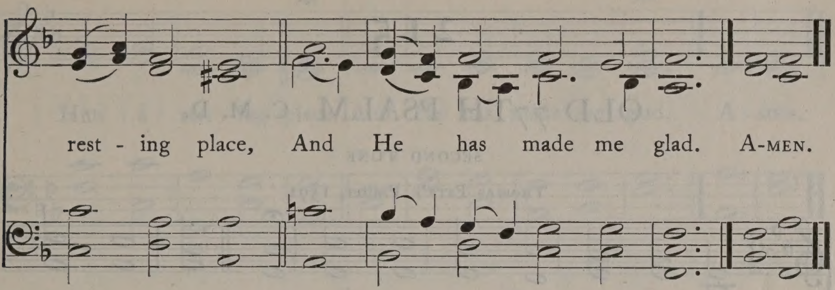
TYE C. M. D.

FIRST TUNE

Christopher Tye, c. 1497–c. 1572



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast.
I came to Je - sus as I was,
Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a



2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

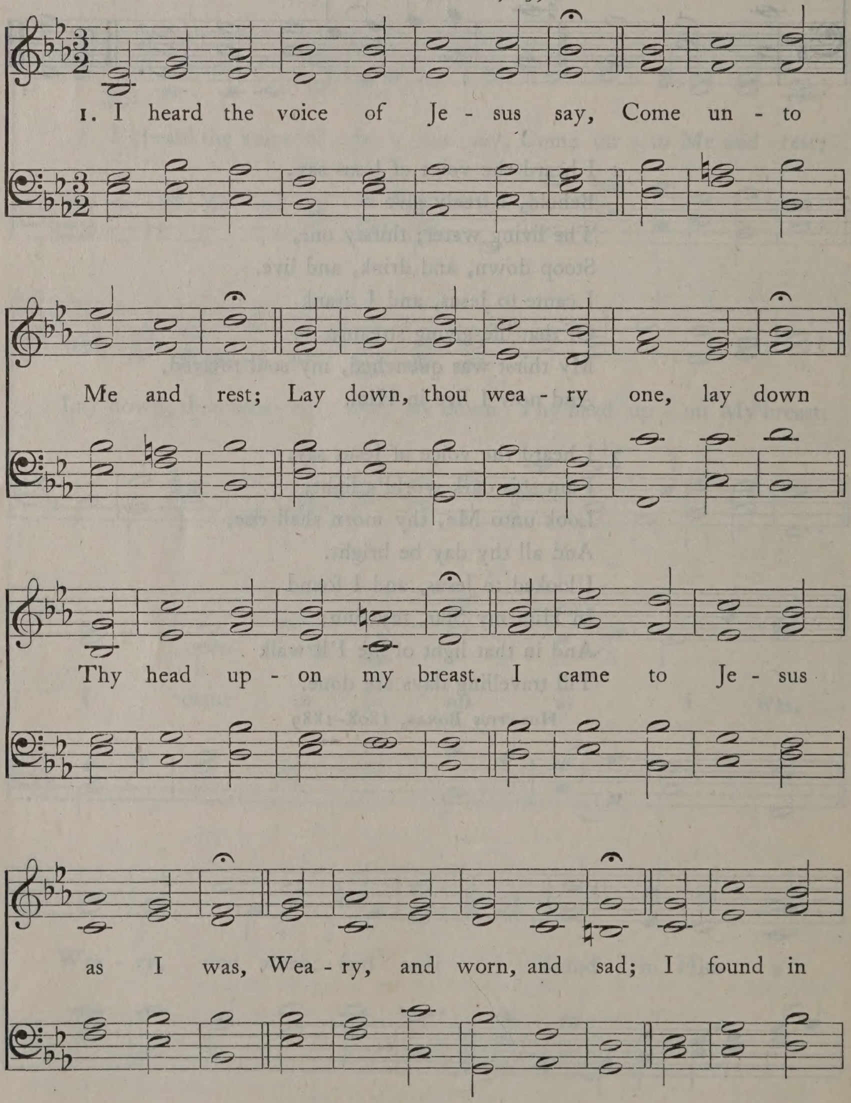
Horatius Bonar, 1808–1889

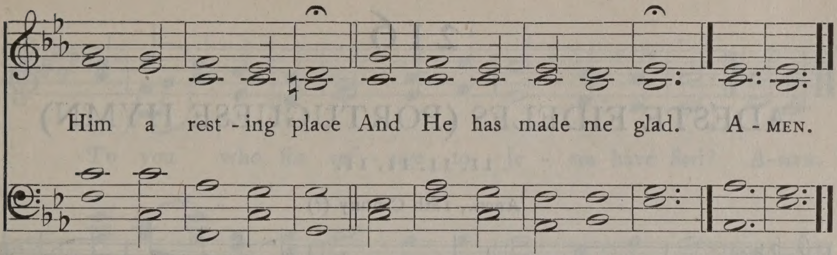
215

OLD 77TH PSALM C. M. D.

SECOND TUNE

Thomas Este's Psalter, 1592


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to
Me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down
Thy head up - on my breast. I came to Je - sus
as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I found in



2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

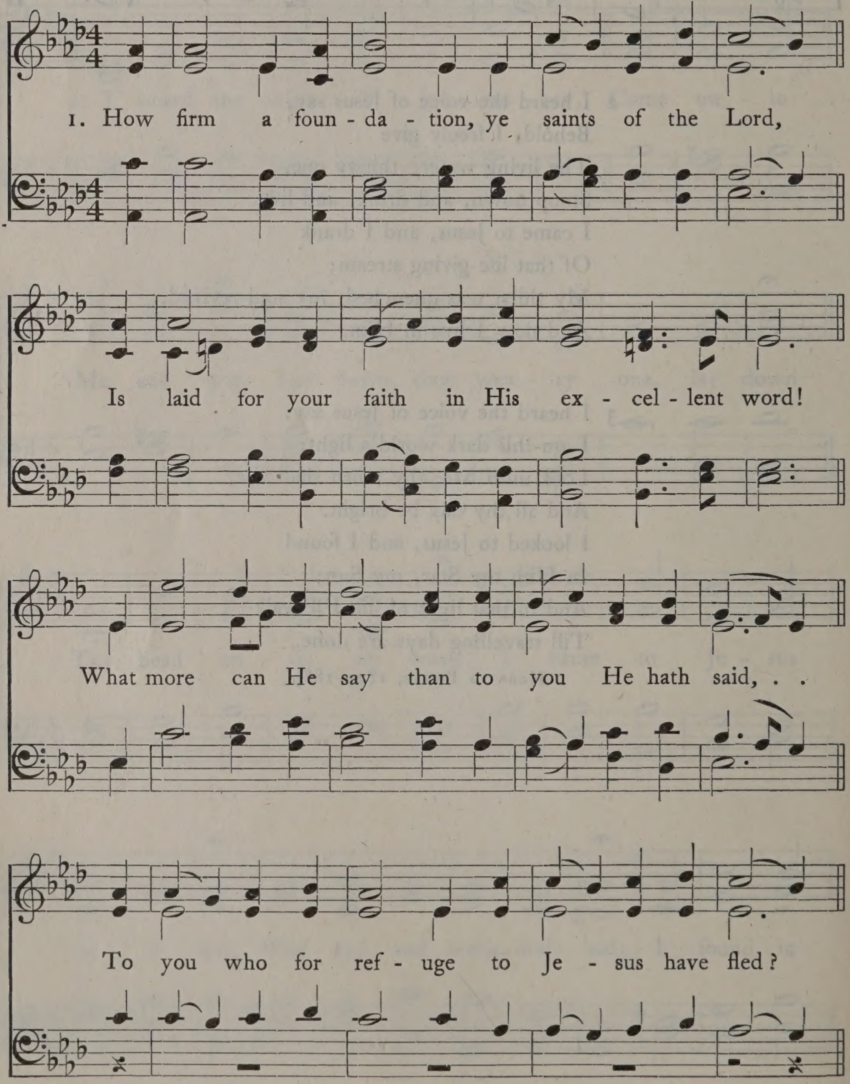
HORATIO BONAR, 1809–1889

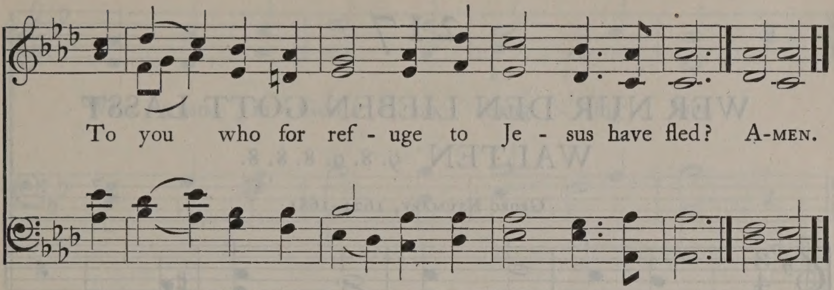
216

ADESTE FIDELES (PORTUGUESE HYMN)

11. 11. 11. 11.

Anon., 18th Century (?)


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said, . .
To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?



2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

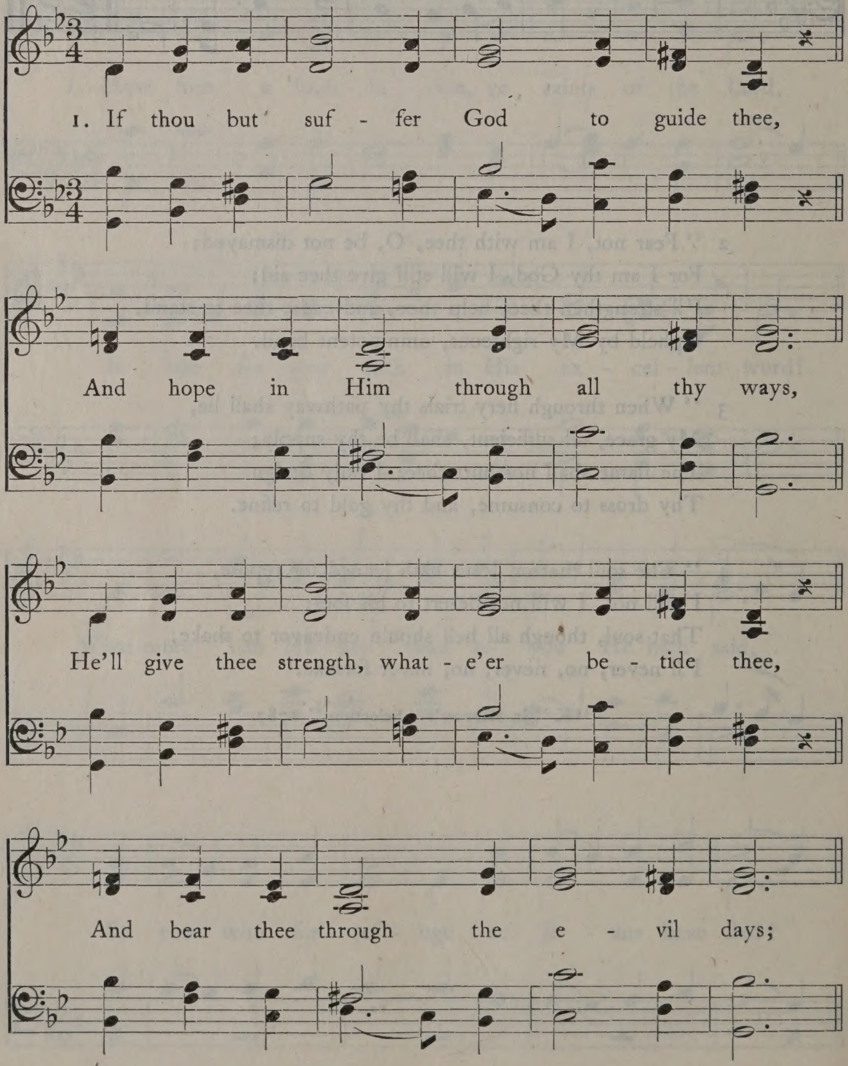
4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

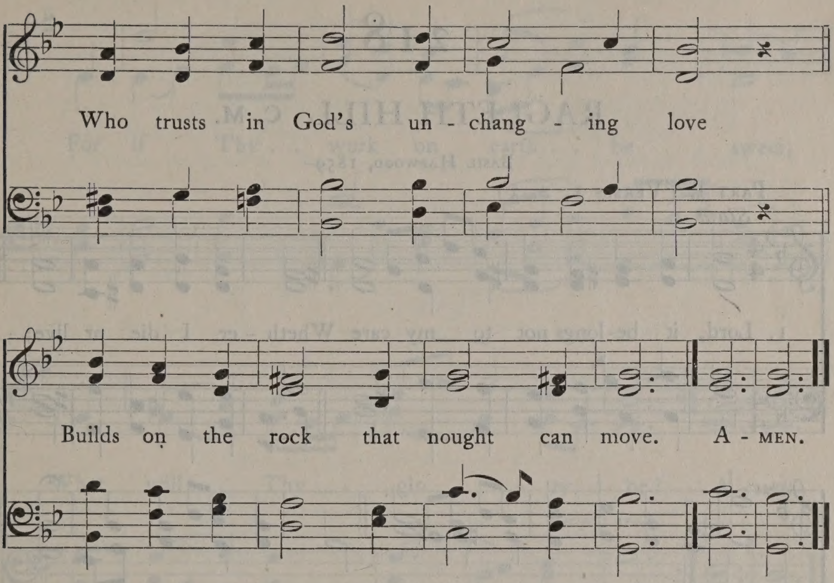
"K" in RIPPON'S "Selection," 1787

217

WER NUR DEN LIEBEN GOTT LÄSST WALTEN 9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

Georg Neumark, 1621–1681


1. If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, what - e'er be - tide thee,
And bear thee through the e - vil days;


Who trusts in God's un - chang - ing love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.
A - MEN.

2 All are alike before the Highest;
'Tis easy to our God, we know,
To raise thee up though low thou liest,
To make the lofty poor and low;
True wonders still by Him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

3 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His Word; — though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook in need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

Georg Neumark, 1621–1681. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

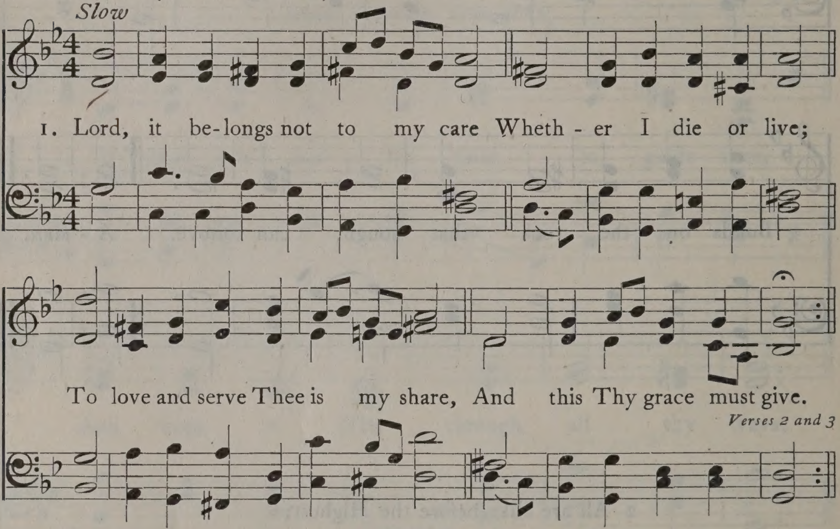
218

RAGLETH HILL C. M.

Basil Harwood, 1859–

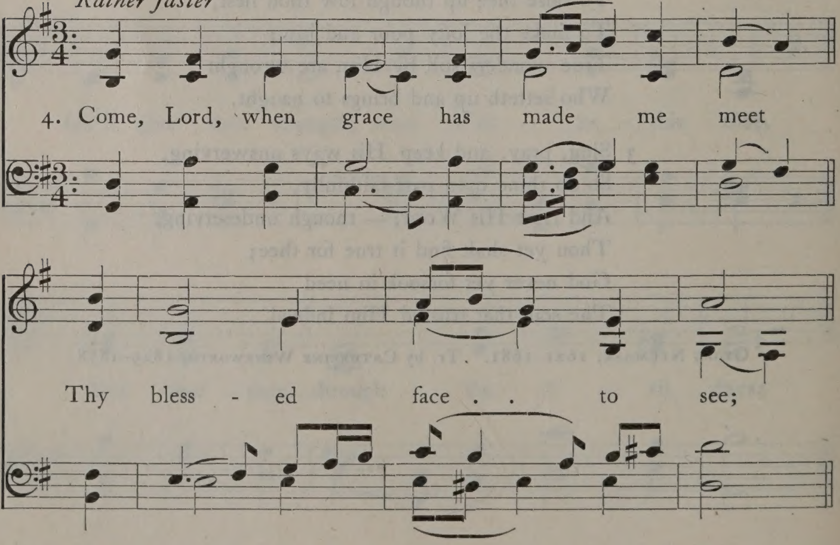
Part I. (Verses 1, 2, 3)

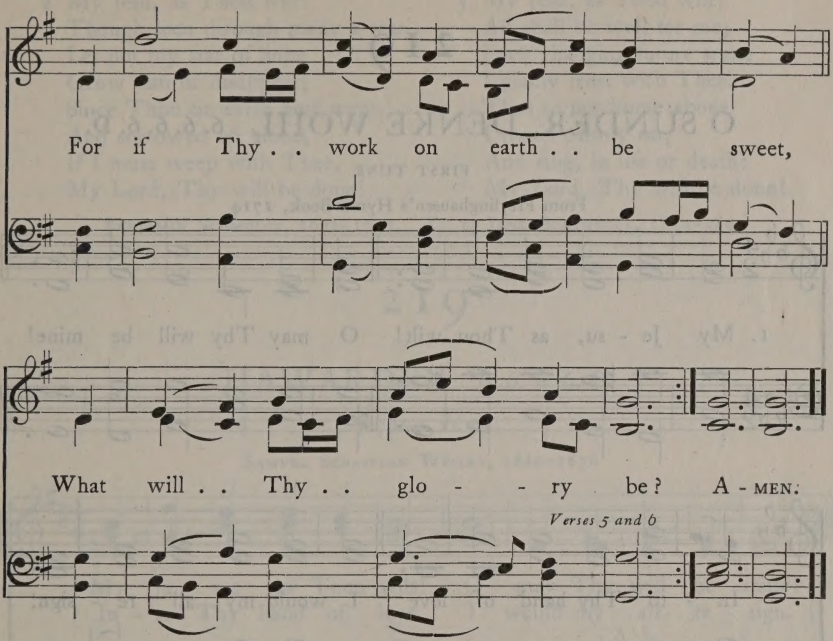
Slow


1. Lord, it be-longs not to my care Wheth - er I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give.
Verses 2 and 3

Part II. (Verses 4, 5, 6)

Rather faster


4. Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy bless - ed face . . to see;


For if Thy . . work on earth . . be sweet,
What will . . Thy . . glo - - ry be? A - MEN.
Verses 5 and 6

PART I

1 Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

PART II

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing my Saviour's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

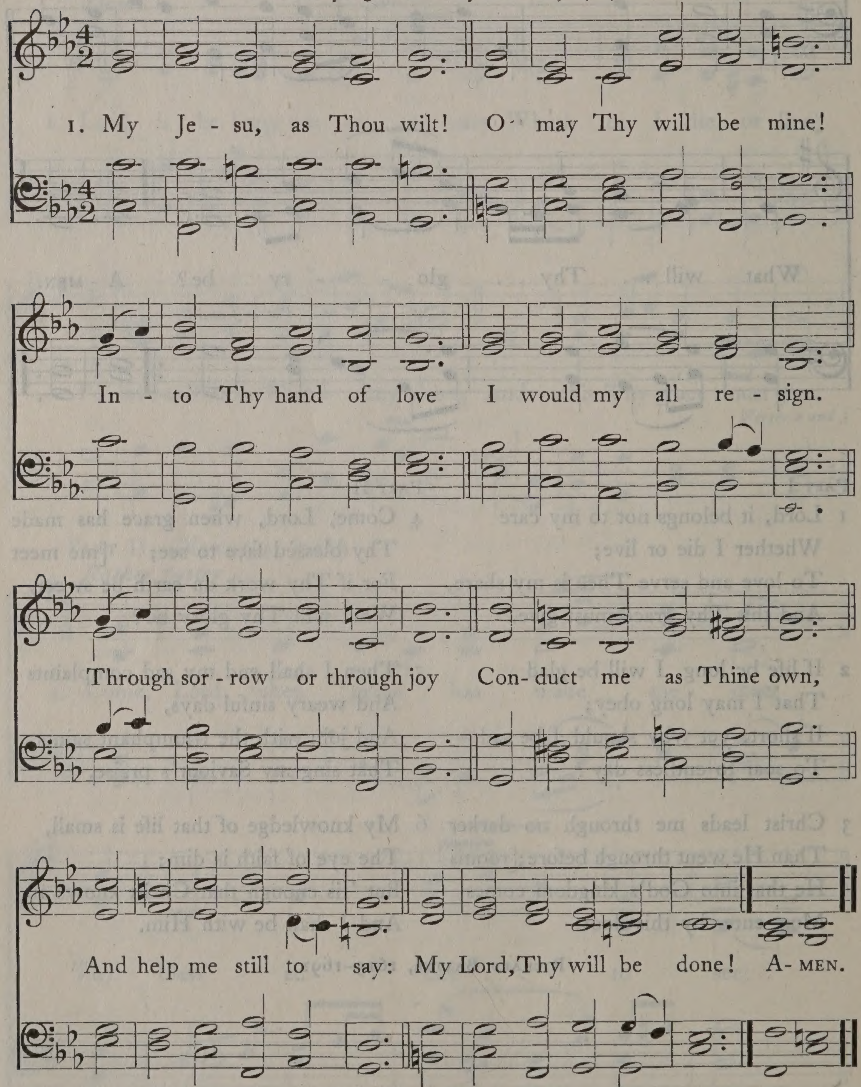
RICHARD BAXTER, 1615–1691

219

O SÜNDER, DENKE WOHL 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

FIRST TUNE

From Freylinghausen's Hymn Book, 1714


1. My Je - su, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine!
In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.
Through sor - row or through joy Con - duct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say: My Lord, Thy will be done! A - MEN.

2 My Jesu, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesu, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Thus to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death:
My Lord, Thy will be done!

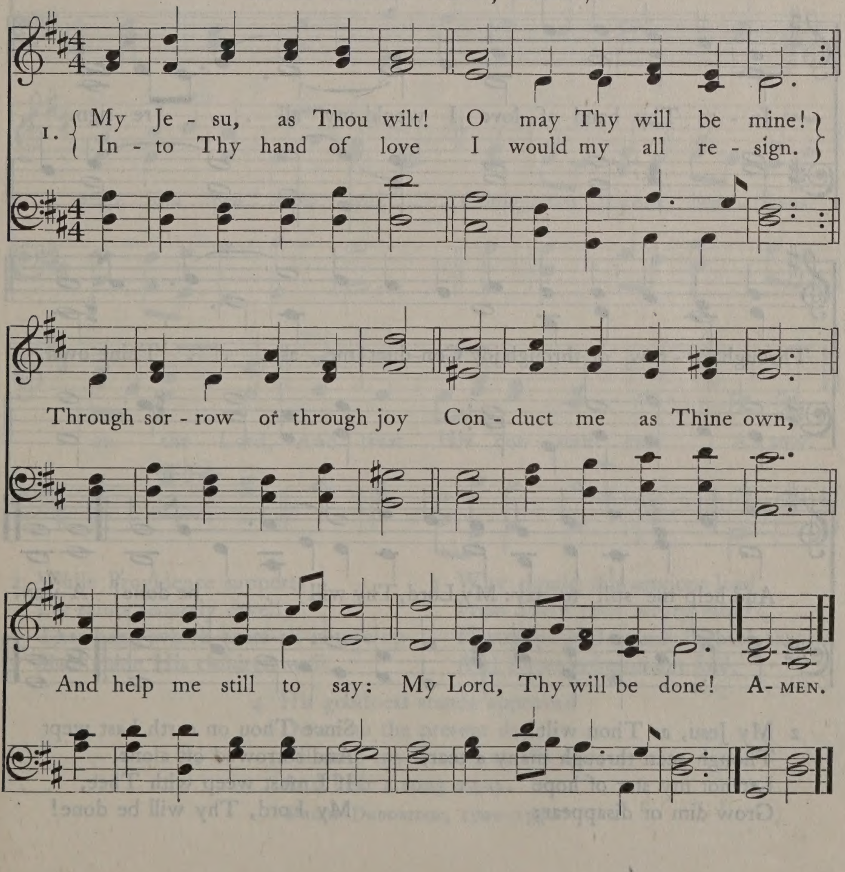
Benjamin Schmolck, 1672–1737. Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1813–1897

219

HAWARDEN 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

SECOND TUNE

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. { My Je - su, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine!
In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign. }
Through sor - row or through joy Con - duct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say: My Lord, Thy will be done! A- men.

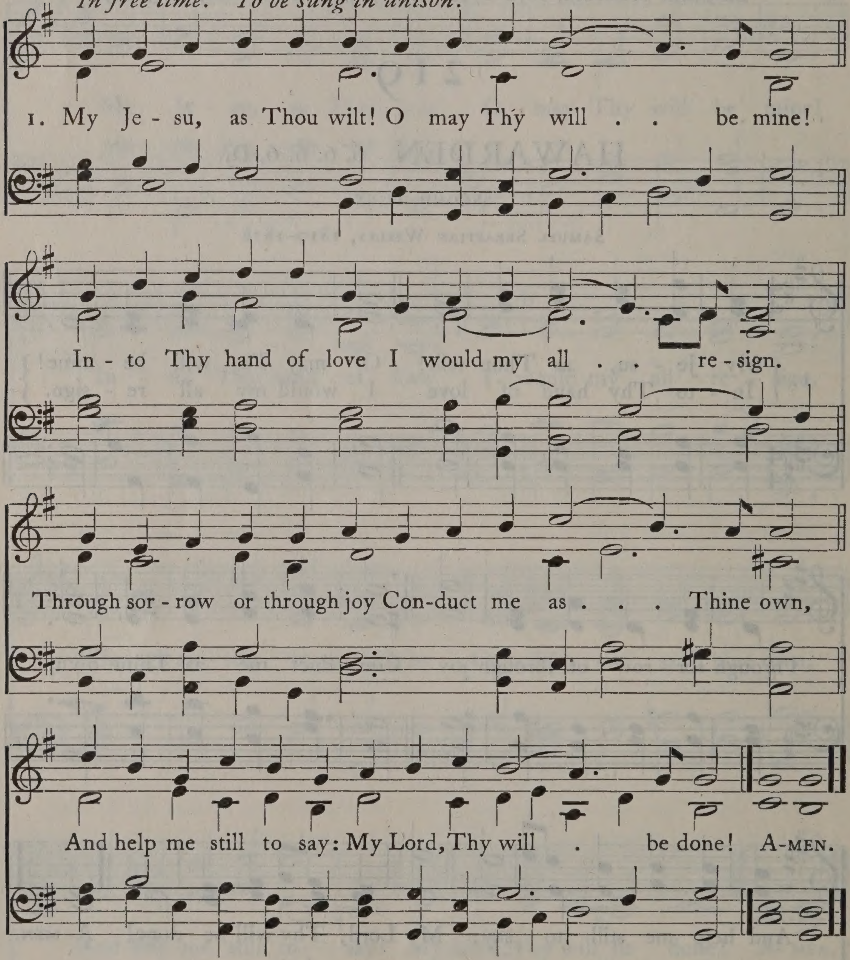
219

ANNUE CHRISTE 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

THIRD TUNE

French Melody from "Hymnal Noted," part ii, 1856. Harm. by Basil Harwood, 1859–

In free time. To be sung in unison.


1. My Je - su, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will . . be mine!
In - to Thy hand of love I would my all . . re - sign.
Through sor - row or through joy Con - duct me as . . . Thine own,
And help me still to say: My Lord, Thy will . be done! A-men.

2 My Jesu, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesu, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.

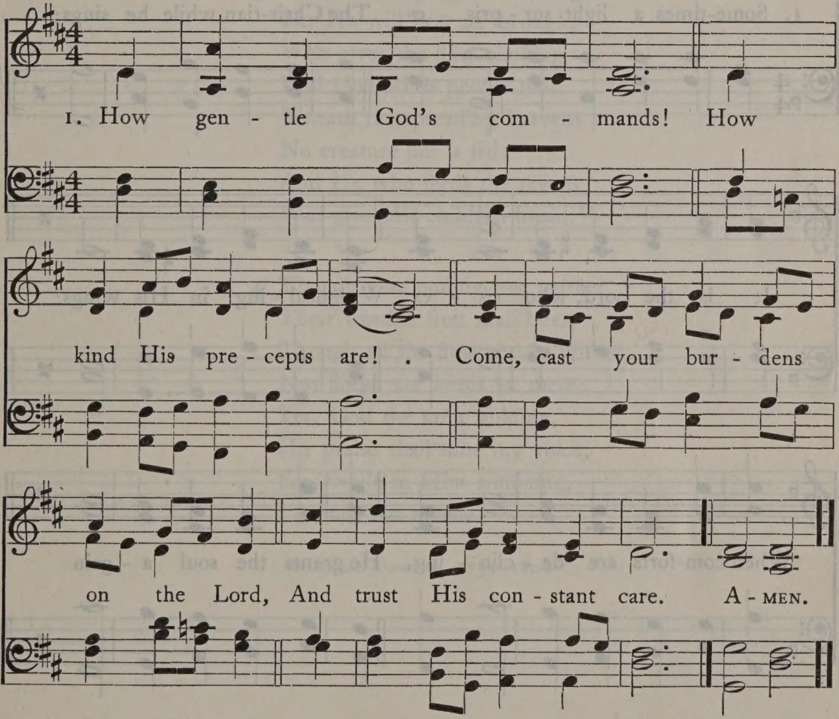
Thus to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death:
My Lord, Thy will be done!

Benjamin Schmolck, 1672–1737. Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1813–1897

220

CARLISLE S. M.

Charles Lockhart, 1745–1815



1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How
kind His pre - cepts are!
Come, cast your bur - dens
on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
A - MEN.

2 While Providence supports
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your Heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

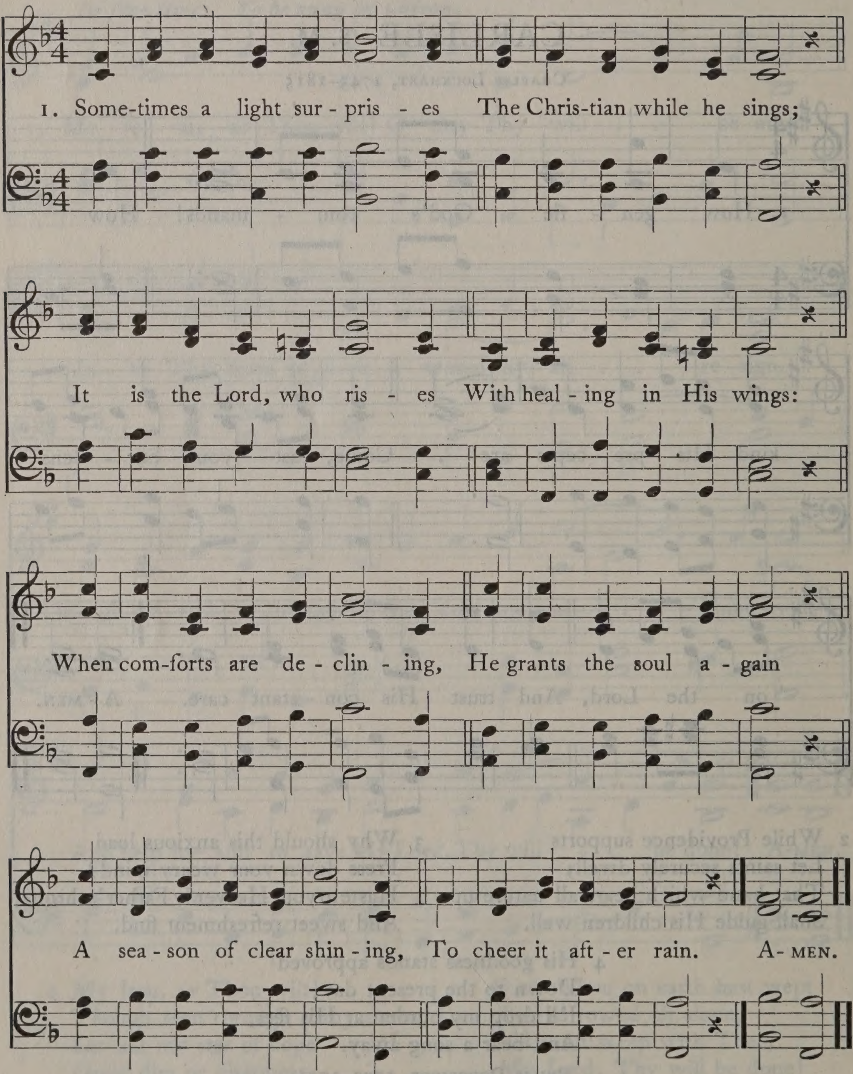
Philip Doddridge, 1702–1751

221

SCHWYZ 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

FIRST TUNE

Anon. "European Psalmist," 1872


1. Some-times a light sur-pris-es The Chris-tian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who ris-es With heal-ing in His wings:
When com-forts are de-clin-ing, He grants the soul a-gain
A sea-son of clear shin-ing, To cheer it aft-er rain. A-MEN.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say: —
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may,

3 "It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread."

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

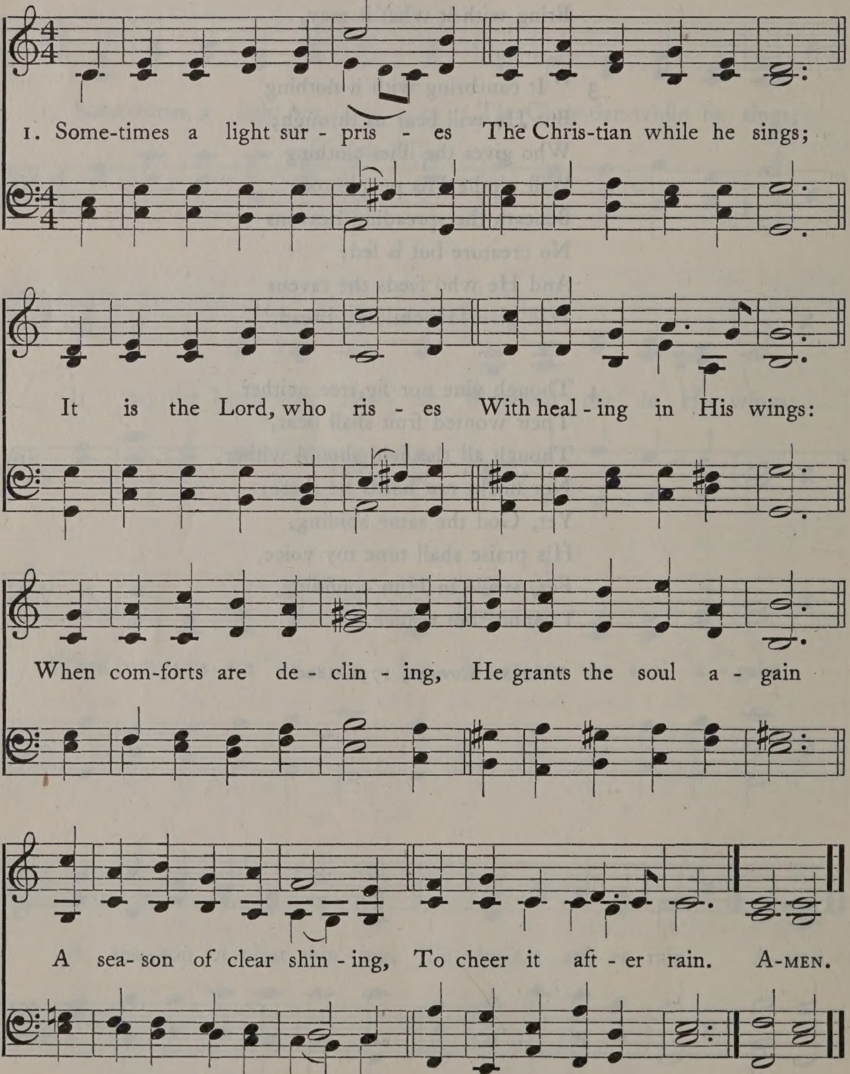
William Cowper, 1731–1800

221

ST. CATHARINE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

SECOND TUNE

Reginald Francis Dale, 1845–1919


1. Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Chris-tian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings:
When com-forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
A sea- son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain. A-men.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say: —
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Bring with it what it may,

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Who gives the lilies clothing
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Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
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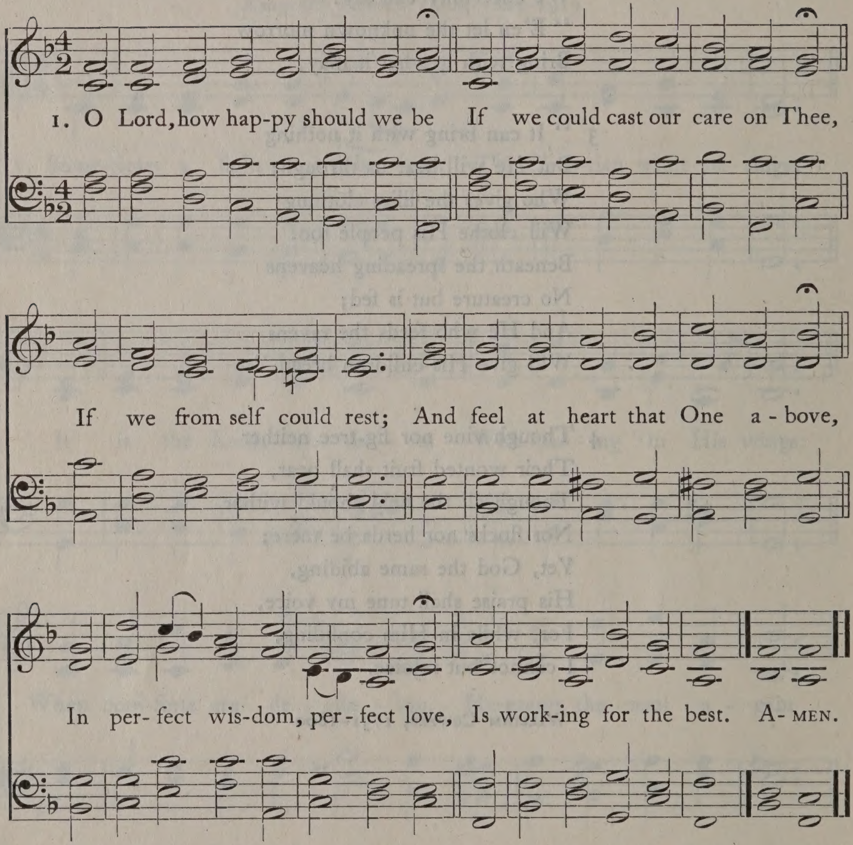
4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1731–1800

222

CHAPEL ROYAL 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

William Boyce, 1710–1779


1. O Lord, how hap-py should we be If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest; And feel at heart that One a-bove,
In per-fect wis-dom, per-fect love, Is work-ing for the best. A-MEN.

2 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

3 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers—
Make them from self to cease;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

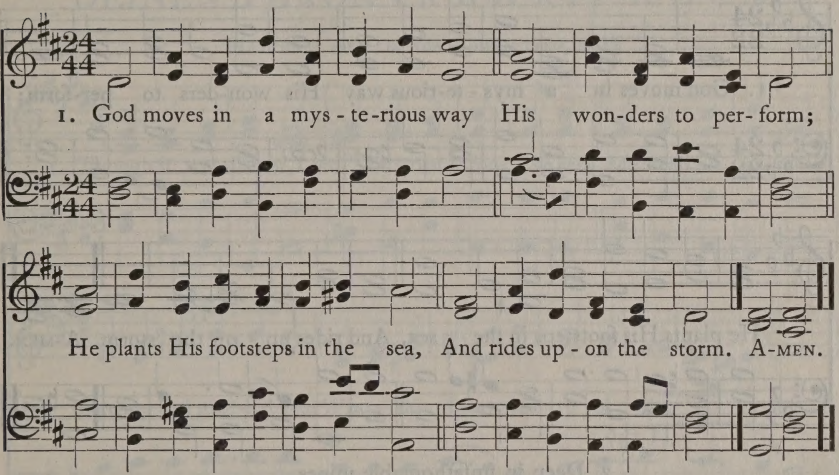
J. Anstice, 1808–1836

223

LONDON NEW C. M.

FIRST TUNE

Scotch Psalter, 1635. Harm. by S. S. Wesley, 1810–1876


1. God moves in a mys - te-rious way His won-ders to per- form;
He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm. A-men.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

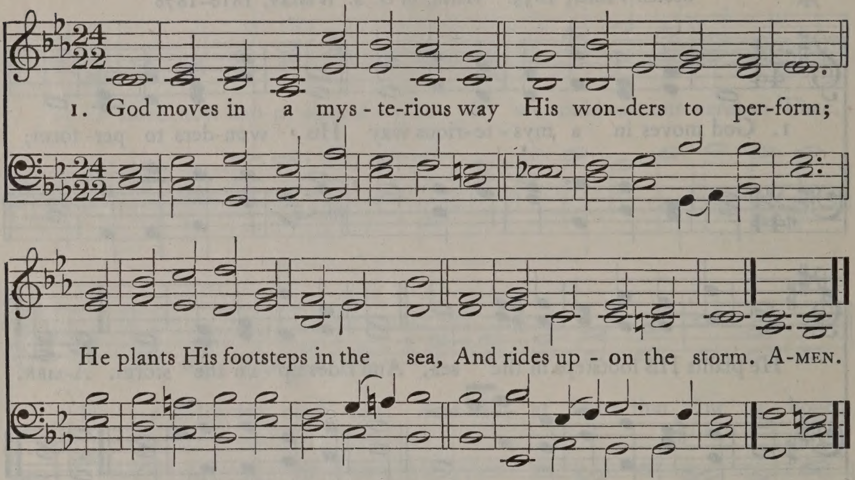
William Cowper, 1731–1800

223

ST. MARY C. M.

SECOND TUNE

Archdeacon Prys' Psalter, 1621


1. God moves in a mys - te-rious way His won-ders to per-form;
He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm. A-MEN.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
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5 His purposes will ripen fast,
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The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

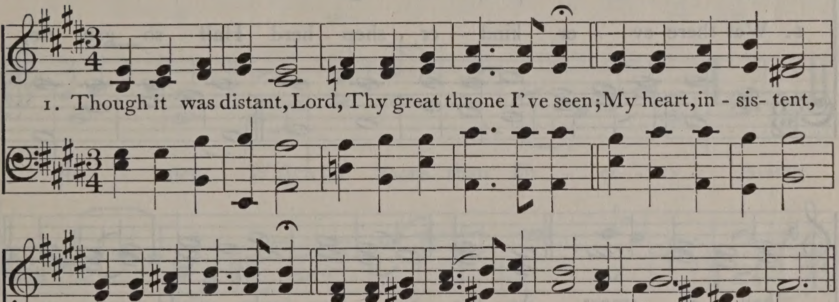
6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1731–1800

224

NUN PREISET, ALLE, GOTTES BARMHERZIGKEIT (ICH HAB VON FERNE, HERR, DEINEN THRON ERBLICKT) 11. 11. 9. 10.

Matthäus Apelles von Löwenstern, 1644


1. Though it was distant, Lord, Thy great throne I've seen; My heart, in - sis- tent,
there too had glad-ly been; Weary this heart, wea - ry of liv - ing,
Lord, take it back to Thee, Thy peace giv - ing. A - men.

2 Wondrous the vision seen by my spirit's eyes—
Regions Elysian, the throne of Paradise!
Ruler o'er all! For aye enduring!
Let me come now, thus my peace ensuring.

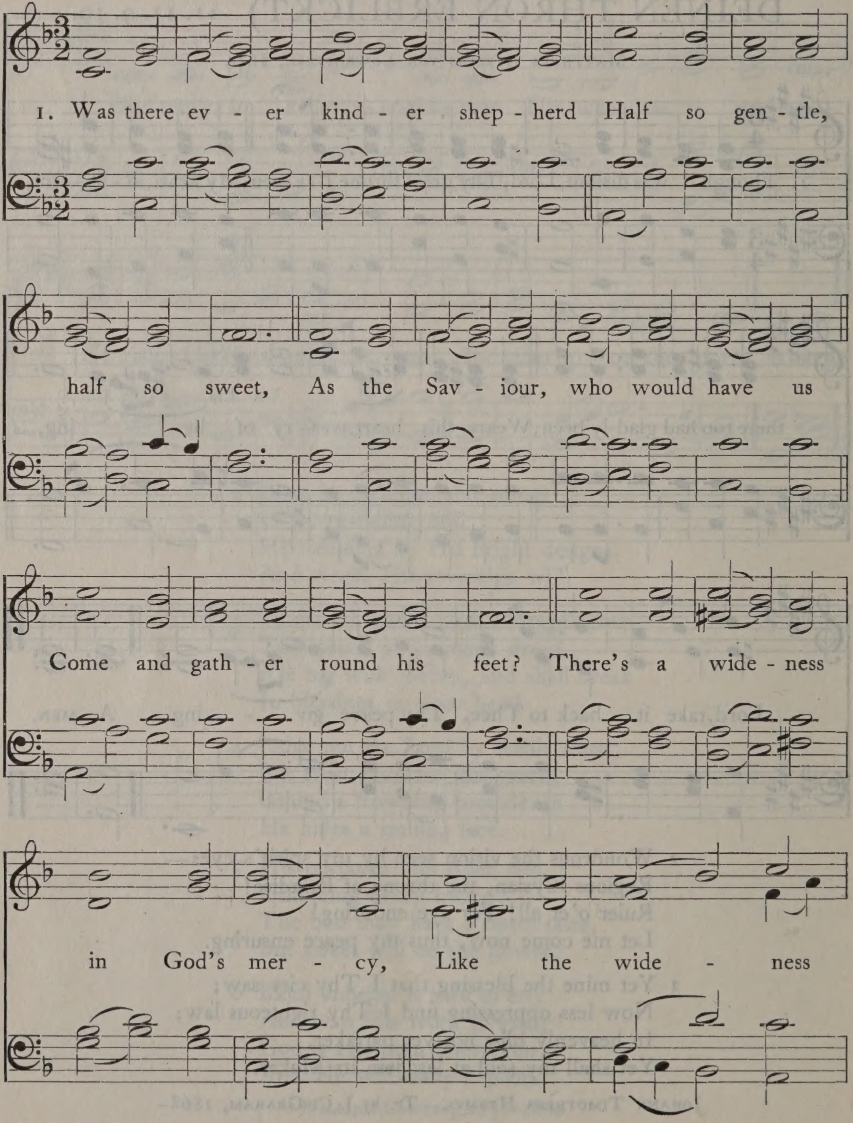
3 Yet mine the blessing that I Thy city saw;
Now less oppressing find I Thy righteous law;
In heavenly bliss not yet partaker,
Yet shall my soul at last join its Maker.

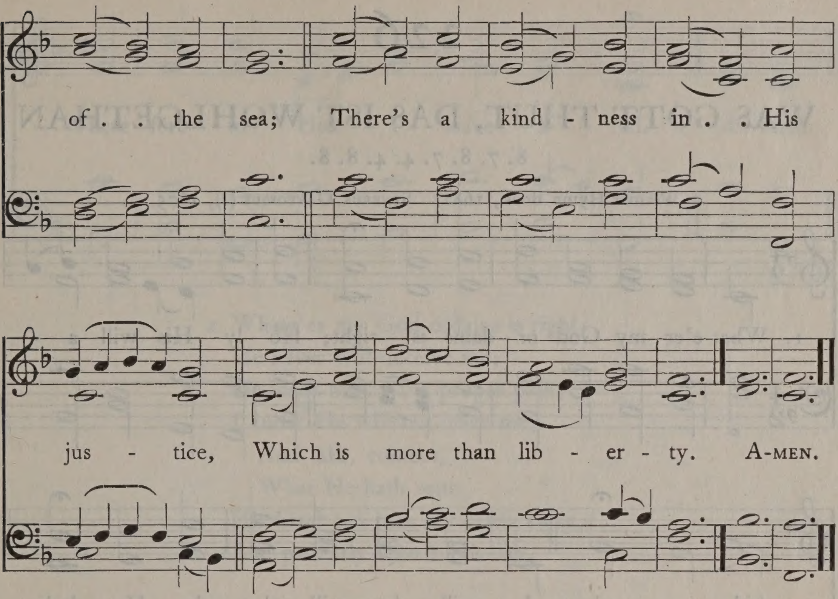
Johann Timotheus Hermes. Tr. by J. C. Graham, 1868–

225

HYFRYDOL 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Melody by R. H. Pritchard, 1811–1887


1. Was there ev - er kind - er shep - herd Half so gen - tle,
half so sweet, As the Sav - iour, who would have us
Come and gath - er round his feet? There's a wide - ness
in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness


of . . the sea; There's a kind - ness in . . His
jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty. A-MEN.

2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

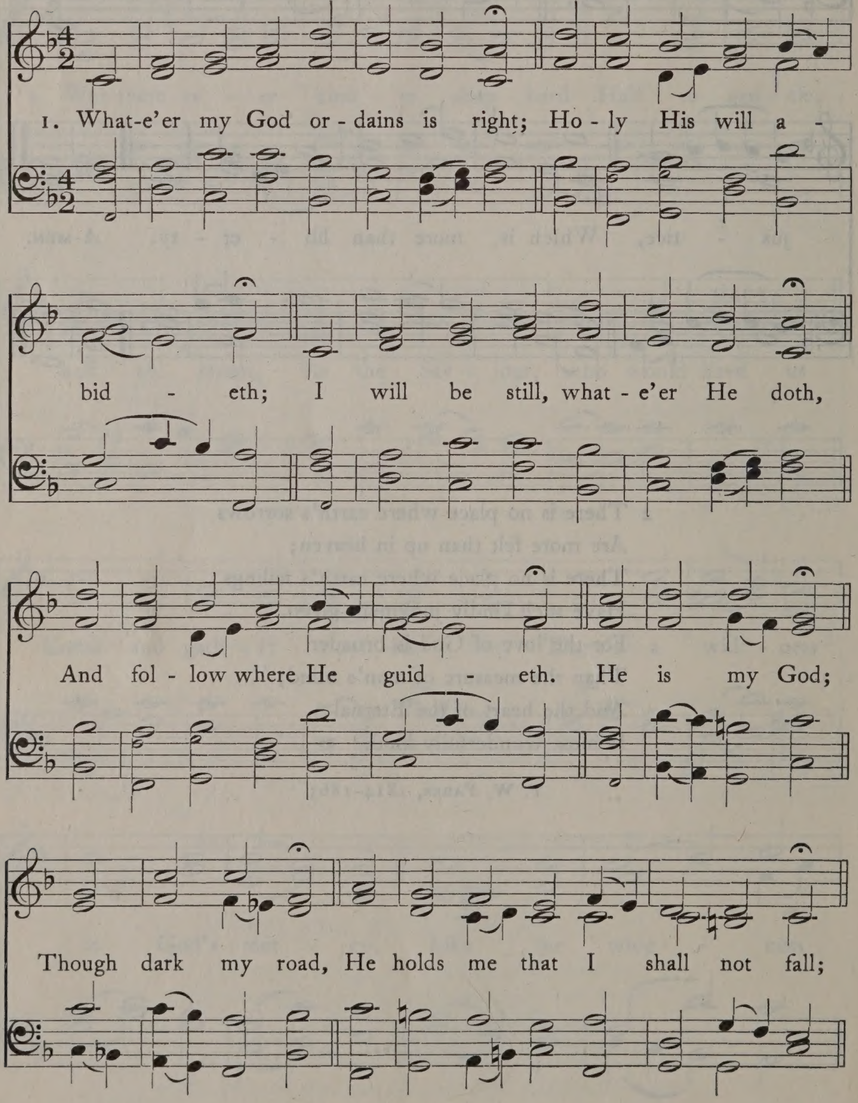
F. W. FABER, 1814–1863

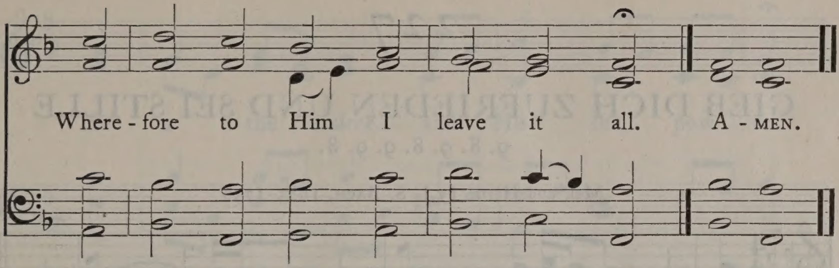
226

WAS GOTT THUT, DAS IST WOHLGETHAN

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 4. 8. 8.

Weimar Hymn Book, 1681.   Severus Gastorius (?), 1675


1. What-e'er my God or - dains is right; Ho - ly His will a - bid - eth;
I will be still, what - e'er He doth,
And fol - low where He guid - eth. He is my God;
Though dark my road, He holds me that I shall not fall;



2 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path;
I know He will not leave me,
And take, content,
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
I take it, all-unshrinking;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here shall my stand be taken;
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken;
My Father's care
Is round me there;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

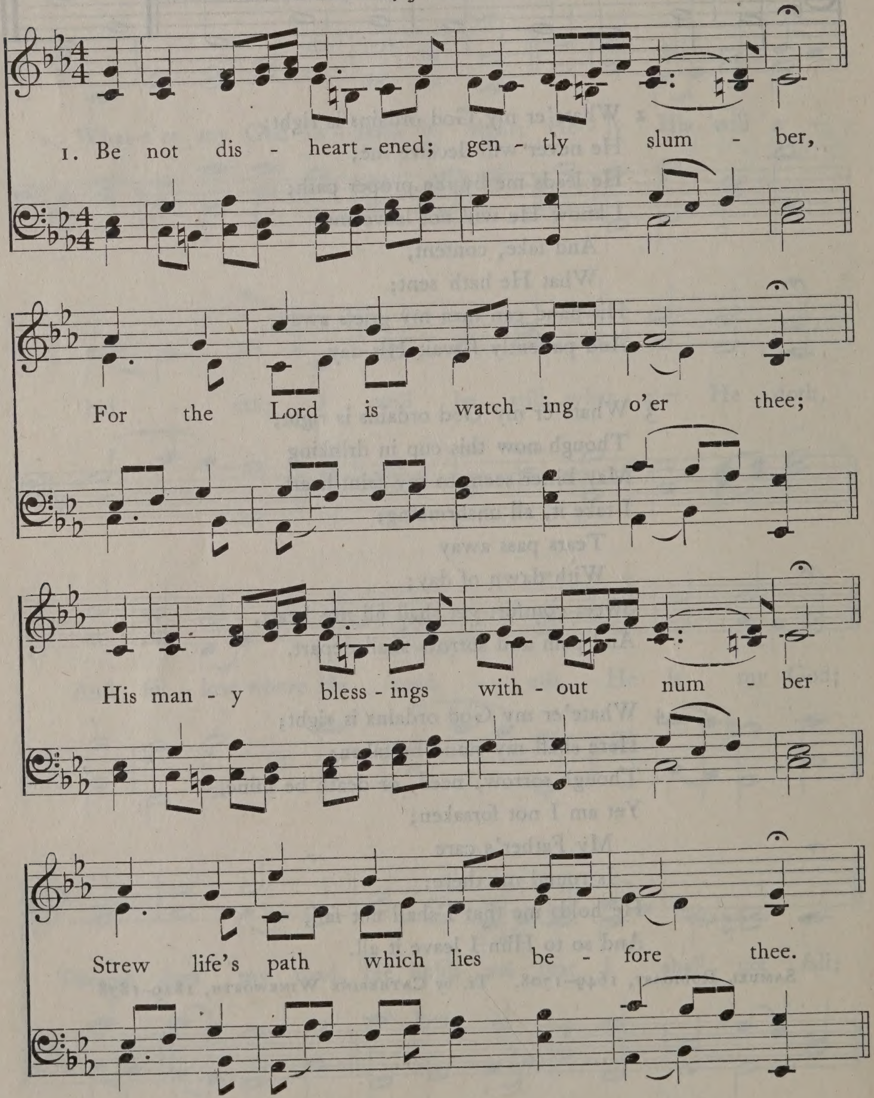
Samuel Rodigast, 1649–1708. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

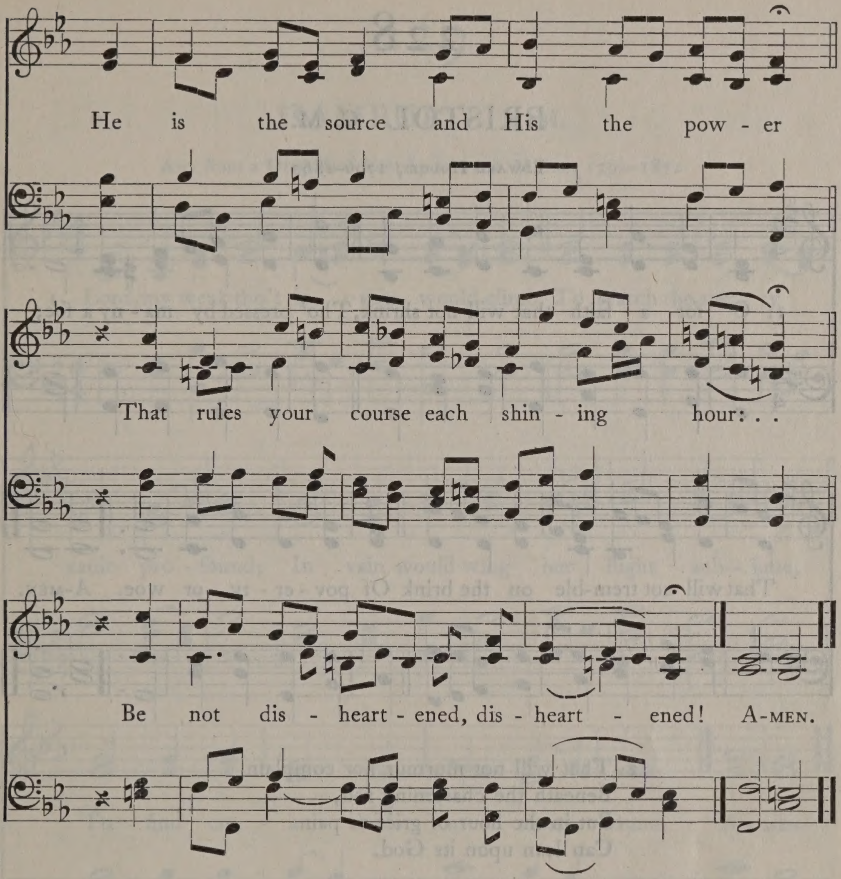
227

GIEB DICH ZUFRIEDEN UND SEI STILLE

9. 8. 9. 8. 9. 9. 8.

Mel. and Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. Be not dis - heart - ened; gen - tly slum - ber,
For the Lord is watch - ing o'er thee;
His man - y bless - ings with - out num - ber
Strew life's path which lies be - fore thee.


He is the source and His the pow - er
That rules your course each shin - ing hour: . .
Be not dis - heart - ened, dis - heart - ened! A-MEN.

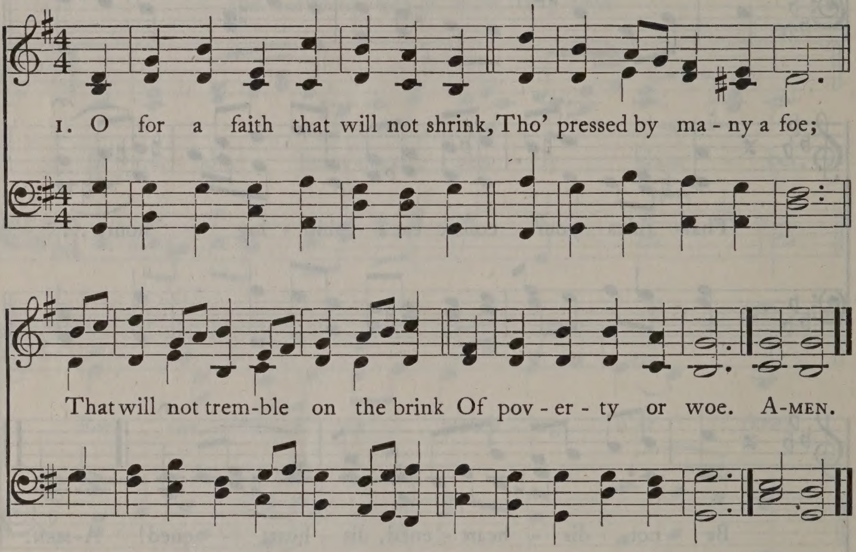
2 Be not disheartened; His assistance
Will be with you in your trouble,
And every fight fought with persistence
Makes the final victory double;
For He will hear thee on Him calling,
He will be near, prevent thy falling:
Be not disheartened!

Paul Gerhardt, 1606–1676. Tr. by James C. Graham, 1868–

228

BRISTOL C. M.

Edward Hodges, 1796–1867


1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ma - ny a foe;
That will not trem-ble on the brink Of pov - er - ty or woe. A-men.

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

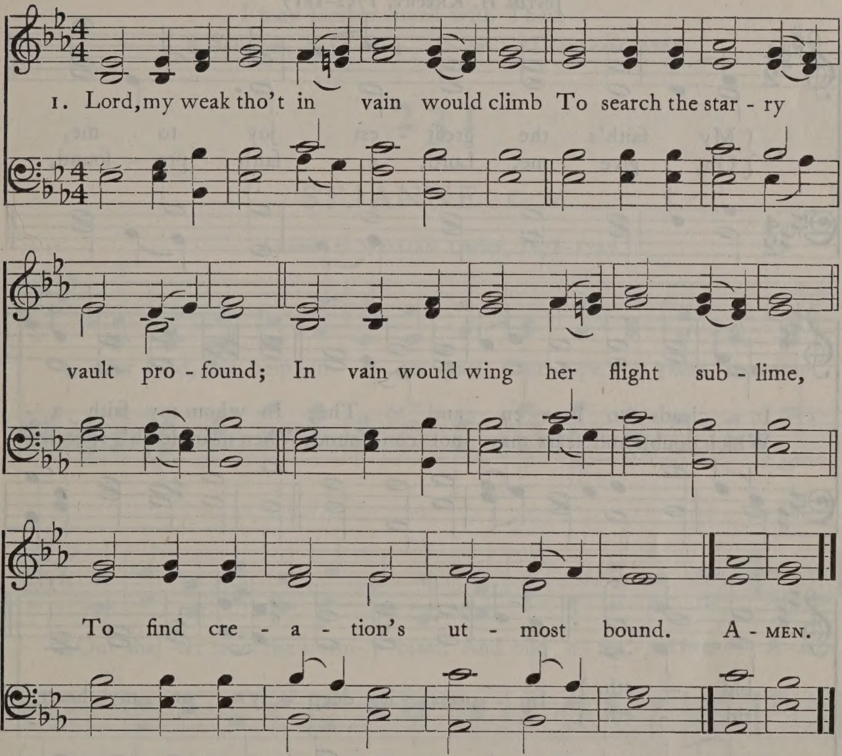
5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1796–1877

229

HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian chant by LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872


1. Lord, my weak tho't in vain would climb To search the star - ry
vault pro - found; In vain would wing her flight sub - lime,
To find cre - a - tion's ut - most bound. A - MEN.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,—
That so it seemeth good to Thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

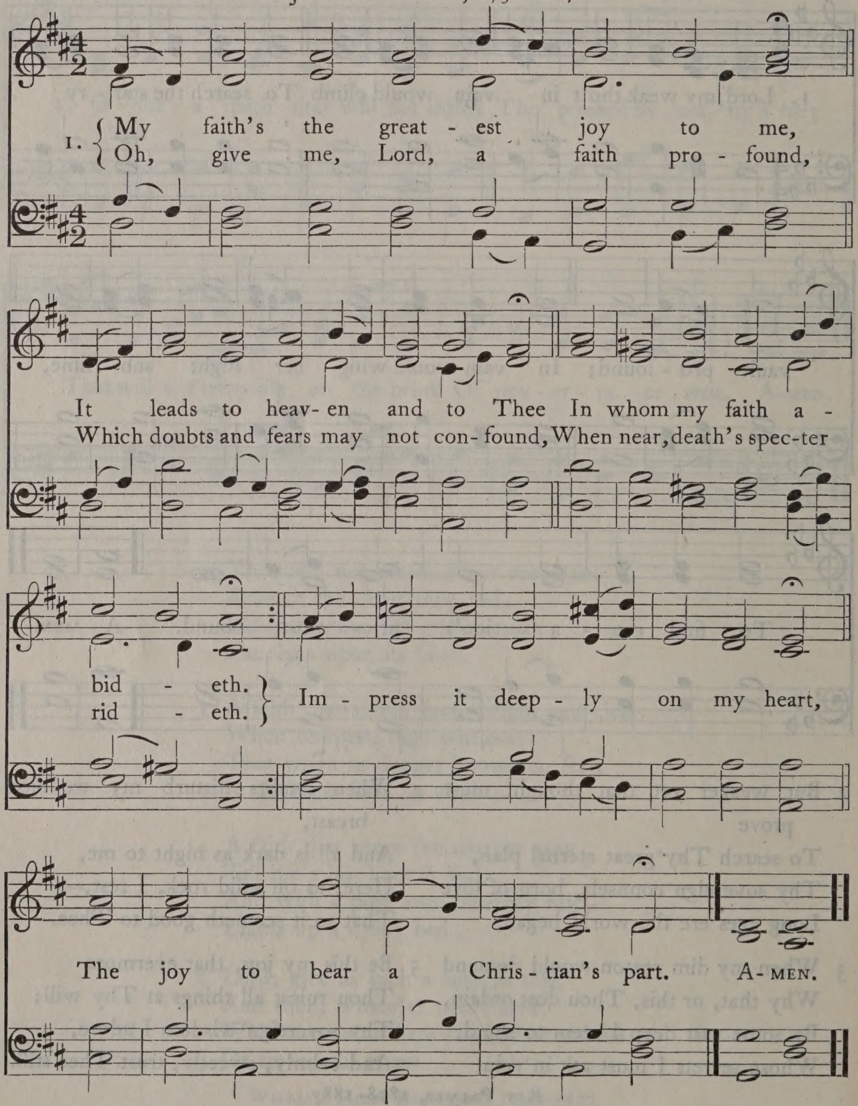
RAY PALMER, 1808–1887

230

MEIN GLAUB IST MEINES LEBENS RUH

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8.

Justin H. Knecht, 1752–1817


1. My faith's the great - est joy to me, It leads to heav- en and to Thee In whom my faith a - bid - eth.
Oh, give me, Lord, a faith pro - found, Which doubts and fears may not con- found, When near, death's spec-ter rid - eth.
Im - press it deep - ly on my heart, The joy to bear a Chris - tian's part.
A- men.

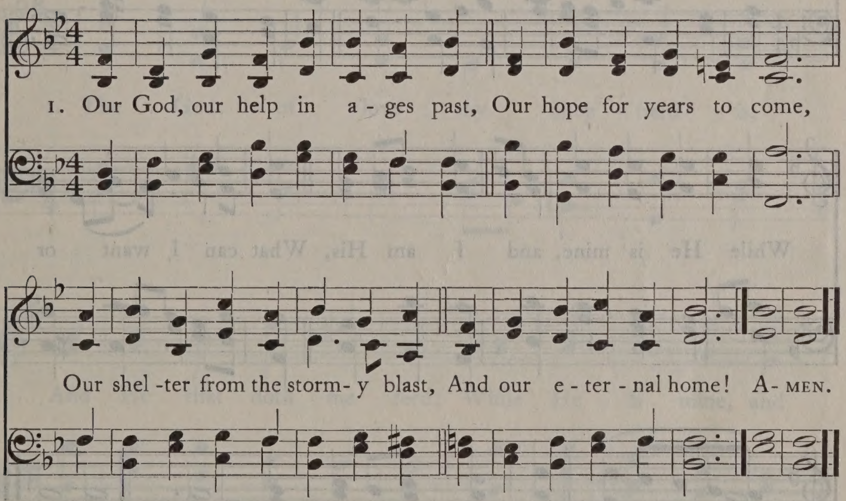
2 The death of Christ, Thy only Son,
For all mankind has ever won
The right of life immortal.
No longer merely ash and earth,
Since by Christ's death of heavenly worth,
We've entrance at its portal.
Since Thou, O Lord, hast died for me,
I may forever dwell with Thee.

B. Münter, 1735–1793. Tr. by J. C. Graham, 1868–

231

ST. ANNE C. M.

Ascribed to William Croft, 1678–1727


1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home! A - men.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

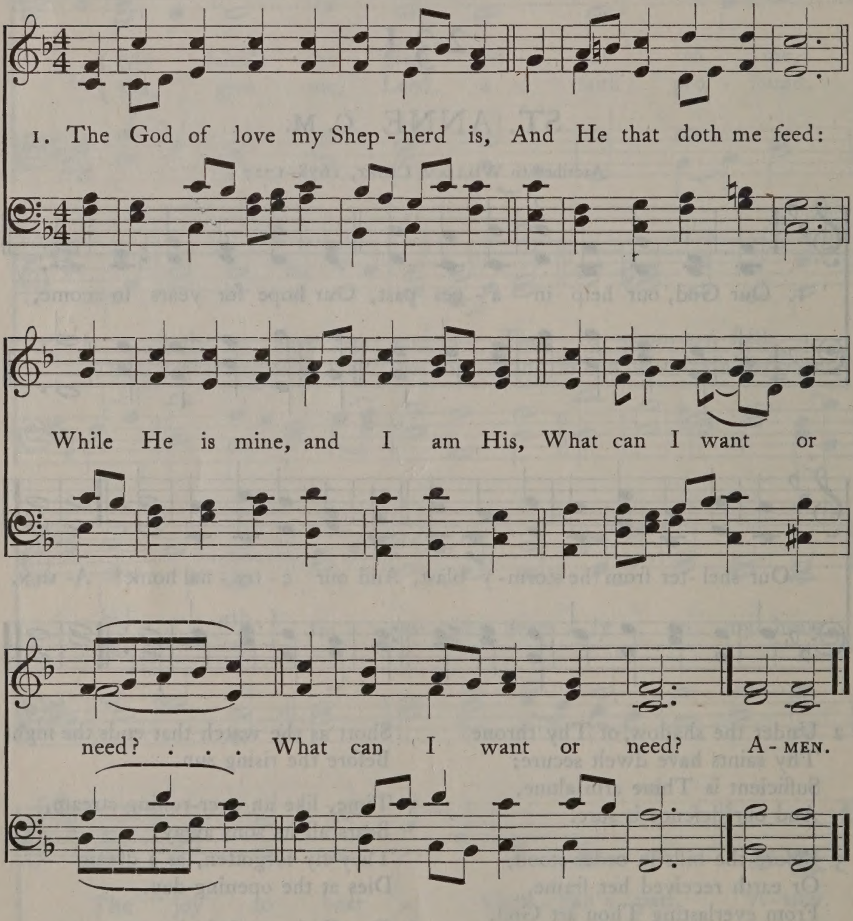
Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

232

LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN, ALLZUGLEICH (HERMANN) C. M.

FIRST TUNE

Nikolaus Hermann, 1485–1561. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. The God of love my Shep - herd is, And He that doth me feed:
While He is mine, and I am His, What can I want or
need? . . . What can I want or need? A - men.

2 He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass,
‖:In both I have the best.:‖

3 Or if I stray, He doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
‖:But for His holy Name.:‖

4 Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
‖:To guide, Thy staff to bear.:‖

5 Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove,
‖:So neither shall my praise.:‖

Ps. 23. Tr. by George Herbert, 1593-1633

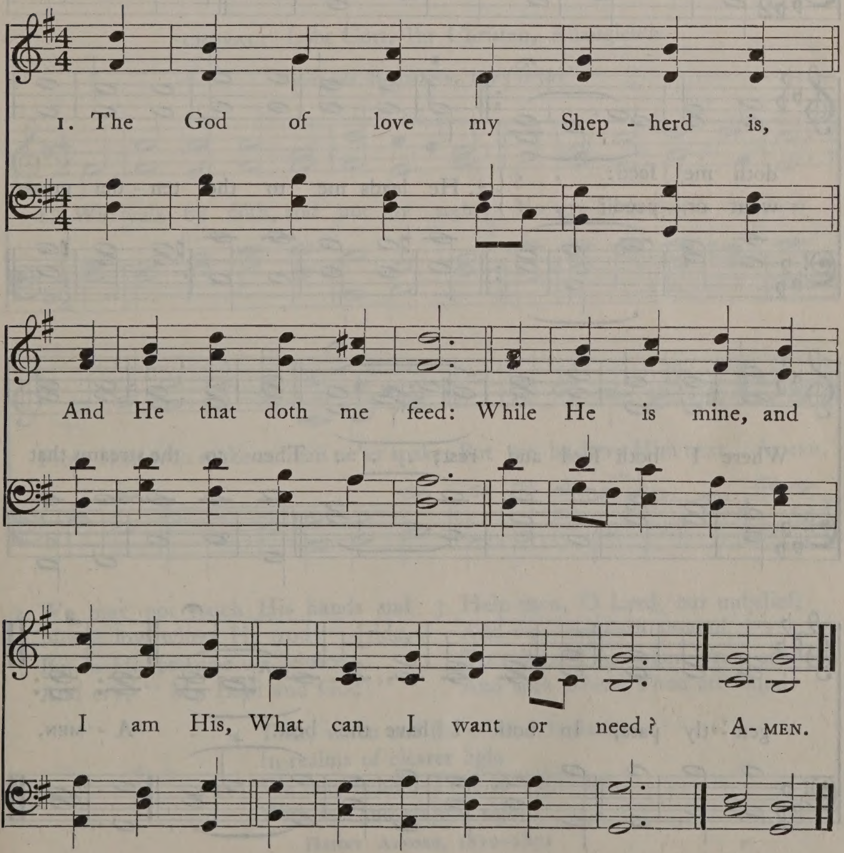
232

FRISCH AUF, MEIN LIEBES TÖCHTERLEIN

C. M.

SECOND TUNE

1611


1. The God of love my Shep - herd is,
And He that doth me feed: While He is mine, and
I am His, What can I want or need?
A- men.

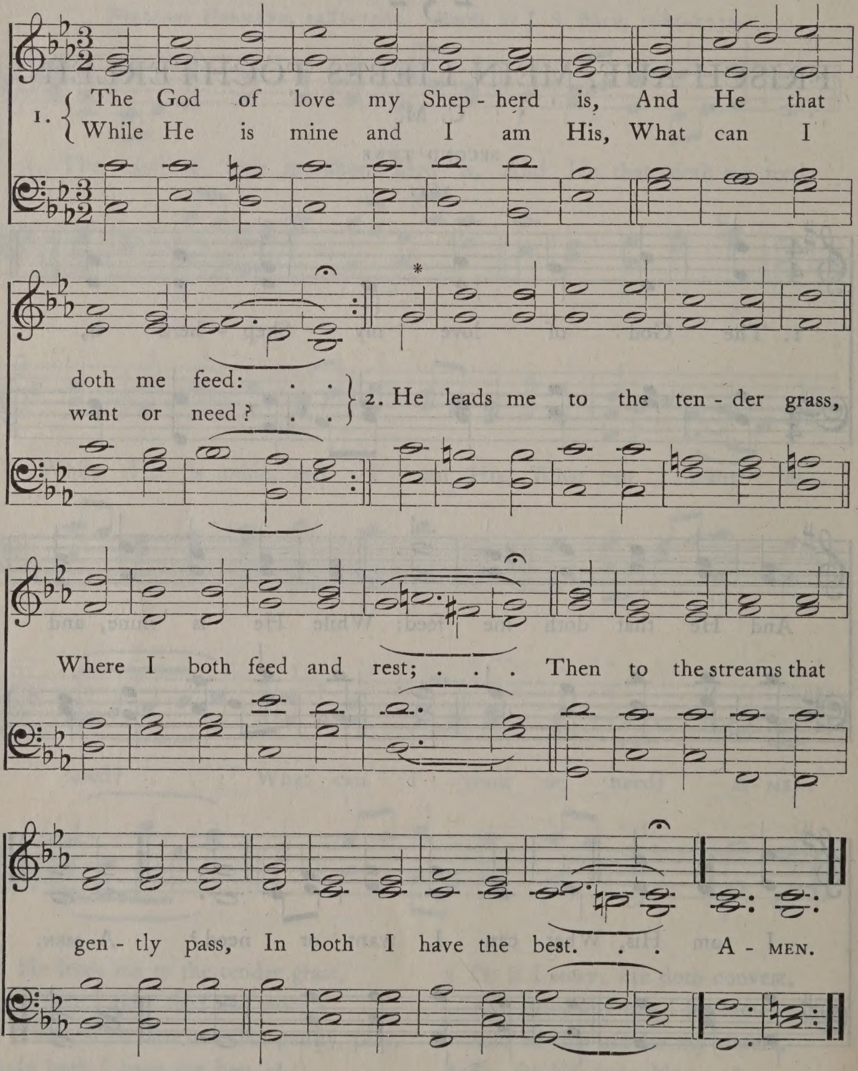
232

ACH WANN DOCH, JESU, LIEBSTER MEIN

C. M. D.

THIRD TUNE

"Trutz-Nachtigall," Friedrich Spee, 1591–1635


1. { The God of love my Shep - herd is, And He that doth me feed:
While He is mine and I am His, What can I want or need?
2. He leads me to the ten - der grass, Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gen - tly pass, In both I have the best.
A - MEN.

3 Or if I stray, He doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for His holy Name.

4 Yea, in death's shady, black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

5* Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

Psalm 23; Tr. by George Herbert, 1593–1633

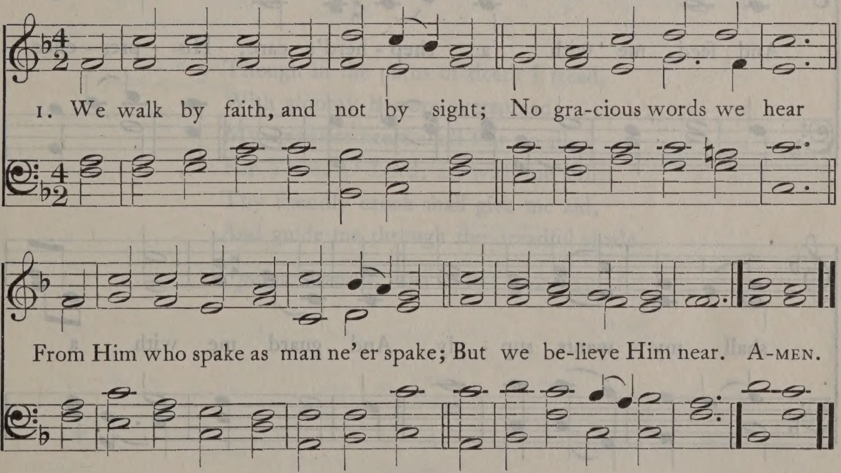
* Begin 5th stanza at point marked * in the score.

233

HERMANN C. M.

CHORAL: Lobt Gott, Ihr Christen, Allzugleich

Nicolaus Hermann, 1485–1561


1. We walk by faith, and not by sight; No gra-cious words we hear
From Him who spake as man ne'er spake; But we be-lieve Him near. A-men.

2 We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, "My Lord and God!"

3 Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found:

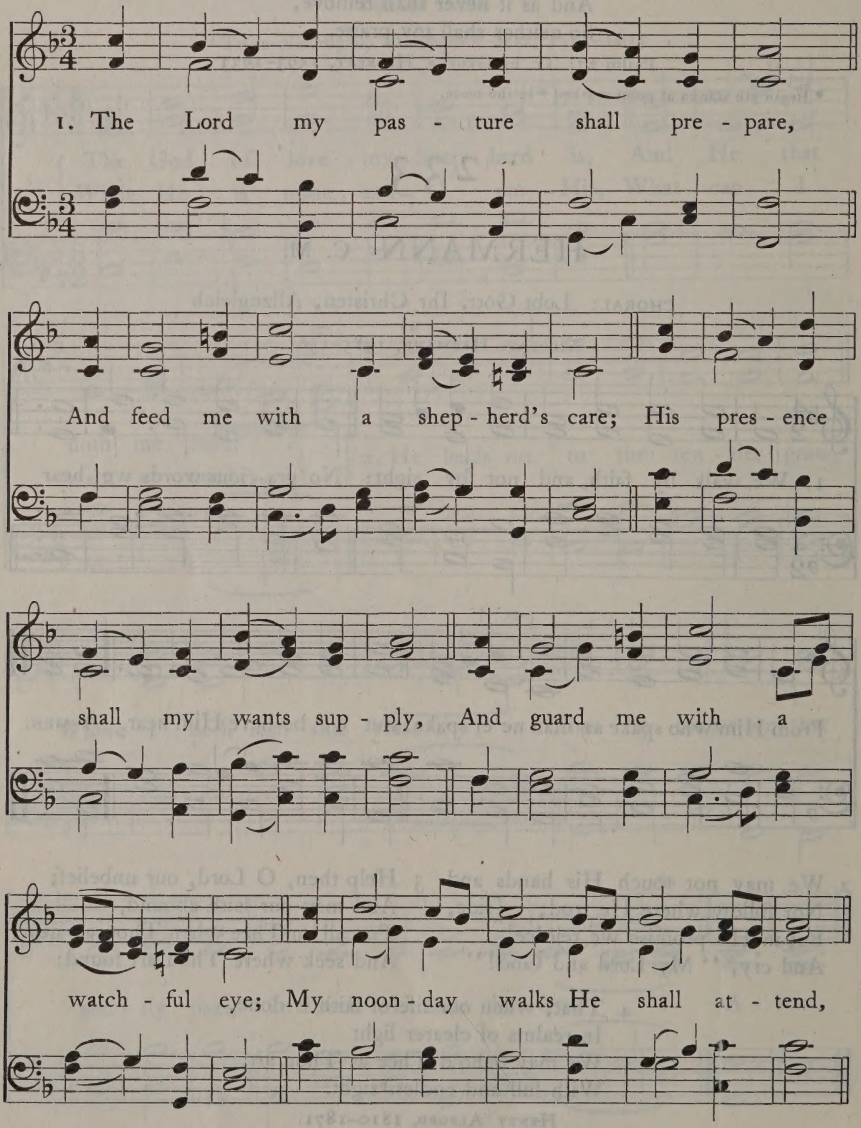
4 That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight.

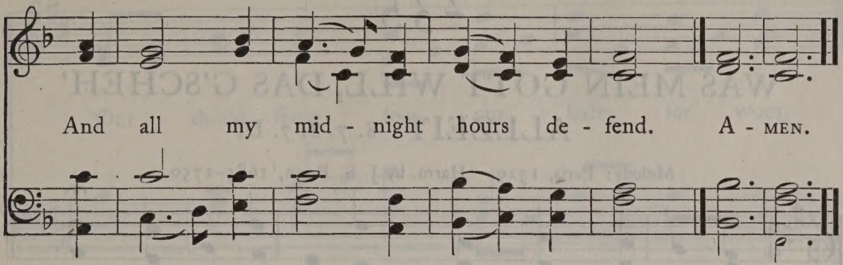
Henry Alford, 1810–1871

234

SURREY (CAREY'S) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Henry Carey, c. 1690–1743


1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare,
And feed me with a shep - herd's care; His pres - ence
shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a
watch - ful eye; My noon - day walks He shall at - tend,



2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

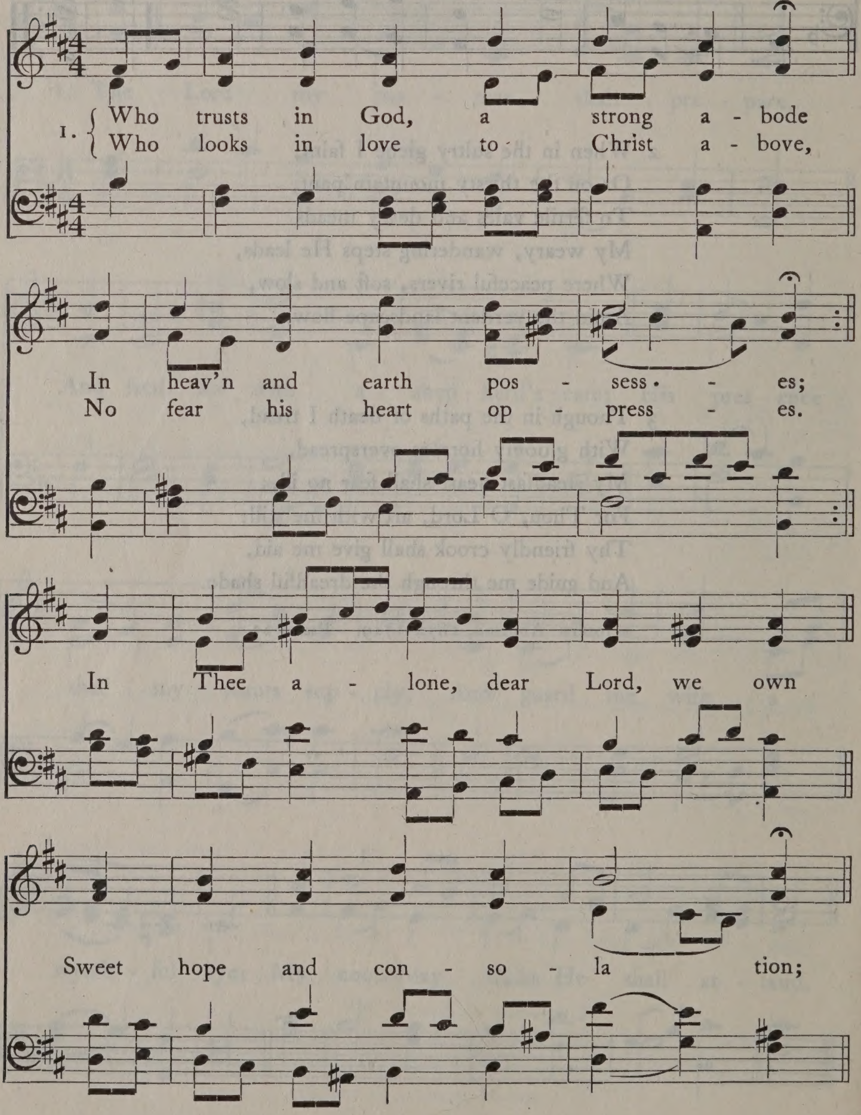
Joseph Addison, 1672–1719. Psalm 23

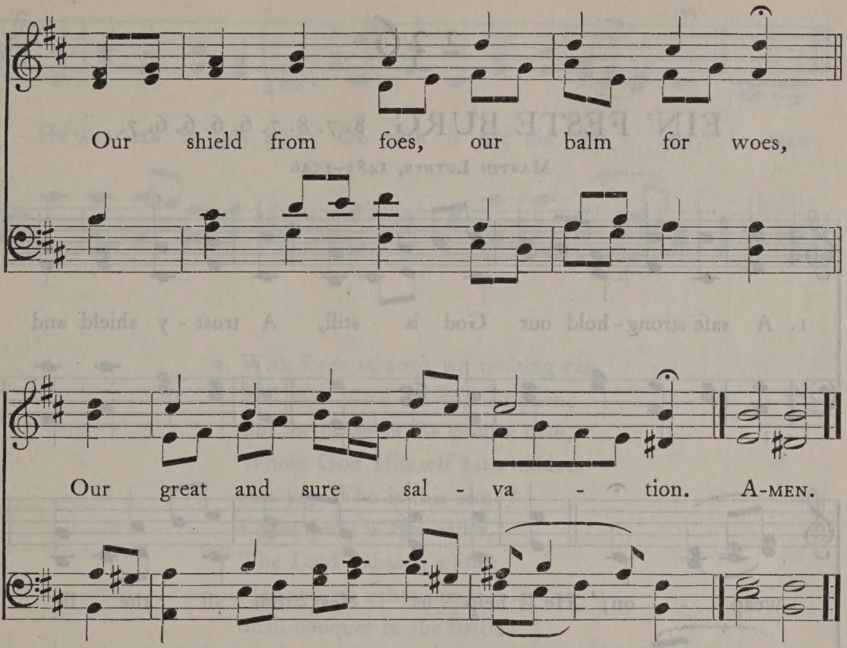
235

WAS MEIN GOTT WILL, DAS G'SCHEH' ALLZEIT

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Melody: Paris, 1529. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. { Who trusts in God, a strong a - bode
Who looks in love to Christ a - bove,
In heav'n and earth pos - sess - es;
No fear his heart op - press - es.
In Thee a - lone, dear Lord, we own
Sweet hope and con - so - la - tion;


Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,
Our great and sure sal - va - tion. A-MEN.

3 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
While Thou art near we will not fear,
Thy strength shall never fail us:
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps forever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

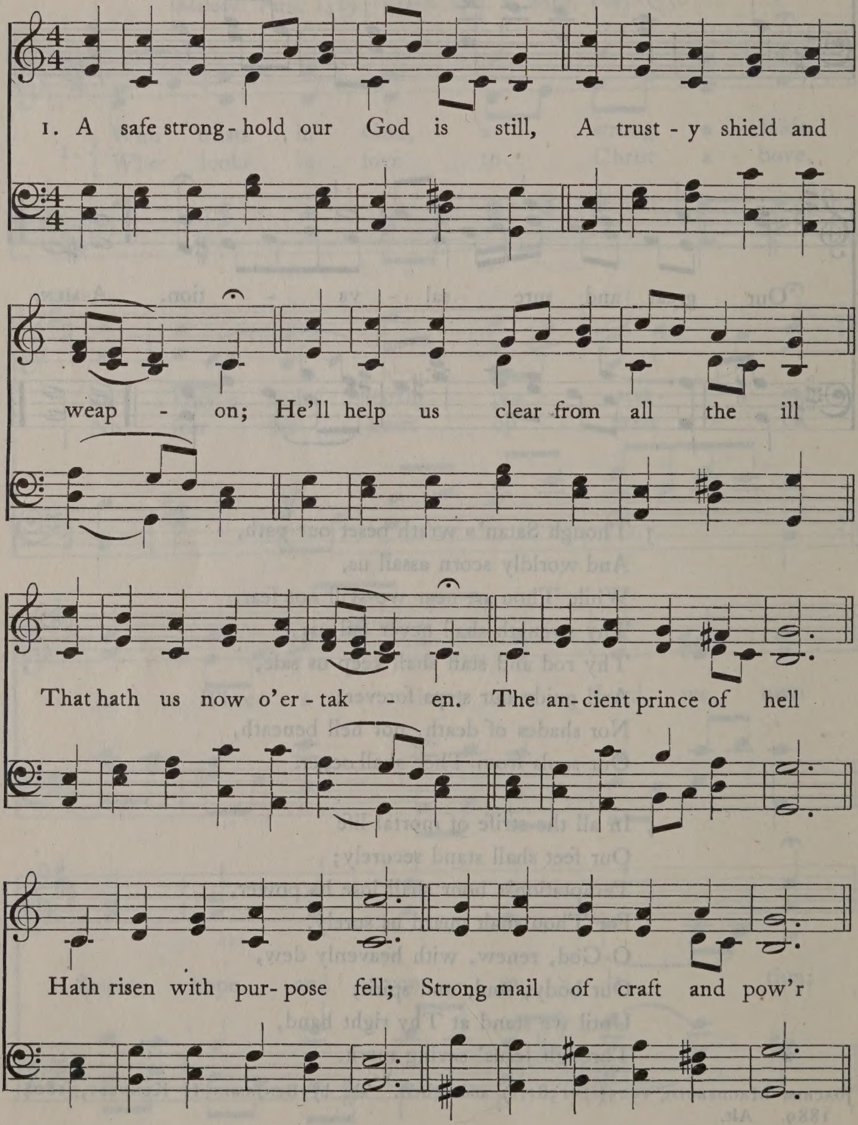
4 In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For Thou shalt guard us surely.
O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Until we stand at Thy right hand,
Through Jesus' saving merit.

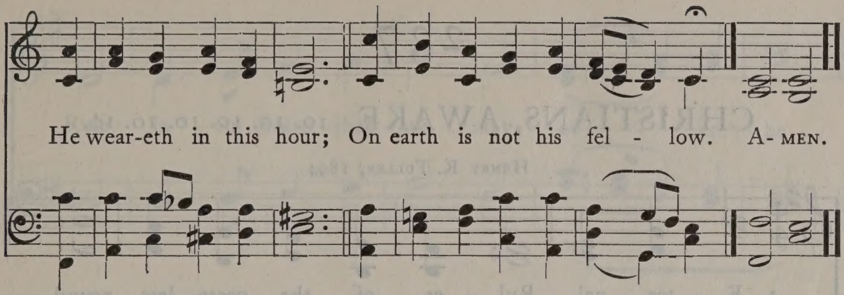
JOACHIM MAGDEBURG, 1525(?)–1581(?) and others. Tr. by BENJAMIN H KENNEDY, 1804–1889. Alt.

236

EIN' FESTE BURG 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7.

Martin Luther, 1483–1546


1. A safe strong-hold our God is still, A trust-y shield and
weap - on; He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'er-tak - en. The an-cient prince of hell
Hath risen with pur-pose fell; Strong mail of craft and pow'r


He wear-eth in this hour; On earth is not his fel - low. A- MEN.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? His doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

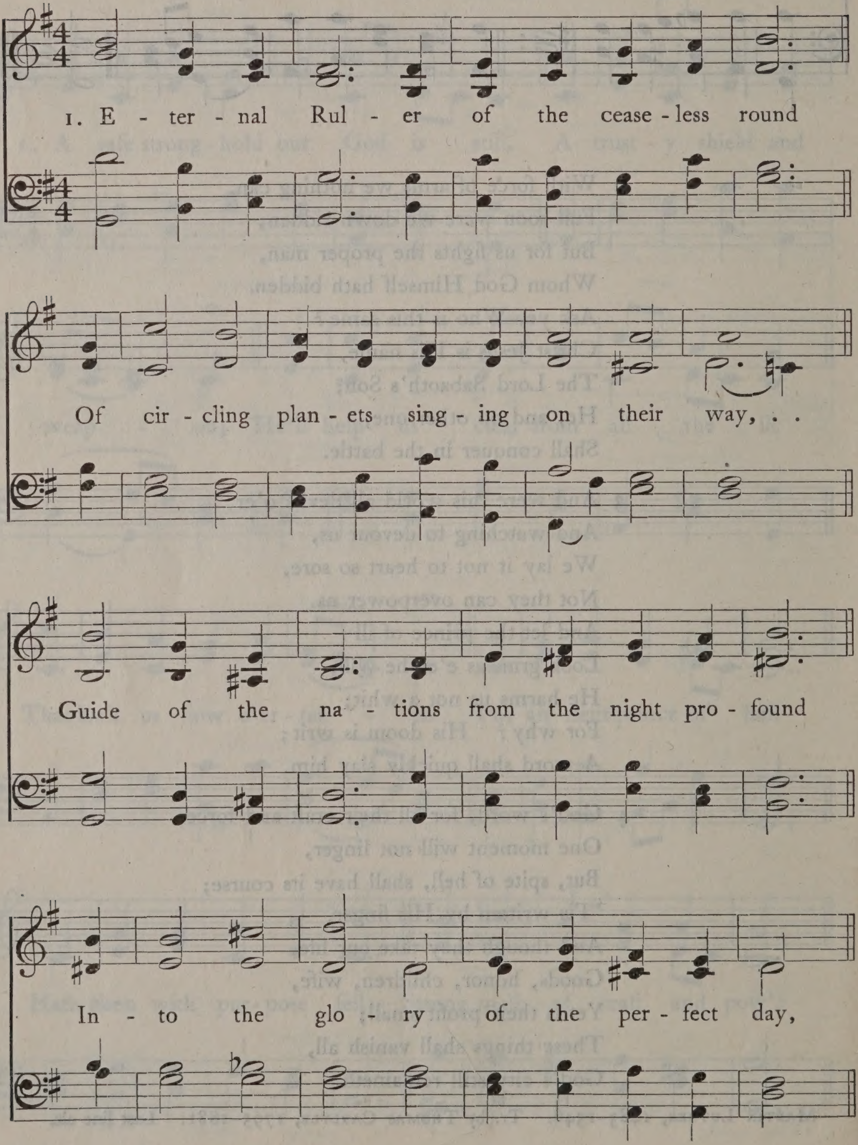
4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
God's city still remaineth.

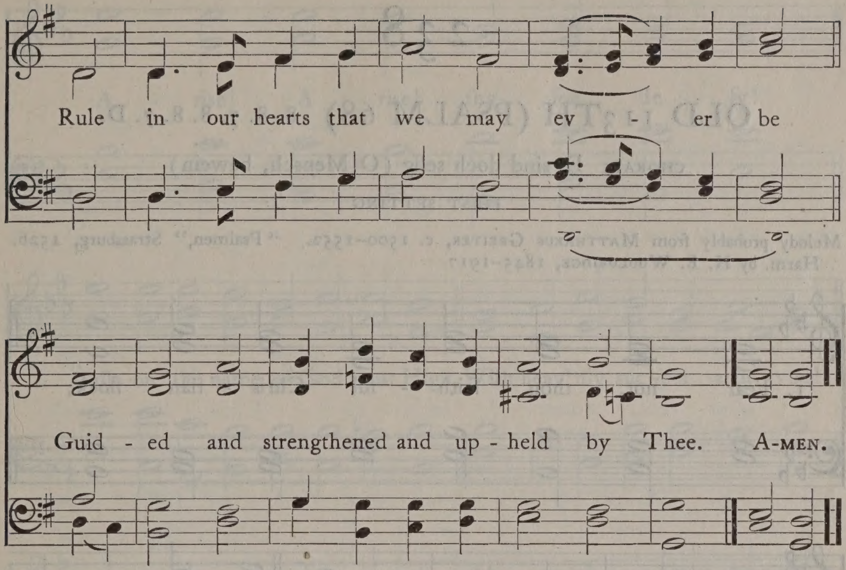
MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546. Tr. by THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795–1881. Last line alt.

237

CHRISTIANS, AWAKE 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Henry R. Fuller, 1894


1. E - ter - nal Rul - er of the cease - less round
Of cir - cling plan - ets sing - ing on their way, . .
Guide of the na - tions from the night pro - found
In - to the glo - ry of the per - fect day,


Rule in our hearts that we may ev - er be
Guid - ed and strengthened and up - held by Thee. A-MEN.

2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts that we may be as one,—
As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend,
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armor, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine:
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

John W. Chadwick, 1840–1904

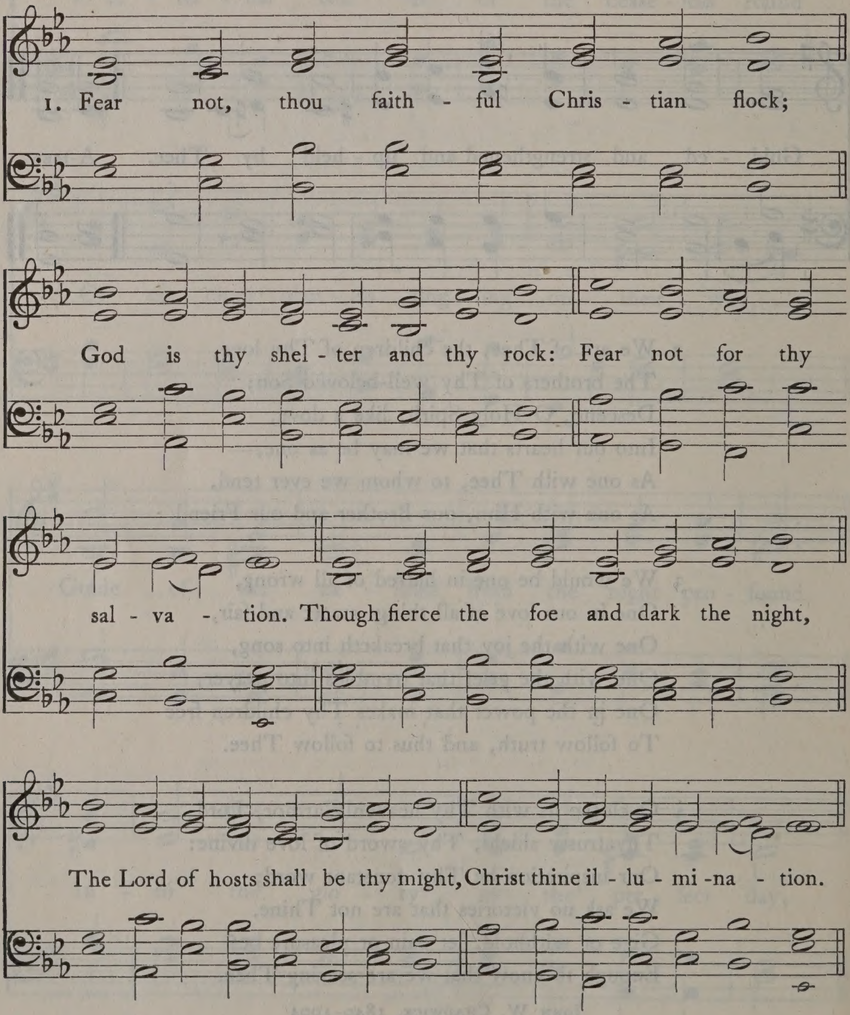
238

OLD 113TH (PSALM 68) 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. D.

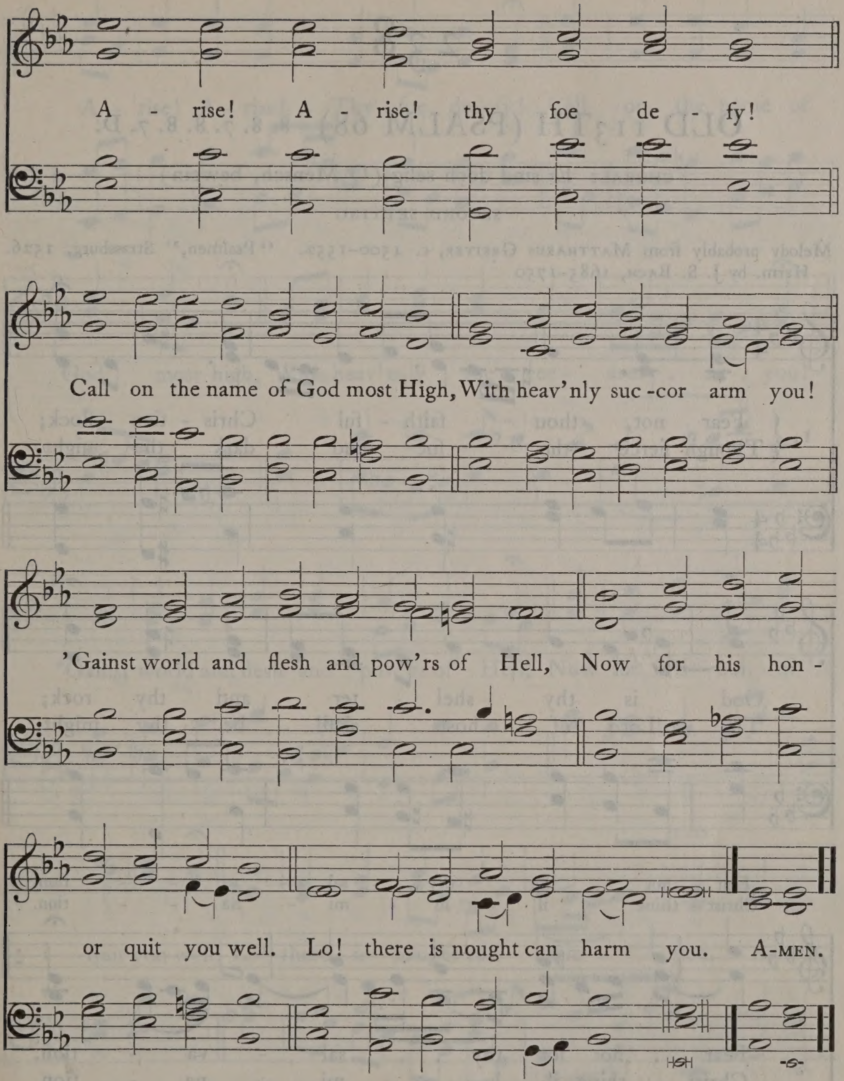
CHORAL: Es sind doch selig (O Mensch, bewein)

FIRST SETTING

Melody probably from MATTHAEUS GREITER, c. 1500–1552. "Psalmen," Strassburg, 1526.
Harm. by H. E. WOOLDRIDGE, 1845–1917


1. Fear not, thou faith - ful Chris - tian flock;
God is thy shel - ter and thy rock: Fear not for thy
sal - va - tion. Though fierce the foe and dark the night,
The Lord of hosts shall be thy might, Christ thine il - lu - mi - na - tion.

Action


A - rise! A - rise! thy foe de - fy!
Call on the name of God most High, With heav'nly suc-cor arm you!
'Gainst world and flesh and pow'rs of Hell, Now for his hon -
or quit you well. Lo! there is nought can harm you. A-MEN.

2 From drear oblivion's shades ye came;
Through idol shrines of earthly shame,
From brutish terror savèd.
Ye, who the chains of tyrants broke;
Ye, who cast off the priestly yoke,
Ye shall not be enslavèd.

Arise! Arise! the foe defy!
Call on the name of God most High,
That He with might endue you.
And Christ, your everlasting Priest,
In all your conflicts shall assist,
From strength to strength renew you.

Gustavus Adolphus (?), 1594–1632. Tr. Yattendon Hymnal

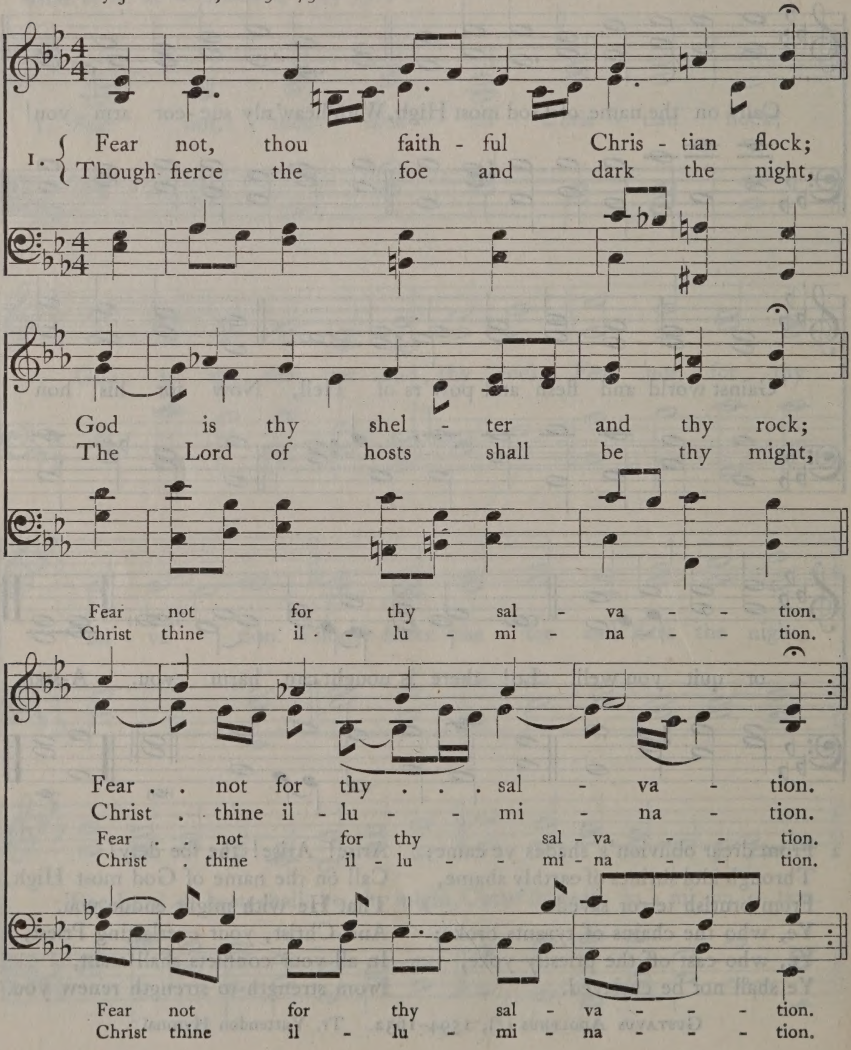
238

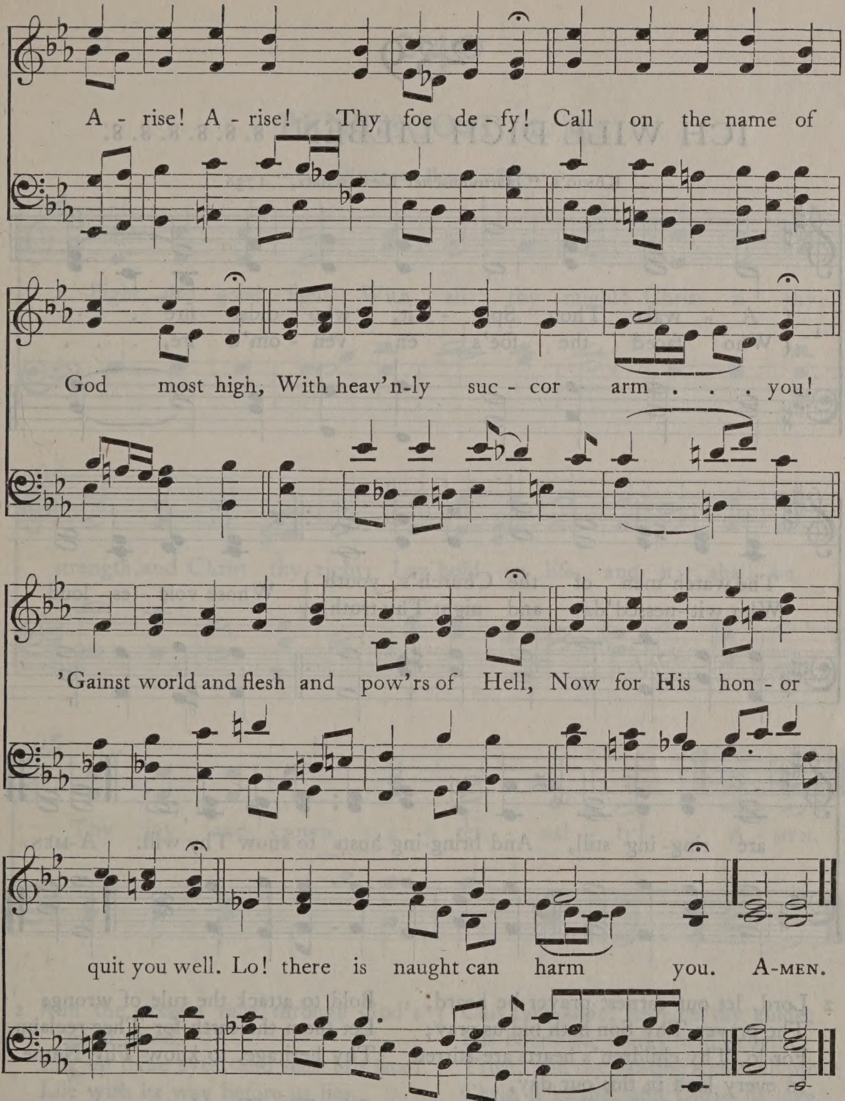
OLD 113TH (PSALM 68) 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. D.

CHORAL: Es sind doch selig (O Mensch, bewein)

SECOND SETTING

Melody probably from MATTHAEUS GREITER, c. 1500–1552. "Psalmen," Strassburg, 1526.
Harm. by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750


1. Fear not, thou faithful Christ - tian flock;
Though fierce the foe and dark the night,
God is thy shel - ter and thy rock;
The Lord of hosts shall be thy might,
Fear not for thy sal - va - - tion.
Christ thine il - lu - mi - na - - tion.
Fear . . not for thy . . . . sal - va - tion.
Christ . thine il - lu - - mi - na - tion.
Fear . . not for thy sal - va - - tion.
Christ . thine il - lu - - mi - na - - tion.
Fear not for thy sal - va - - - tion.
Christ thine il - lu - mi - na - - - tion.


A - rise! A - rise! Thy foe de - fy! Call on the name of
God most high, With heav'n-ly suc - cor arm . . . . you!
'Gainst world and flesh and pow'rs of Hell, Now for His hon - or
quit you well. Lo! there is naught can harm you. A-MEN.

2 From drear oblivion's shades ye came:
Through idol shrines of earthly shame,
From brutish terror savèd.
Ye, who the chains of tyrants broke;
Ye, who cast off the priestly yoke,
Ye shall not be enslavèd.

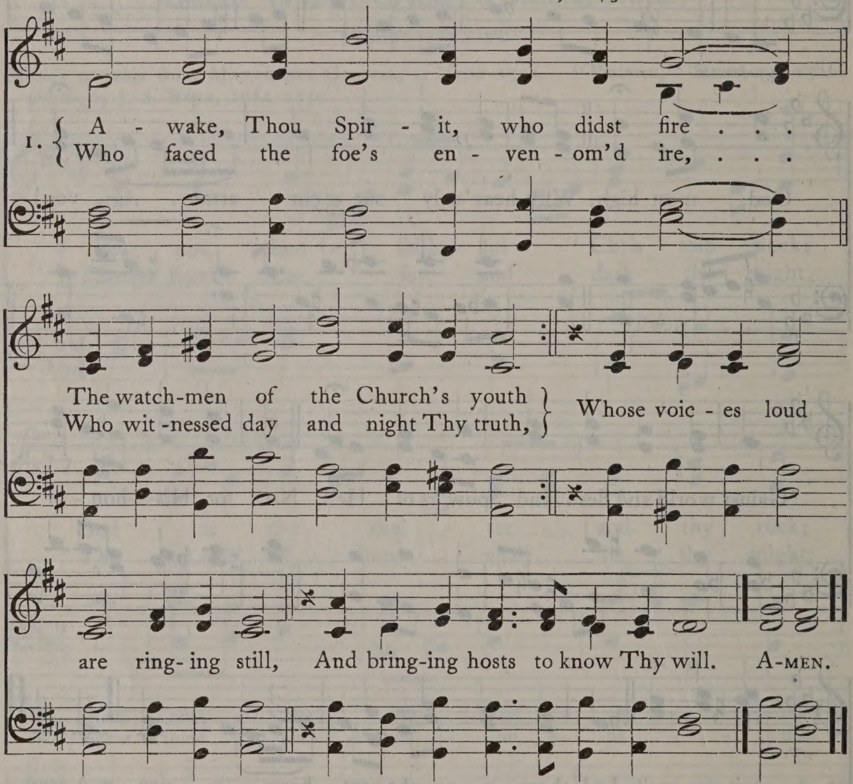
Arise! Arise! the foe defy!
Call on the name of God most High,
That He with might endue you.
And Christ, your everlasting Priest,
In all your conflicts shall assist,
From strength to strength renew you.

Gustavus Adolphus (?), 1594–1632. Tr. Yattendon Hymnal

239

ICH WILL DICH LIEBEN 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

König's "Harmonischer Liederschatz," 1738


1. { A - wake, Thou Spir - it, who didst fire . . .
Who faced the foe's en - ven - om'd ire, . . .
The watch-men of the Church's youth
Who wit -nessed day and night Thy truth, }
Whose voic - es loud
are ring- ing still, And bring-ing hosts to know Thy will. A-MEN.

2 Lord, let our earnest prayer be heard;
The prayer Thy Son hath bid us pray;
For lo, Thy children's hearts are stirred
In every land in this our day,
To cry with fervent soul to Thee,
O help us, Lord, so let it be!

3 O haste to help, ere we are lost!
Send preachers forth, in spirit strong,
Armed with Thy Word, a dauntless host,
Bold to attack the rule of wrong;
Let them the earth for Thee reclaim,
Thy heritage, to know Thy Name.

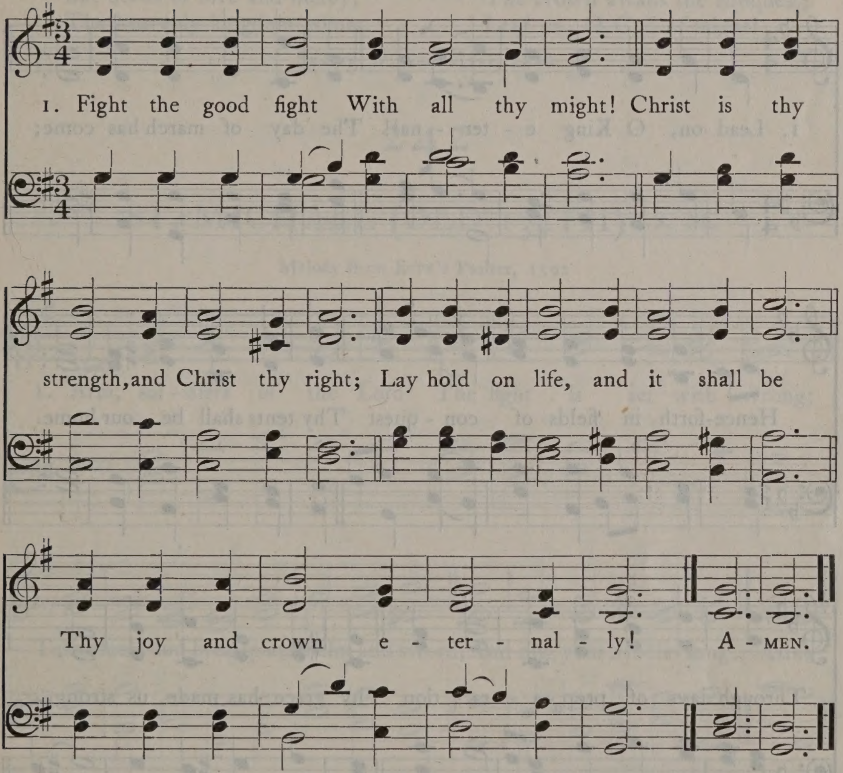
4 O let Thy Word have speedy course,
Through every land be glorified,
Till all the heathen know its force
And fill Thy churches far and wide;
Wake Israel from her sleep, O Lord,
And spread the conquests of Thy Word!

Karl Heinrich von Bogatzky, 1690–1774. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

240

PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, 1847–


1. Fight the good fight With all thy might! Christ is thy
strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly!
A - men.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face!
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

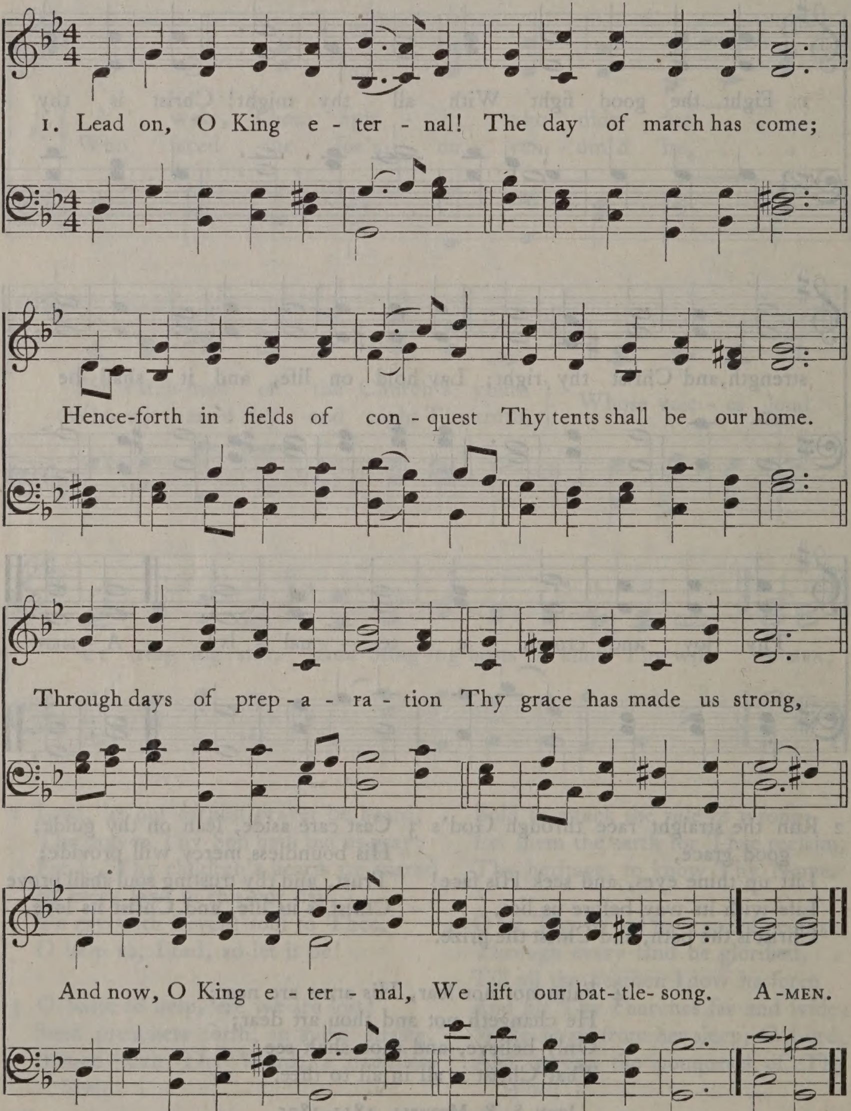
4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

John S. B. Monsell, 1811–1875

241

LLANGLOFFAN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Welsh Hymn Melody


1. Lead on, O King e - ter - nal! The day of march has come;
Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King e - ter - nal, We lift our bat- tle- song. A-MEN.

2 Lead on, O King eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

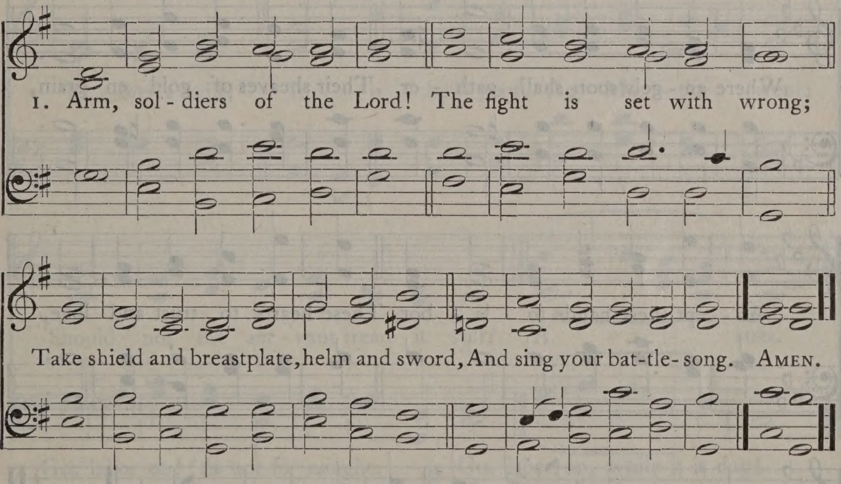
3 Lead on, O King eternal!
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light:
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might!

Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888

242

ST. MICHAEL (OLD 134TH) S. M.

Melody from Este's Psalter, 1592


1. Arm, sol - diers of the Lord! The fight is set with wrong;
Take shield and breastplate, helm and sword, And sing your bat-tle - song. Amen.

2 Stand fast for Love, your Lord;
Faith be your mighty shield;
And let the Spirit's burning sword
Flash foremost in the field.

3 Truth be your girdle strong;
And Hope, your helmet, shine,
Whene'er the battle seemeth long
And wearied hearts repine.

4 With news of gospel Peace
Let your swift feet be shod;
Your breastplate be the righteousness
That keeps the soul for God.

5 And for the weary day,
And for the slothful arm,
For wounds, defeat, distress, dismay,
Take Prayer, the heavenly charm.

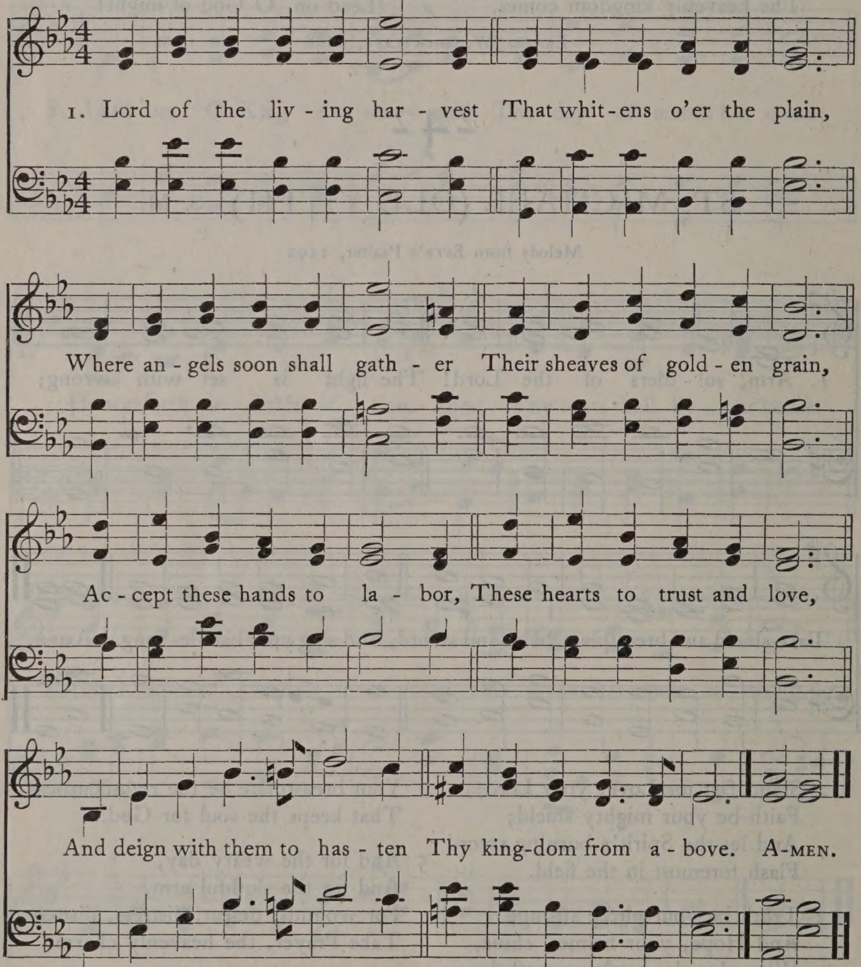
5 "From strength to strength" your cry,
Your battlefield the world;
Strike home, and press where Christ on high
His banner hath unfurled.

Stopford A. Brooke, 1832–1916

243

GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. Michael Haydn, 1737–1806


1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit-ens o'er the plain,
Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain,
Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to has - ten Thy king-dom from a - bove. A-men.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee:

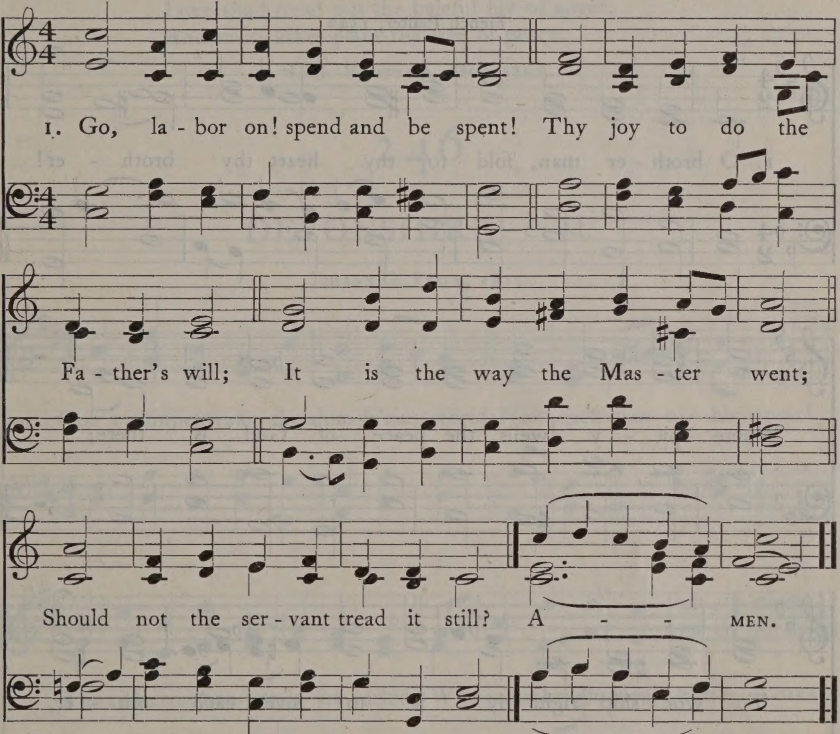
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
That makes Thy kingdom come.

John S. B. Monsell, 1811–1875

244

RICHARD L. M.

Morfydd Llwyn Owen, 1892–1918


1. Go, la - bor on! spend and be spent! Thy joy to do the
Fa - ther's will; It is the way the Mas - ter went;
Should not the ser - vant tread it still? A - - MEN.

2 Go, labor on! 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?

3 Go, labor on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labor on, while it is day!
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!
Go forth into the world's highway!
Compel the wanderer to come in!

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rojoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

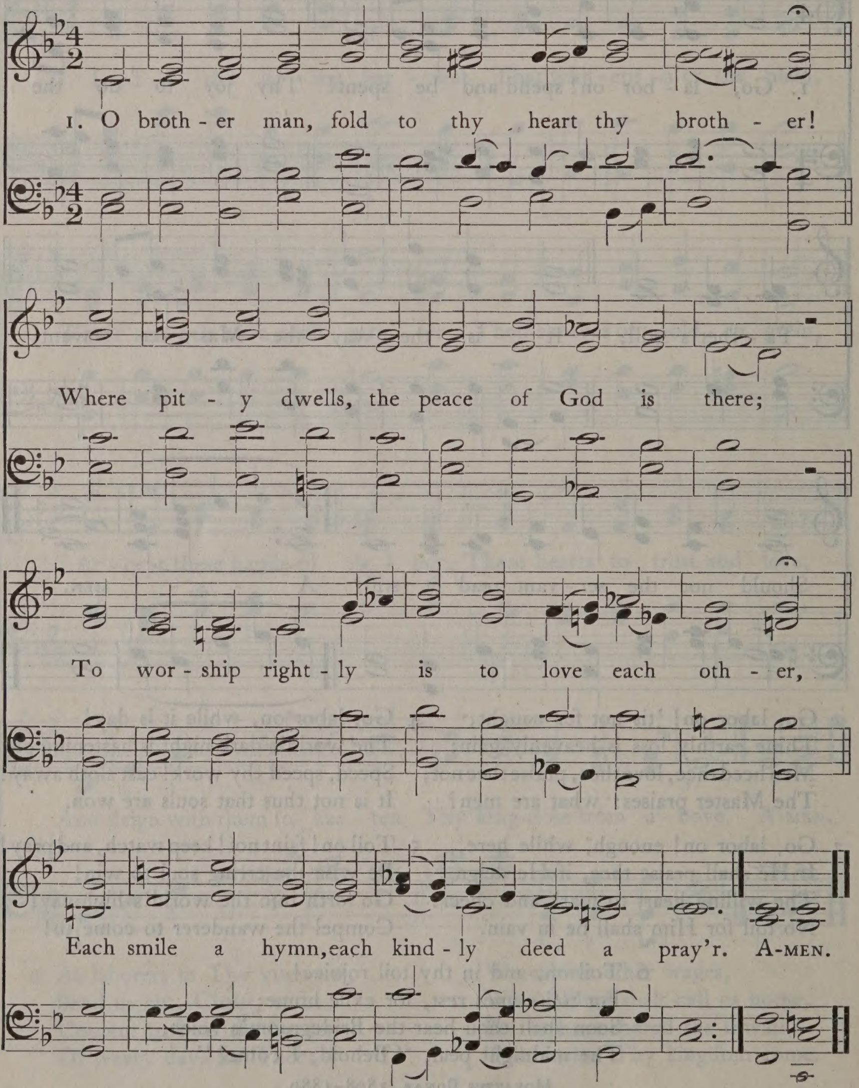
Horatius Bonar, 1808–1889

245

DER TAG IST HIN (O HÖCHSTER GOTT)

11. 10. 11. 10.

French Psalter, 1542


1. O broth - er man, fold to thy heart thy broth - er!
Where pit - y dwells, the peace of God is there;
To wor - ship right - ly is to love each oth - er,
Each smile a hymn, each kind - ly deed a pray'r. A-MEN.

2 Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

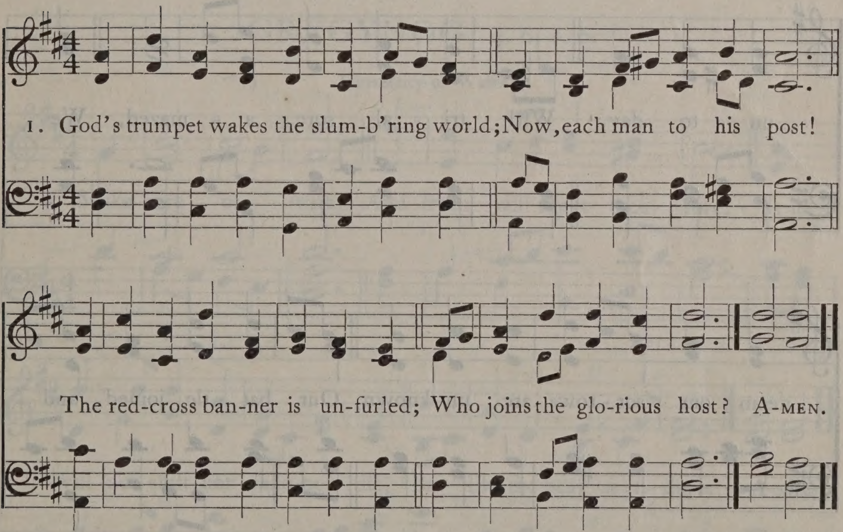
3 Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of war's wild music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

J. G. Whittier, 1807–1892

246

DEVONSHIRE C. M.

Johann G. Frech, 1825


1. God's trumpet wakes the slum-b'ring world; Now, each man to his post!
The red-cross ban-ner is un-furled; Who joins the glo-rious host? A-men.

2 He who, in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
He joins the noble host.

3 He who, no anger on his tongue
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
He joins the sacred host.

4 He who with calm undaunted will
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the faithful host.

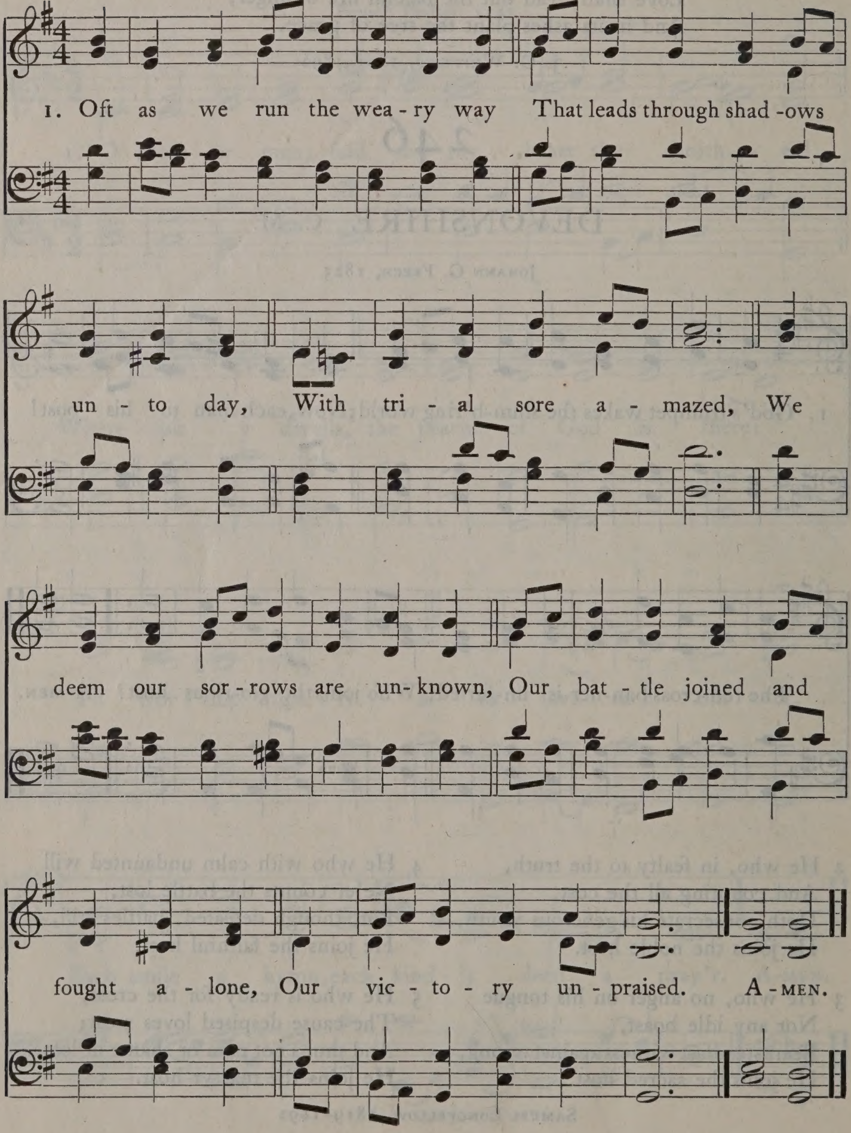
5 He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most;
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
He joins the martyr host.

Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892

247

INNSBRUCK 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Heinrich Isaac, c. 1450–1517


1. Oft as we run the wea - ry way That leads through shad - ows
un - to day, With tri - al sore a - mazed, We
deem our sor - rows are un - known, Our bat - tle joined and
fought a - lone, Our vic - to - ry un - praised. A - men.

2 Faithless and blind, we cannot trace
The witnesses who watch our race
Beyond our senses' ken:
The mighty cloud of all who died
With faithful rapture, humble pride,
For love of God and man.

3 And One, the conqueror of death,
Beginner, finisher of faith,
Who, for the joy of love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
Awakes in us the battle flame,
And waits for us above.

4 With patience, then, we run the race,
With joy and confidence and grace,
In quiet hope and power,
Cast off the sins that check our speed,
The weights that faith and love impede,
Withstand the evil hour.

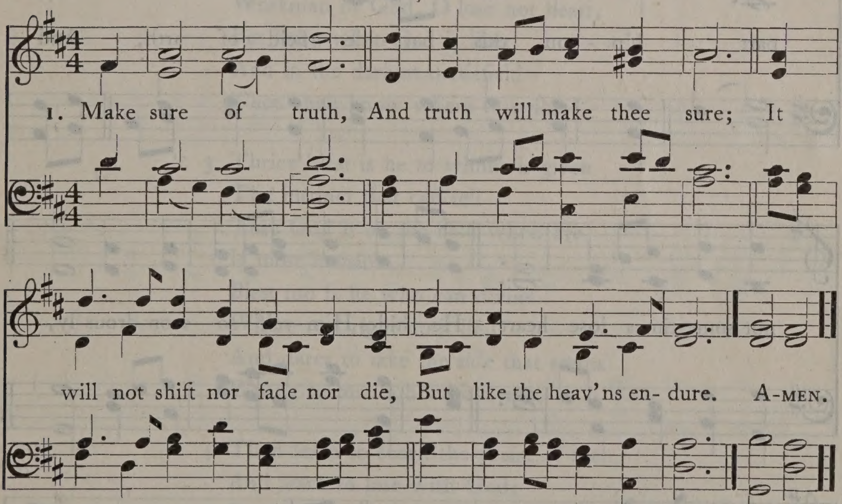
5 For heaven is round us as we move:
Our days are compassed with its love,
Its light is on our road;
And when the knell of death is rung,
Sweet alleluias shall be sung
To welcome us to God.

Stopford A. Brooke, 1832–1916

248

GREGYNOG 4. 6. 8. 6.

University of Wales


1. Make sure of truth, And truth will make thee sure; It
will not shift nor fade nor die, But like the heav'ns en- dure.
A-MEN.

2 Man and his earth
Are varying day by day;
Truth cannot change, nor ever grow
Feeble and old and gray.

3 God's thoughts, not man's,
Be these thy heritage;
They, like himself, are ever young,
Untouched by time or age.

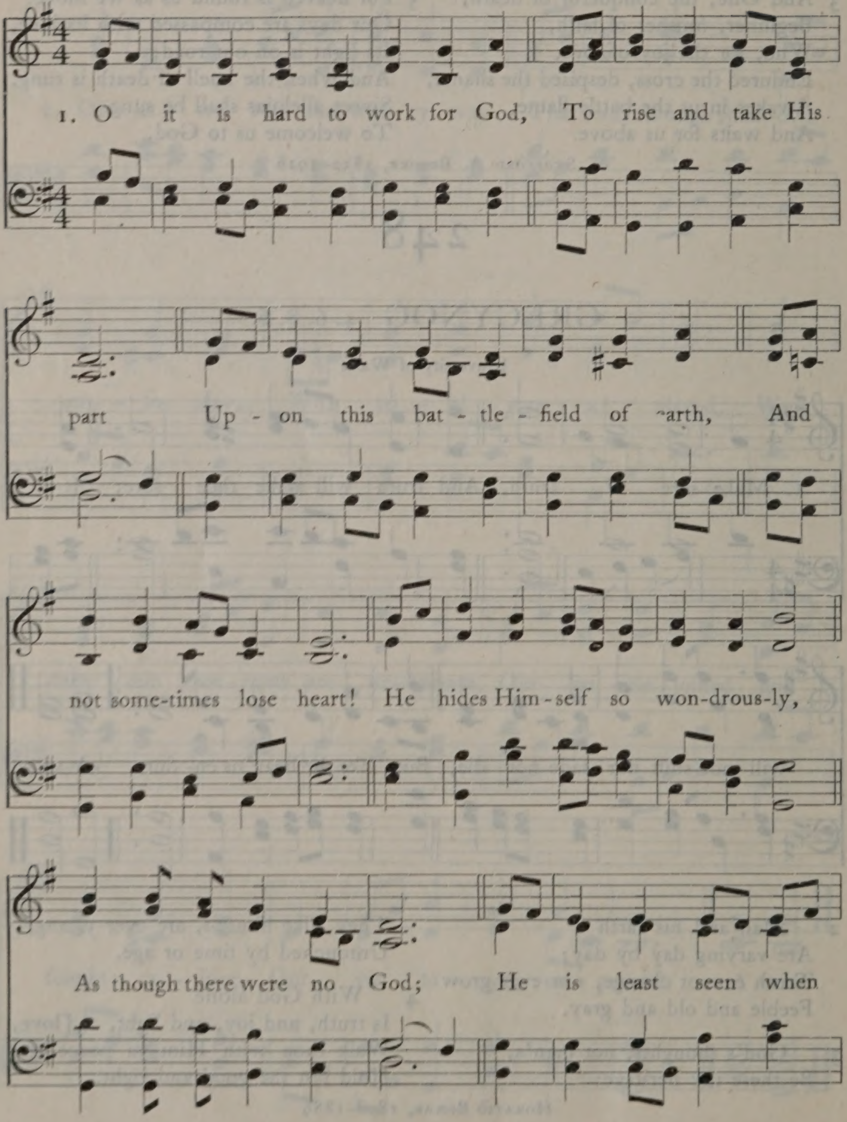
4 With God alone
Is truth, and joy, and light,
Walk thou with Him in peace and [love,
Hold fast the good and right.

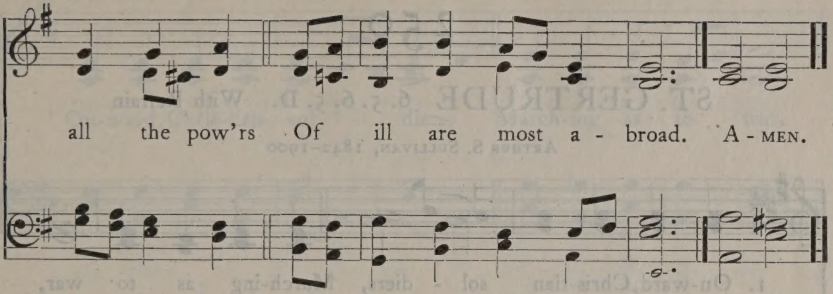
Horatio Bonar, 1808–1889

249

KINGSFOLD C. M. D.

From an English Traditional Melody


1. O it is hard to work for God, To rise and take His
part Up - on this bat - tle - field of earth, And
not some-times lose heart! He hides Him - self so won-drous-ly,
As though there were no God; He is least seen when



2 Ah, God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.
Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

3 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.
Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

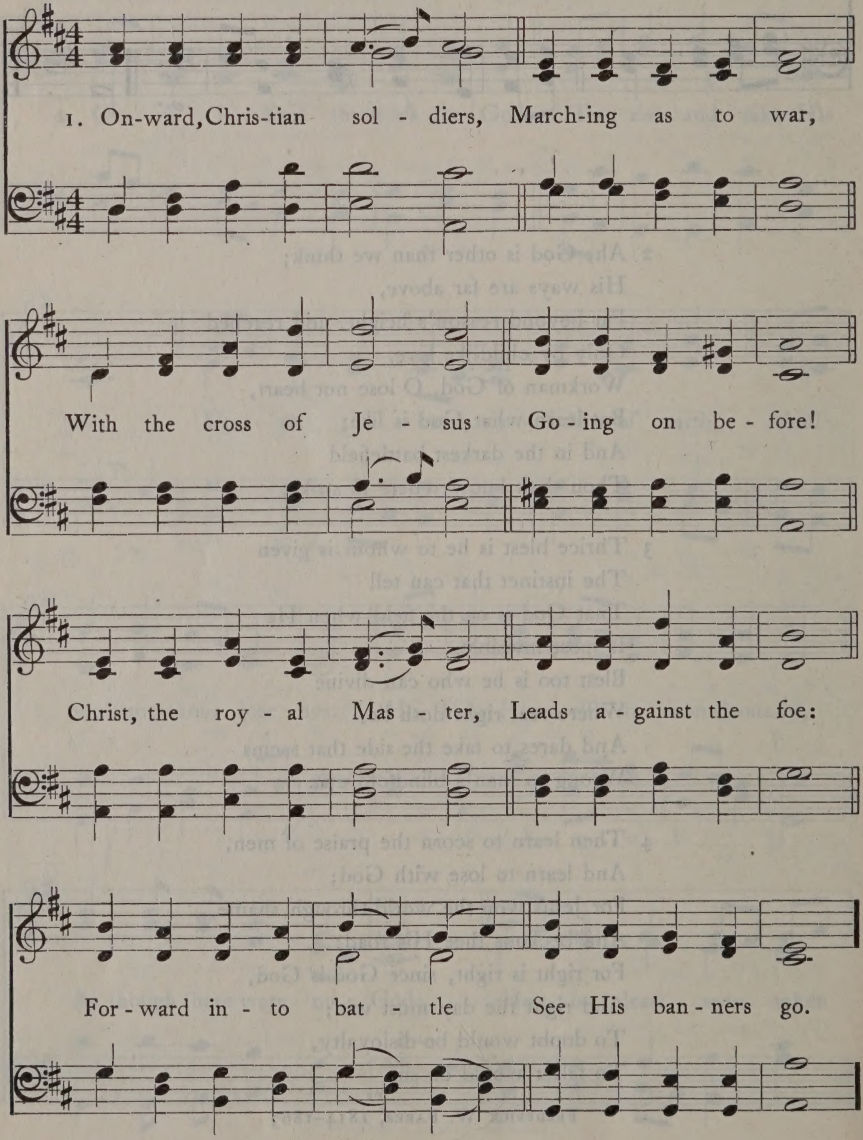
4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road:
For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Frederick W. Faber, 1814–1863

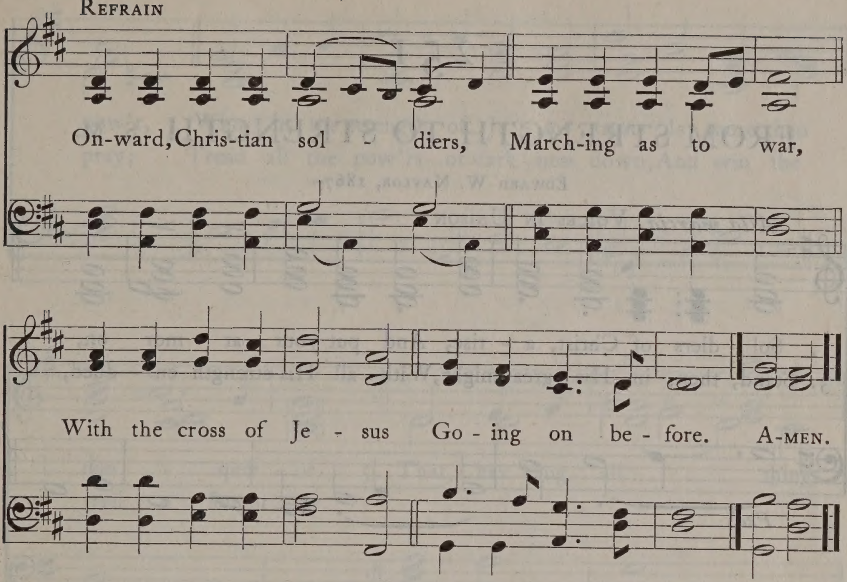
250

ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1842–1900


1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!
Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe:
For - ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ners go.

REFRAIN


On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A-MEN.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

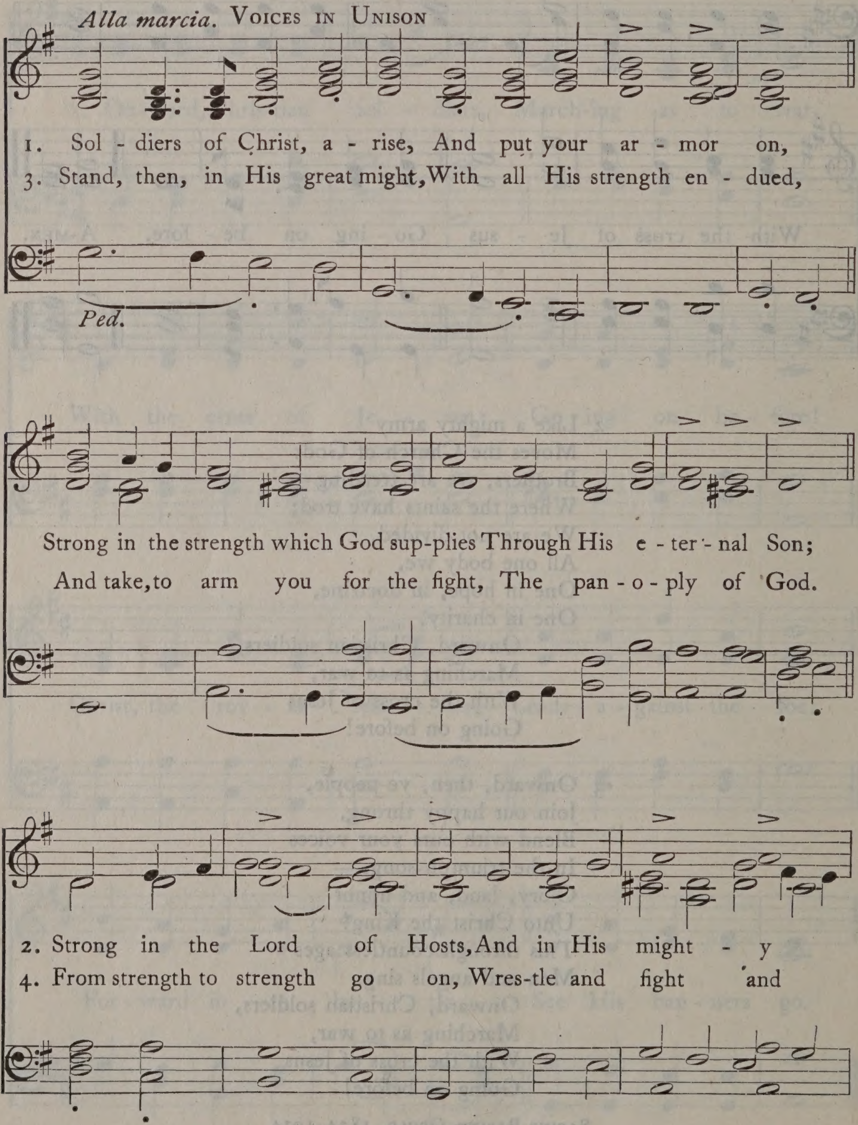
3 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song,—
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King!
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

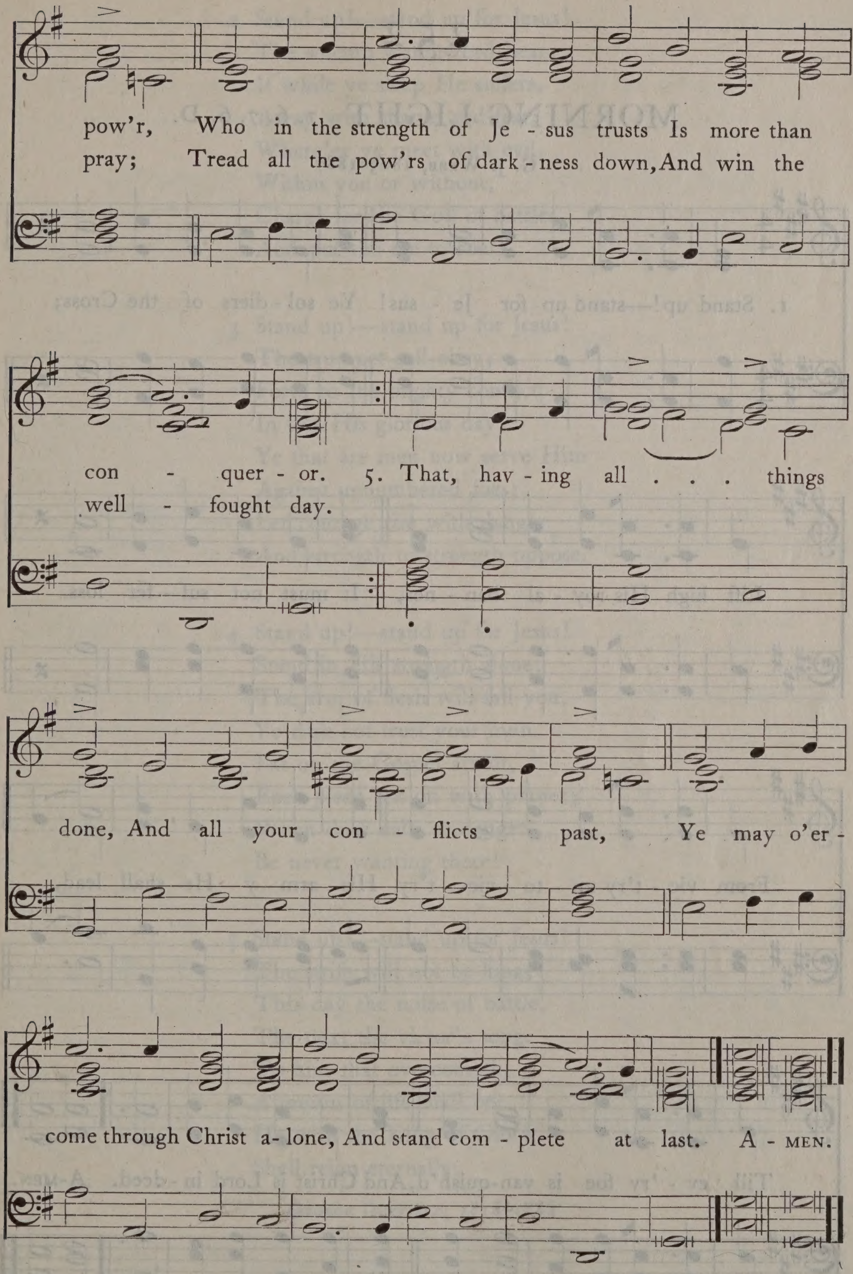
SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834–1924

251

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH S. M.

Edward W. Naylor, 1867–


Alla marcia. Voices in Unison
1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,
3. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued,
Ped.
Strong in the strength which God sup-plies Through His e - ter - nal Son;
And take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God.
2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y
4. From strength to strength go on, Wres-tle and fight and

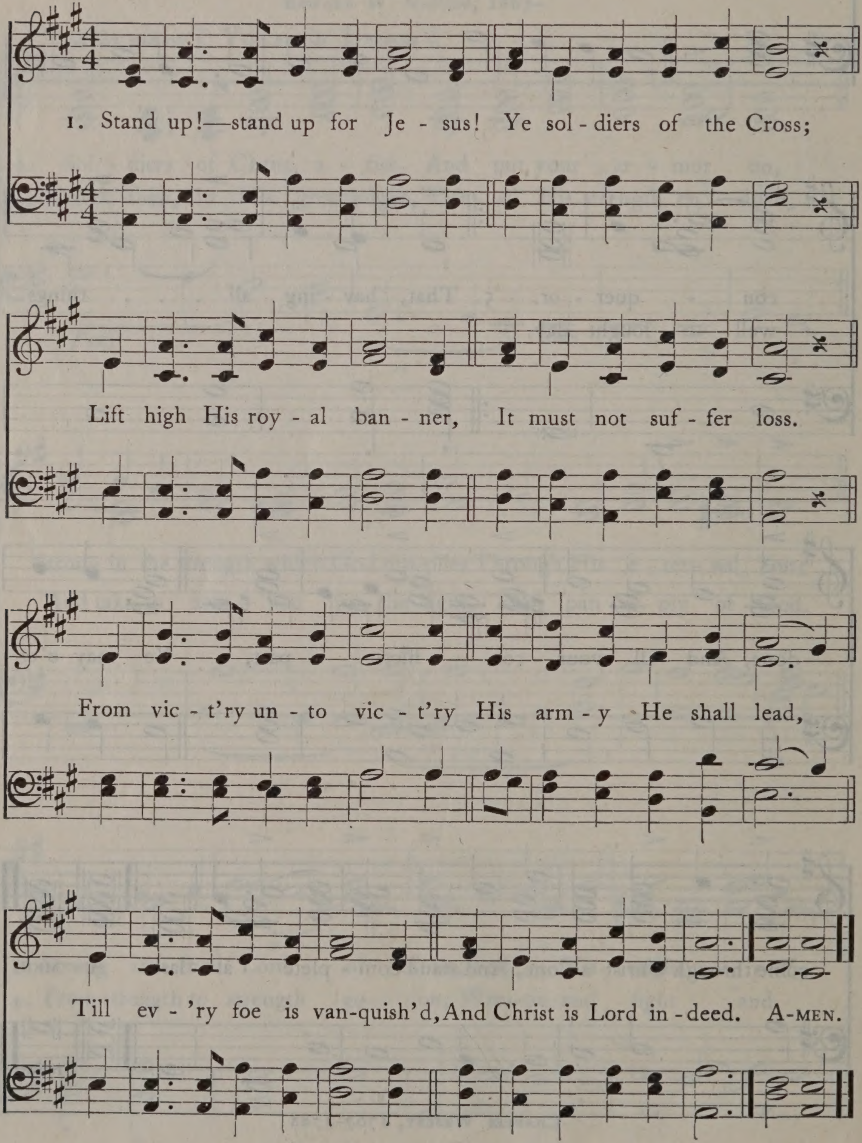

pow'r, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than
pray; Tread all the pow'rs of dark - ness down, And win the
con - quer - or. 5. That, hav - ing all . . . things
well - fought day.
done, And all your con - flicts past, Ye may o'er -
come through Christ a- lone, And stand com - plete at last. A - MEN.

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

252

MORNING LIGHT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

G. J. Webb, 1803–1887


1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the Cross;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y He shall lead,
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A-men.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of battles,
And put the foe to rout.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger
And strength to strength oppose.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
When duty calls or danger
Be never wanting there!

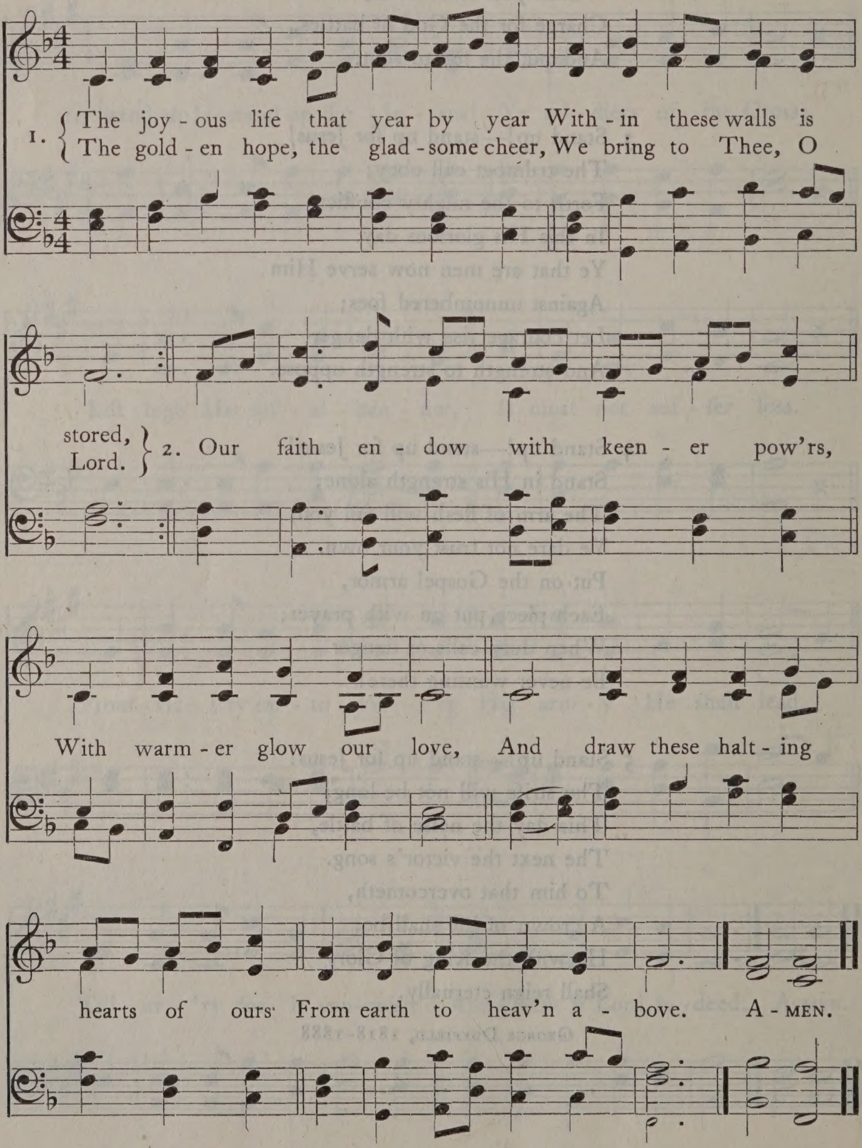
5 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, 1818–1888

253

FOREST GREEN C. M. D.

English Traditional Melody. Collected by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872–


1. The joy - ous life that year by year With - in these walls is stored,
The gold - en hope, the glad - some cheer, We bring to Thee, O Lord.
2. Our faith en - dow with keen - er pow'rs,
With warm - er glow our love, And draw these halt - ing
hearts of ours From earth to heav'n a - bove.
A - MEN.

3 In paths our bravest ones have trod
O, make us brave to go,
That we may give our lives to God
In serving man below.

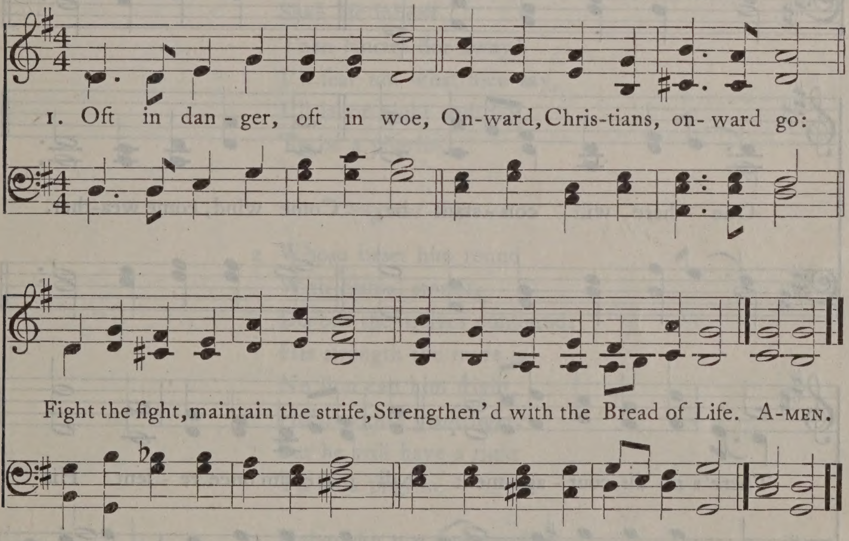
4 So hence shall flow fresh strength and grace,
As from a full-fed spring,
To make the world a better place,
And life a worthier thing.

Wm. Walsham How, 1823–1897. Abr. (St. 1 of the original omitted)

254

ADVENT 7. 7. 7. 7.

George M. Garrett, 1834–1897


1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Chris-tians, on- ward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life. A-men.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

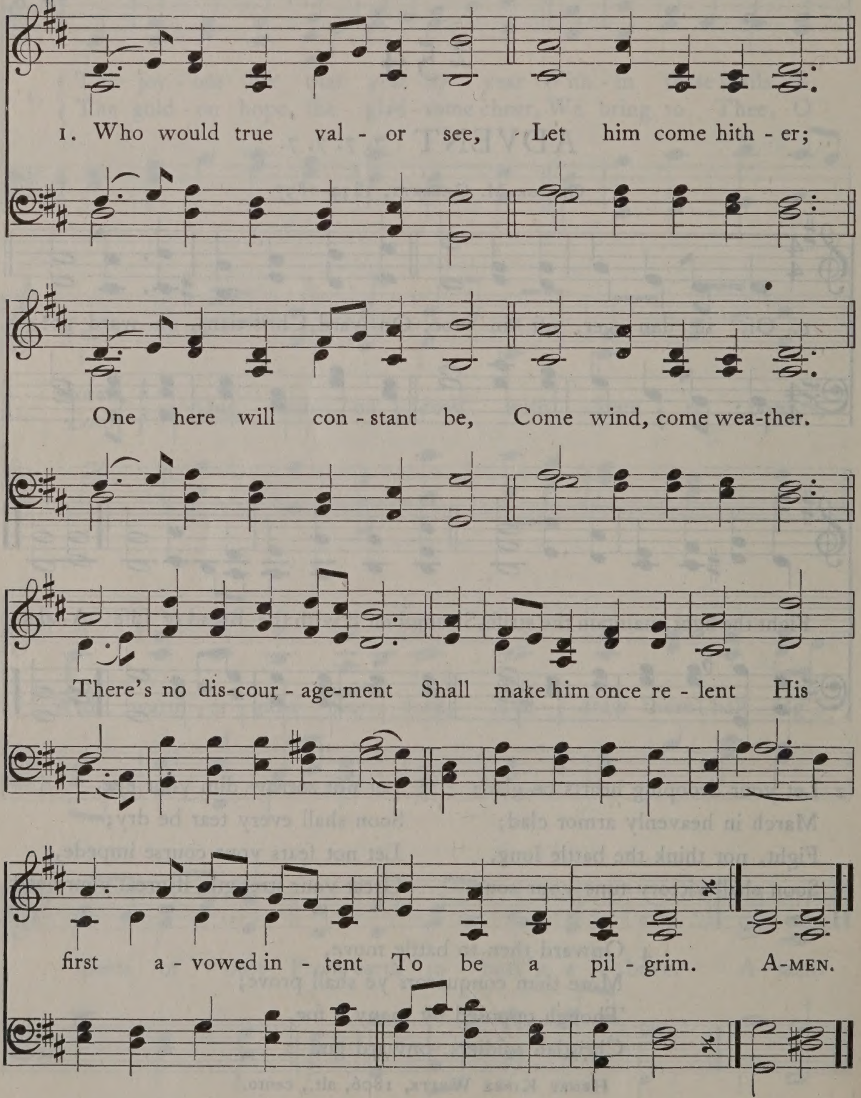
Henry Kirke White, 1806, alt., cento.

255

MONK'S GATE 6. 5. 6. 5. 6. 6. 6. 5.

FIRST TUNE

English Traditional Melody. Collected by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872–


1. Who would true val - or see, Let him come hith - er;
One here will con - stant be, Come wind, come wea-ther.
There's no dis-cour - age-ment Shall make him once re - lent His
first a - vowed in - tent To be a pil - grim. A-MEN.

Modernized Form

2 Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound —
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

3 Since, Lord, Thou dost defend
Us with Thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labor night and day
To be a pilgrim.

Original Version

2 Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

3 Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit,
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
He'll not fear what men say,
He'll labor night and day
To be a pilgrim.

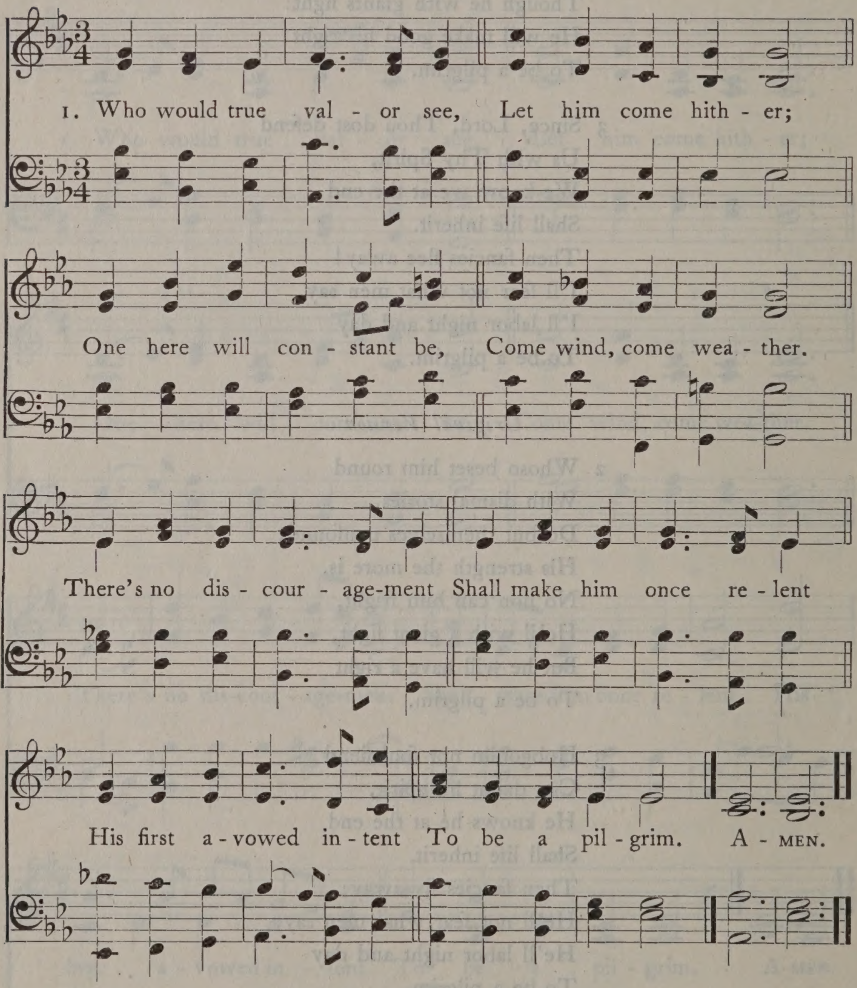
John Bunyan, 1628–1688, and others

255

COMMUNION 6. 5. 6. 5. 6. 6. 6. 5.

SECOND TUNE

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. Who would true val - or see, Let him come hith - er;
One here will con - stant be, Come wind, come wea - ther.
There's no dis - cour - age-ment Shall make him once re - lent
His first a - vowed in - tent To be a pil - grim. A - men.

2 Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

3 Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labor night and day
To be a pilgrim.

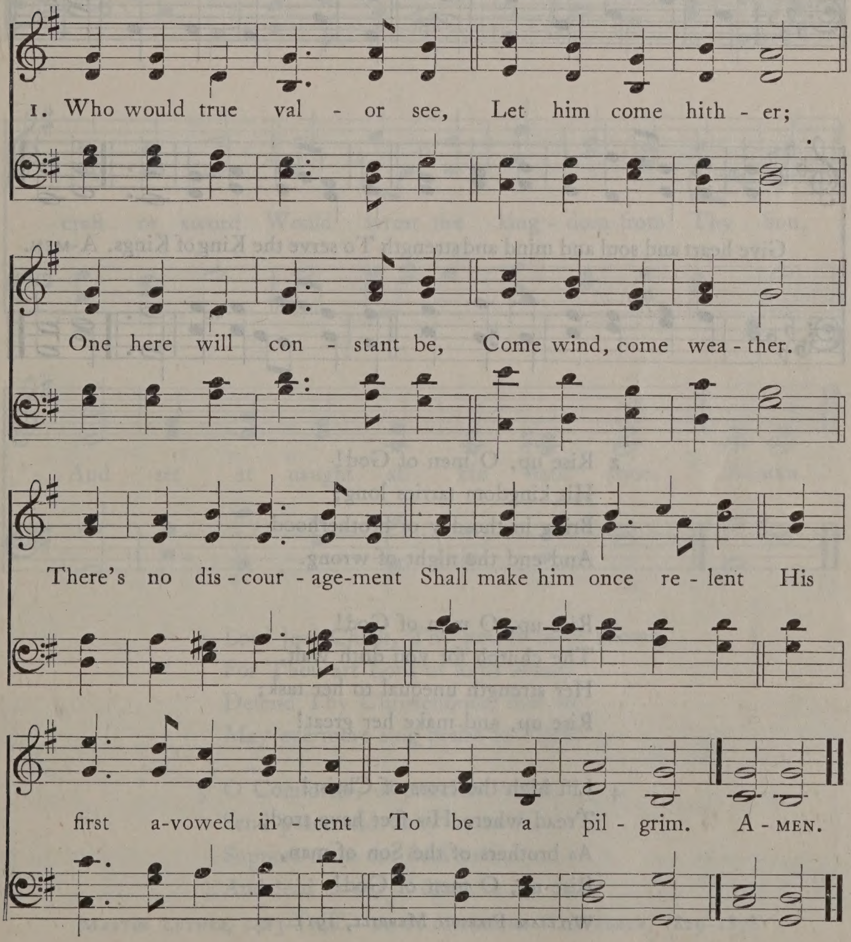
John Bunyan, 1628–1688, and others

255

ST. DUNSTAN'S 6. 5. 6. 5. 6. 6. 6. 5.

THIRD TUNE

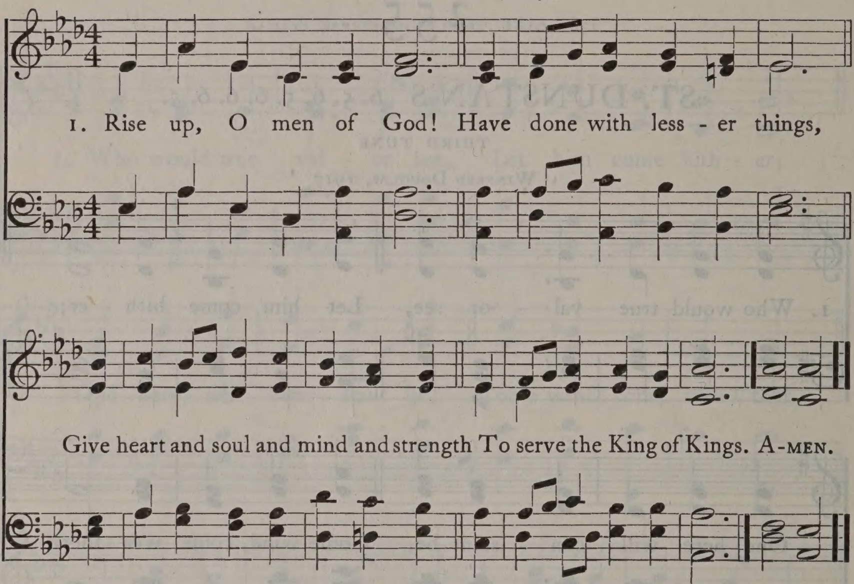
Winfred Douglas, 1917


1. Who would true val - or see, Let him come hith - er;
One here will con - stant be, Come wind, come wea - ther.
There's no dis - cour - age-ment Shall make him once re - lent His
first a-vowed in - tent To be a pil - grim. A - men.

256

FESTAL SONG S. M.

William H. Walter, 1894


1. Rise up, O men of God! Have done with less - er things,
Give heart and soul and mind and strength To serve the King of Kings. A-men.

2 Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long;
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

3 Rise up, O men of God!
The church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to her task;
Rise up, and make her great!

4 Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod,
As brothers of the Son of man,
Rise up, O men of God!

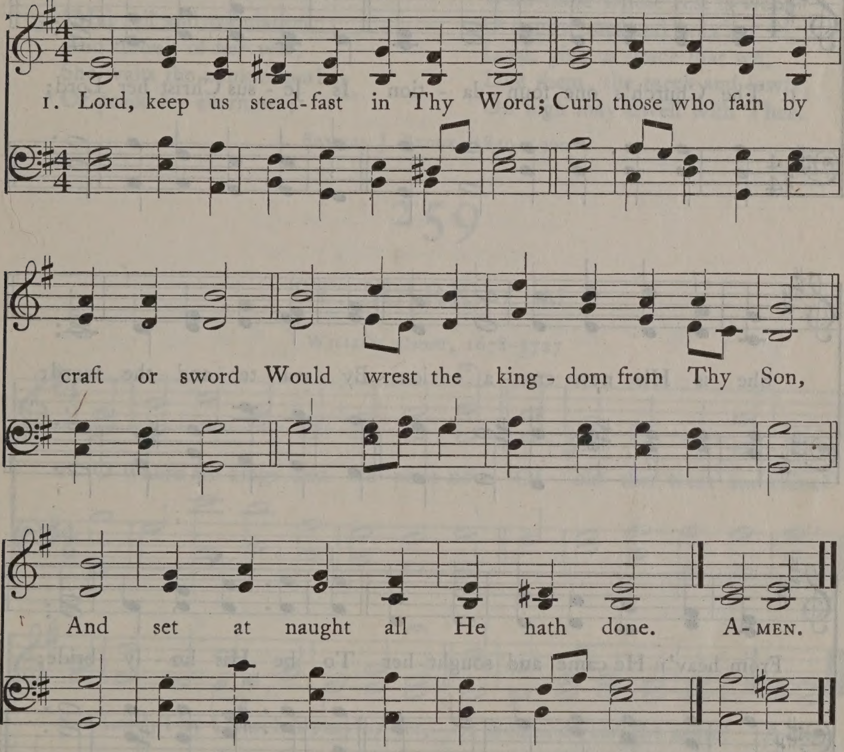
William Pierson Merrill, 1911

257

ERHALT UNS, HERR, BEI DEINEM WORT

L. M.

Joseph Klug's "Geistliche Lieder," 1543


1. Lord, keep us stead-fast in Thy Word; Curb those who fain by
craft or sword Would wrest the king - dom from Thy Son,
And set at naught all He hath done. A- MEN.

2 Lord Jesu Christ, Thy power make known,
For Thou art Lord of lords alone;
Defend Thy Christendom, that we
May evermore sing praise to Thee.

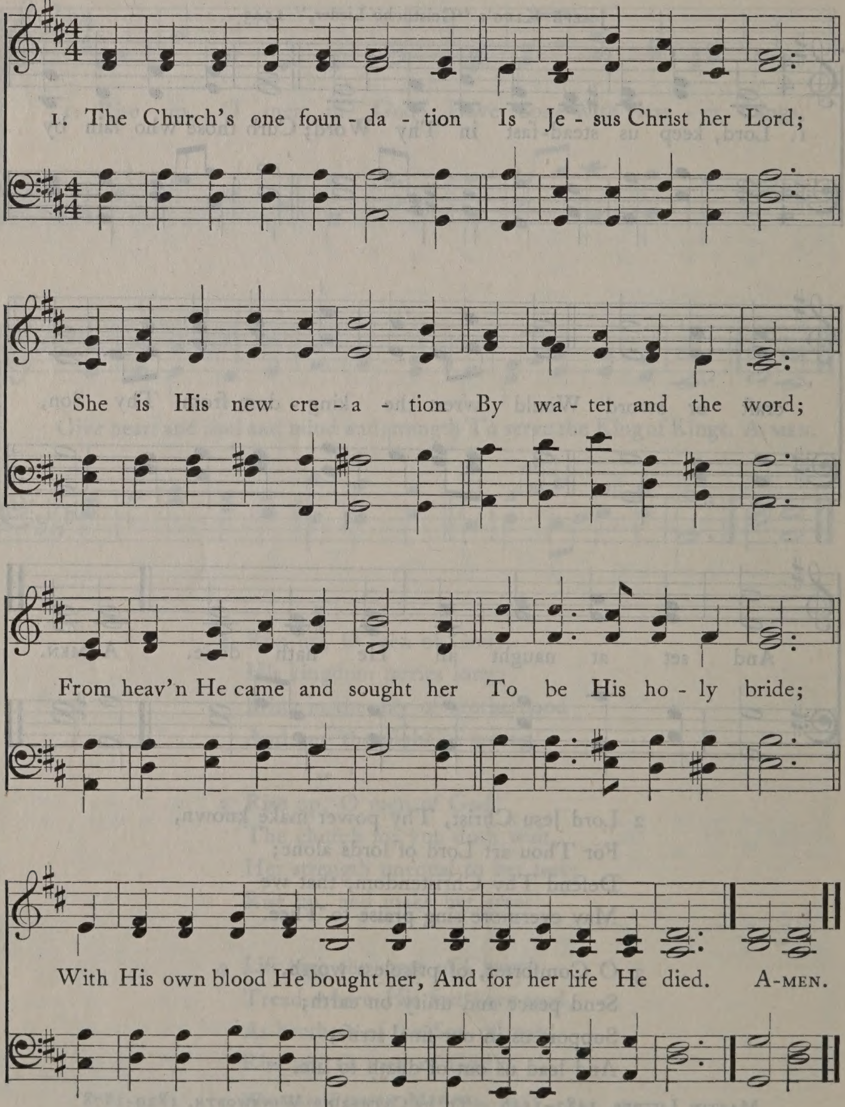
3 O Comforter, of priceless worth,
Send peace and unity on earth;
Support us in our final strife,
And lead us out of death to life.

Martin Luther, 1483–1546. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

258

AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1810–1876


1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-men.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,—
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

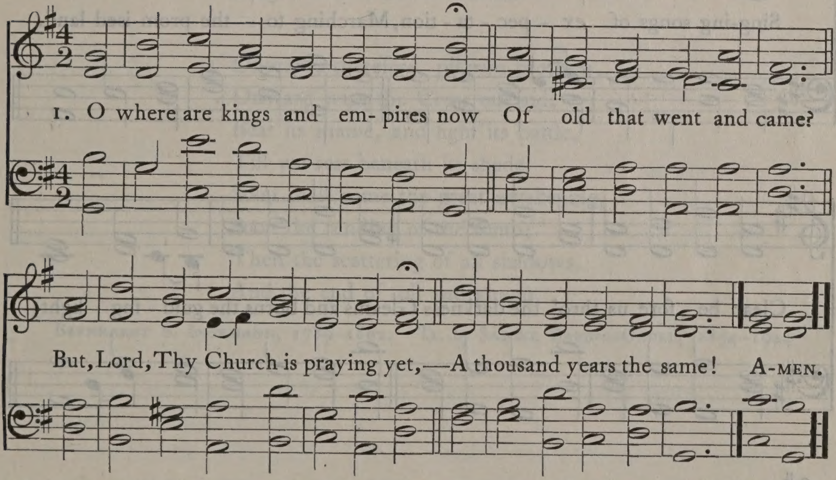
4 Yet she on earth hath union
With Father, Spirit, Son,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel J. Stone, 1839–1900

259

ST. MARK C. M.

William Croft, 1678–1727


1. O where are kings and em- pires now Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,—A thousand years the same! A-men.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad,

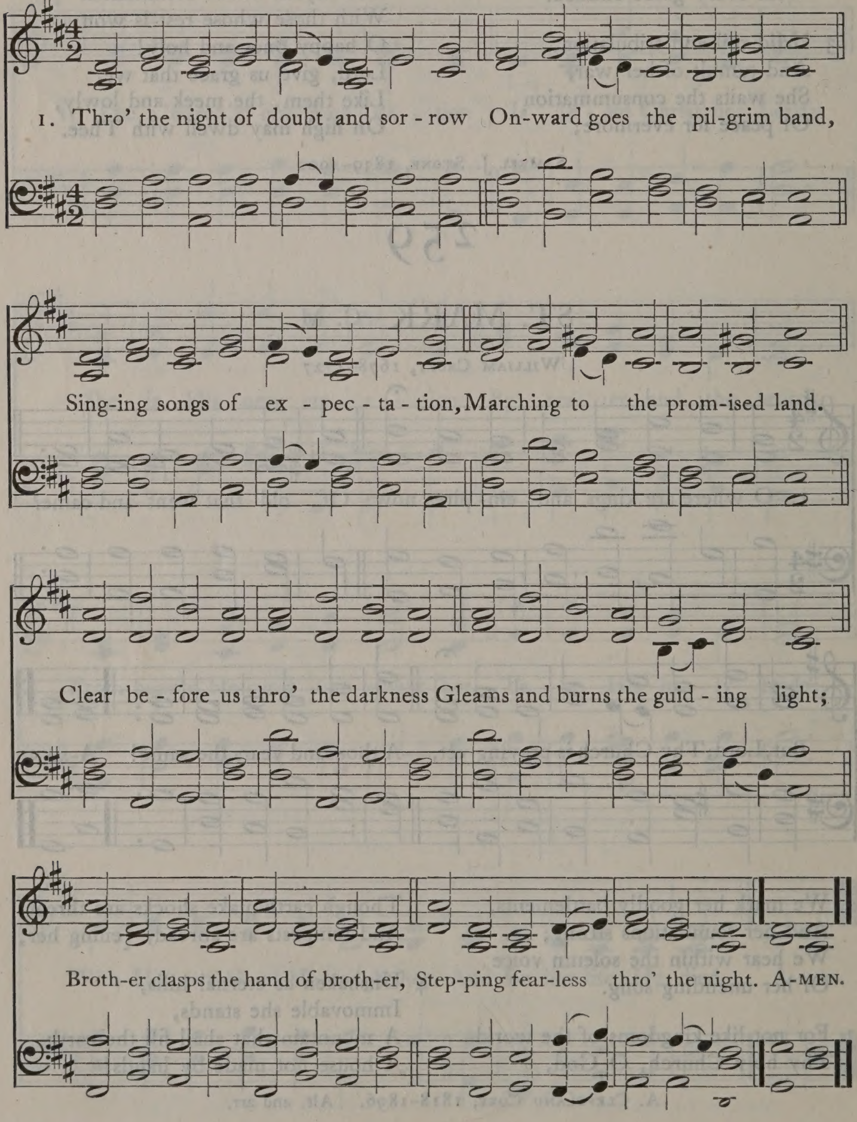
4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands!

A. Cleveland Coxe, 1818–1896. Alt. and arr.

260

HANDEL 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Choral Book of the Moravians, 1784. Secular origin (HANDEL?), 1720


1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
Sing-ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, Marching to the prom-ised land.
Clear be - fore us thro' the darkness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;
Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less thro' the night. A-MEN.

2 One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love forever more.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.
Soon shall come the great awakening,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

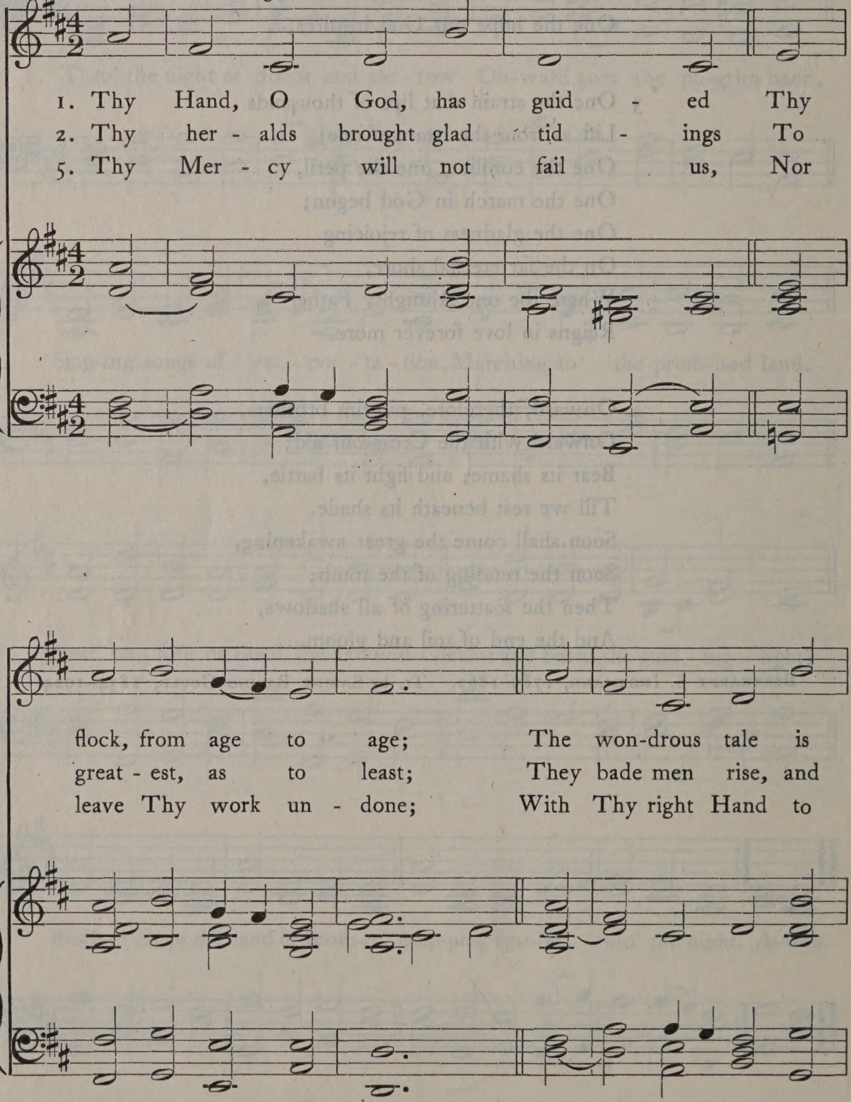
Bernhardt S. Ingemann, 1789–1862. Tr. by Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834–1924

261

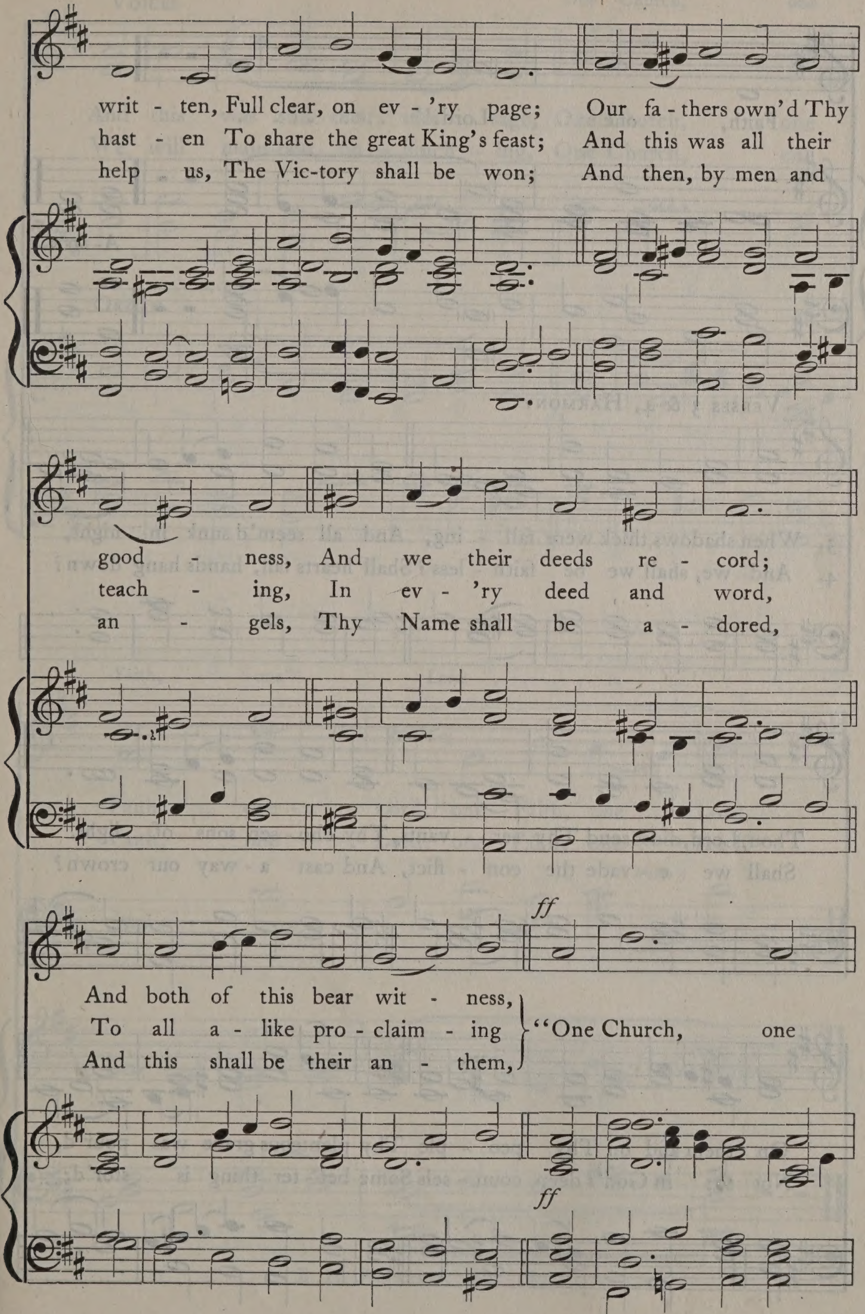
THORNBURY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

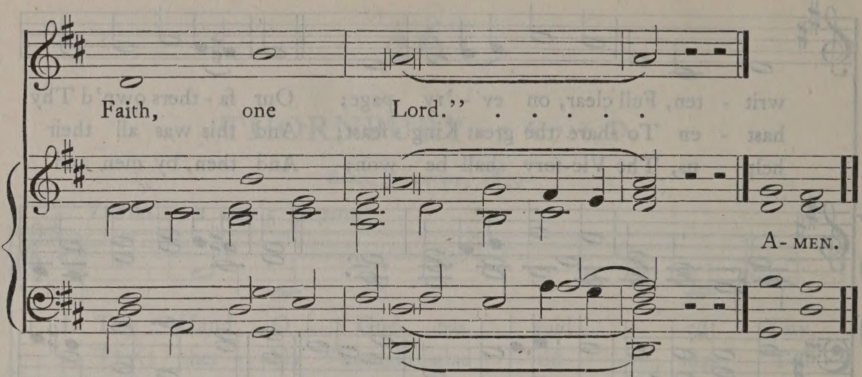
Basil Harwood, 1859-

Verses 1, 2 and 5 Unison

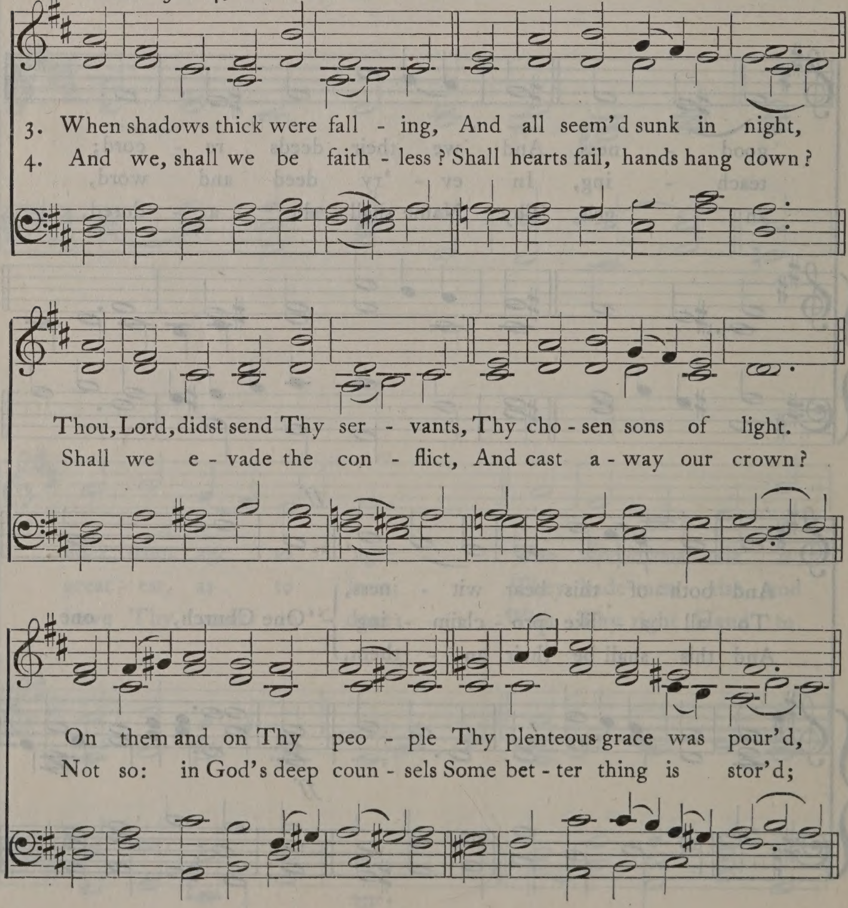

1. Thy Hand, O God, has guid - ed Thy
2. Thy her - alds brought glad tid - ings To
5. Thy Mer - cy will not fail us, Nor
flock, from age to age; The won-drous tale is
great - est, as to least; They bade men rise, and
leave Thy work un - done; With Thy right Hand to

The Church

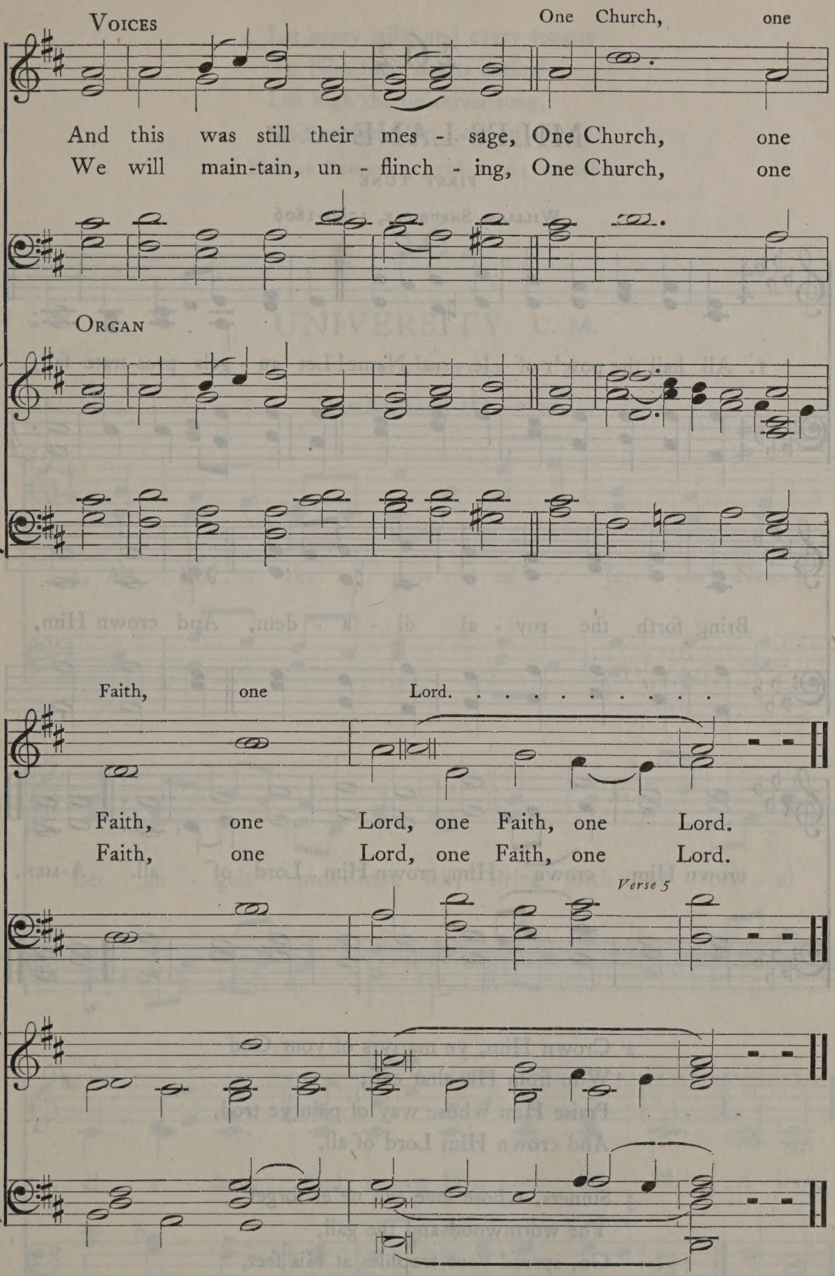

writ - ten, Full clear, on ev - 'ry page; Our fa - thers own'd Thy
hast - en To share the great King's feast; And this was all their
help us, The Vic-tory shall be won; And then, by men and
good - ness, And we their deeds re - cord;
teach - ing, In ev - 'ry deed and word,
an - gels, Thy Name shall be a - dored,
And both of this bear wit - ness,
To all a - like pro - claim - ing
And this shall be their an - them,
"One Church, one
ff
ff


Faith, one Lord." . . . . . .
A-MEN.

VERSES 3 & 4, HARMONY


3. When shadows thick were fall - ing, And all seem'd sunk in night,
4. And we, shall we be faith - less? Shall hearts fail, hands hang down?
Thou, Lord, didst send Thy ser - vants, Thy cho - sen sons of light.
Shall we e - vade the con - flict, And cast a - way our crown?
On them and on Thy peo - ple Thy plenteous grace was pour'd,
Not so: in God's deep coun - sels Some bet - ter thing is stor'd;

The Church


Voices
One Church, one
And this was still their mes - sage, One Church, one
We will main-tain, un - flinch - ing, One Church, one
Organ
Faith, one Lord. . . . .
Faith, one Lord, one Faith, one Lord.
Faith, one Lord, one Faith, one Lord.
Verse 5

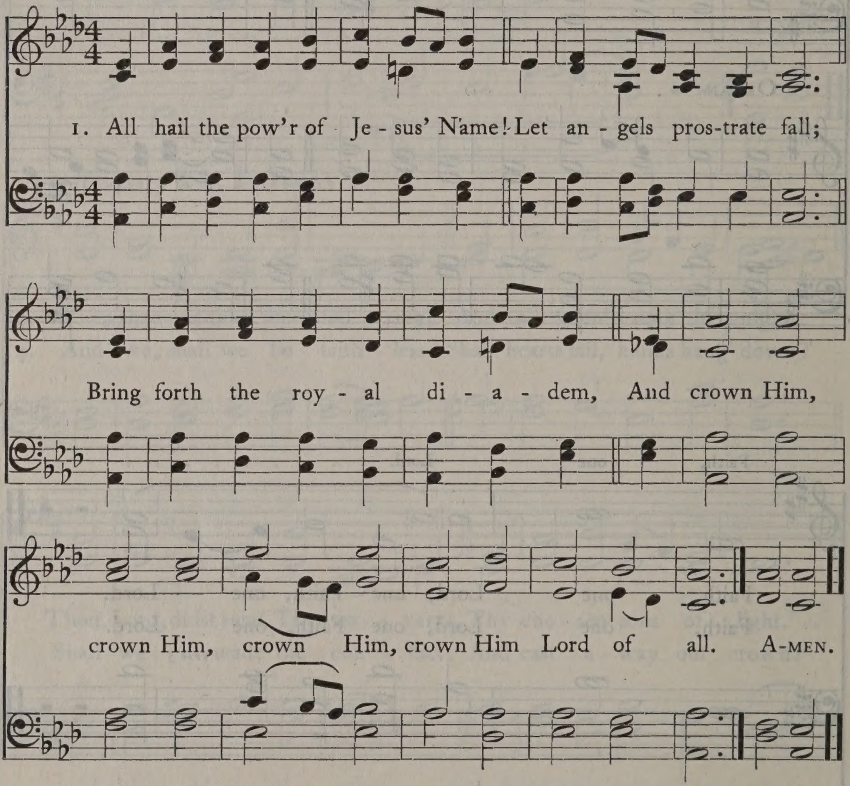
E. H. Plumptre, 1821–1891

262

MILES LANE C. M.

FIRST TUNE

William Shrubsole, 1760–1806


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
Praise Him whose way of pain ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every tribe and every tongue
To Him their hearts enthral,
Lift high the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

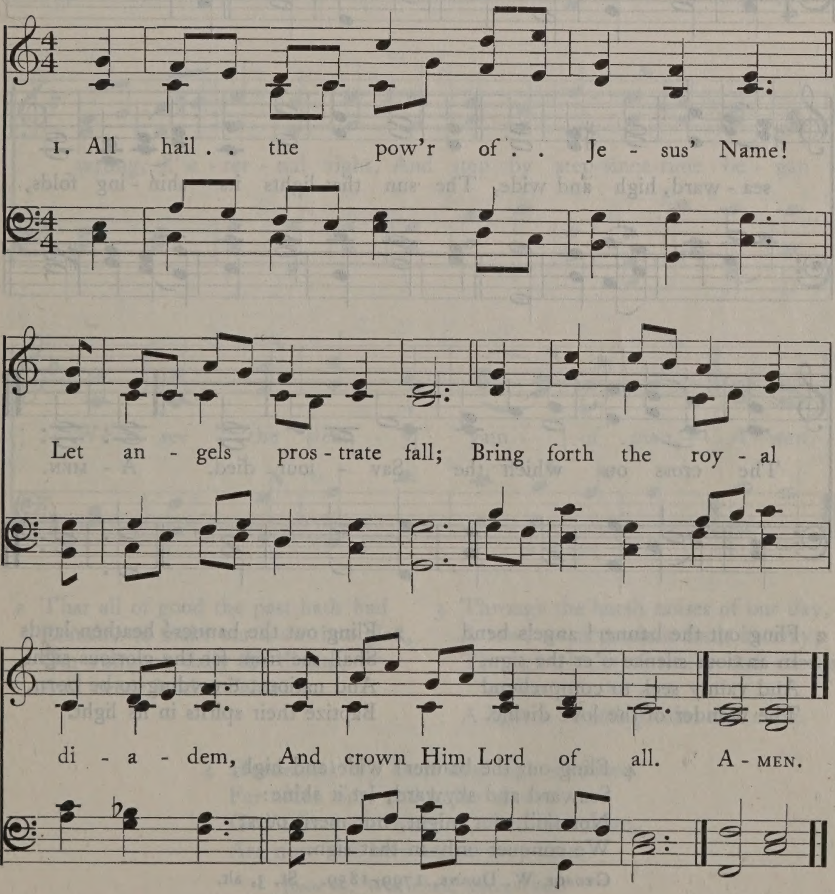
Edward Perronet, 1726–1792; and others

262

UNIVERSITY C. M.

SECOND TUNE

John Randall, 1715–1799

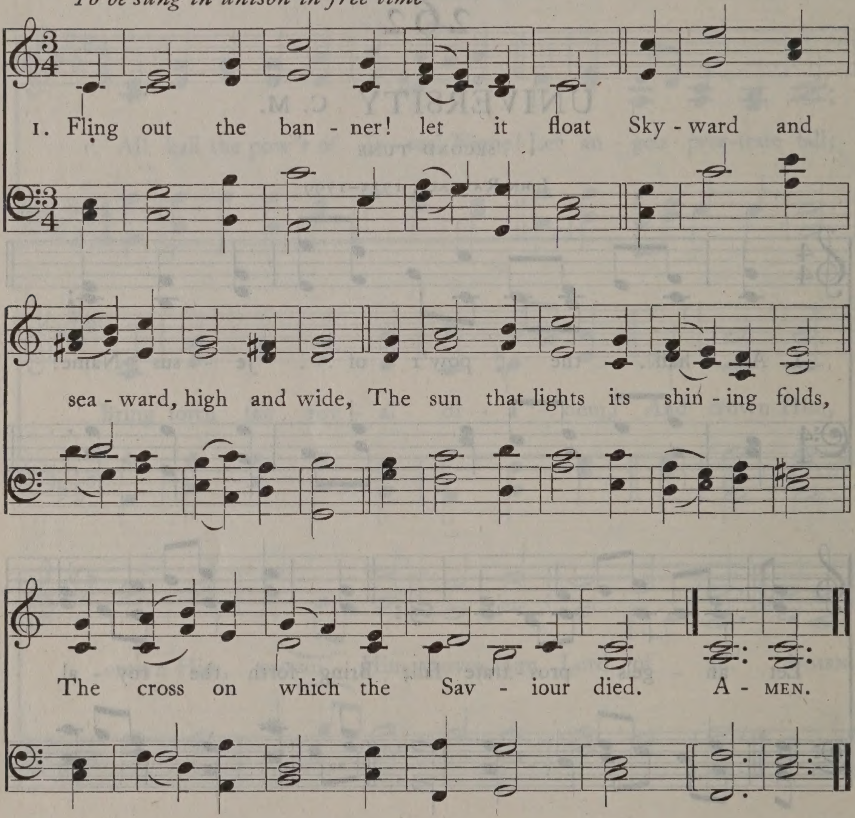

1. All hail . . the pow'r of . . Je - sus' Name!
Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A - men.

263

DEUS TUORUM MILITUM L. M.

Grenoble Church Melody. Harm. by Basil Harwood, 1859–

To be sung in unison in free time


1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and
sea - ward, high and wide, The sun that lights its shin - ing folds,
The cross on which the Sav - iour died. A - men.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

2 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

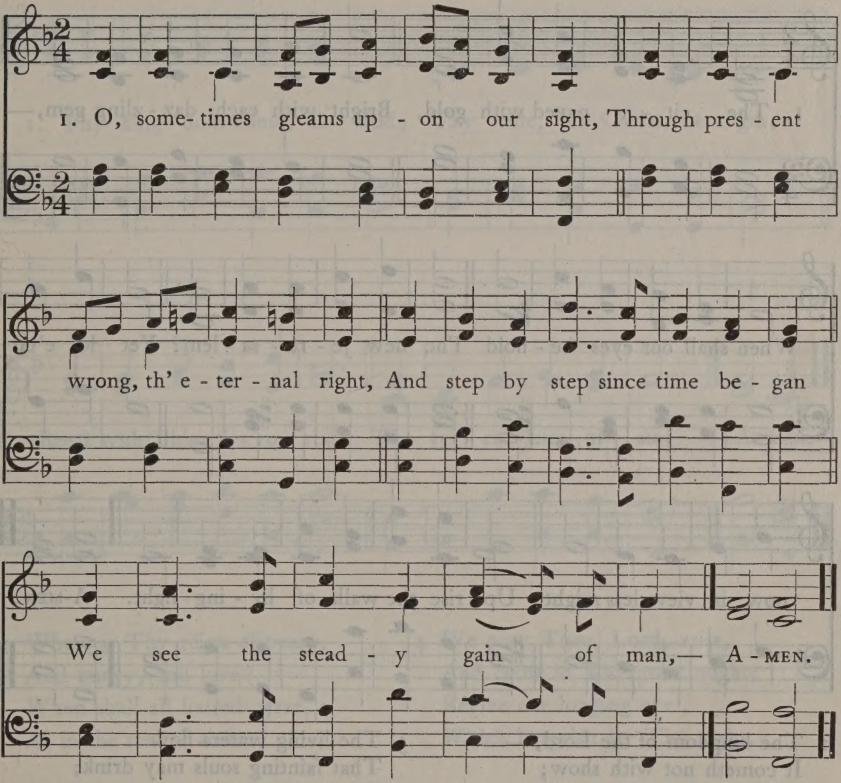
4 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

George W. Doane, 1799–1859. St. 3, alt.

264

ILLSLEY L. M.

JOHN BISHOP, c. 1665–1737


1. O, some- times gleams up - on our sight, Through pres - ent
wrong, th' e - ter - nal right, And step by step since time be - gan
We see the stead - y gain of man,— A - MEN.

2 That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

3 Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.

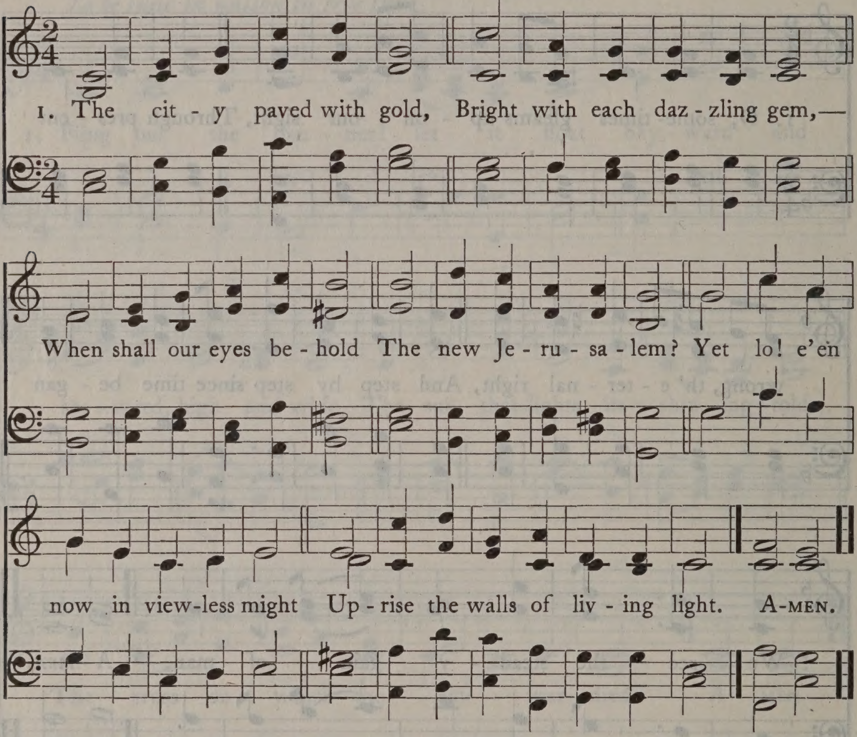
4 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1807–1892

265

CHRISTCHURCH 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Charles Steggall, 1826–1905


1. The cit - y paved with gold, Bright with each daz - zling gem,—
When shall our eyes be - hold The new Je - ru - sa - lem? Yet lo! e'en
now in view-less might Up - rise the walls of liv - ing light. A-men.

2 The kingdom of the Lord,—
It cometh not with show;
Nor throne, nor crown, nor sword,
Proclaim its might below:
Though dimly scanned through mists of sin,
The Lord's true kingdom is within.

3 The living waters flow
That fainting souls may drink;
The mystic fruit-trees grow
Along the river's brink;
We taste e'en now the waters sweet
And of the tree of life we eat.

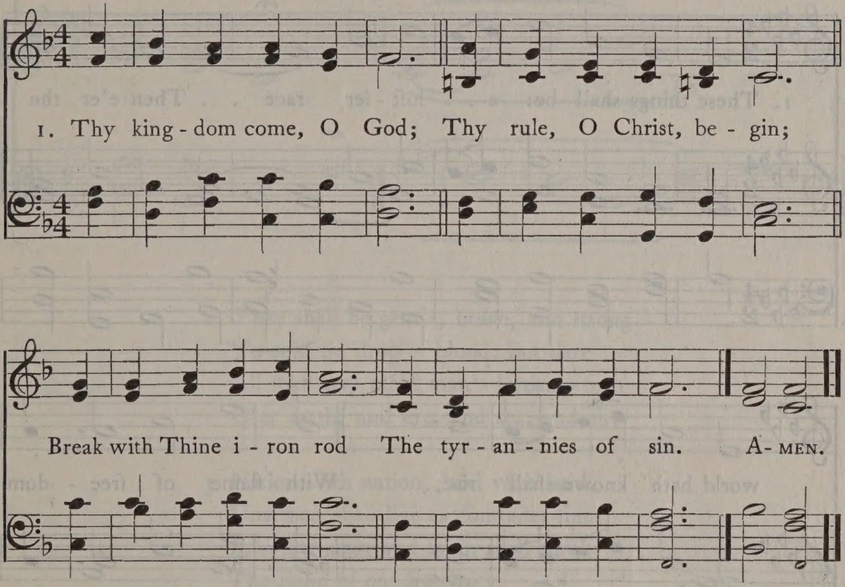
4 Not homeless wanderers here
Our exile songs we sing;
Thou art our home most dear,
Thou city of our King:
Thy future bliss we cannot tell,
Content in thee on earth to dwell.

Wm. Walsham How, 1823–1897

266

ST. CECILIA 6. 6. 6. 6.

Leighton G. Hayne, 1836–1883


1. Thy king-dom come, O God; Thy rule, O Christ, be-gin;
Break with Thine i-ron rod The tyr-an-nies of sin.
A-MEN.

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 Men scorn Thy sacred name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

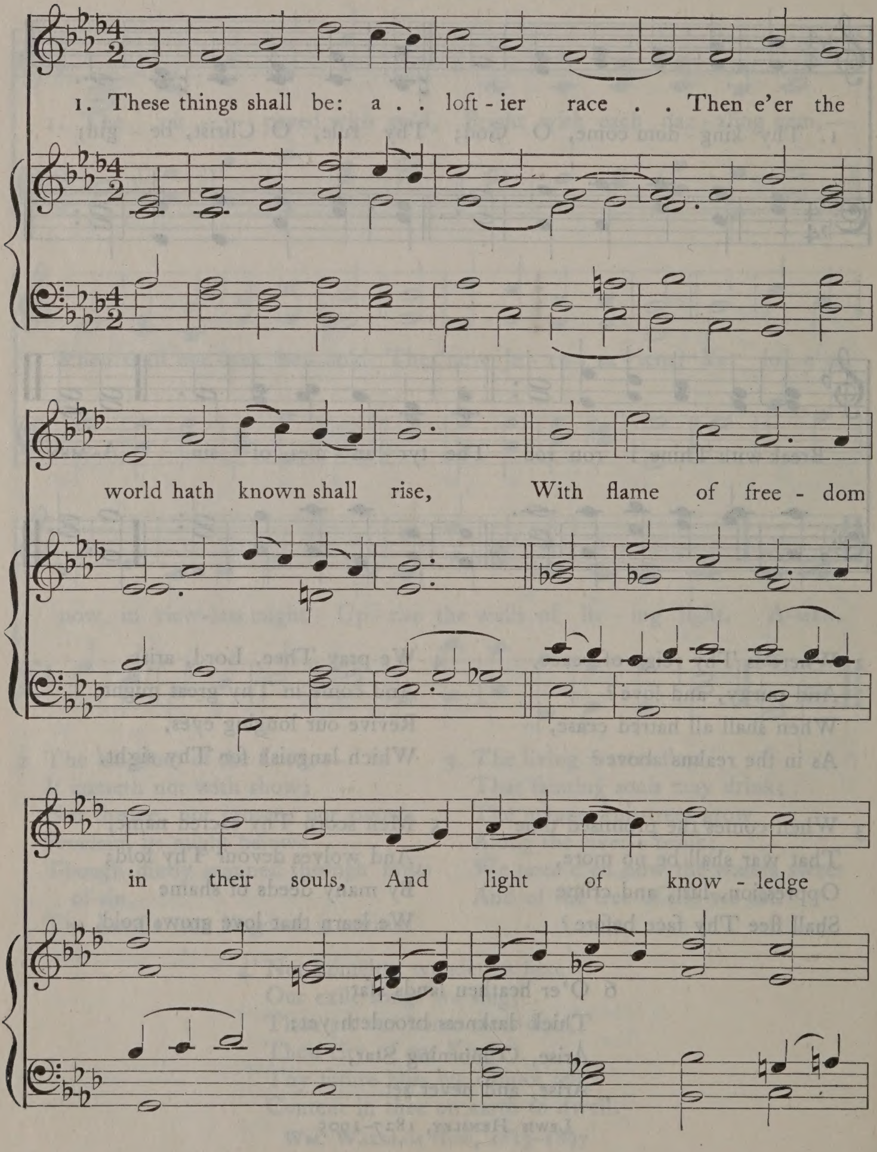
6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

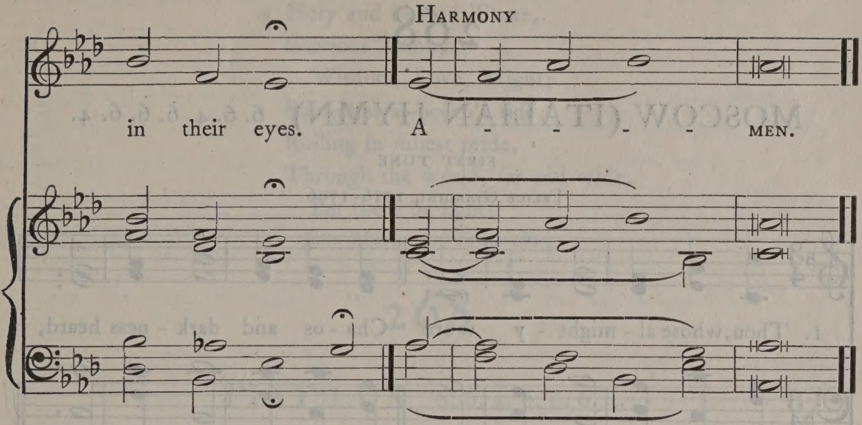
Lewis Hensley, 1827–1905

267

GONFALON ROYAL L. M.

PERCY C. BUCK, 1871–


1. These things shall be: a . . loft - ier race . . Then e'er the
world hath known shall rise, With flame of free - dom
in their souls, And light of know - ledge



2 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
O'er earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

4 Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

5 New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

6 There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die:
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

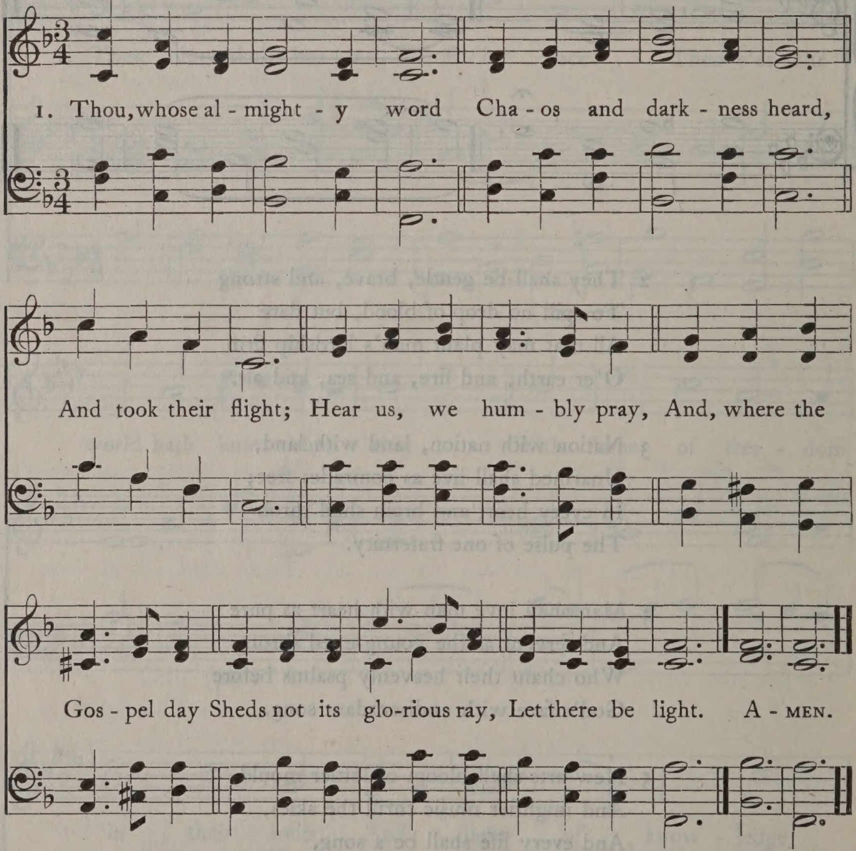
J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS, 1840–1893

268

MOSCOW (ITALIAN HYMN) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

FIRST TUNE

Felice Giardini, 1716–1796


1. Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the
Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo-rious ray, Let there be light. A - men.

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

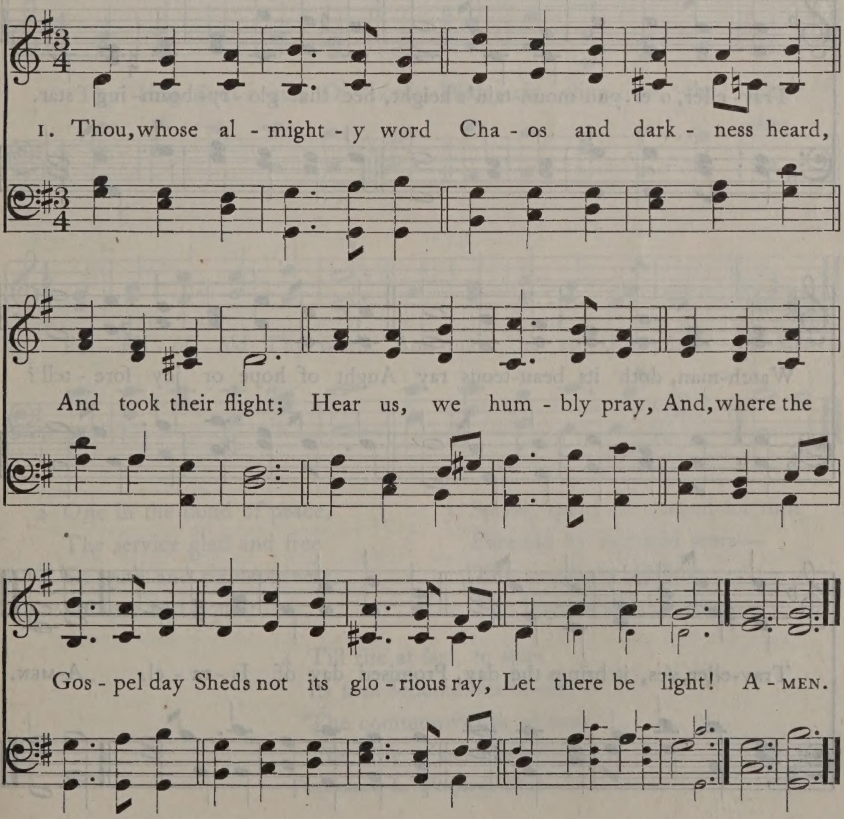
John Marriott, 1780–1825

268

FIAT LUX 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

SECOND TUNE

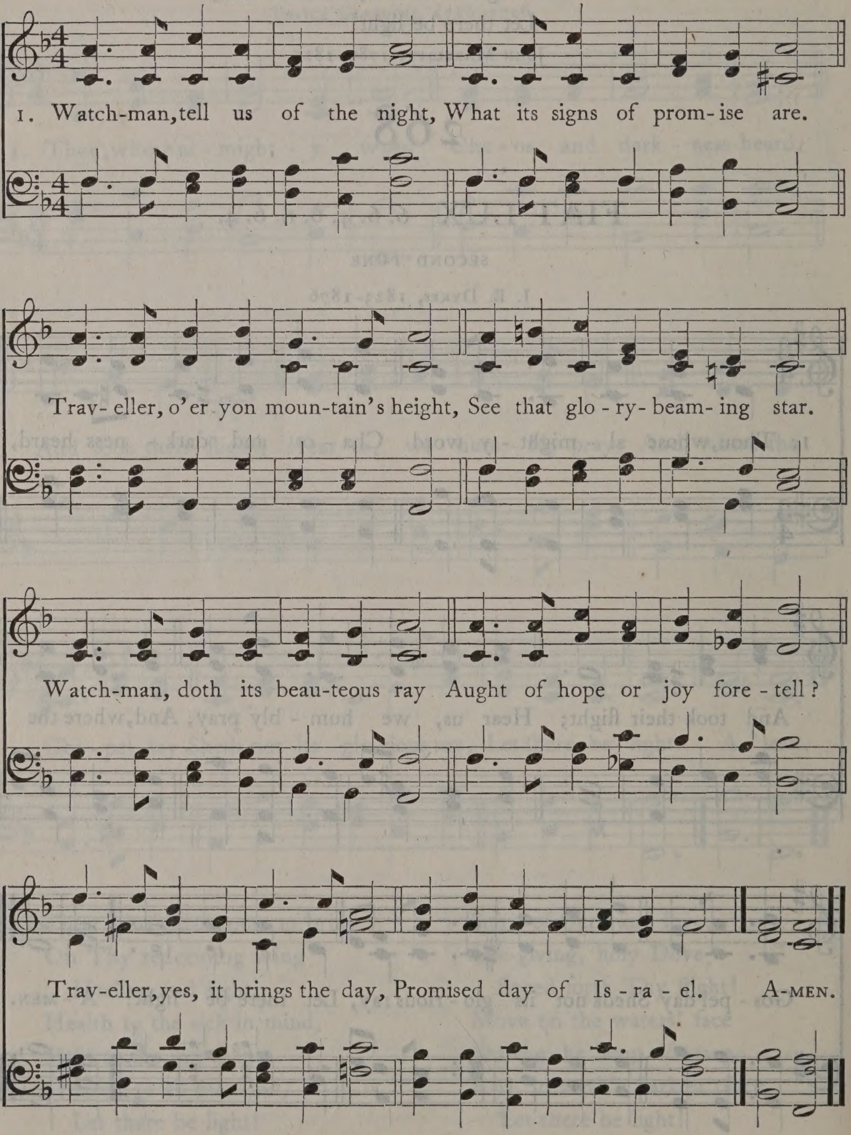
J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876


1. Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the
Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A - men.

269

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

George J. Elvey, 1816–1893


1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are.
Trav-eller, o'er yon moun-tain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star.
Watch-man, doth its beau-teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?
Trav-eller, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.
A-men.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet the star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

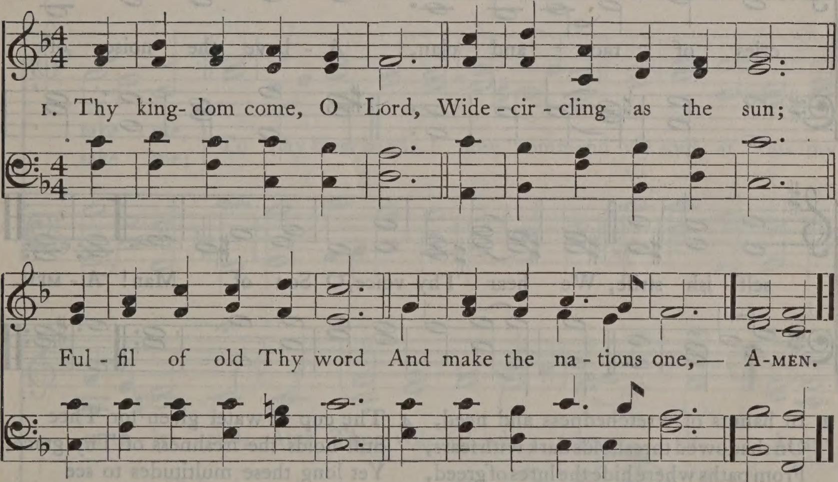
3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

John Bowring, 1792–1872

270

QUAM DILECTA 6. 6. 6. 6.

Bishop Jenner, 1820–1898


1. Thy king-dom come, O Lord, Wide-cir-cling as the sun;
Ful-fil of old Thy word And make the na-tions one,— A-men.

2 One in the bond of peace,
The service glad and free
Of truth and righteousness,
Of love and equity.

3 Speed, speed the longed-for time
Foretold by raptured seers—
Thy prophecy sublime,
The hope of all the years—

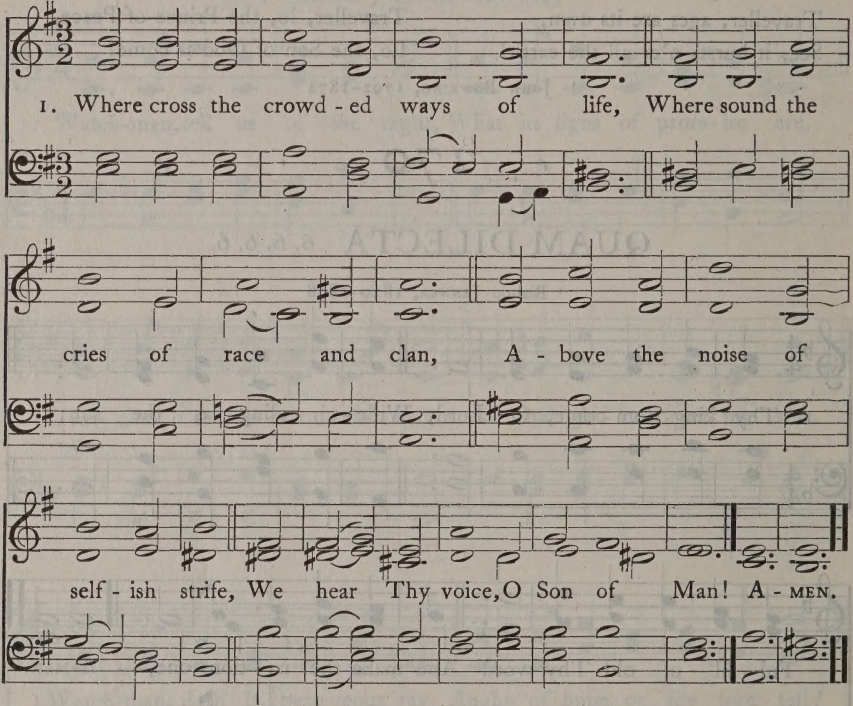
4 Till rise at last, to span
Its firm foundations broad,
The commonwealth of man,
The City of our God.

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1840–

271

SONG 5 L. M.

Orlando Gibbons, 1583–1625


1. Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the
cries of race and clan, A - bove the noise of
self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man! A - men.

2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil, [stress,
From famished souls, from sorrow's
Thy heart has never known recoil.

4 The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the City of our God.

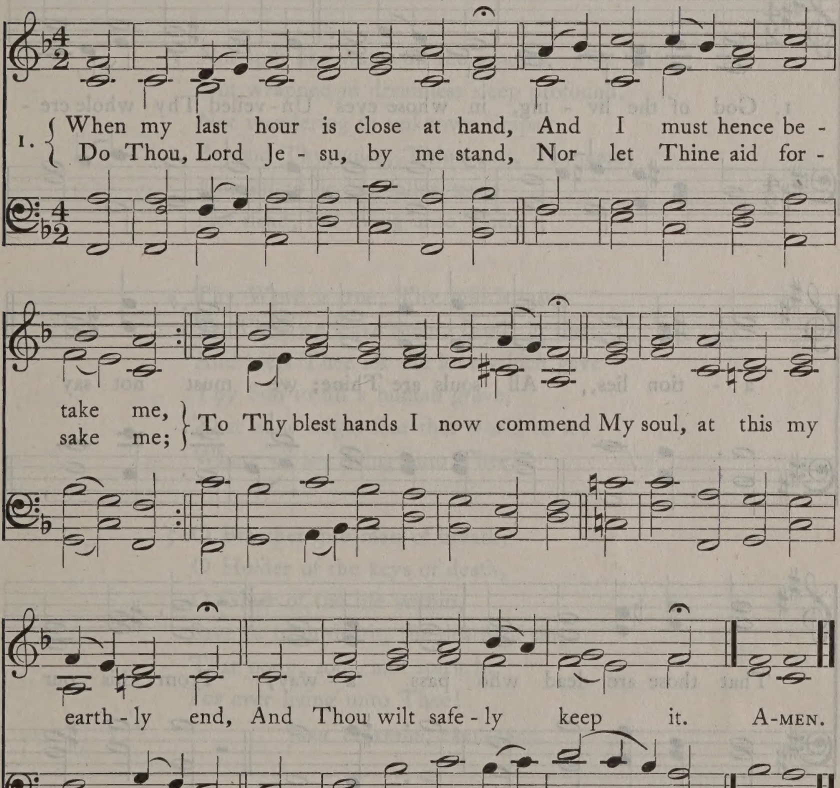
F. Mason North, 1850–

272

WENN MEIN STÜNDLEIN VORHANDEN IST

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Old German (?), 1569


1. { When my last hour is close at hand, And I must hence be - take me,
Do Thou, Lord Je - su, by me stand, Nor let Thine aid for - sake me; }
To Thy blest hands I now commend My soul, at this my earth - ly end, And Thou wilt safe - ly keep it.
A-MEN.

2 Since Thou didst leave the grave again,
It cannot be my dwelling: [pain,
Thou art in heav'n, this soothes my
All fear of death dispelling; [art,
For Thou wilt have me where Thou
And so with joy can I depart
To be with Thee forever.

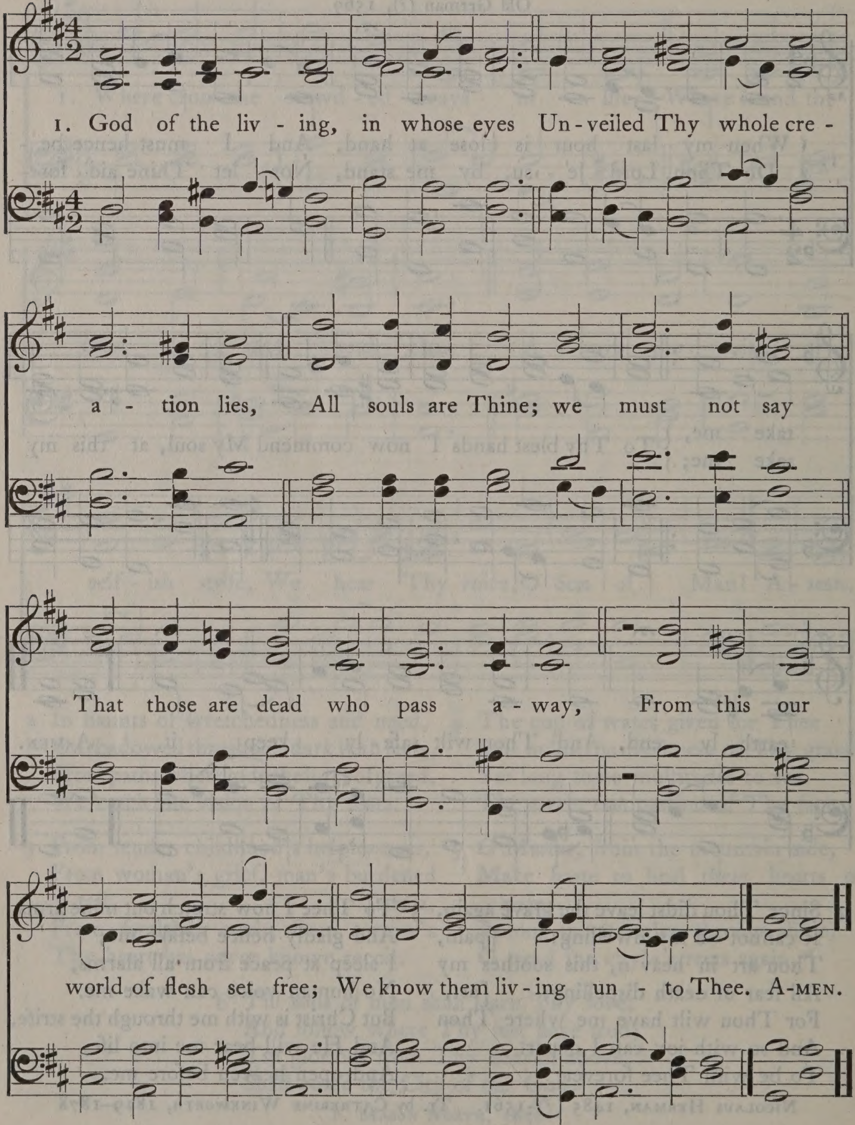
3 To Thee I now stretch out mine arms,
And gladly hence betake me;
I sleep at peace from all alarms,
No human voice can wake me.
But Christ is with me through the strife,
And He will bear me into life,
And open heaven before me.

NICOLAUS HERMAN, 1485 (?)–1561. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

273

DAVID'S HARP 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Robert King in "The Divine Companion," 1722


1. God of the liv - ing, in whose eyes Un - veiled Thy whole cre -
a - tion lies, All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass a - way, From this our
world of flesh set free; We know them liv - ing un - to Thee. A-men.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy Word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust,
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

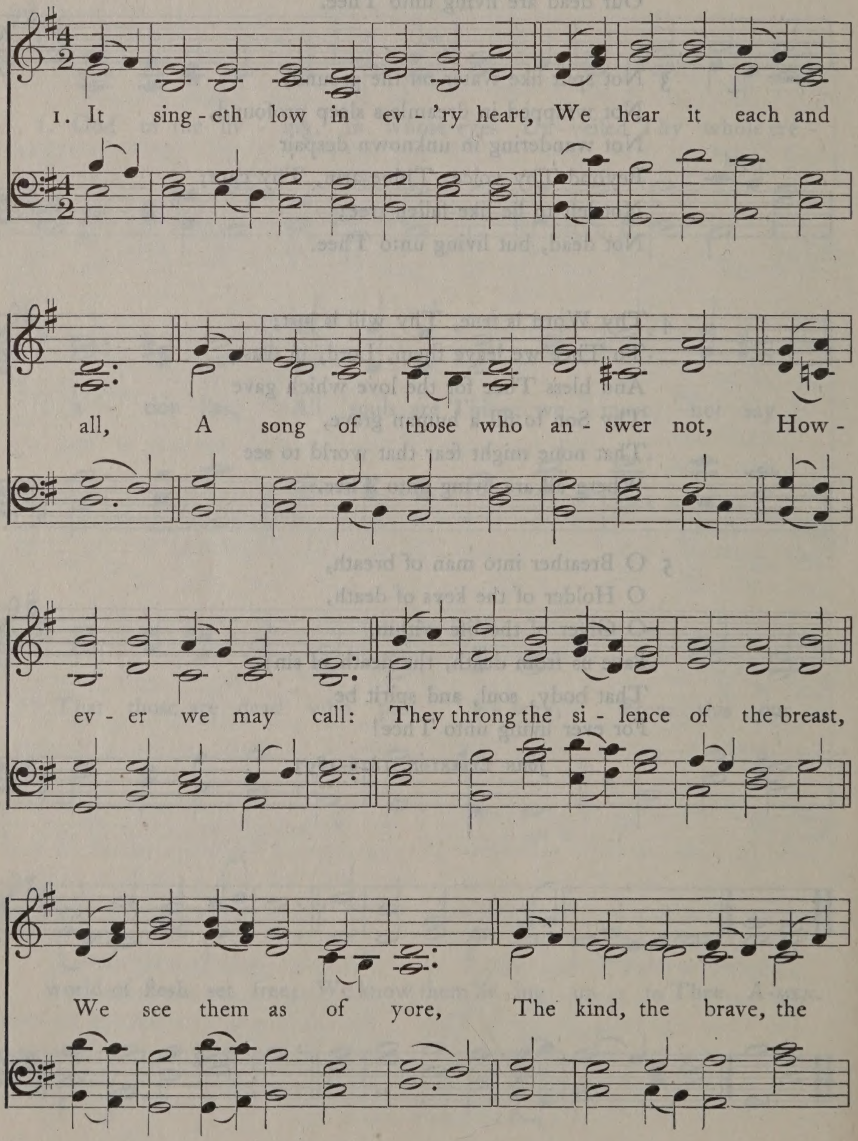
5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee!

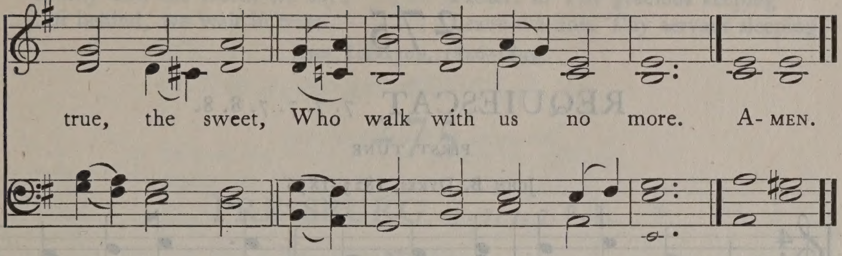
John Ellerton, 1826–1893

274

KINGSFOLD C. M. D.

From an English Traditional Melody. Collected by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872–


1. It sing - eth low in ev - 'ry heart, We hear it each and
all, A song of those who an - swer not, How -
ev - er we may call: They throng the si - lence of the breast,
We see them as of yore, The kind, the brave, the



2 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown:
But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

3 More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.

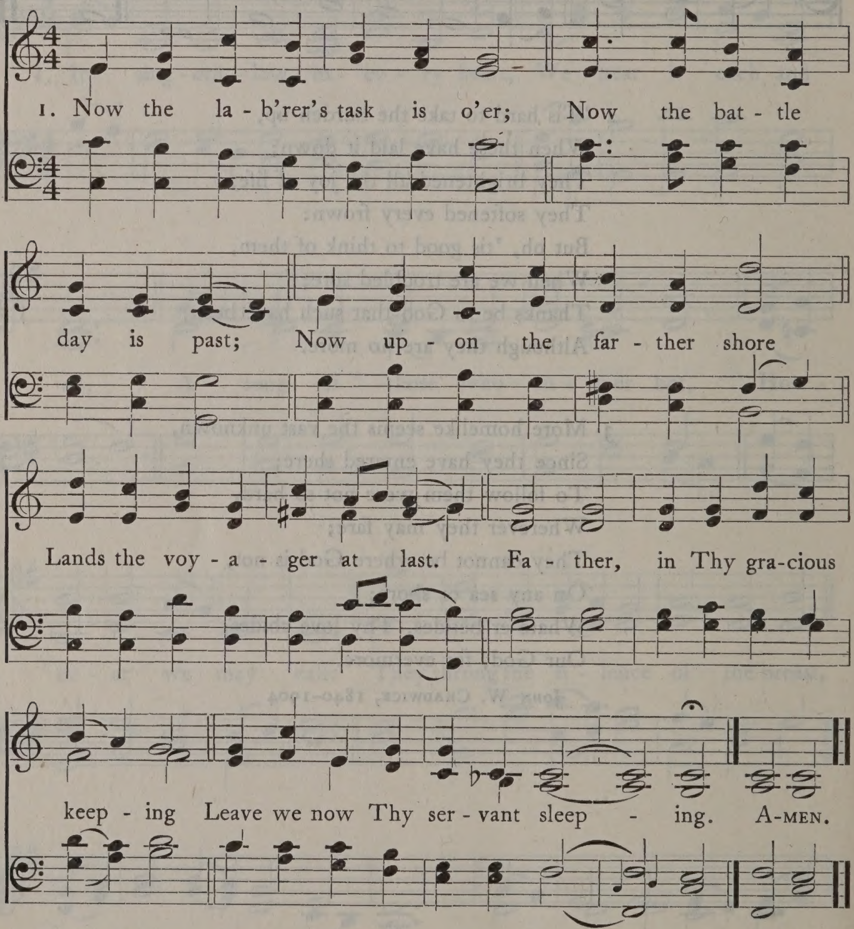
John W. Chadwick, 1840–1904

275

REQUIESCAT 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

FIRST TUNE

John B. Dykes, 1823–1876


1. Now the la - b'rer's task is o'er; Now the bat - tle
day is past; Now up - on the far - ther shore
Lands the voy - a - ger at last. Fa - ther, in Thy gra-cious
keep - ing Leave we now Thy ser - vant sleep - ing. A-MEN.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–1893

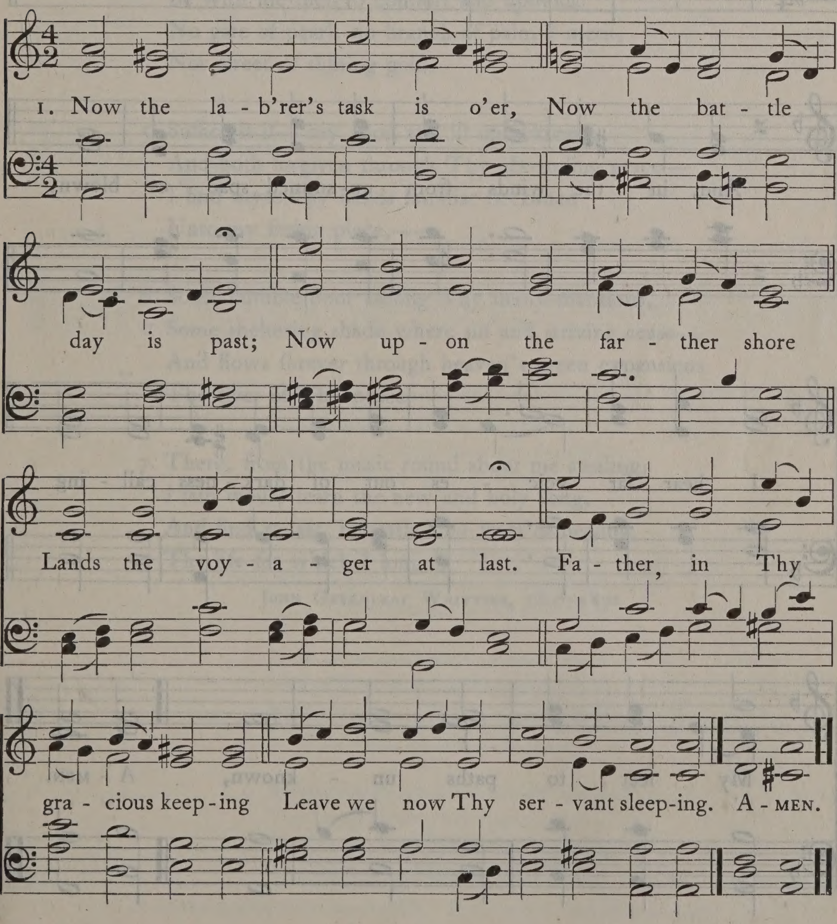
275

PRESSBURG 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

CHORAL: Nicht so traurig

SECOND TUNE

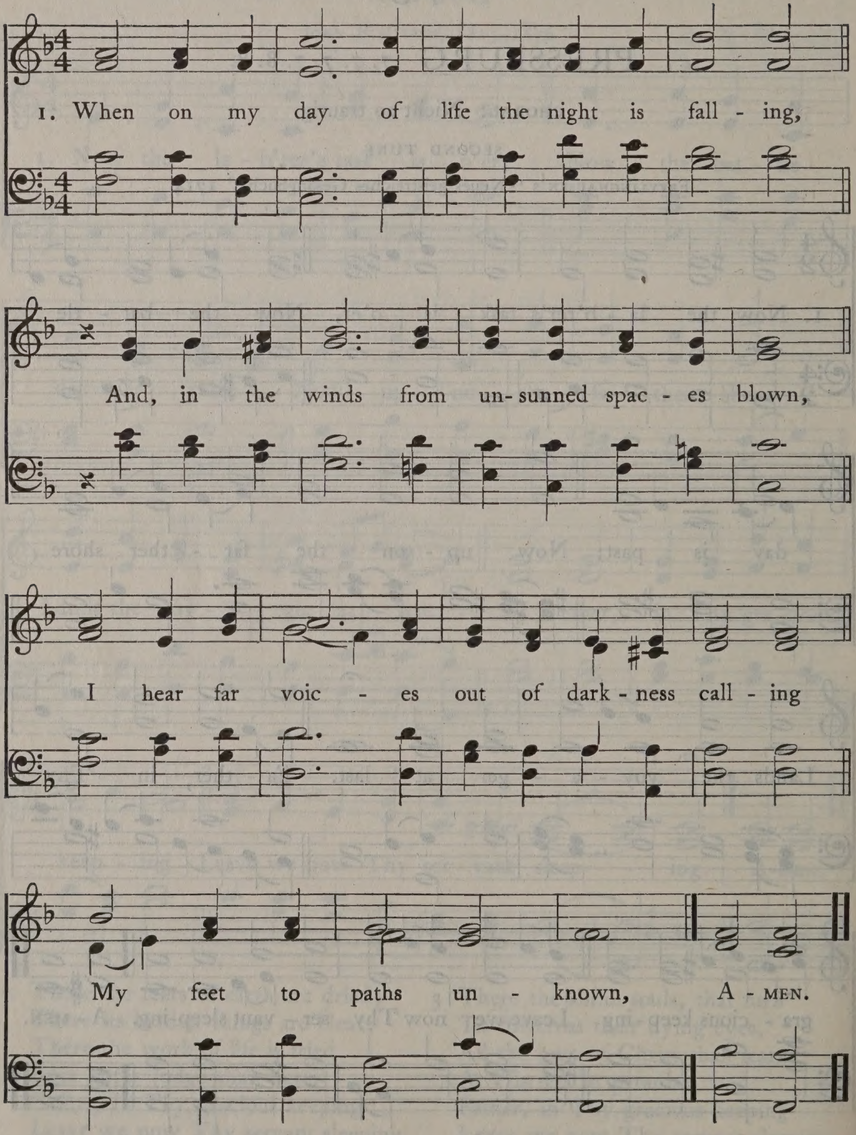
FREYLINGHAUSEN'S "Neues geistreiches Gesangbuch," 1714


1. Now the la - b'rer's task is o'er, Now the bat - tle
day is past; Now up - on the far - ther shore
Lands the voy - a - ger at last. Fa - ther, in Thy
gra - cious keep-ing Leave we now Thy ser - vant sleep-ing. A - MEN.

276

LANGA 11. 10. 11. 6.

Melody by F. Soto, 1534–1619


1. When on my day of life the night is fall - ing,
And, in the winds from un- sunned spac - es blown,
I hear far voic - es out of dark - ness call - ing
My feet to paths un - known,
A - MEN.

2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

4 I have but Thee, my Father, let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold!
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

5 Suffice it if— my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,—

6 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease—
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

7 There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

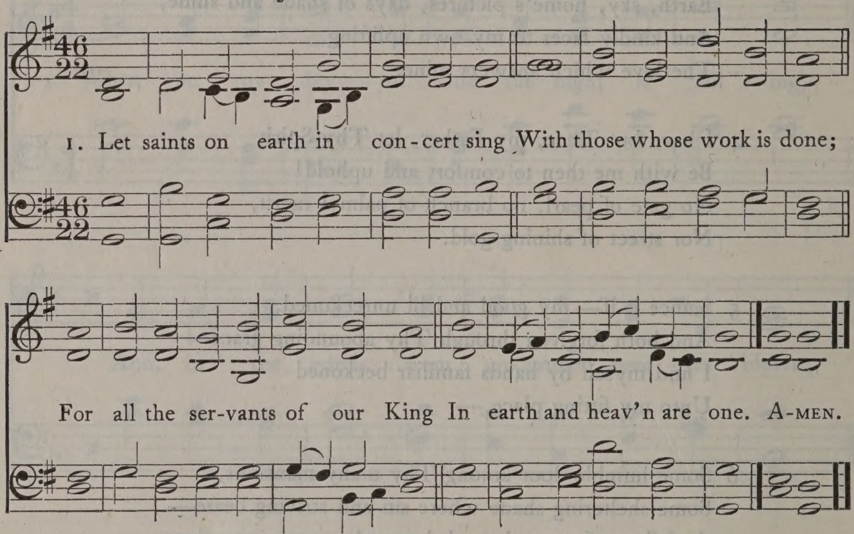
John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1892

277

ST. MAGNUS C. M.

FIRST TUNE

Jeremiah Clark, c. 1670–1707


1. Let saints on earth in con-cert sing With those whose work is done;
For all the ser-vants of our King In earth and heav'n are one. A-MEN.

2 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

5 Jesu, be thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

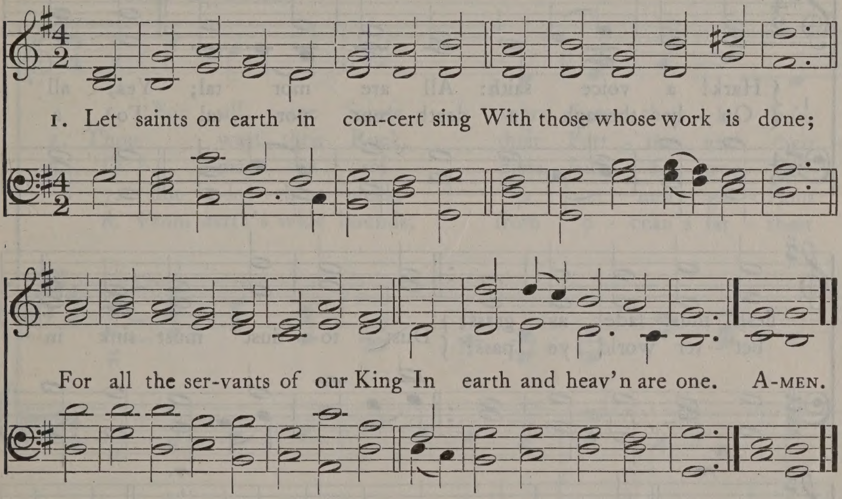
Charles Wesley, 1707–1788. Murray's arrangement, 1852

277

ST. MAGNUS C. M.

SECOND TUNE

Jeremiah Clark, c. 1670–1707. Melody from Playford's "Divine Companion," 3rd edition, 1709


1. Let saints on earth in con-cert sing With those whose work is done;
For all the ser-vants of our King In earth and heav'n are one. A-men.

2 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

5 Jesu, be thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

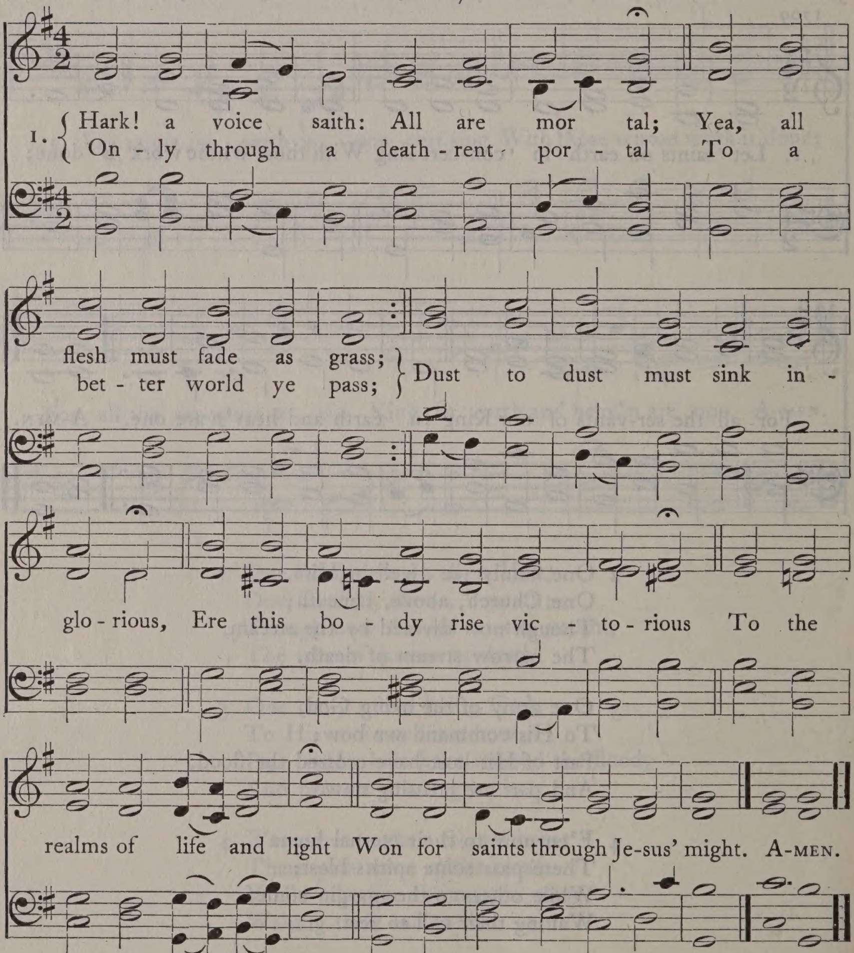
Charles Wesley, 1707–1788. Murray's arrangement, 1852

278

ALLE MENSCHEN MÜSSEN STERBEN

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7.

C. 1687


1. Hark! a voice saith: All are mor tal; Yea, all flesh must fade as grass;
On - ly through a death - rent - por - tal To a bet - ter world ye pass;
Dust to dust must sink in - glo - rious, Ere this bo - dy rise vic - to - rious To the realms of life and light Won for saints through Je-sus' might. A-MEN.

2 But Jerusalem, how golden
Dost thou shine, thou city blest!
Sweetly thy near tones embolden
My winged soul to seek my rest.
O the bliss that there surprises!
Lo, the sun of morn now rises,
And the breaking day I see,
That shall never end for me!

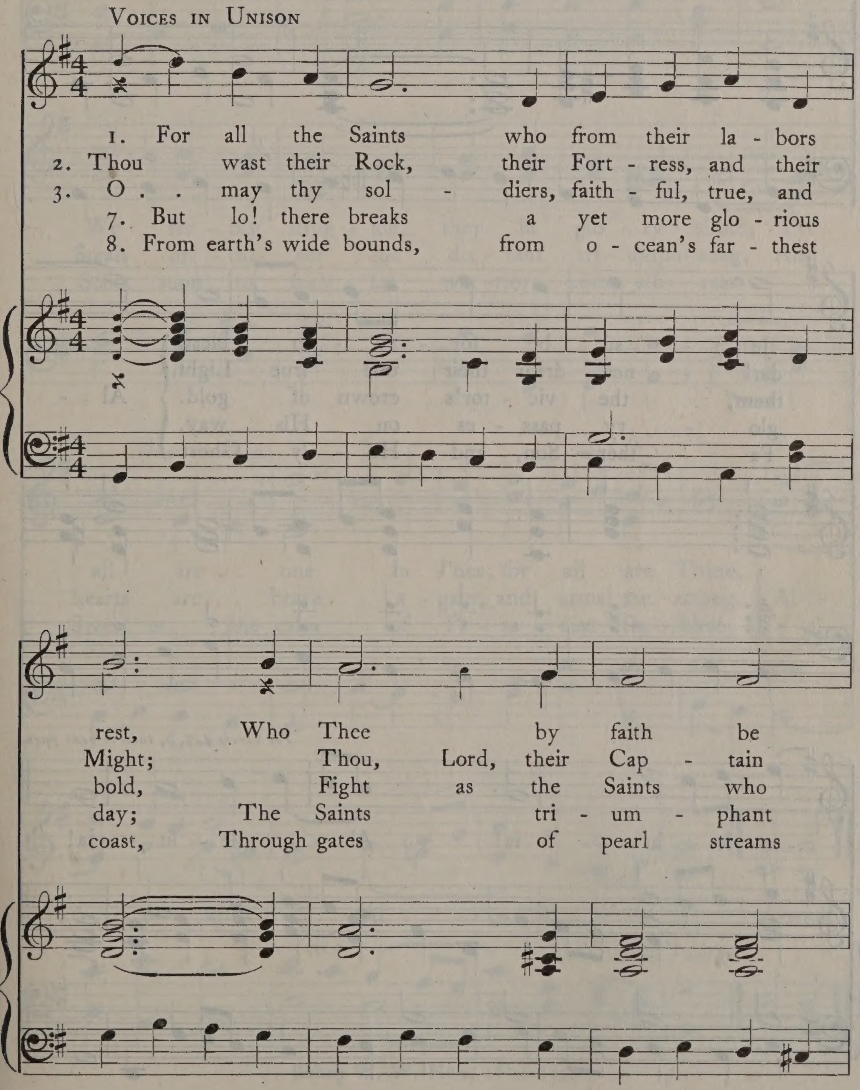
Johann Georg Albinus, 1624–1679. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

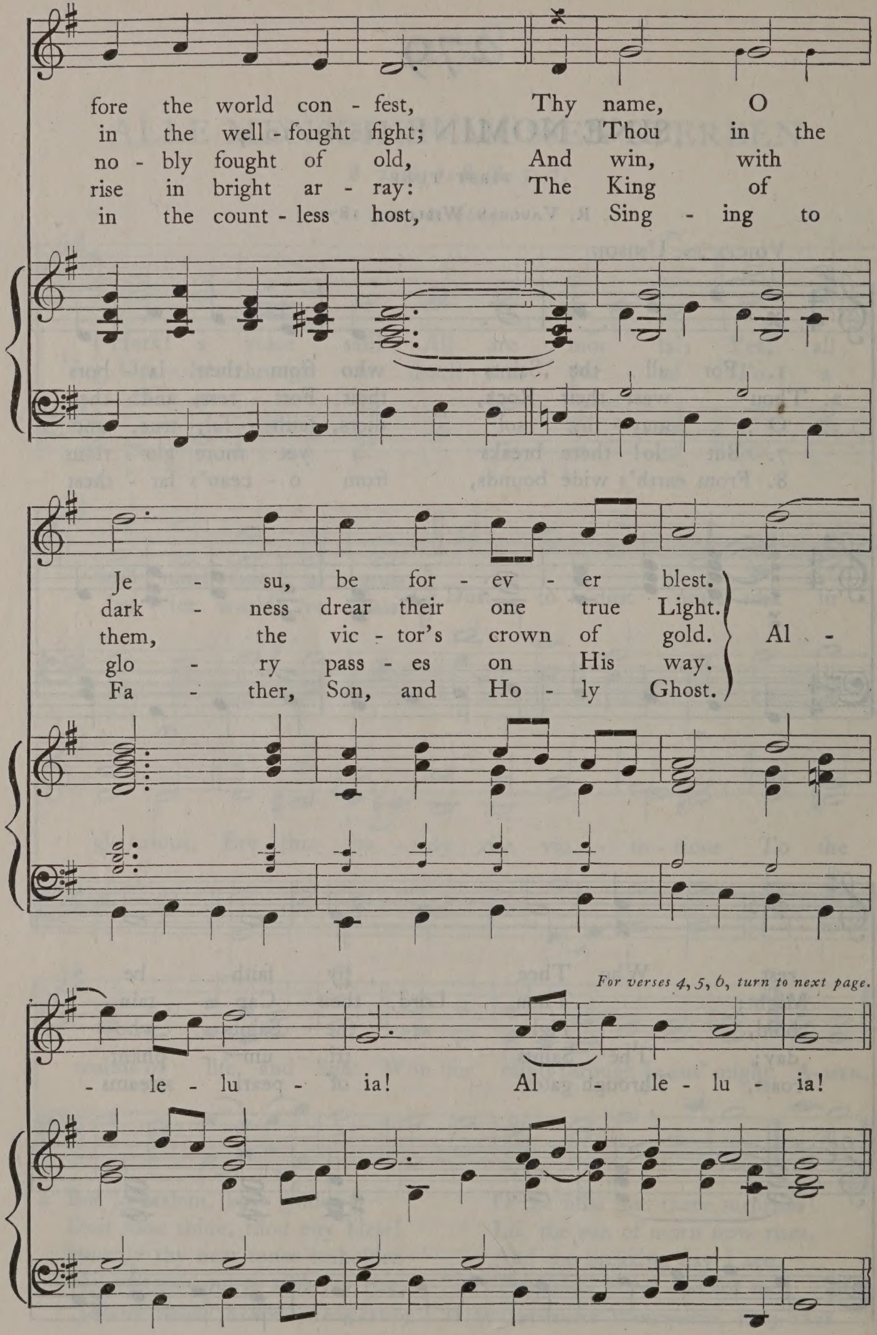
279

SINE NOMINE 10. 10. 10. 4.

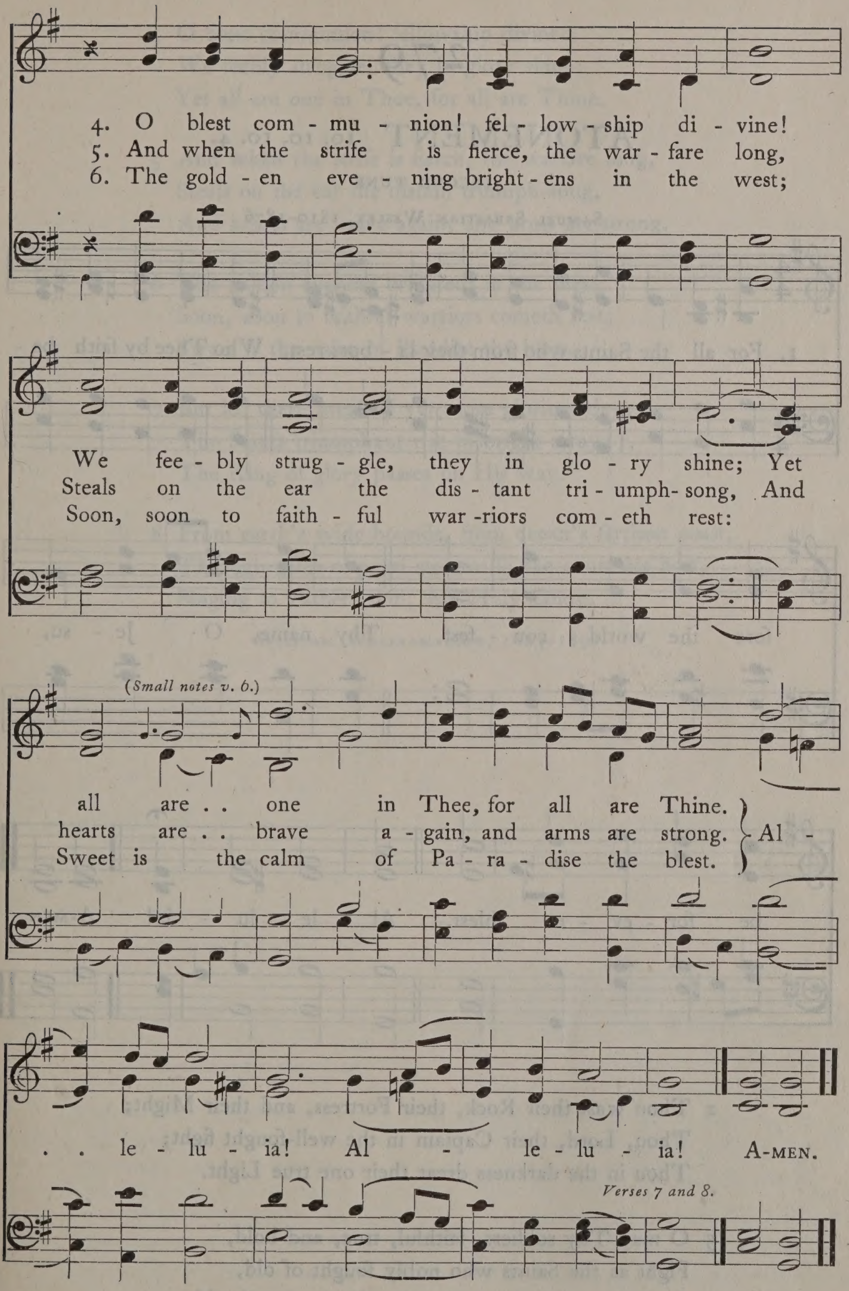
FIRST TUNE

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872–


VOICES IN UNISON
1. For all the Saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by faith be
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fort - ress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their Cap - tain
3. O . . may thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold, Fight as the Saints who
7. But lo! there breaks a yet more glo - rious day; The Saints tri - um - phant
8. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast, Through gates of pearl streams


fore the world con - fest, Thy name, O
in the well - fought fight; Thou in the
no - bly fought of old, And win, with
rise in bright ar - ray: The King of
in the count - less host, Sing - ing to
Je - su, be for - ev - er blest.
dark - ness drear their one true Light.
them, the vic - tor's crown of gold.
glo - ry pass - es on His way.
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

For verses 4, 5, 6, turn to next page.


4. O blest com - mu - nion! fel - low - ship di - vine!
5. And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long,
6. The gold - en eve - ning bright - ens in the west;
We fee - bly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet
Steals on the ear the dis - tant tri - umph- song, And
Soon, soon to faith - ful war -riors com - eth rest:
(Small notes v. 6.)
all are . . one in Thee, for all are Thine.
hearts are . . brave a - gain, and arms are strong.
Sweet is the calm of Pa - ra - dise the blest.
Al - . . le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.
Verses 7 and 8.

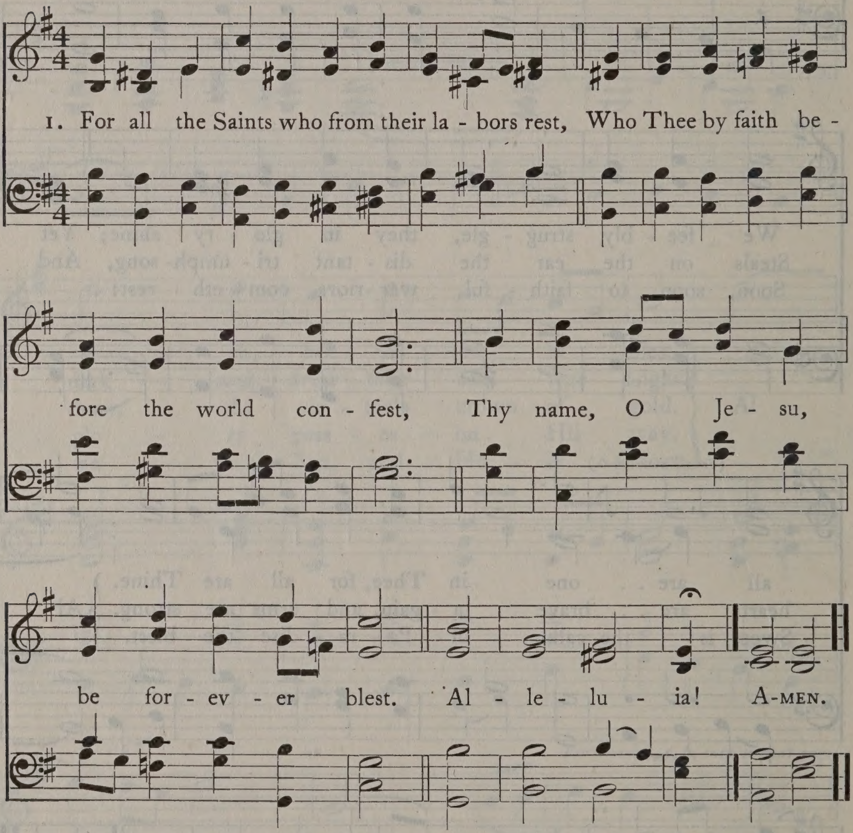
Bishop W. W. How, 1823-1897

279

ATONEMENT 10. 10. 10. 4.

SECOND TUNE

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. For all the Saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by faith be - fore the world con - fest, Thy name, O Je - su, be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

4 O blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest:
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on His way.

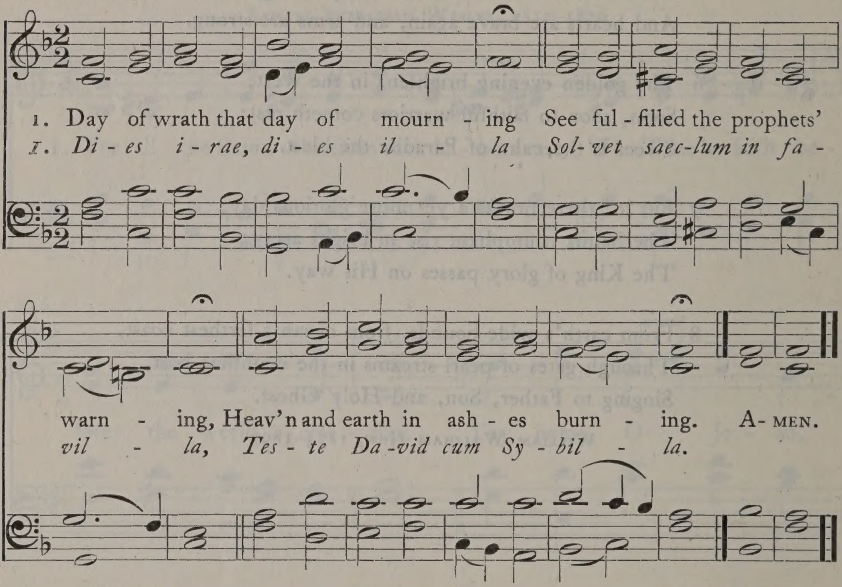
8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

William Walsham How, 1823–1897

280

DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA 8. 8. 8.

Old Catholic melody to the "Dies Irae," c. 1844


1. Day of wrath that day of mourn - ing See ful - filled the prophets'
1. Di - es i - rae, di - es il - la Sol- vet saec-lum in fa -
warn - ing, Heav'n and earth in ash - es burn - ing. A- MEN.
vil - la, Tes - te Da -vid cum Sy - bil - la.

2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

6 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

2 Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

3 Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

4 Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Iudicanti responsura.

5 Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix iustus sit securus?

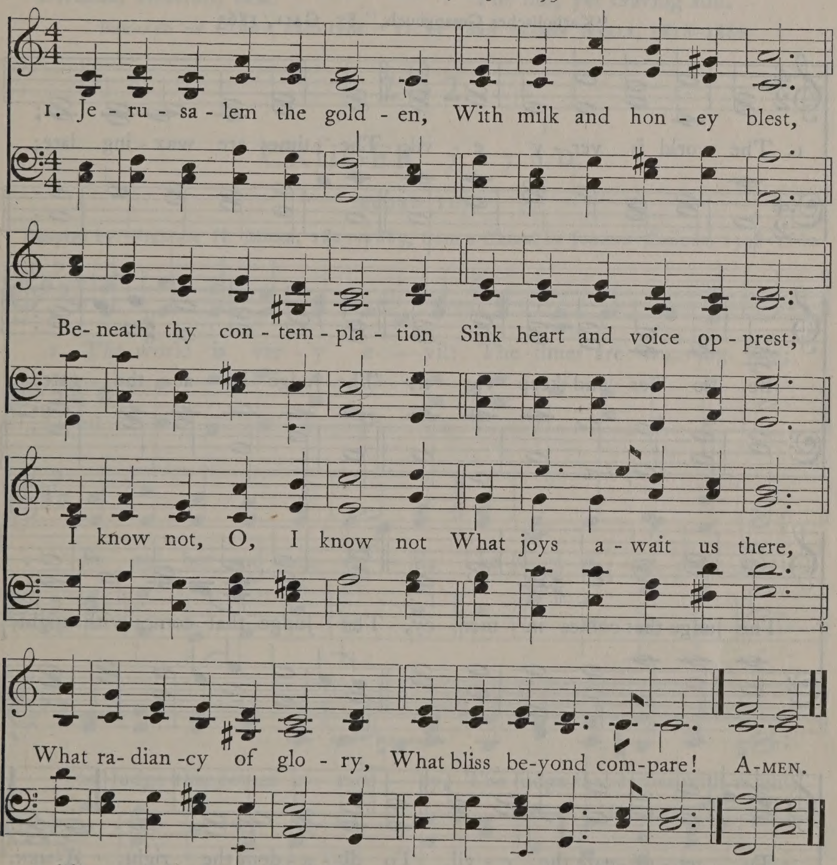
6 Rex tremendae maiestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Thomas a Celano, 13th cent. Tr. by W. J. Irons, 1849, and Compilers

281

EWING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Alexander Ewing, 1830–1895


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
Be- neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;
I know not, O, I know not What joys a - wait us there,
What ra- dian -cy of glo - ry, What bliss be-yond com-pare!
A-men.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

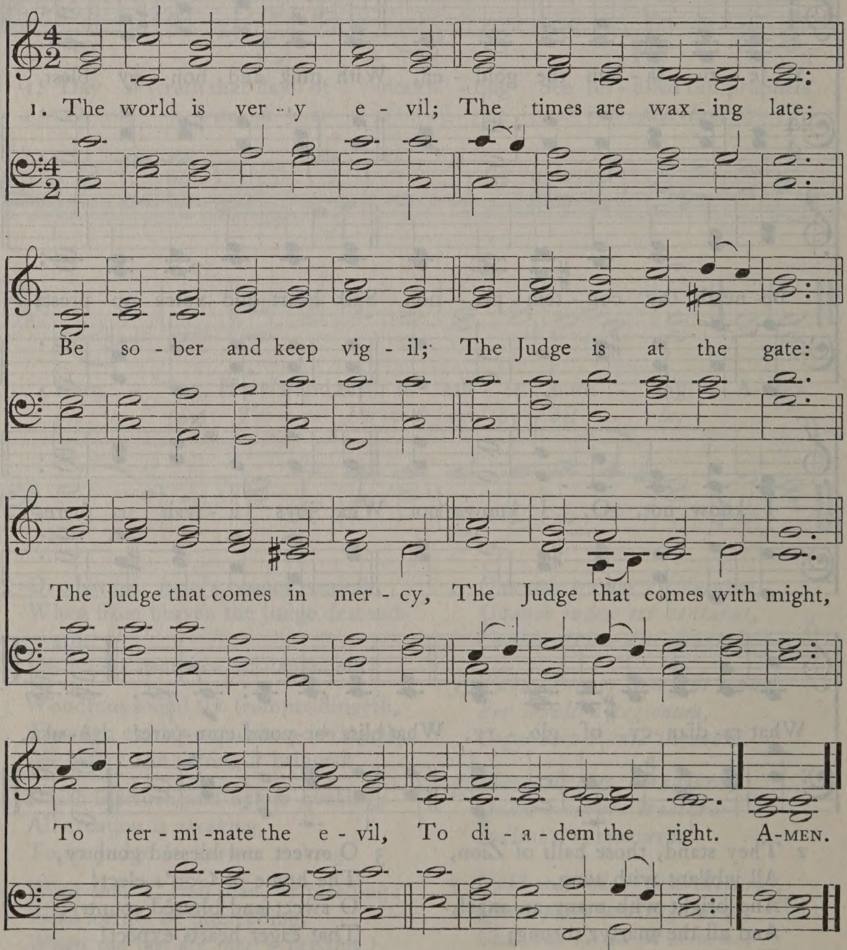
Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent. Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866. Alt.

282

PEARSALL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

FIRST TUNE

"Katholisches Gesangbuch," St. Gall, 1863


1. The world is ver - y e - vil; The times are wax - ing late;
Be so - ber and keep vig - il; The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mer - cy, The Judge that comes with might,
To ter - mi -nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A-men.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;

To light that hath no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around;
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.

4 Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight;
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessèd souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satiate,
The full, yet craving still.

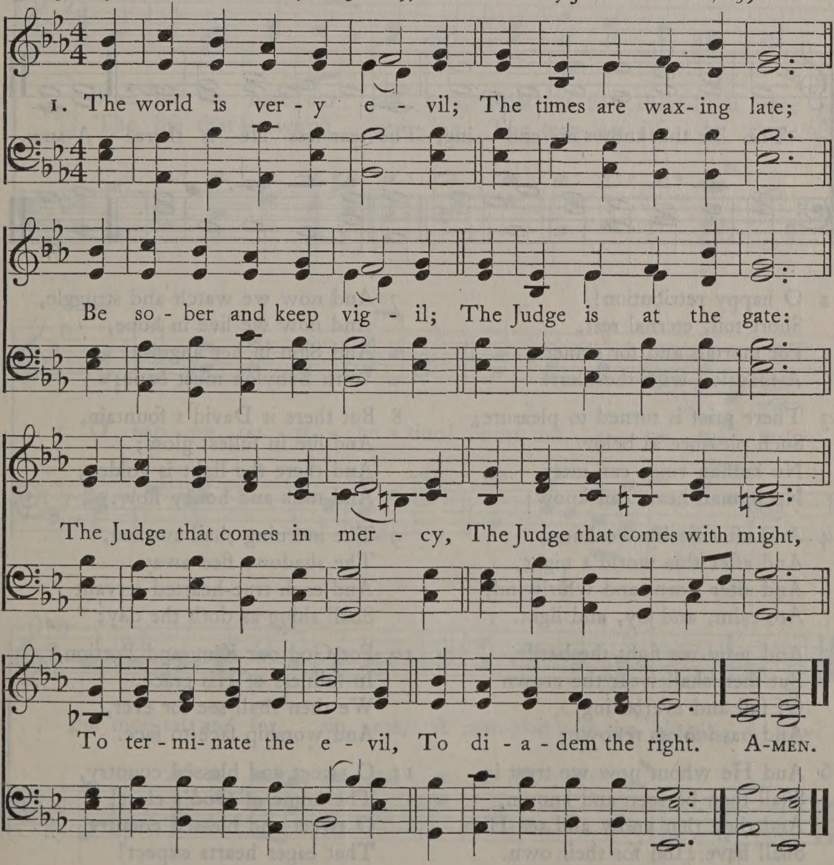
Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

282

CRÜGER 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

SECOND TUNE

Adapted by William H. Monk, 1823–1889, from a Choral by Johann Crüger, 1598–1662

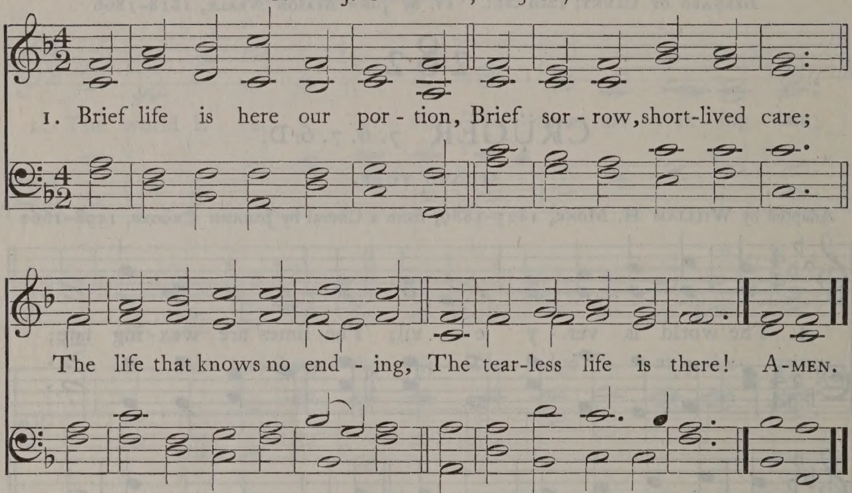

1. The world is ver - y e - vil; The times are wax - ing late;
Be so - ber and keep vig - il; The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mer - cy, The Judge that comes with might,
To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A-MEN.

283

ST. ALPHEGE 7. 6. 7. 6.

FIRST TUNE

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876


1. Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-lived care;
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear-less life is there! A-MEN.

2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

3 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;

4 And after fleshy weakness,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Are calm, and joy, and light.

5 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

6 And He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

7 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

8 But there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

9 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;

10 For God our King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

11 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!

12 Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

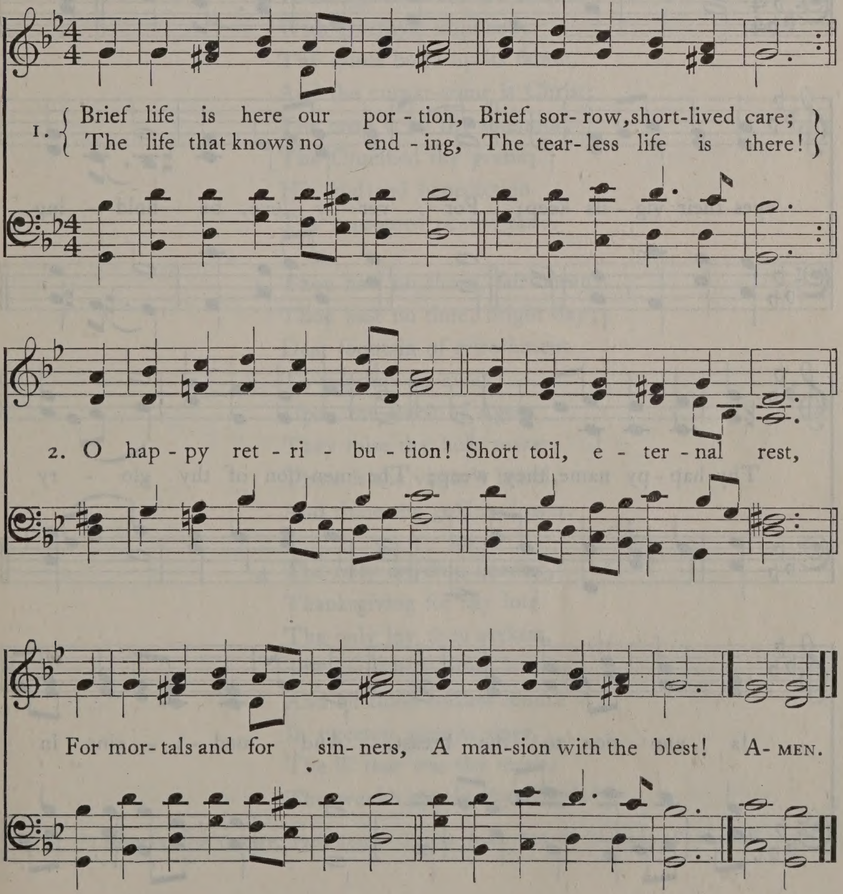
Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent. Tr. by **John Mason Neale**, 1818–1866

283

JABES 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

SECOND TUNE

Welsh Hymn Tune, from "Hymnan yr Eglwys," Caerfyrddin, 1894

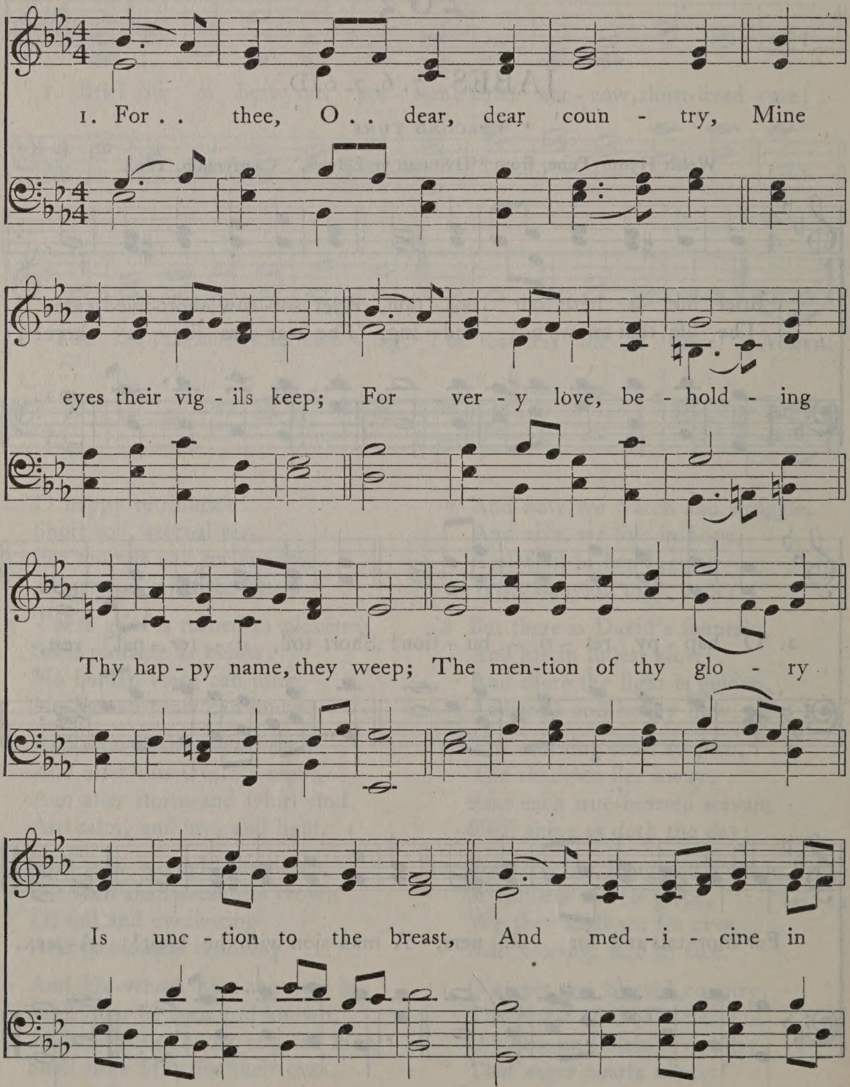

1. { Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor- row, short-lived care;
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear- less life is there! }
2. O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest,
For mor- tals and for sin- ners, A man-sion with the blest! A- MEN.

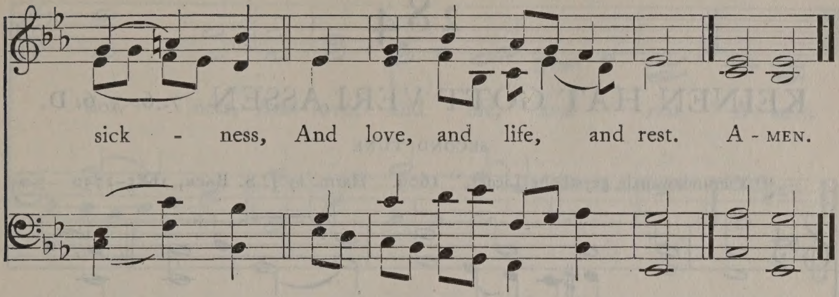
284

MEIRIONYDD 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

FIRST TUNE

Melody by Wm. Lloyd, 1786–1852. Harm. by Basil Harwood, 1859–


1. For . . thee, O . . dear, dear coun - try, Mine
eyes their vig - ils keep; For ver - y love, be - hold - ing
Thy hap - py name, they weep; The men-tion of thy glo - ry
Is unc - tion to the breast, And med - i - cine in



2 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ;
The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

4 The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot;
The only joy thou seekest,
The life where death is not;
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy King's!

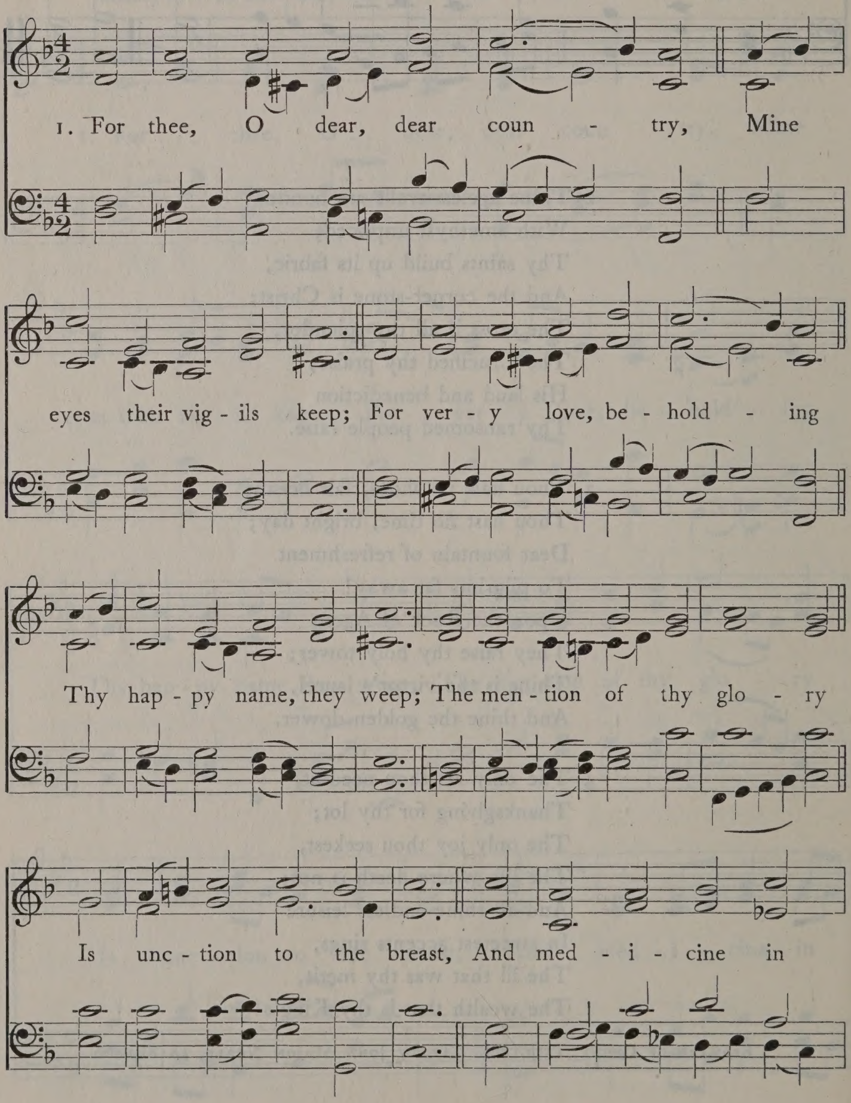
Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

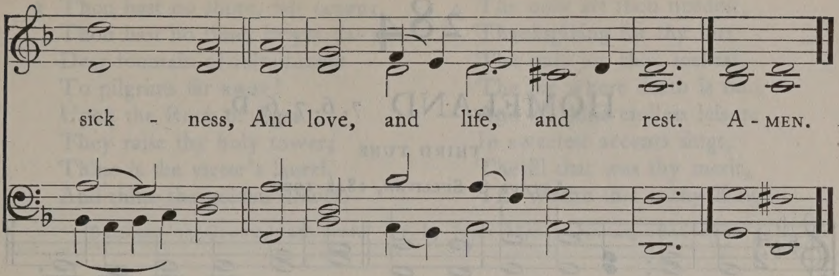
284

KEINEN HAT GOTT VERLASSEN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

SECOND TUNE

"Vierundzwanzig geystliche Lieder," 1609. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine
eyes their vig - ils keep; For ver - y love, be - hold - ing
Thy hap - py name, they weep; The men - tion of thy glo - ry
Is unc - tion to the breast, And med - i - cine in



2 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ;
The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

4 The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot;
The only joy thou seekest,
The life where death is not;
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy King's!

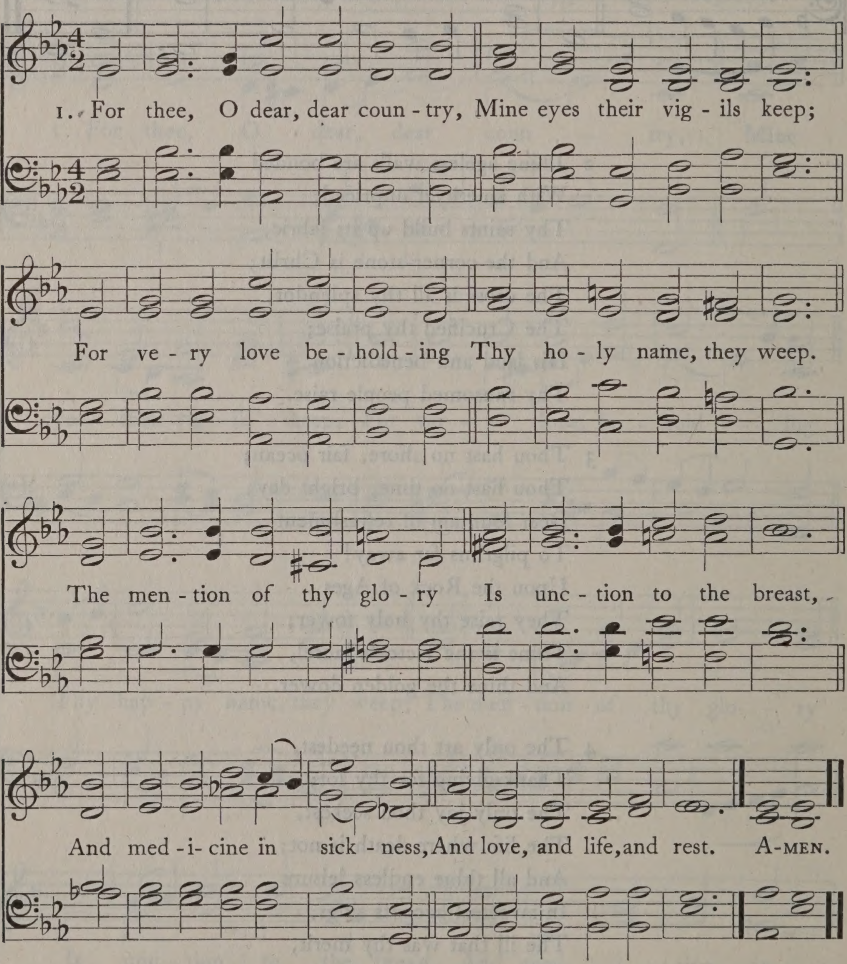
Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

284

HOMELAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

THIRD TUNE

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1842–1900


1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;
For ve - ry love be - hold - ing Thy ho - ly name, they weep.
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,
And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.
A-men.

2 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ;
The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

4 The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot;
The only joy thou seekest,
The life where death is not;
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy King's!

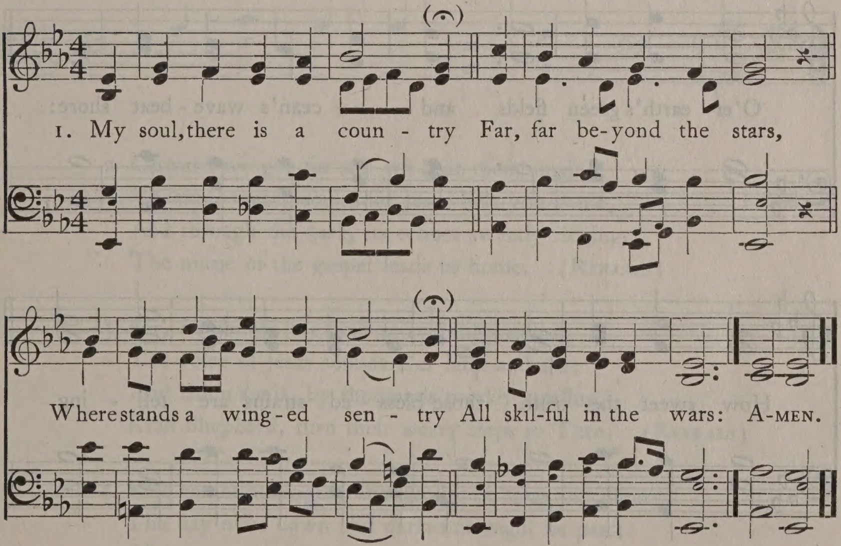
Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

285

CHRISTUS, DER IST MEIN LEBEN 7. 6. 7. 6.

(Irregular)

Melchior Vulpius, c. 1560–1616. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


(𝄐)
1. My soul, there is a coun - try Far, far be-yond the stars,
(𝄐)
Where stands a wing-ed sen - try All skil-ful in the wars: A-men.

2 There above noise, and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

3 If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.

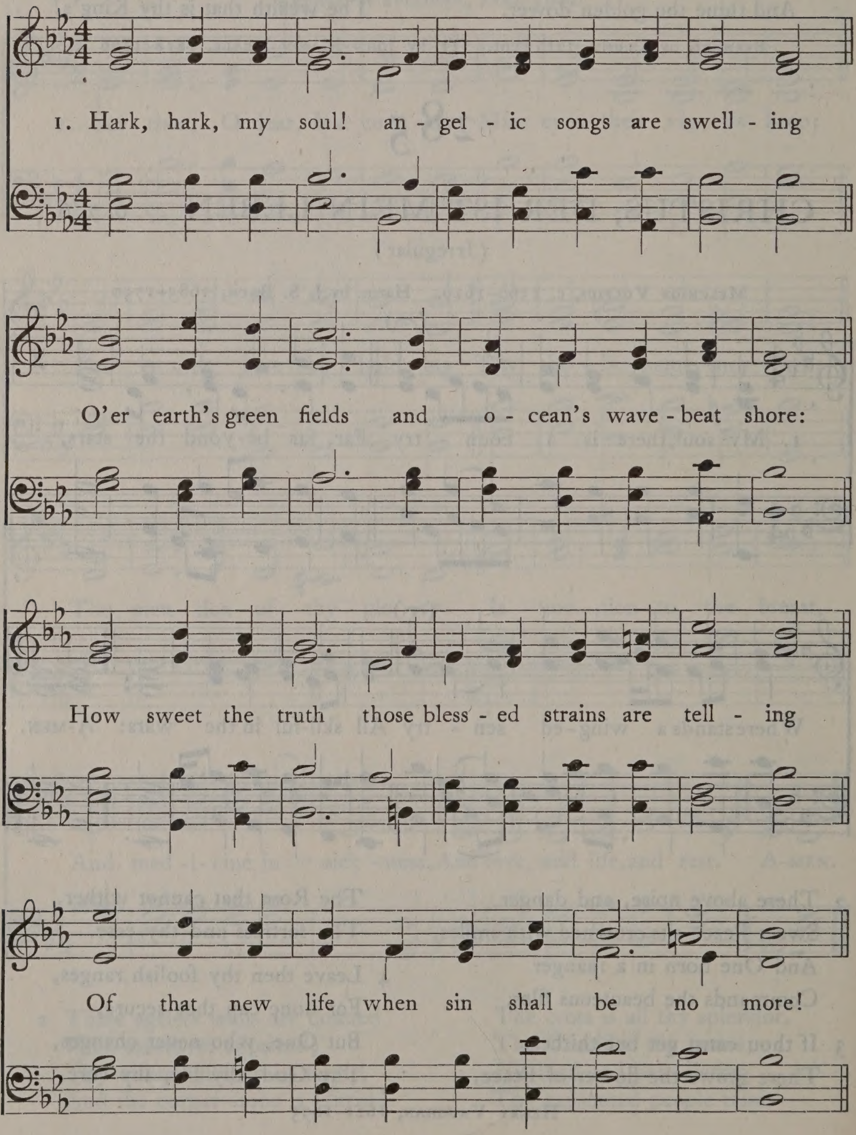
4 Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

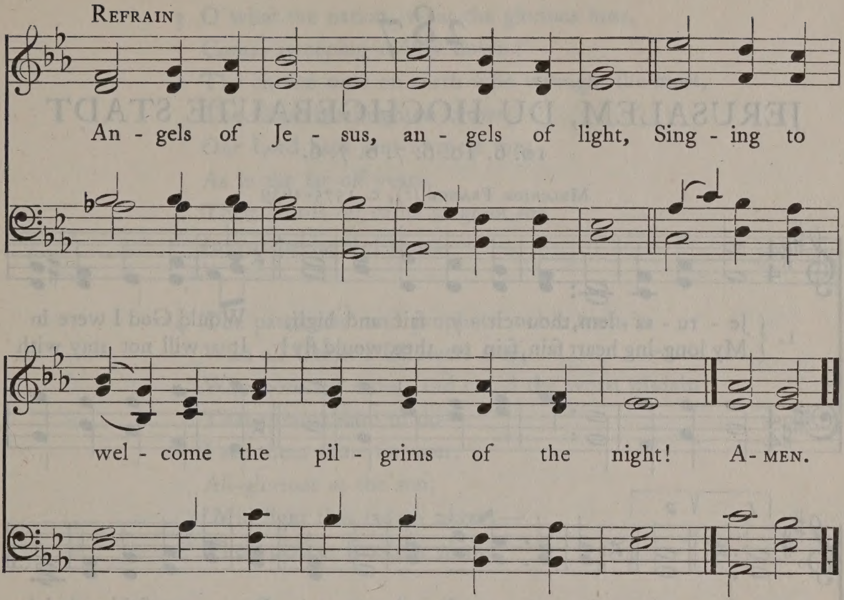
Henry Vaughan, 1621–1695

286

PILGRIMS 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

Henry Smart, 1813–1879


1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing
O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore:
How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!


REFRAIN
An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to
wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - MEN.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
“Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,”
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home. (REFRAIN)

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o’er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. (REFRAIN)

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart’s true home, will come at last. (REFRAIN)

5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning’s joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life’s long shadows break in cloudless love. (REFRAIN)

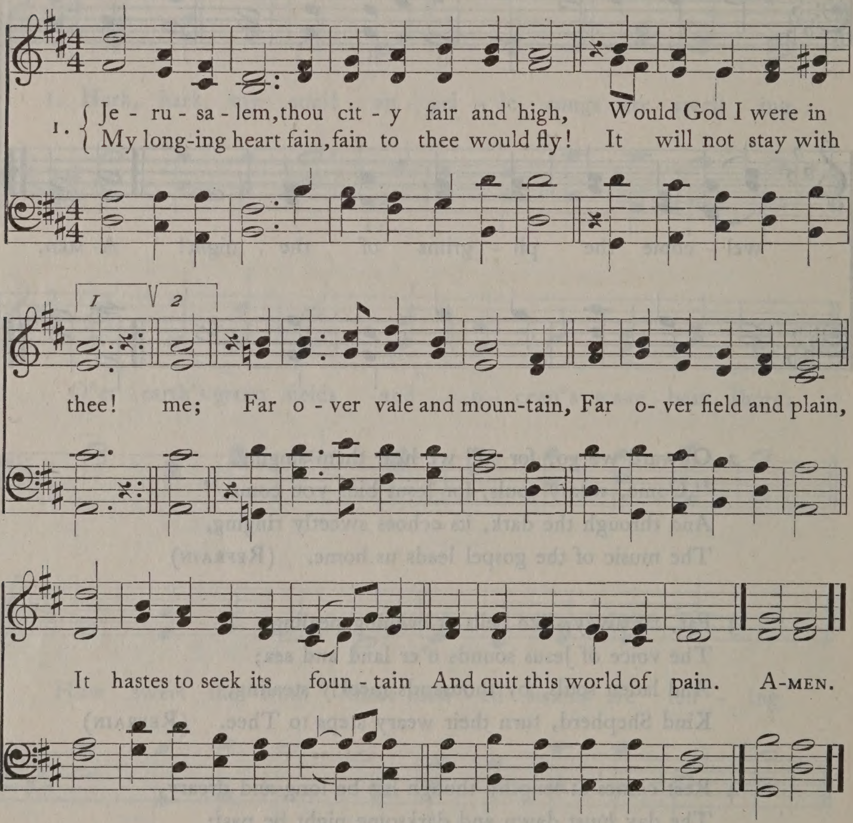
FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814–1863

287

JERUSALEM, DU HOCHGEBAUTE STADT

10. 6. 10. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Melchior Franck (?), c. 1575–1639


1.
Je - ru - sa - lem, thou cit - y fair and high, Would God I were in thee!
My long-ing heart fain, fain to thee would fly! It will not stay with me;
1
2
Far o - ver vale and moun-tain, Far o- ver field and plain,
It hastes to seek its foun - tain And quit this world of pain.
A-men.

2 O happy day, and yet far happier hour,
When wilt thou come at last?
When fearless to my Father's love and power,
Whose promise standeth fast,
My soul I gladly render;
For surely will His hand
Lead her, with guidance tender,
To heaven her fatherland.

3 O what the nation, what the glorious host,
Comes sweeping swiftly down?
The chosen ones on earth who wrought the most,
The Church's brightest crown
Our Lord hath sent to meet me;
As in the far-off years,
Their words oft came to greet me
In yonder land of tears.

4 The patriarchs' and prophets' noble train,
With all Christ's followers true,
Who bore the cross, and could the worst disdain
That tyrants dare to do—
I see them shine for ever,
All-glorious as the sun,
'Mid light that fadeth never,—
Their perfect freedom won.

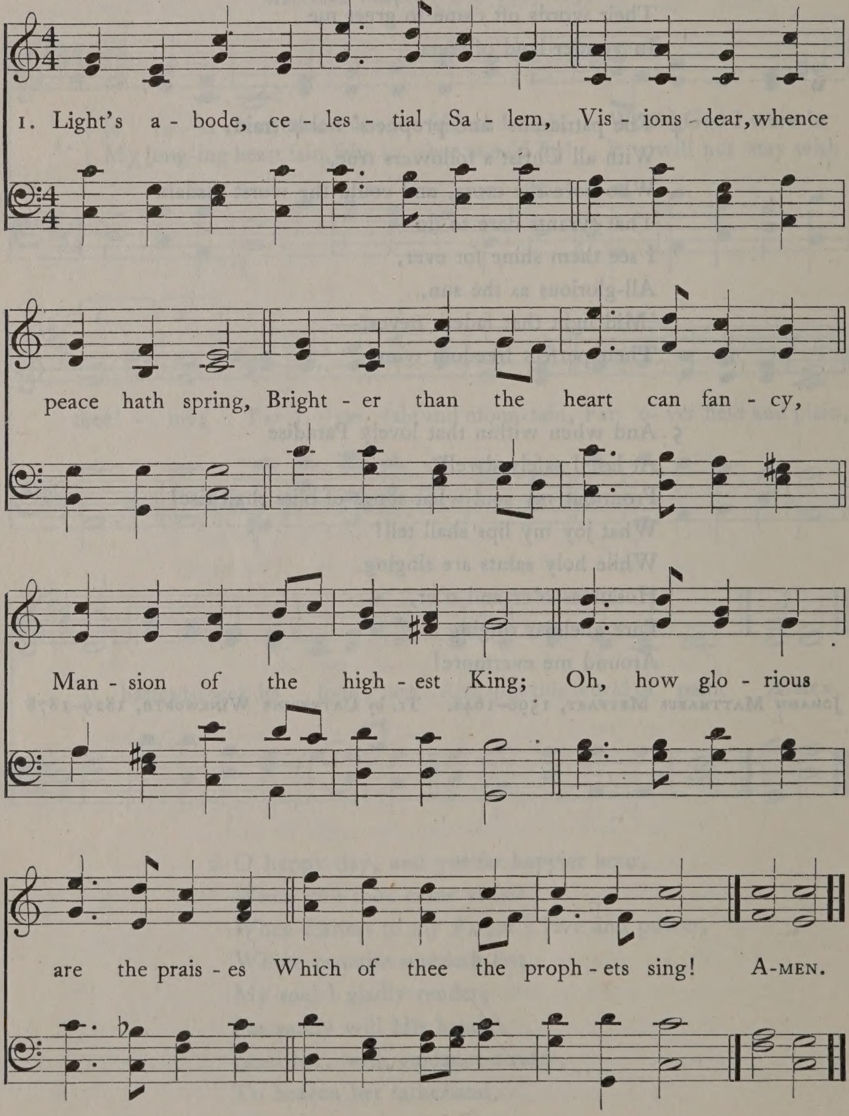
5 And when within that lovely Paradise
At last I safely dwell,
From out my soul what songs of bliss shall rise!
What joy my lips shall tell!
While holy saints are singing
Hosannas o'er and o'er,
Pure alleluias ringing
Around me evermore!

JOHANN MATTHAEUS MEYFART, 1590–1642. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

288

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Henry Smart, 1813–1879


1. Light's a - bode, ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vis - ions dear, whence
peace hath spring, Bright - er than the heart can fan - cy,
Man - sion of the high - est King; Oh, how glo - rious
are the prais - es Which of thee the proph - ets sing!
A-MEN.

2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud or passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labor,
There unknown are toil and care.

4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health and strong, and free,
Full of vigor, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with joy may'st be arrayed.

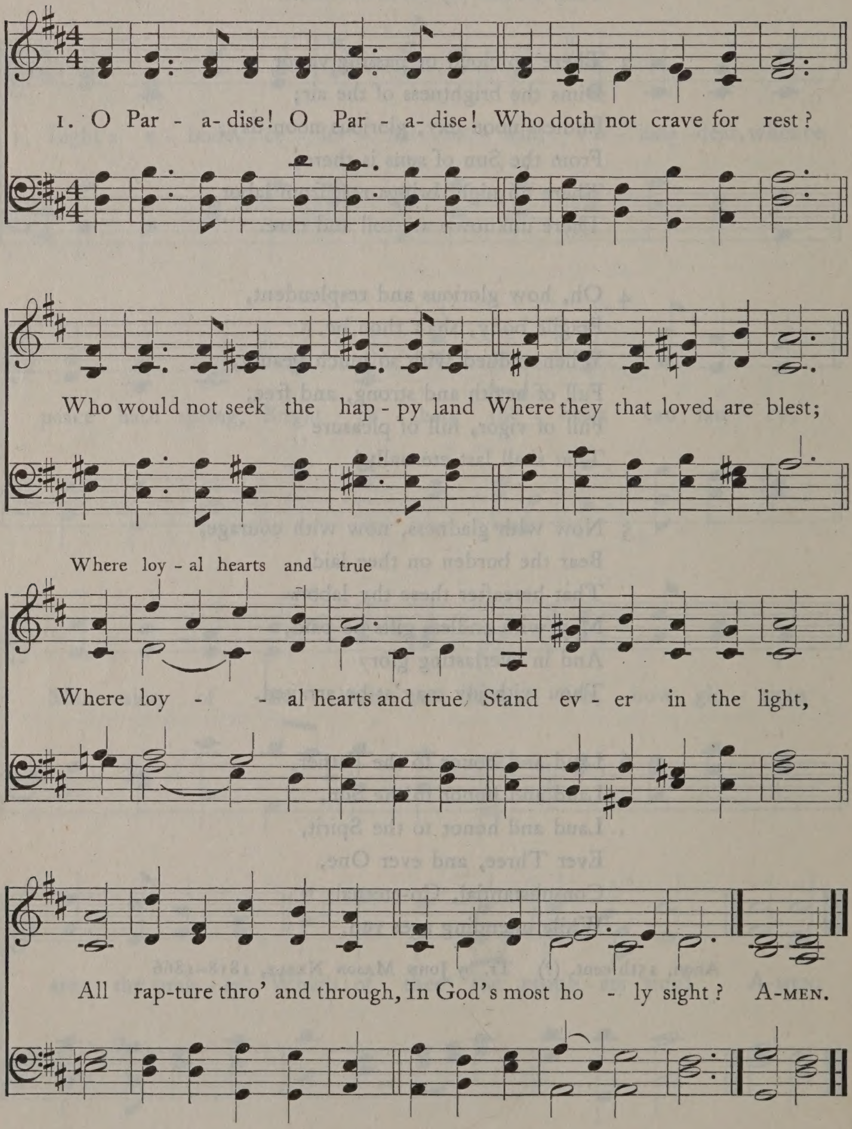
6 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

Anon. 15th cent. (?) Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

289

PARADISE 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896


1. O Par - a- dise! O Par - a- dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
Where loy - al hearts and true
Where loy - - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap-ture thro' and through, In God's most ho - ly sight? A-men.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

6 Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

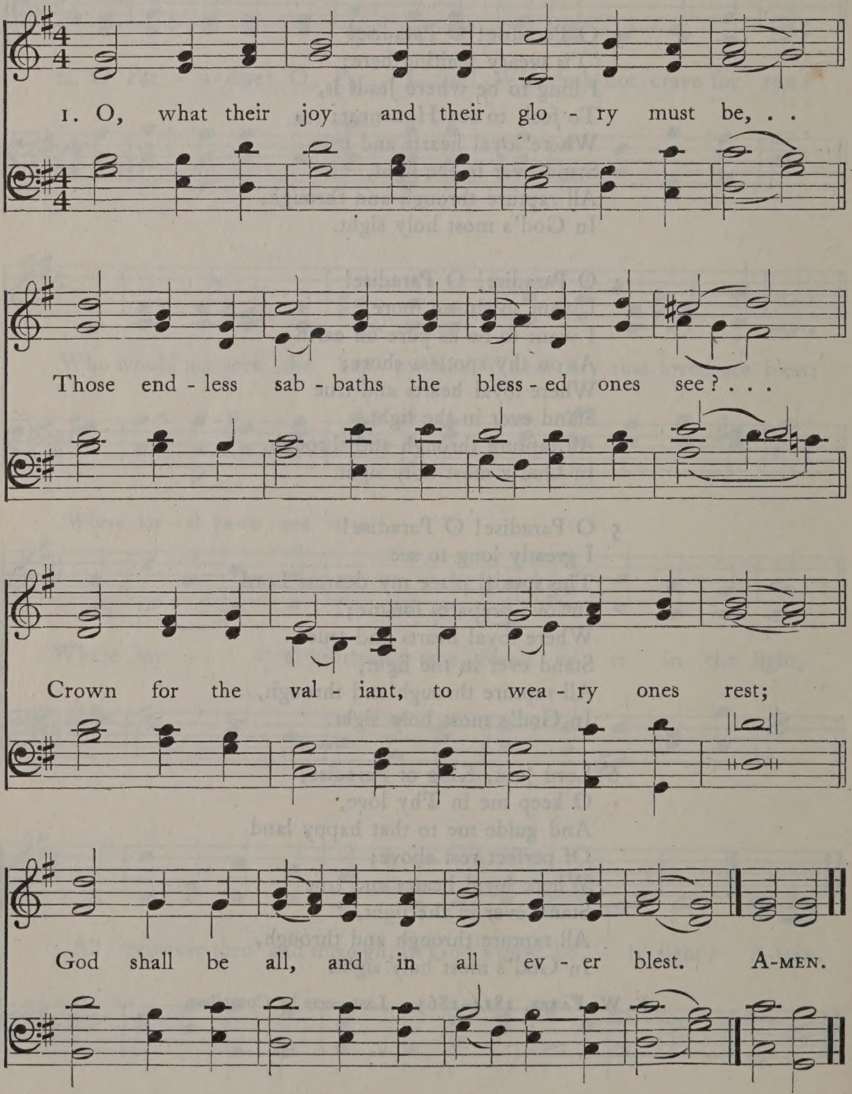
F. W. Faber, 1814–1863. Last verse by Compilers

290(a)

O QUANTA QUALIA (REGNATOR ORBIS)

10. 10. 10. 10.

Melody from "Hymnal Noted," Part II, 1856


1. O, what their joy and their glo - ry must be, . .
Those end - less sab - baths the bless - ed ones see? . . .
Crown for the val - iant, to wea - ry ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest.
A-MEN.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Tell us, ye blest ones, that in it have share,
If what ye feel ye can fully declare.

3 Truly "Jerusalem" name we that shore,
"Vision of peace," that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 We, where no trouble distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people shall evermore raise.

5 There dawns no sabbath, no sabbath is o'er;
Those sabbath keepers have one, and no more;
One and unending is that triumph song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh,
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom — the Father, and in whom — the Son,
Through whom — the Spirit, with these ever One.

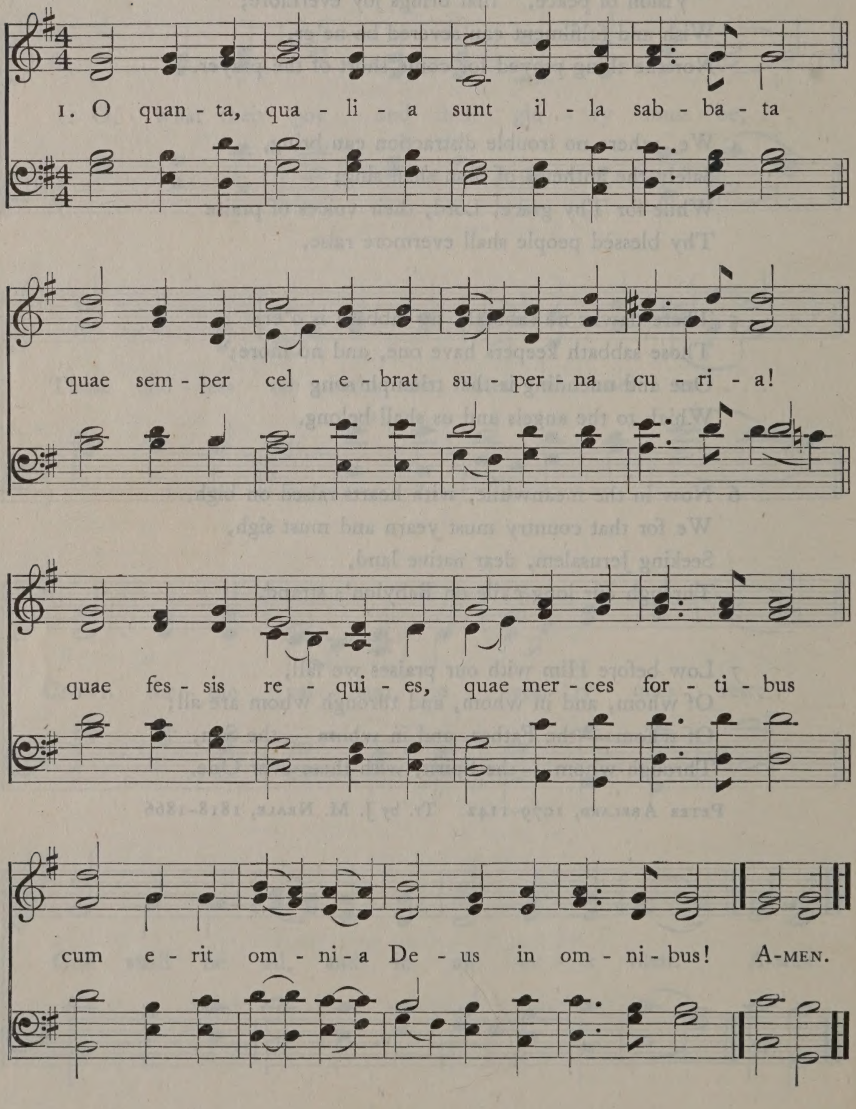
Peter Abelard, 1079–1142. Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1818–1866

290(b)

O QUANTA QUALIA (REGNATOR ORBIS)

12. 12. 12. 12.

Melody from "Hymnal Noted," Part II, 1856


1. O quan - ta, qua - li - a sunt il - la sab - ba - ta
quae sem - per cel - e - brat su - per - na cu - ri - a!
quae fes - sis re - qui - es, quae mer - ces for - ti - bus
cum e - rit om - ni - a De - us in om - ni - bus! A-MEN.

2 quis rex, quae curia, quale palatium,
quae pax, quae requies, quod illud gaudium,
huius participes exponant gloriam,
si, quantum sentiunt, possint exprimere.

3 vere Ierusalem est illa civitas,
cuius pax iugis est, summa iucunditas,
ubi non praevenit rem desiderium,
nec desiderio minus est praemium.

4 illic molestiis finitis omnibus
securi cantica Sion cantabimus,
et iuges gratias de donis gratiae
beata referet plebs tibi, Domine.

5 illic ex sabbato succedet sabbatum,
perpes laetitia sabbatizantium,
nec ineffabiles cessabunt iubili,
quos decantabimus et nos et angeli.

6 nostrum est interim mentem erigere
et totis patriam votis appetere,
et ad Ierusalem a Babylonia
post longa regredi tandem exilia.

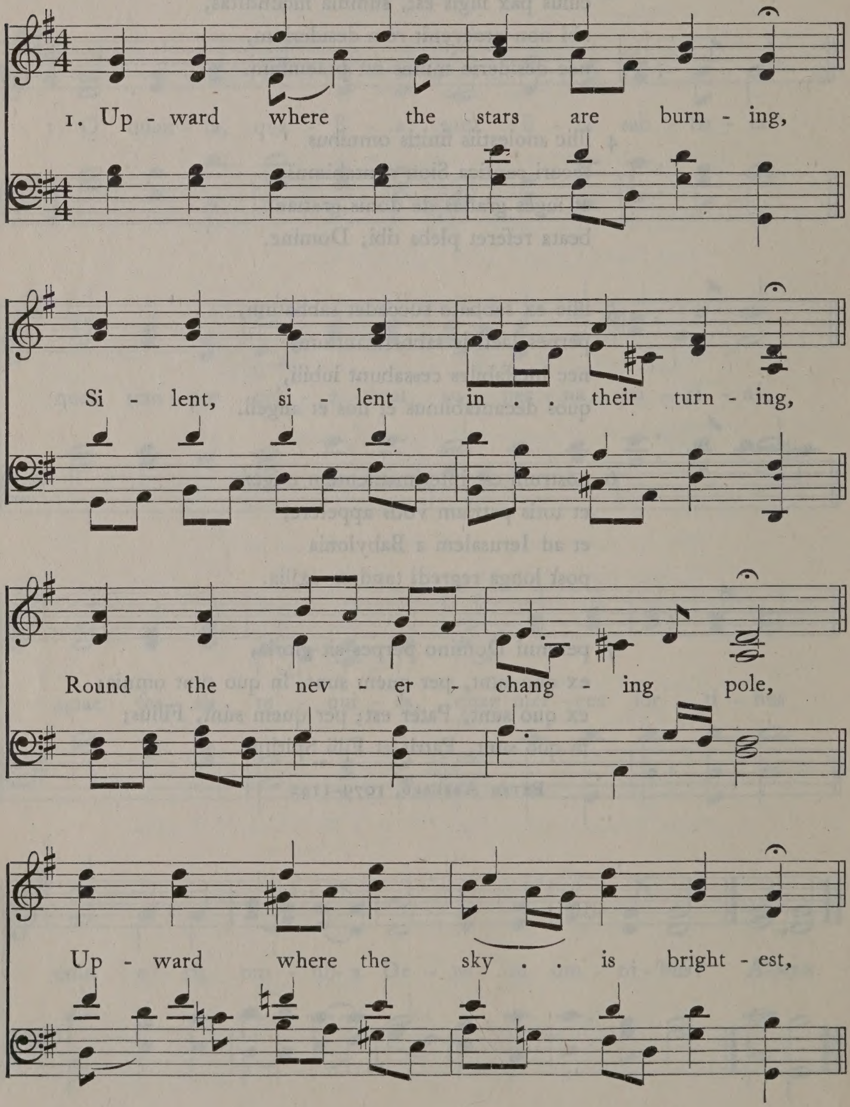
7 perenni Domino perpes sit gloria,
ex quo sunt, per quem sunt, in quo sunt omnia;
ex quo sunt, Pater est; per quem sunt, Filius;
in quo sunt, Patris et Filii Spiritus.

Peter Abelard, 1079–1142

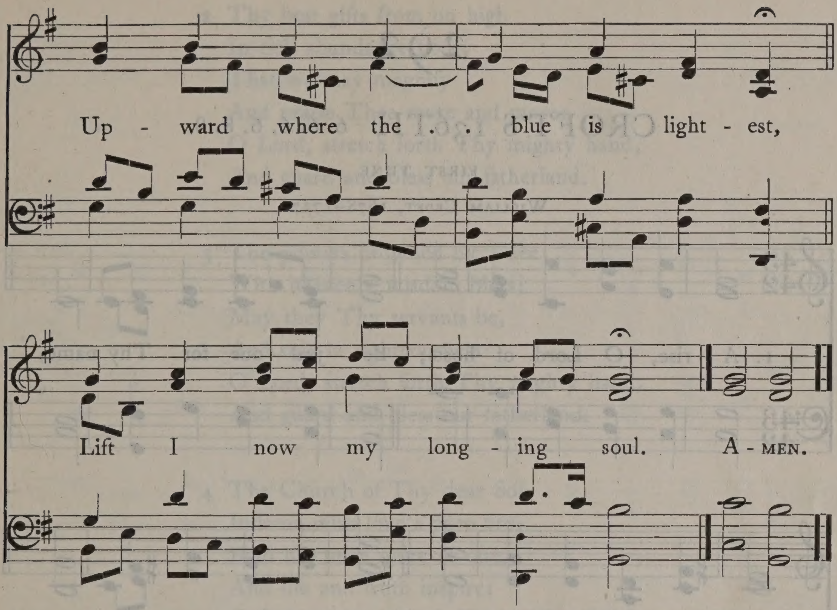
291

ALLES IST AN GOTTES SEGEN 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Melody found in König's "Harmonischer Liederschatz," Frankfurt, 1738. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. Up - ward where the stars are burn - ing,
Si - lent, si - lent in . . their turn - ing,
Round the nev - er - chang - ing pole,
Up - ward where the sky . . is bright - est,

The Future


Up - ward where the . . blue is light - est,
Lift I now my long - ing soul. A - MEN.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,—
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

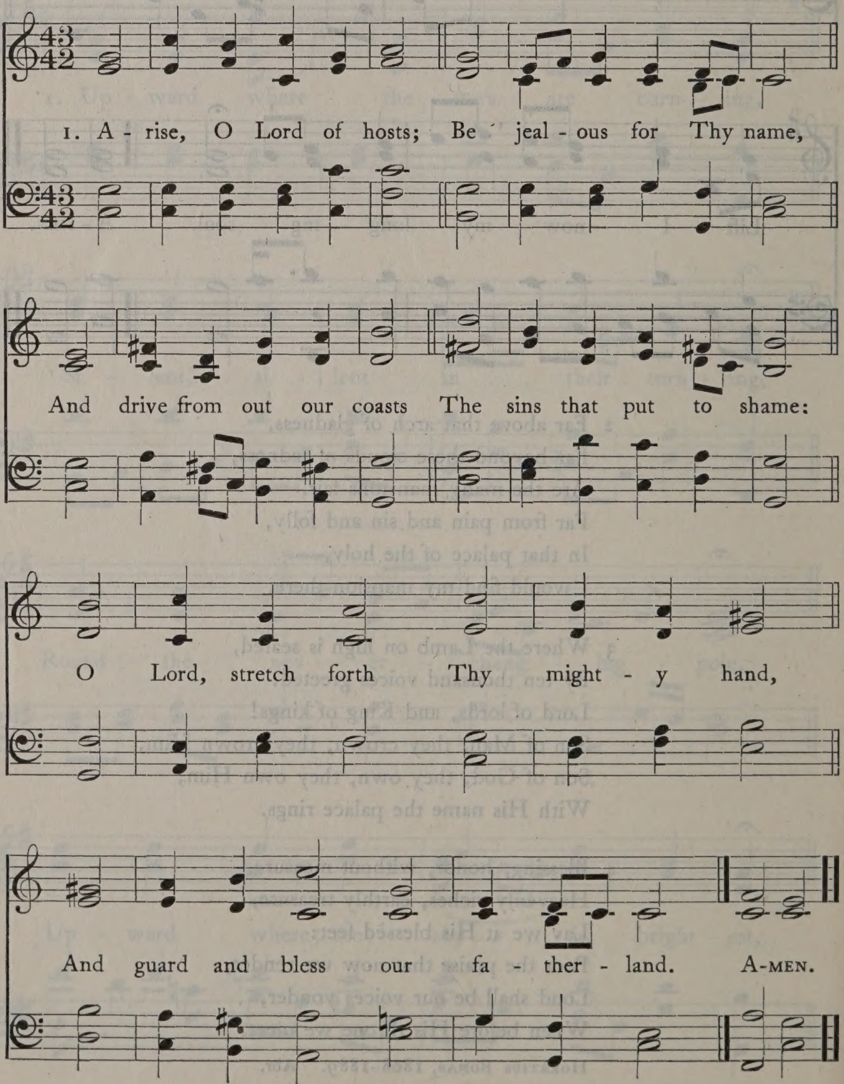
Horatius Bonar, 1808–1889. Abr.

292

CROFT'S 136TH 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

FIRST TUNE

William Croft, 1678–1727


1. A - rise, O Lord of hosts; Be jeal - ous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts The sins that put to shame:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy might - y hand,
And guard and bless our fa - ther - land. A-men.

2 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

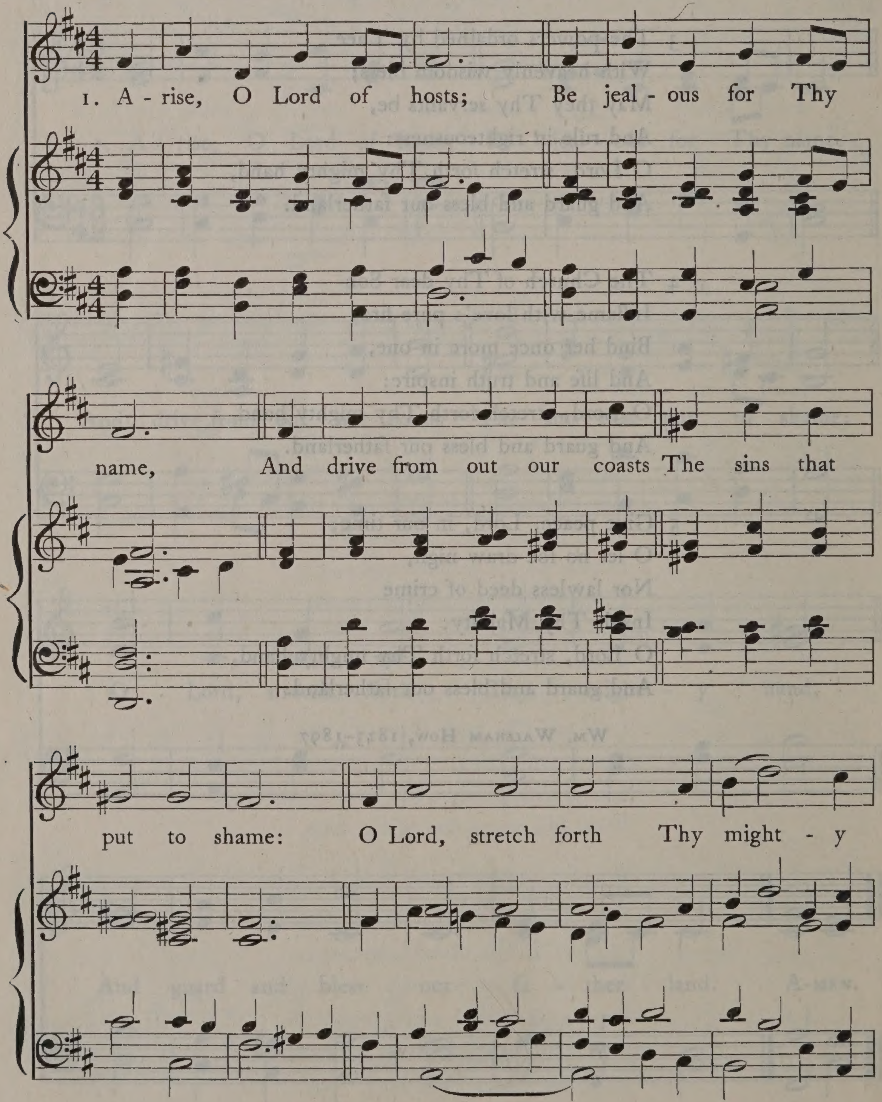
Wm. Walsham How, 1823–1897

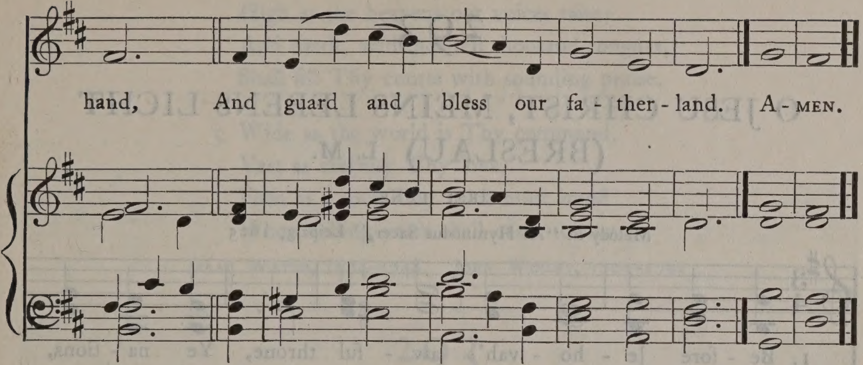
292

PRO PATRIA 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

SECOND TUNE

J. Armistead, 1911


1. A - rise, O Lord of hosts; Be jeal - ous for Thy
name, And drive from out our coasts The sins that
put to shame: O Lord, stretch forth Thy might - y



2 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

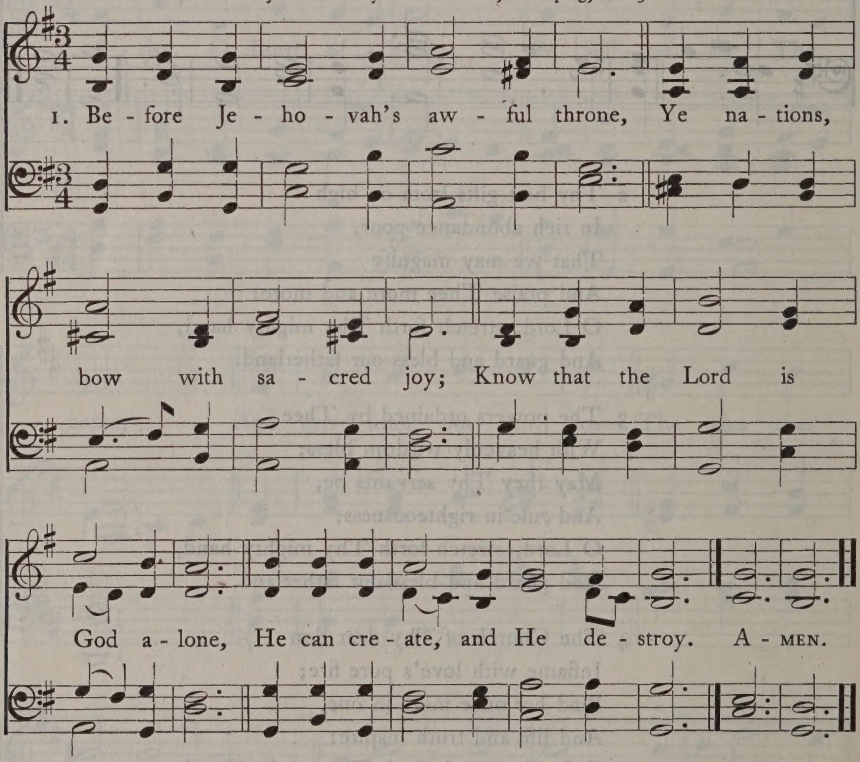
Wm. Walsham How, 1823–1897

293

O JESU CHRIST, MEINS LEBENS LICHT (BRESLAU) L. M.

FIRST TUNE

Melody in "As Hymnodus Sacer," Leipzig, 1625


1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions,
bow with sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is
God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. A - MEN.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love,
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

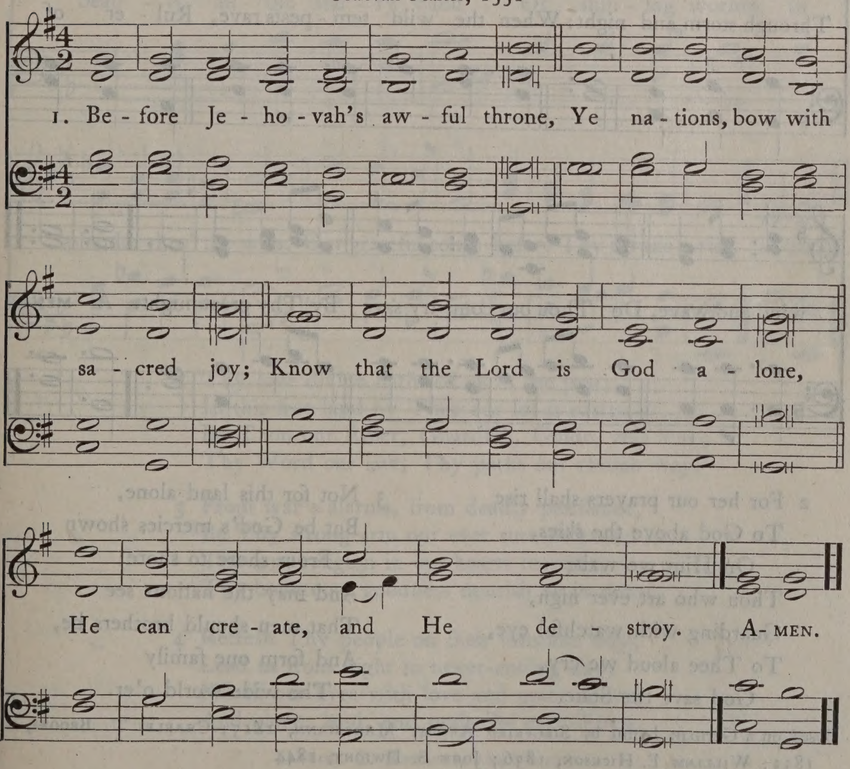
ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748. JOHN WESLEY, 1703–1791

293

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

SECOND TUNE

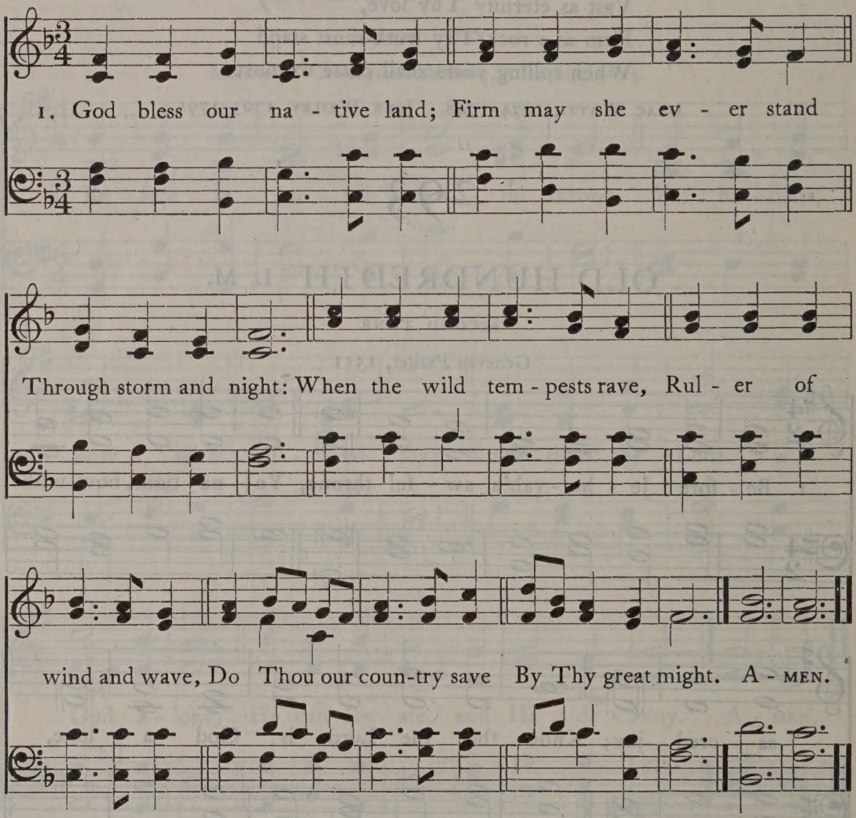
Genevan Psalter, 1551


1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with
sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a - lone,
He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. A- MEN.

294

AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Arr. by Henry Carey, 1685–1743


1. God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand
Through storm and night: When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
wind and wave, Do Thou our coun-try save By Thy great might. A - men.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies,
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

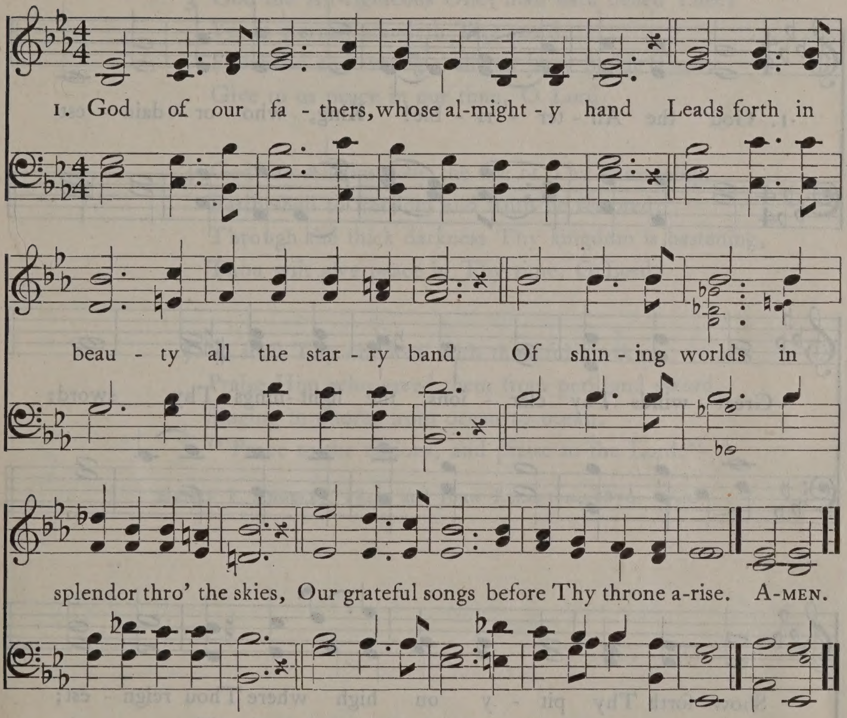
3 Not for this land alone,
But be God's mercies shown
From shore to shore;
And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

Based on a German hymn by Siegfried August Mahlmann, 1815; Charles T. Brooks, c. 1833; William E. Hickson, 1836; John S. Dwight, 1844

295

NATIONAL HYMN 10. 10. 10. 10.

George W. Warren, 1828–1902


1. God of our fa - thers, whose al-might - y hand Leads forth in
beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in
splendor thro' the skies, Our grateful songs before Thy throne a-rise. A-men.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past;
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide, and Stay;
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

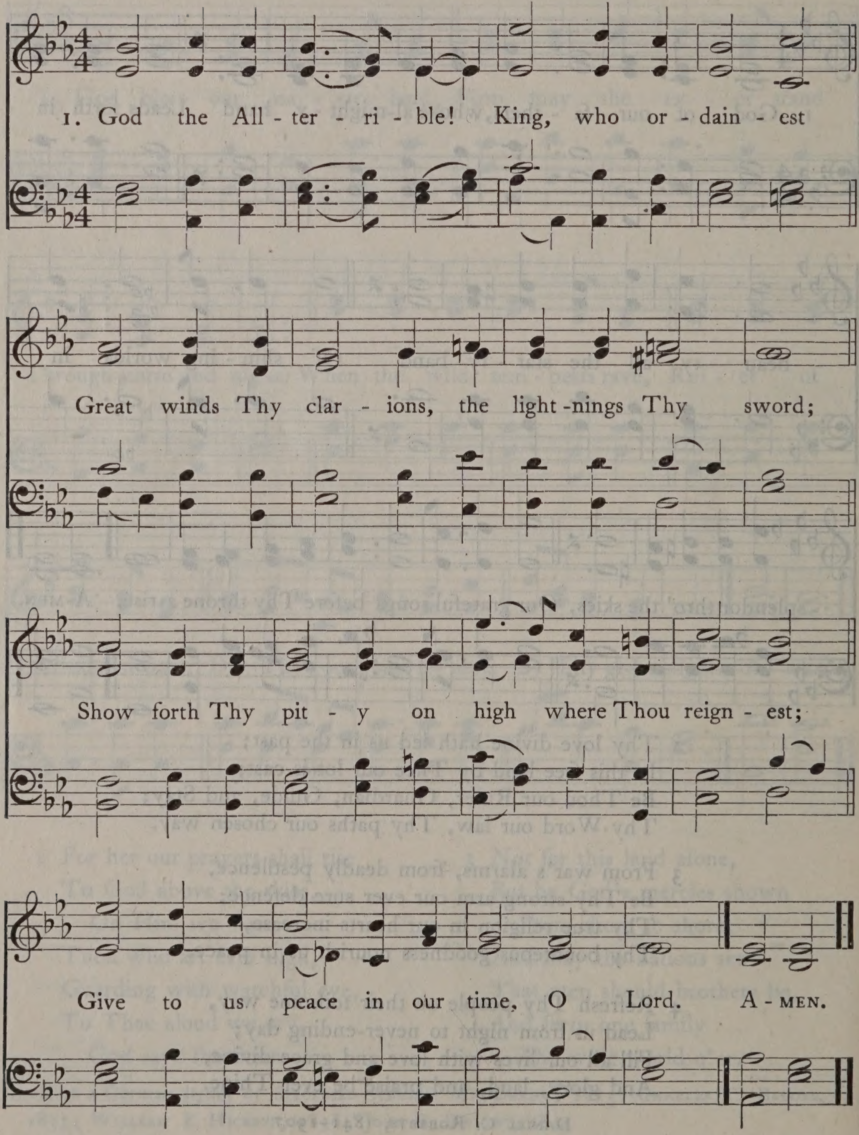
4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine.

Daniel C. Roberts, 1841–1907

296

RUSSIAN HYMN 11. 10. 11. 9.

Alexis T. Lwoff, 1799–1870


1. God the All-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
A-men.

2 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening,
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

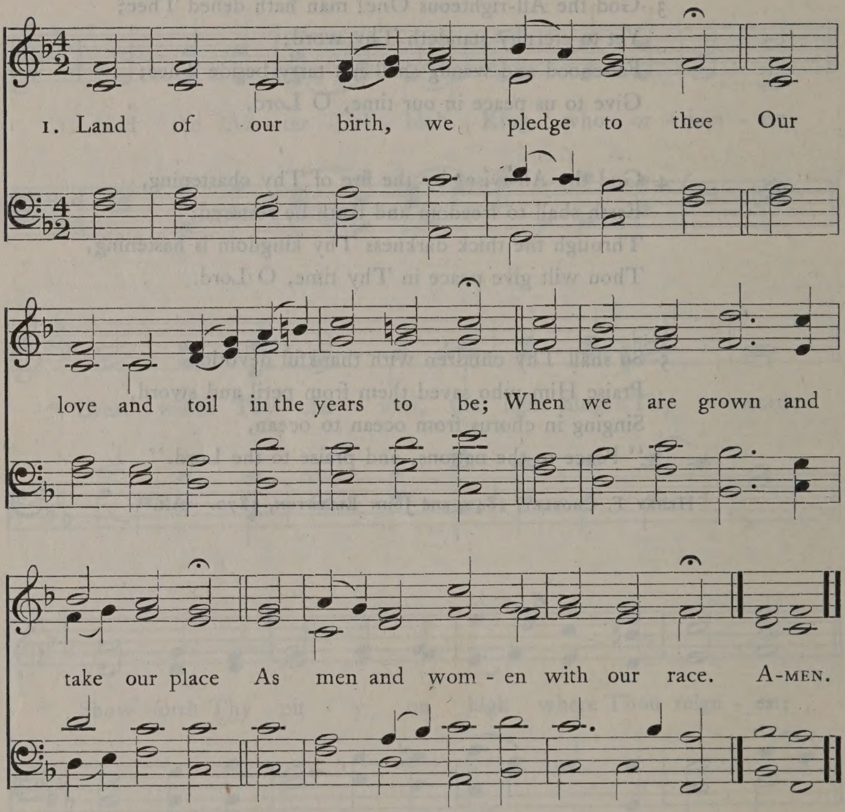
5 So shall Thy children with thankful devotion
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
"Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord."

Henry F. Chorley, 1842, and John Ellerton, 1870. Alt.

297

ILLSLEY L. M.

John Bishop, c. 1665–1737


1. Land of our birth, we pledge to thee Our
love and toil in the years to be; When we are grown and
take our place As men and wom - en with our race. A-MEN.

2 Father of heaven who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undefilèd heritage.

3 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

4 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

5 Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

6 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That under Thee we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

7 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free to evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

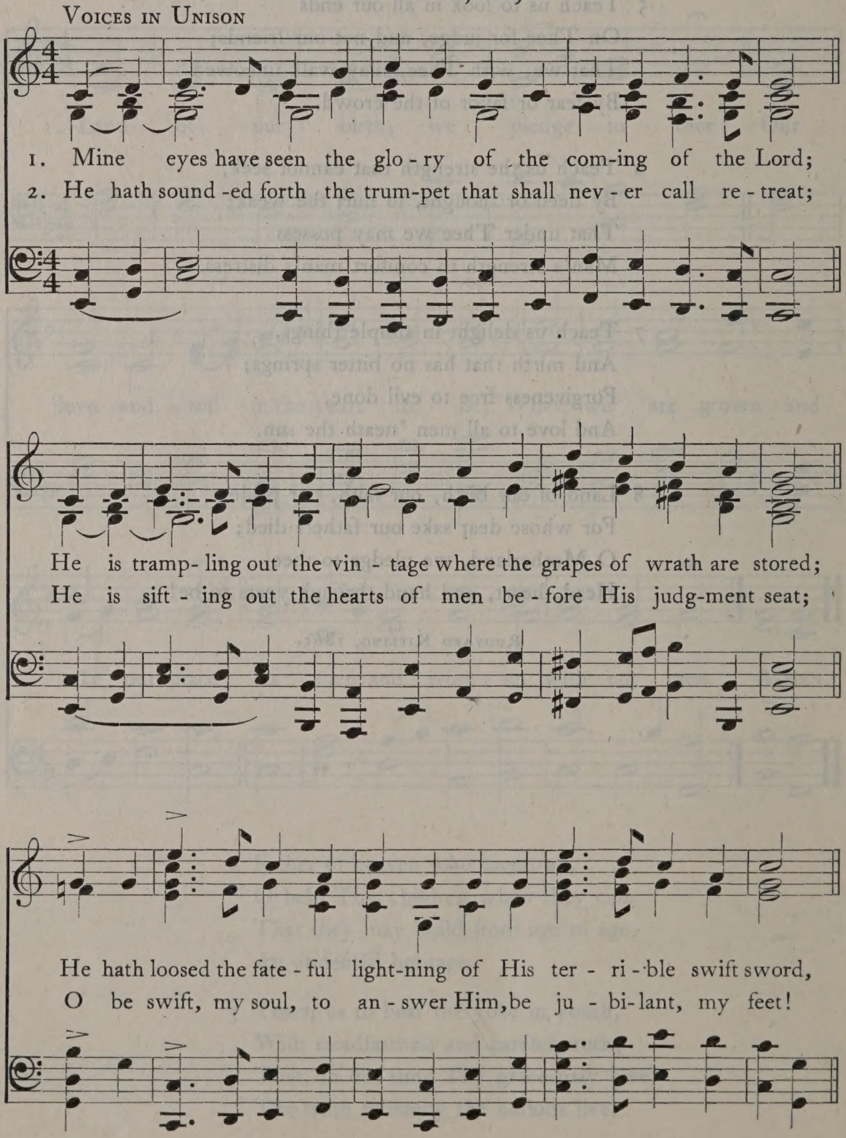
8 Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through years to be!

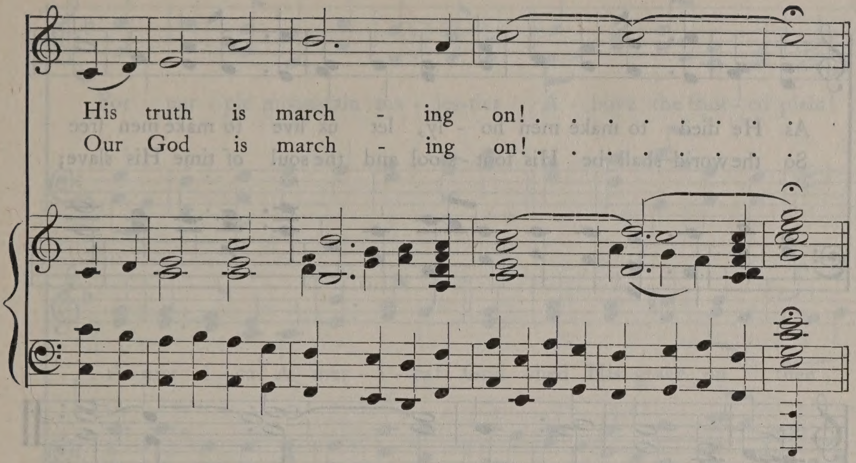
Rudyard Kipling, 1865–

298

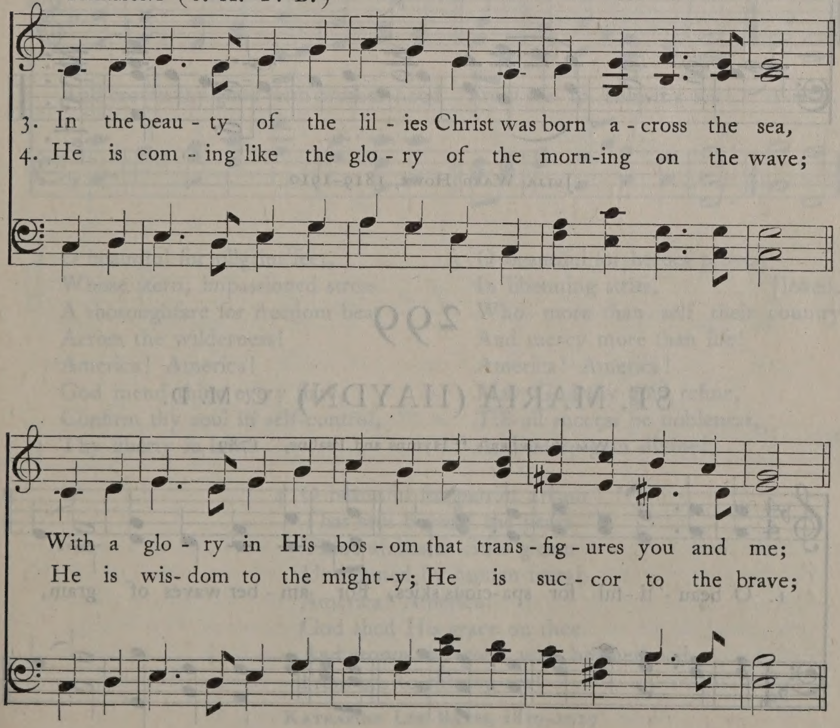
VISION 15. 15. 15. 6.

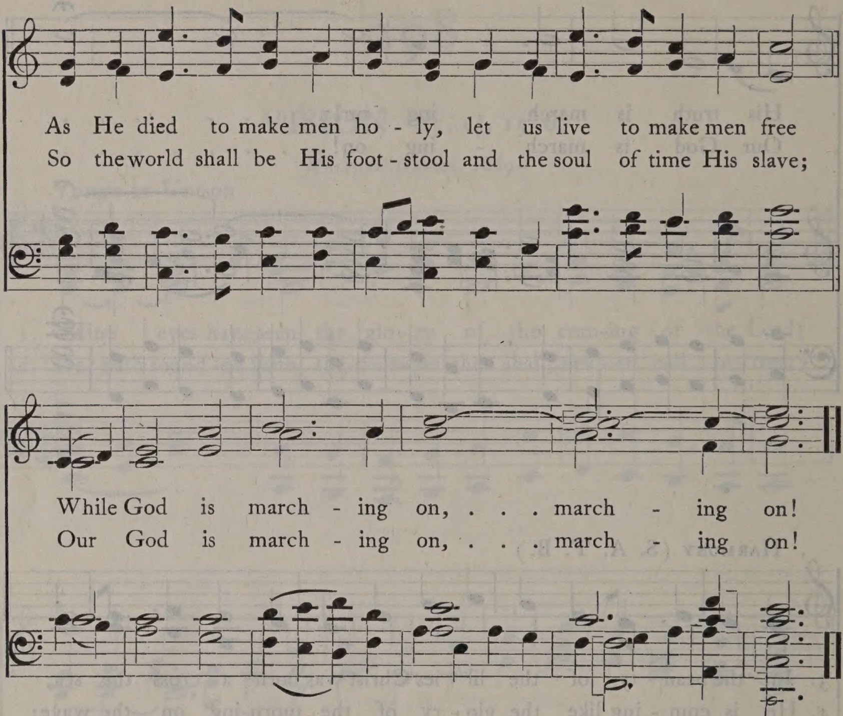
Walford Davies, 1869–


Voices in Unison
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord;
2. He hath sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat;
He is tramp-ling out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He is sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat;
He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-ri-ble swift sword,
O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him, be ju-bi-lant, my feet!


His truth is march - ing on! . . . .
Our God is march - ing on! . . . .

Harmony (S. A. T. B.)


3. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea,
4. He is com - ing like the glo - ry of the morn-ing on the wave;
With a glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me;
He is wis- dom to the might -y; He is suc - cor to the brave;

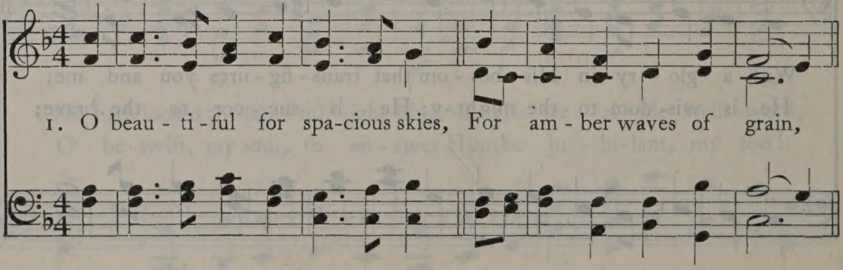

As He died to make men ho - ly, let us live to make men free
So the world shall be His foot - stool and the soul of time His slave;
While God is march - ing on, . . . march - ing on!
Our God is march - ing on, . . . march - ing on!

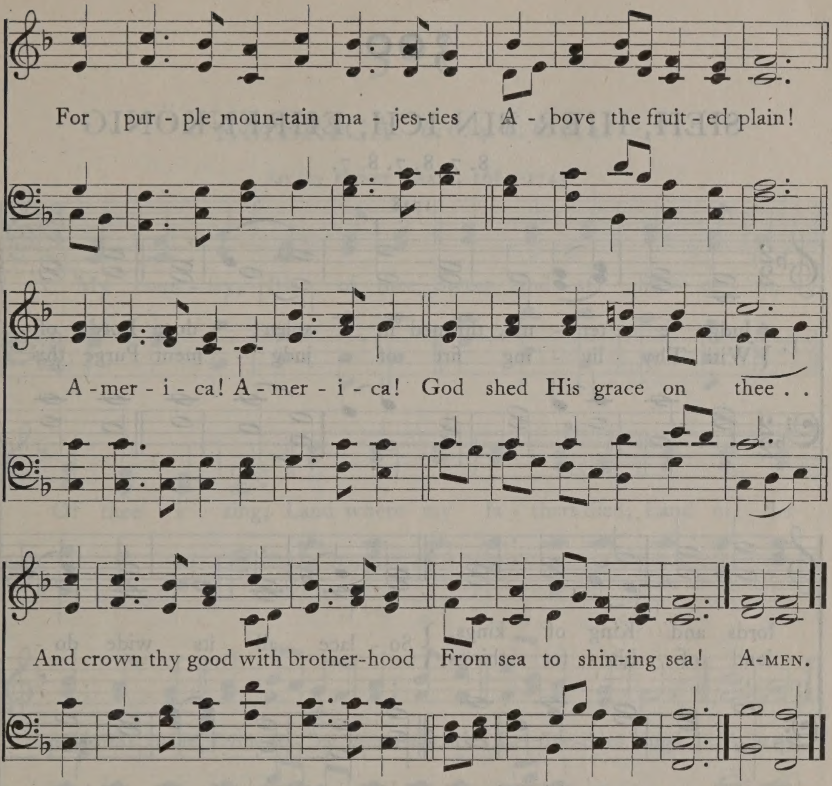
Julia Ward Howe, 1819–1910

299

ST. MARIA (HAYDN) C. M. D.

Wm. Gawler's "Hymns and Psalms," 1789


1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,


For pur - ple moun-tain ma - jes-ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee . .
And crown thy good with brother-hood From sea to shin-ing sea! A-MEN.

2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

3 O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country [loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

4 O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

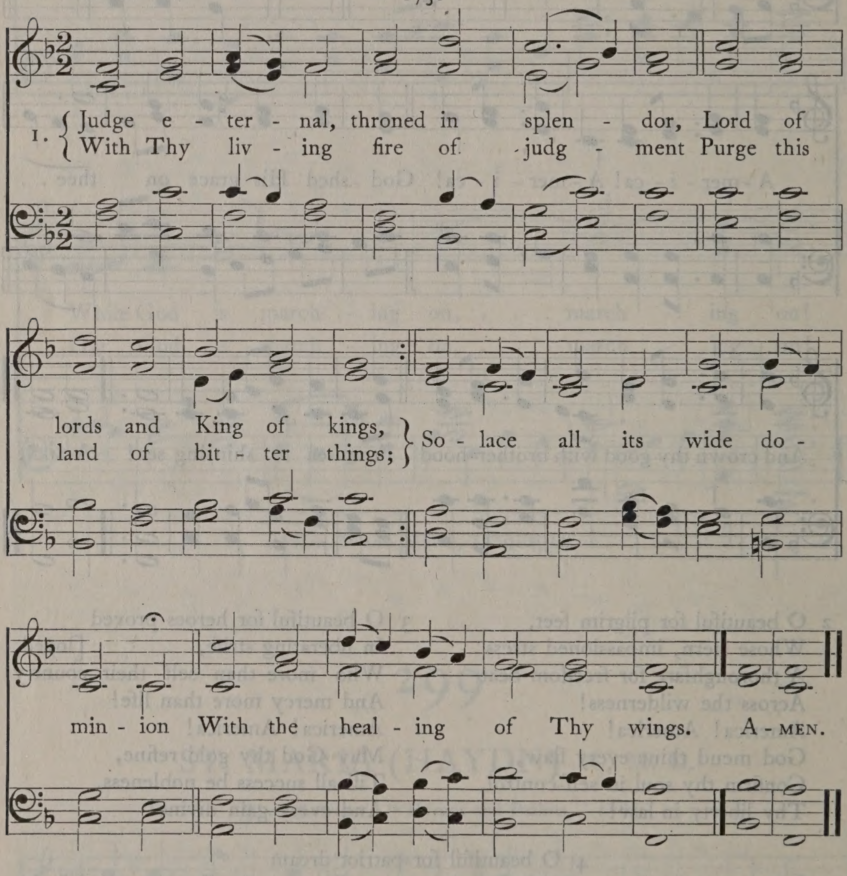
Katharine Lee Bates, 1859–1929

300

SIEH, HIER BIN ICH, EHRENKÖNIG

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

1738


1. { Judge e - ter - nal, throned in splen - dor, Lord of lords and King of kings,
With Thy liv - ing fire of judg - ment Purge this land of bit - ter things; }
So - lace all its wide do - min - ion With the heal - ing of Thy wings.
A - MEN.

2 Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release,
And the city's crowded clangor
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

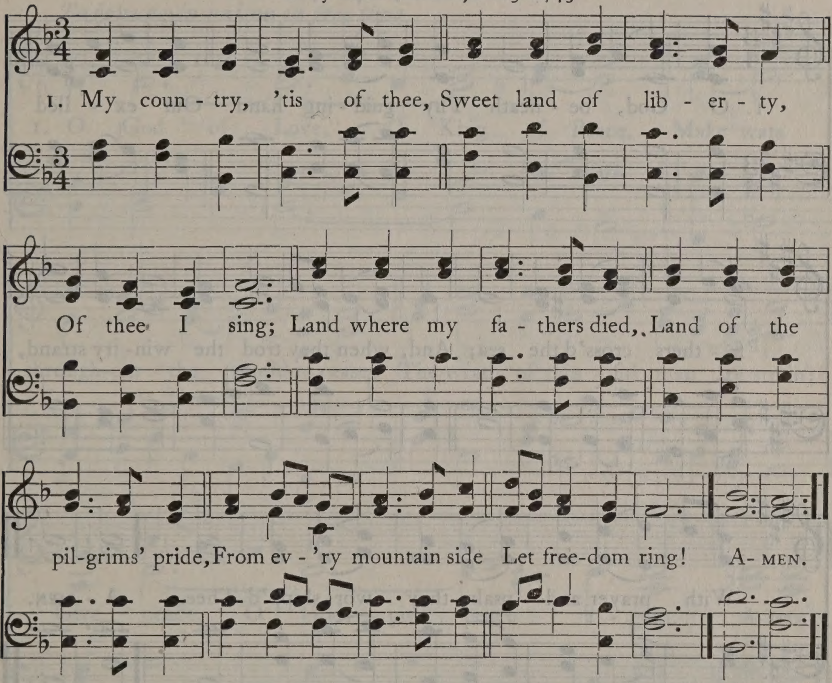
3 Crown, O God, Thine own endeavor;
Cleave our darkness with Thy sword;
Feed Thy faint and hungry children
With the richness of Thy Word;
Cleanse the body of this nation
Through the glory of the Lord.

Henry Scott Holland, 1902. Stanza 3, line 3, alt.

301

AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Arr. by Henry Carey, 1685–1743


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring! A- men.

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

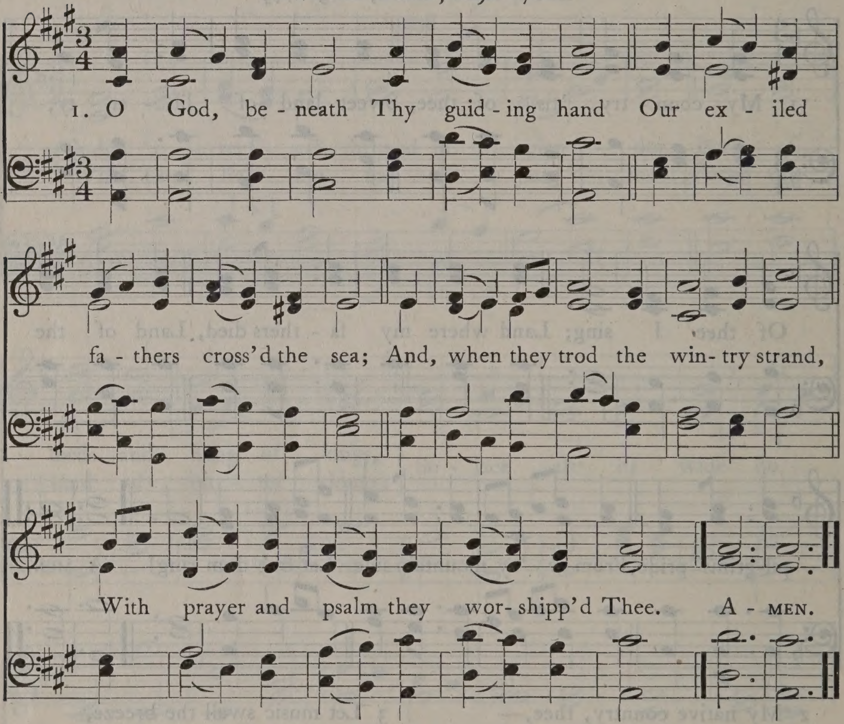
4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel F. Smith, 1808–1895

302

WAREHAM (ALL SAINTS) L. M.

William Knapp, 1698–1768


1. O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand Our ex - iled
fa - thers cross'd the sea; And, when they trod the win - try strand,
With prayer and psalm they wor - shipp'd Thee. A - men.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

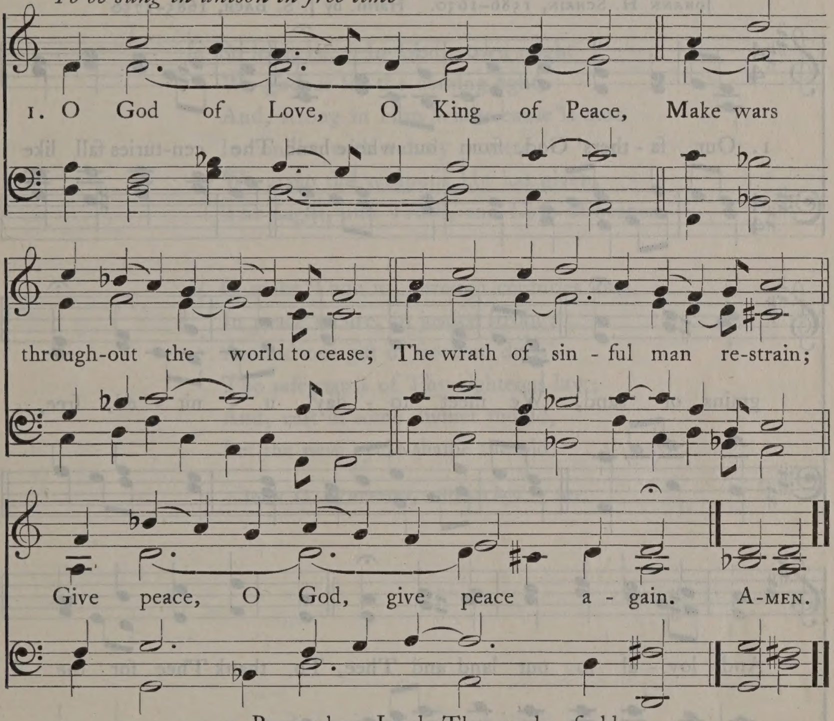
Leonard Bacon, 1802-1881

303

O AMOR QUAM EXSTATICUS L. M.

Old French Melody, mode i. Harm. by Basil Harwood, 1859–

To be sung in unison in free time


1. O God of Love, O King of Peace, Make wars
through-out the world to cease; The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain;
Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.
A-MEN.

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful Word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

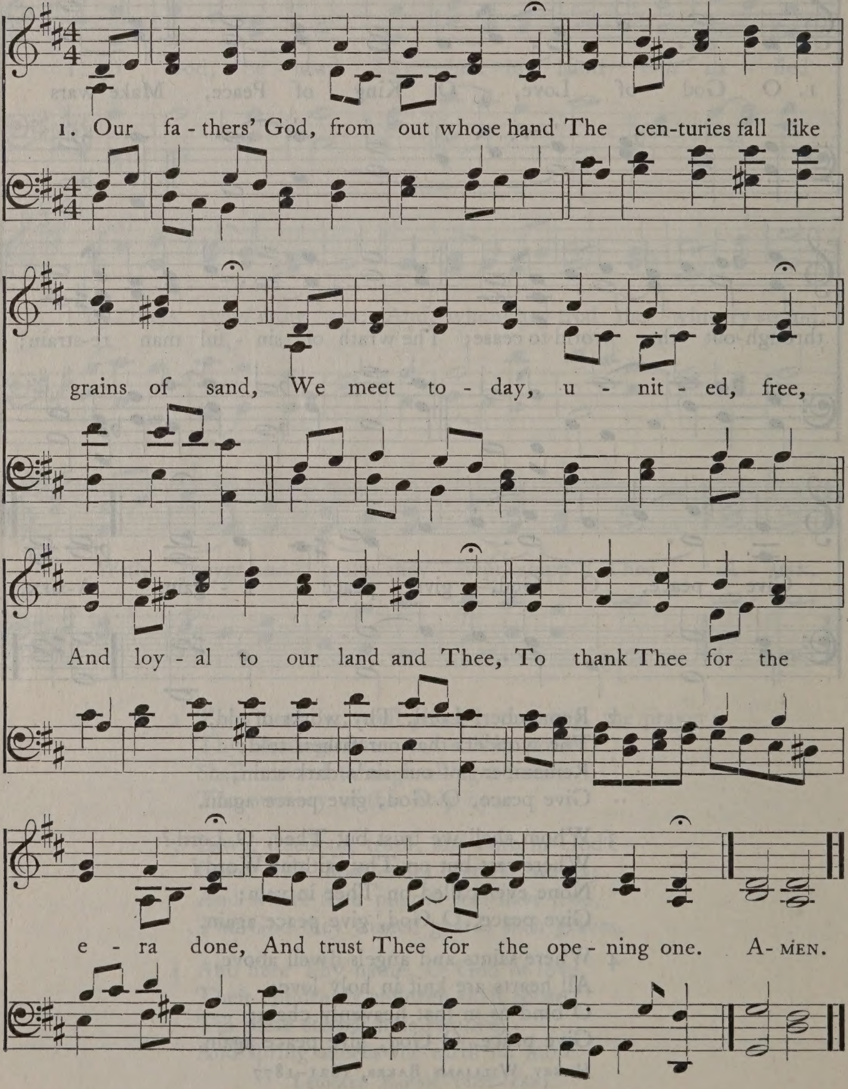
4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821–1877

304

MACH'S MIT MIR, GOTT, NACH DEINER GÜT' 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Johann H. Schein, 1586–1630. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. Our fa - thers' God, from out whose hand The cen-turies fall like
grains of sand, We meet to - day, u - nit - ed, free,
And loy - al to our land and Thee, To thank Thee for the
e - ra done, And trust Thee for the ope - ning one. A-men.

2 Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past, their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place,—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

3 So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,
The Light, and Truth, and Love of heaven.

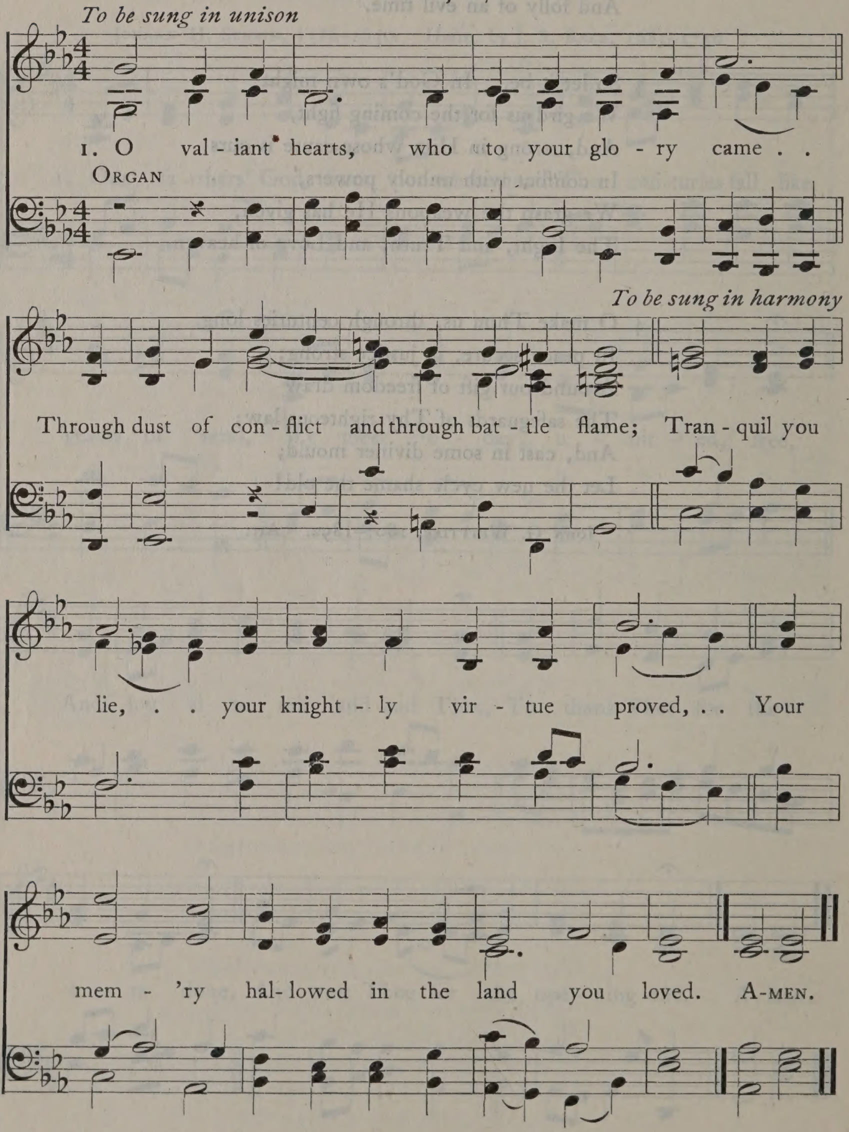
4 O make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

John G. Whittier, 1807–1892. Arr.

305

LIMPSFIELD 10. 10. 10. 10.

A. FREEMAN, 1876–


To be sung in unison
1. O val - iant* hearts, who to your glo - ry came . .
ORGAN
To be sung in harmony
Through dust of con - flict and through bat - tle flame; Tran - quil you
lie, . . your knight - ly vir - tue proved, . . Your
mem - 'ry hal - lowed in the land you loved. A-MEN.

2 Proudly you gathered, rank on rank, to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save mankind — yourselves you scorned to save.

3 Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that never more shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

4 Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay,
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.

5 Still stands His cross from that dread hour to this
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

6 These were His servants, in His steps they trod,
Following through death the martyred Son of God;
Victor He rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of sacrifice.

7 O risen Lord, O shepherd of our dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and whose Staff has led,
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to Thy gracious hand.

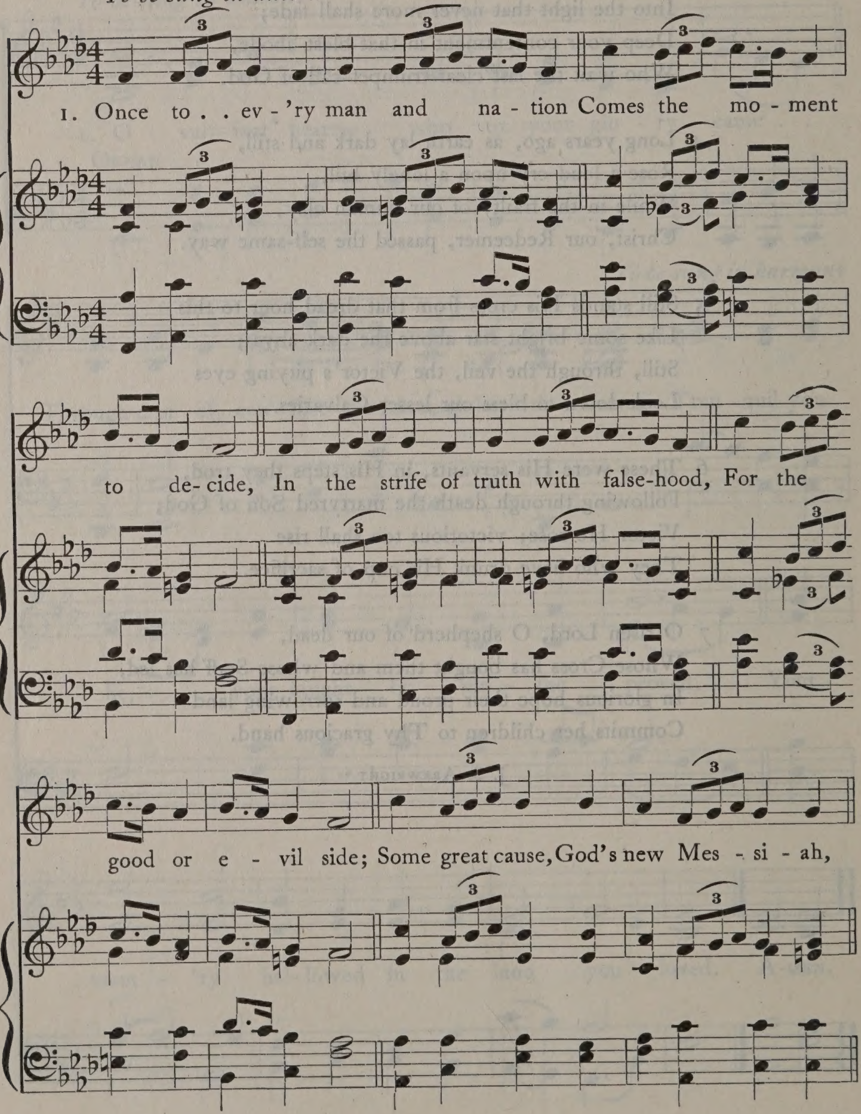
J. S. ARKWRIGHT

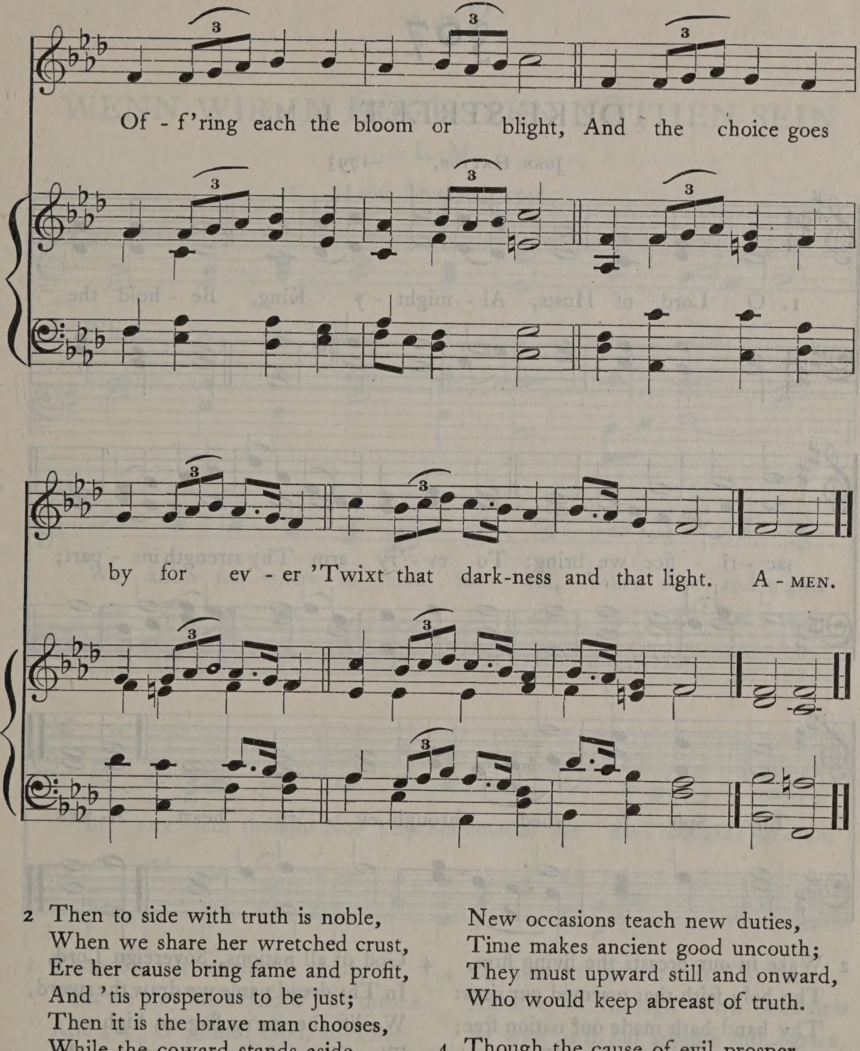
306

TONY-Y-BOTEL (EBENEZER) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Welsh Hymn Melody

To be sung in unison


1. Once to . . ev - 'ry man and na - tion Comes the mo - ment
to de- cide, In the strife of truth with false-hood, For the
good or e - vil side; Some great cause, God's new Mes - si - ah,


Of - f'ring each the bloom or blight, And the choice goes
by for ev - er 'Twixt that dark-ness and that light. A - MEN.

2 Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

3 By the light of burning martyrs
Jesus' bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the cross that turns not back;
New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.

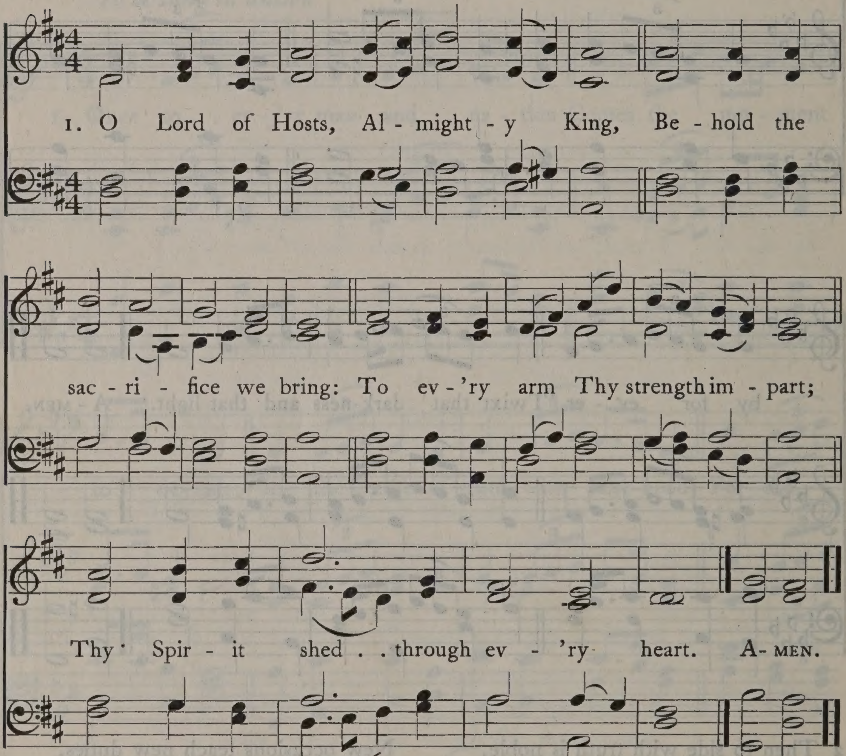
4 Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own.

James Russell Lowell, 1819–1891

307

DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, –1793


1. O Lord of Hosts, Al - might - y King, Be - hold the
sac - ri - fice we bring: To ev - 'ry arm Thy strength im - part;
Thy Spir - it shed . . through ev - 'ry heart. A- MEN.

2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4 God of all nations, Sovereign Lord,
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem,—Praise to Thee.

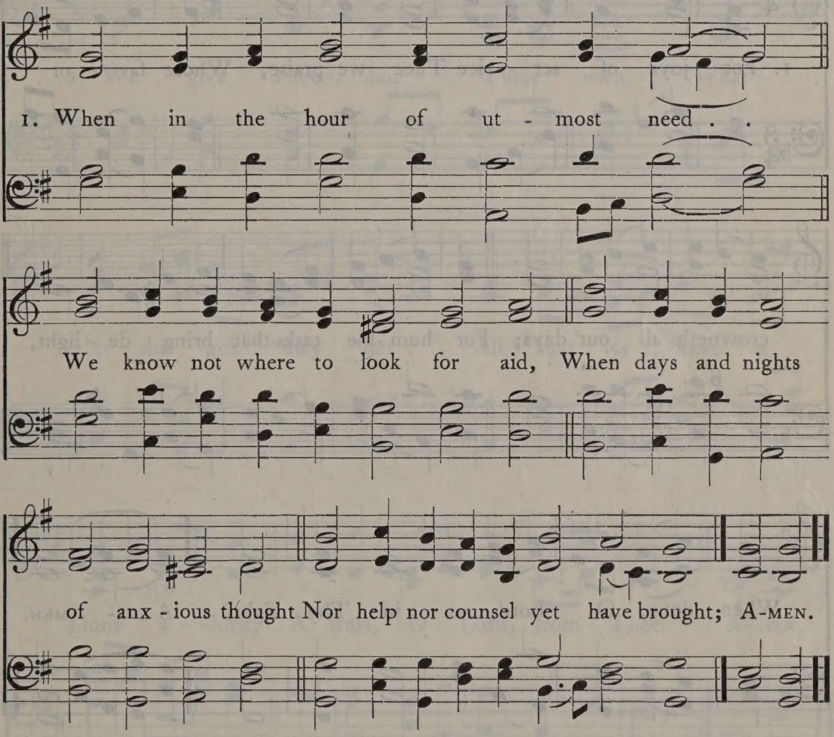
Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809–1894

308

WENN WIR IN HÖCHSTEN NÖTHEN SEIN

L. M.

Louis Bourgeois, 1547


1. When in the hour of ut - most need . .
We know not where to look for aid, When days and nights
of anx - ious thought Nor help nor counsel yet have brought; A-men.

2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
For rescue from our misery;

3 To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
And seek Thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.

4 O, hide not for our sins Thy face,
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace,
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill;

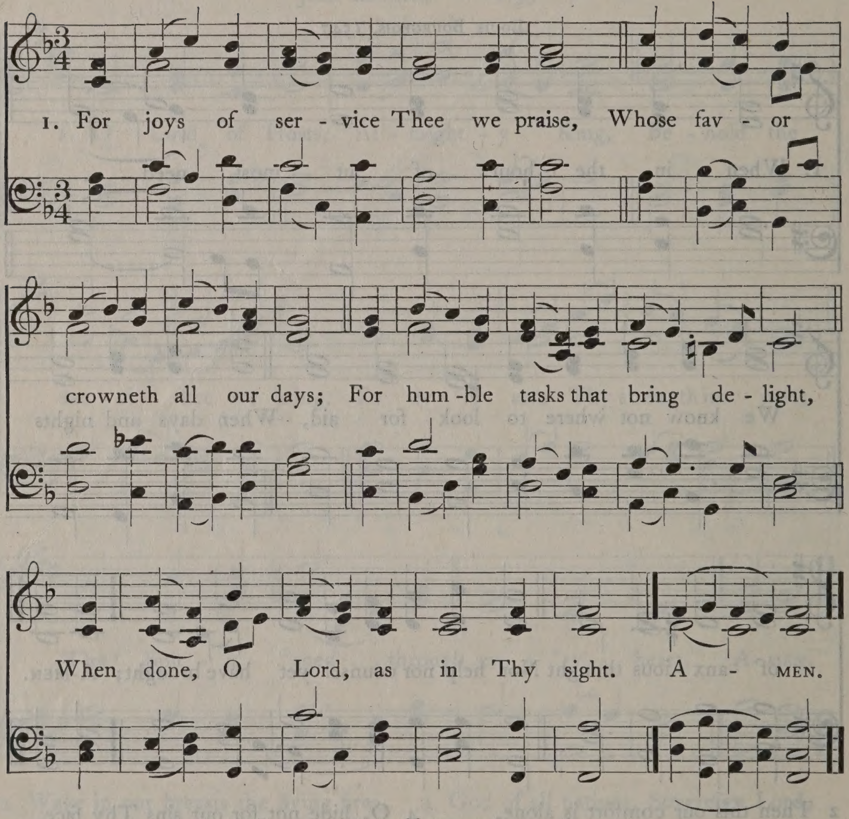
5 That so with all our hearts we may
To Thee our glad thanksgiving pay,
And walk obedient to Thy Word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.

Paul Eber, 1511–1569. Based on a hymn by Joachim Camerarius, 1500–1574. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

309

ST. VENANTIUS L. M.

Rouen Church Melody


1. For joys of ser - vice Thee we praise, Whose fav - or
crowneth all our days; For hum - ble tasks that bring de - light,
When done, O Lord, as in Thy sight. A - MEN.

2 Remove the selfishness that soils
Our earthly gifts, our human toils;
And may we prove, in all we bring,
True sons of Thee, our Lord and King.

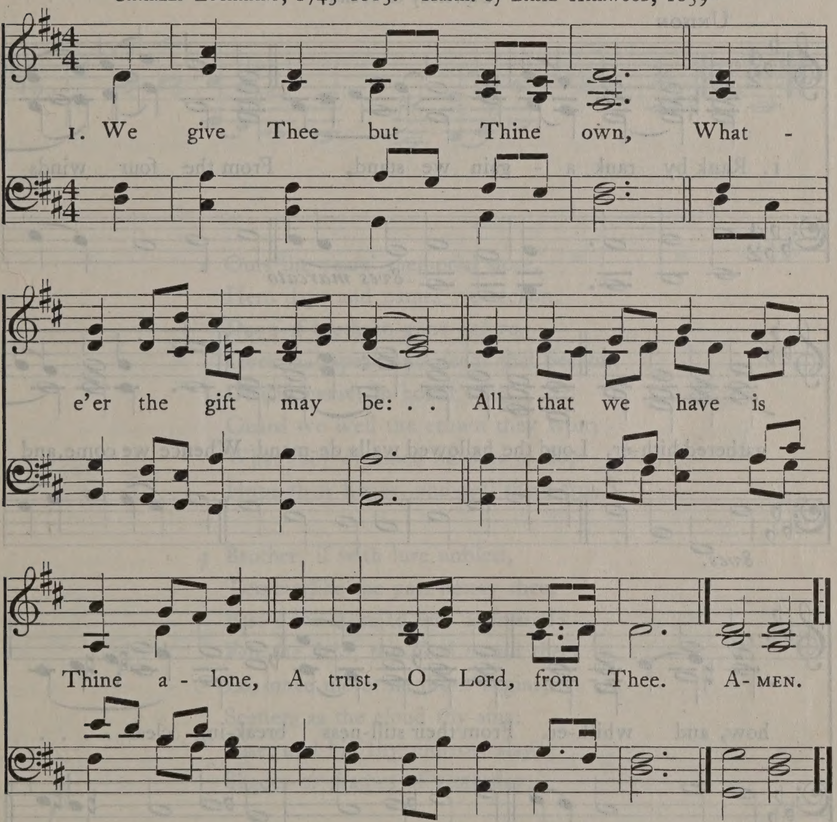
3 Accept our offerings, Lord most High,
Our work, our purpose, sanctify,
And with our gifts may we have place
Now in the kingdom of Thy grace.

Howell Elvet Lewis, 1860–

310

CARLISLE S. M.

Charles Lockhart, 1745–1815. Harm. by Basil Harwood, 1859–


1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be: . . All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A- men.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

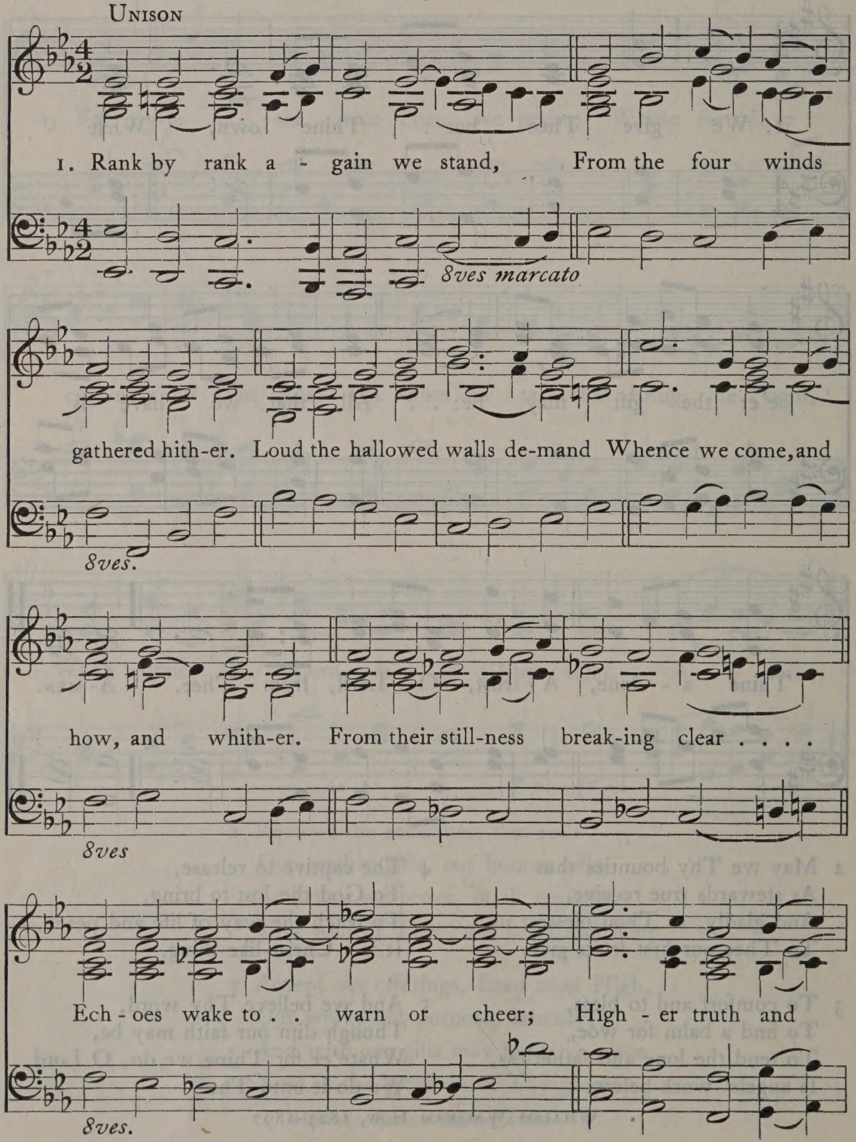
5 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

William Walsham How, 1823–1897

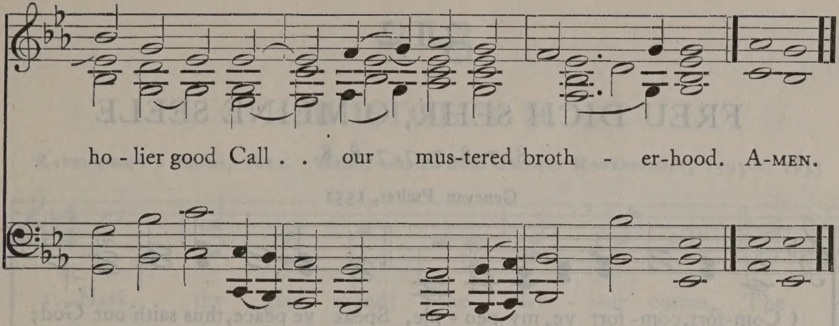
311

REUNION 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.

University of Wales


UNISON
1. Rank by rank a - gain we stand, From the four winds
8ves marcato
gathered hith-er. Loud the hallowed walls de-mand Whence we come, and
8ves.
how, and whith-er. From their still-ness break-ing clear . . . .
8ves
Ech - oes wake to . . warn or cheer; High - er truth and
8ves.

Reunion


ho - lier good Call . . our mus-tered broth - er-hood. A-MEN.

2 Ours the years' memorial store,
Hero days and names we reckon,
Days of brethren gone before,
Lives that speak and deeds that beckon.
One in name, in honor one,
Guard we well the crown they won;
What they dreamed be ours to do,
Hope their hopes, and seal them true.

3 Brother, if with lure unblest,
Tempterlike the past betray thee,
Rise once more to war addressed;
Fair the field, thy God to aid thee.
Lo, once more the morn begins,
Scatters as the cloud thy sins:
Rise, and bid thy morrow slay
Shades or shames of yesterday.

4 Forward then our battle go,
Comrades sworn one troth to render;
Life by fellow-life upgrow,
Strong for toil, for helping tender;
Strong to battle 'gainst all might;
Tender t'ward all crying: "Light!"
Pure, for mute above us move
Wings of the immortal Love.

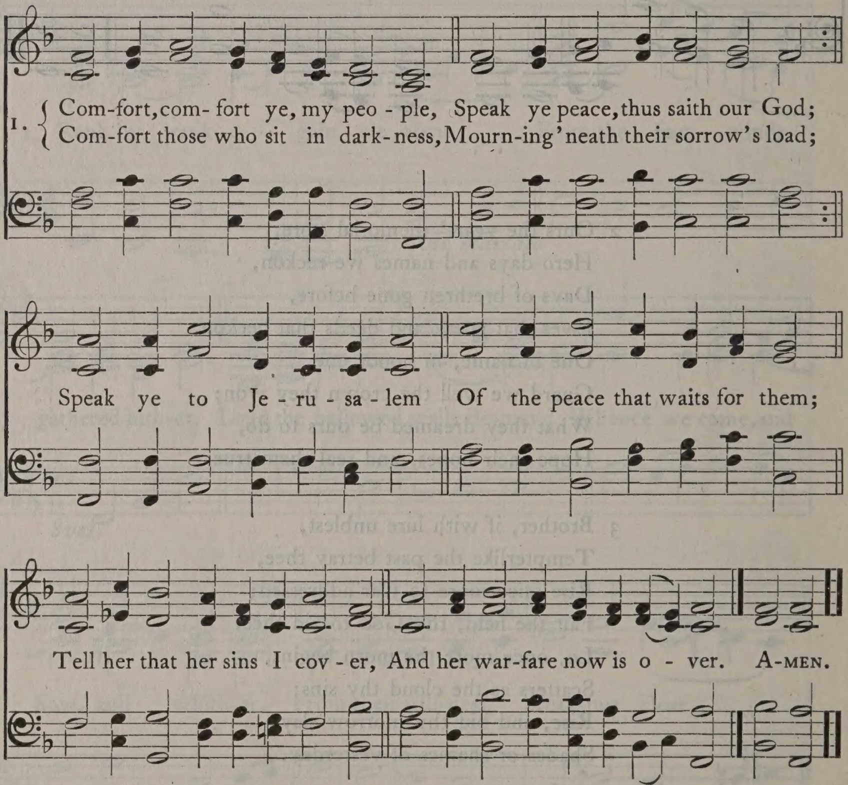
J. H. Skrine, 1848–1923

312

FREU DICH SEHR, O MEINE SEELE

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

Genevan Psalter, 1551


1. Com-fort, com- fort ye, my peo - ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
Com-fort those who sit in dark-ness, Mourn-ing 'neath their sorrow's load;
Speak ye to Je - ru - sa - lem Of the peace that waits for them;
Tell her that her sins I cov - er, And her war-fare now is o - ver. A-MEN.

2 For the herald's voice is crying
In the desert far and near,
Bidding all men to repentance,
Since the kingdom now is here.
O, that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for God a way!
Let the valleys rise to meet Him,
And the hills bow down to greet Him.

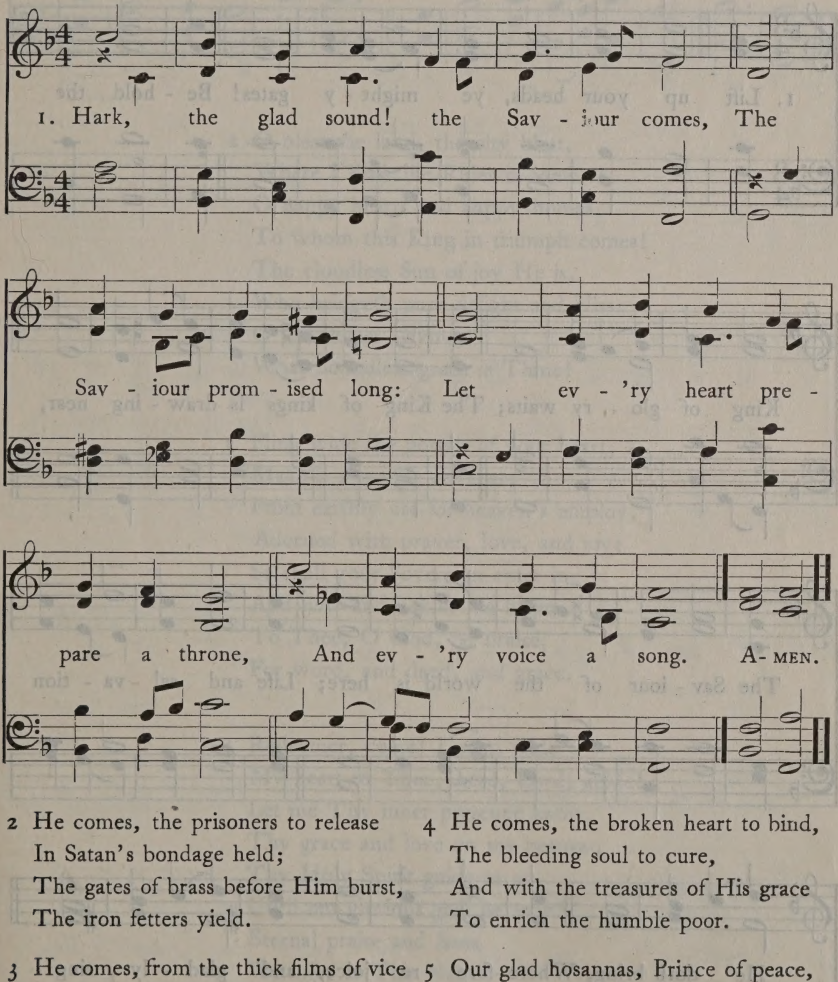
3 Make ye straight what long was crooked,
Make the rougher places plain;
Let your hearts be true and humble,
As befits His holy reign;
For the glory of the Lord
Now o'er earth is shed abroad,
And all flesh shall see the token
That His Word is never broken.

JOHANNES OLEARIUS, 1611–1684. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878. Abr.

313

BRISTOL C. M.

Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621. Harm. adapted from Thomas Ravenscroft, 1593–c. 1635


1. Hark, the glad sound! the Sav - iour comes, The
Sav - iour prom - ised long: Let ev - 'ry heart pre -
pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song. A- MEN.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from the thick films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

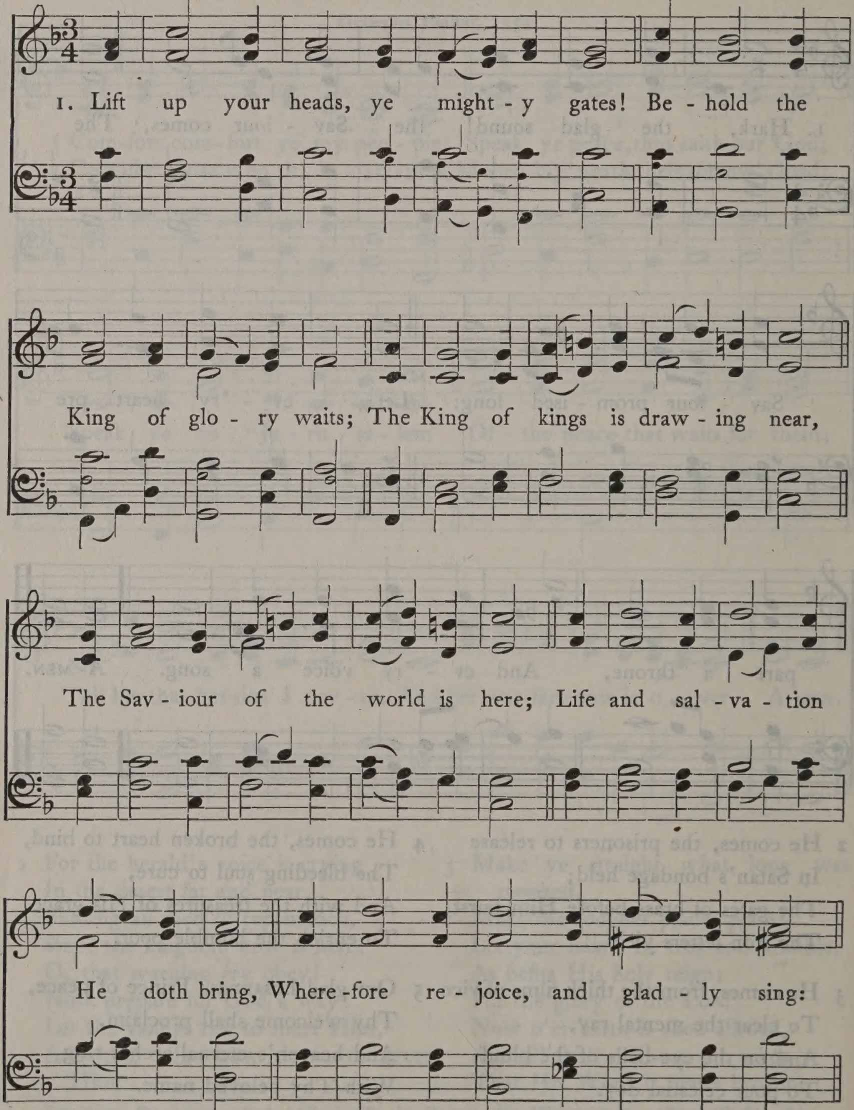
5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

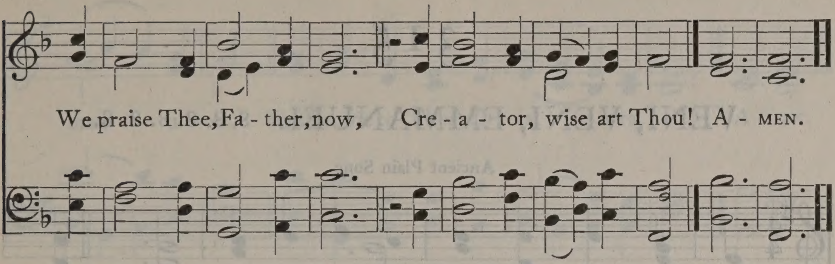
Philip Doddridge, 1702–1751

314

MACHT HOCH DIE THÜR 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6. 6.

FREYLINGHAUSEN'S Gesangbuch, HALLE, 1704


1. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be - hold the
King of glo - ry waits; The King of kings is draw - ing near,
The Sav - iour of the world is here; Life and sal - va - tion
He doth bring, Where - fore re - joice, and glad - ly sing:


We praise Thee, Fa - ther, now, Cre - a - tor, wise art Thou! A - MEN.

2 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss:
O Comforter Divine,
What boundless grace is Thine!

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, love, and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin:
To Thee, O God, be praise,
For word, and deed, and grace.

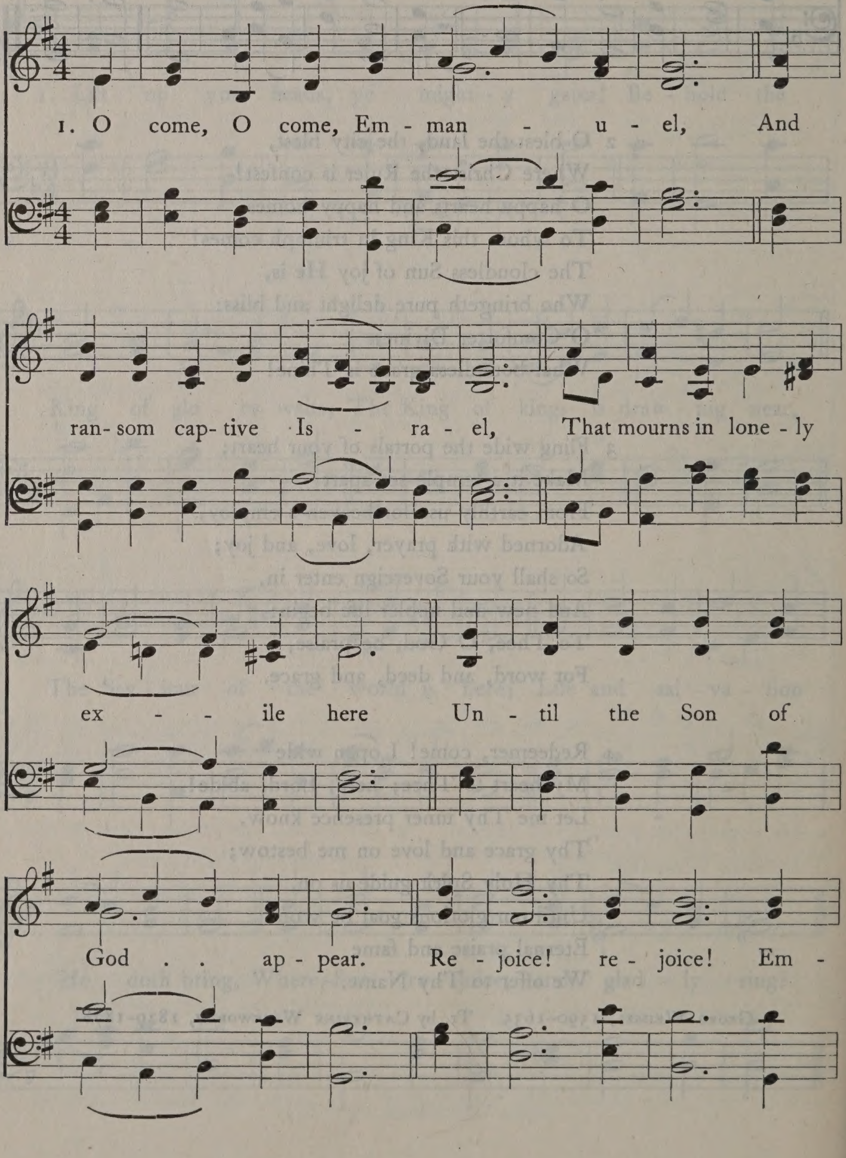
4 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence know,
Thy grace and love on me bestow;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until our glorious goal be won!
Eternal praise and fame
We offer to Thy Name.

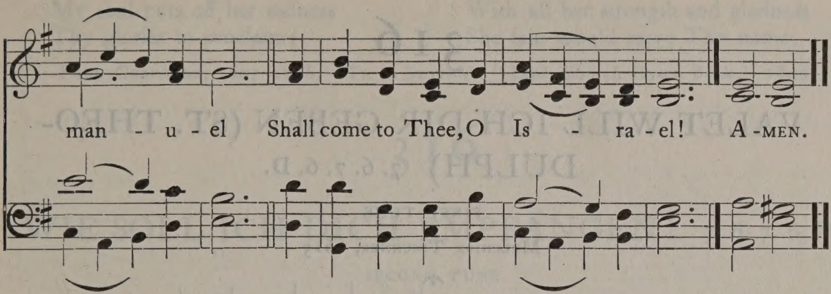
Georg Weissel, 1590–1635. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

315

VENI, VENI, EMMANUEL 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Ancient Plain Song


1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And
ran- som cap- tive Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly
ex - - ile here Un - til the Son of
God . . ap - pear. Re - joice! re - joice! Em -



2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
And drive away the shades of night,
And pierce the clouds and bring us light!
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

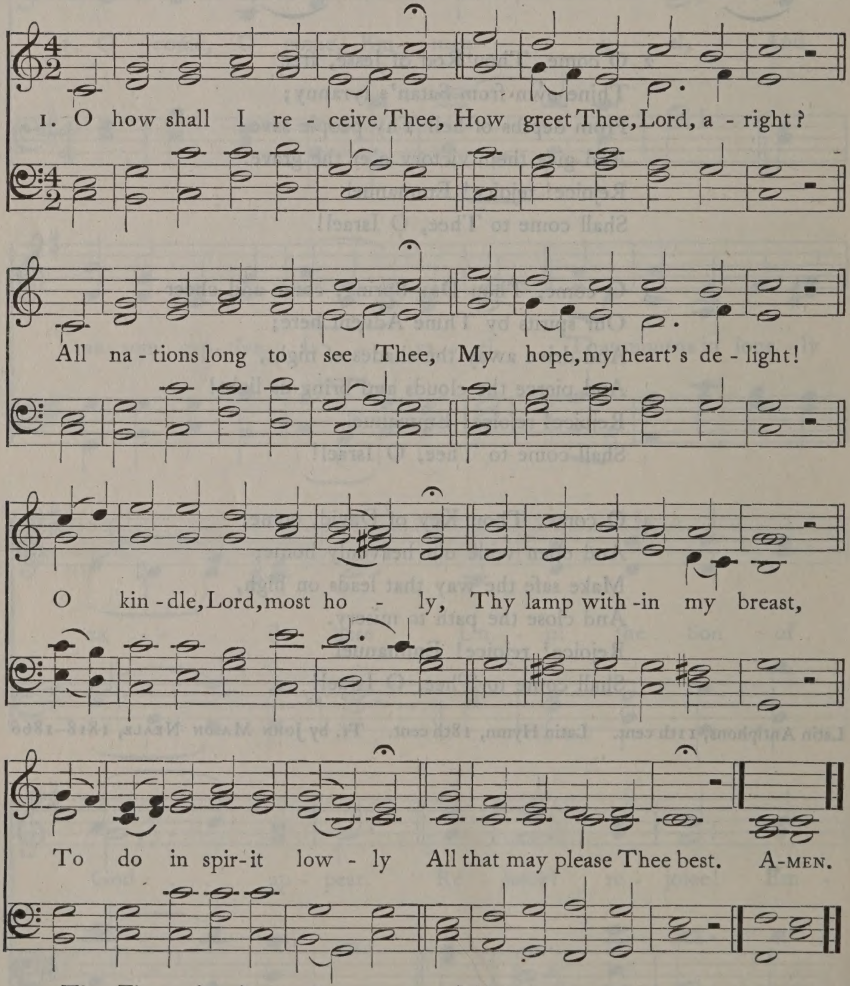
Latin Antiphons, 11th cent. Latin Hymn, 18th cent. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

316

VALET WILL ICH DIR GEBEN (ST. THEODULPH) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

FIRST TUNE

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1615


1. O how shall I re - ceive Thee, How greet Thee, Lord, a - right?
All na - tions long to see Thee, My hope, my heart's de - light!
O kin - dle, Lord, most ho - ly, Thy lamp with - in my breast,
To do in spir - it low - ly All that may please Thee best. A-MEN.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart its powers renewing,
An anthem shall prepare.

My soul puts off her sadness
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness
She fain would serve Thy name.

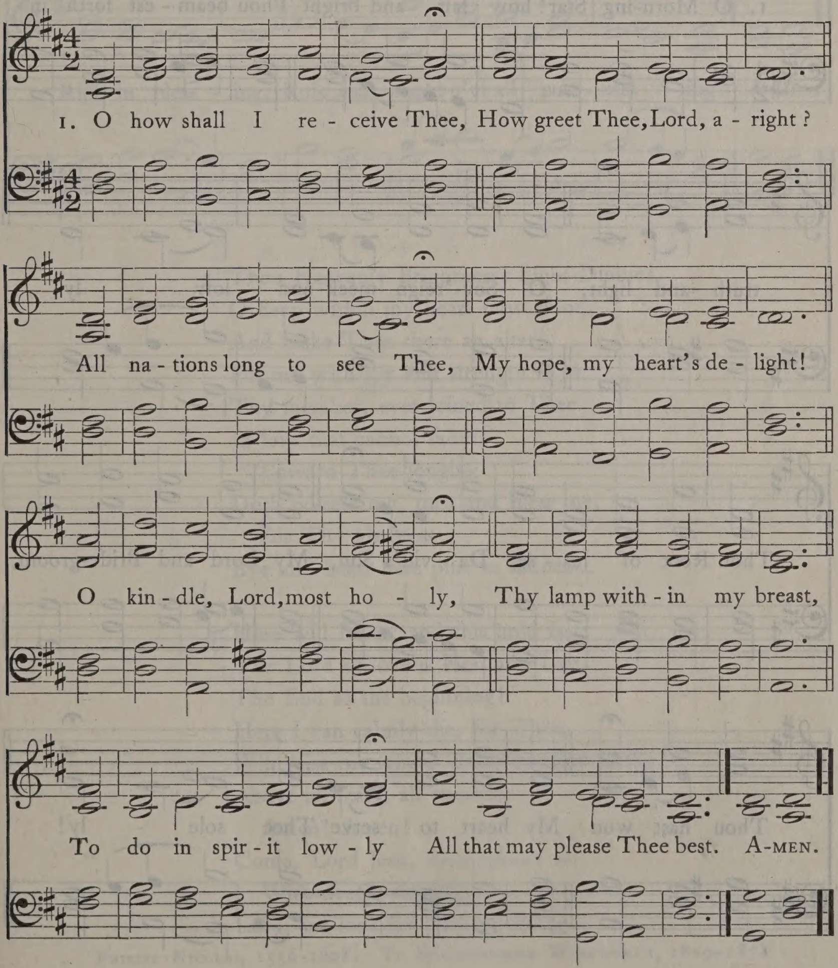
Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676. Tr. in Seaton's "Leeds Church Hymn Book," 1859

316

WIE SOLL ICH DICH EMPFANGEN? 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

SECOND TUNE

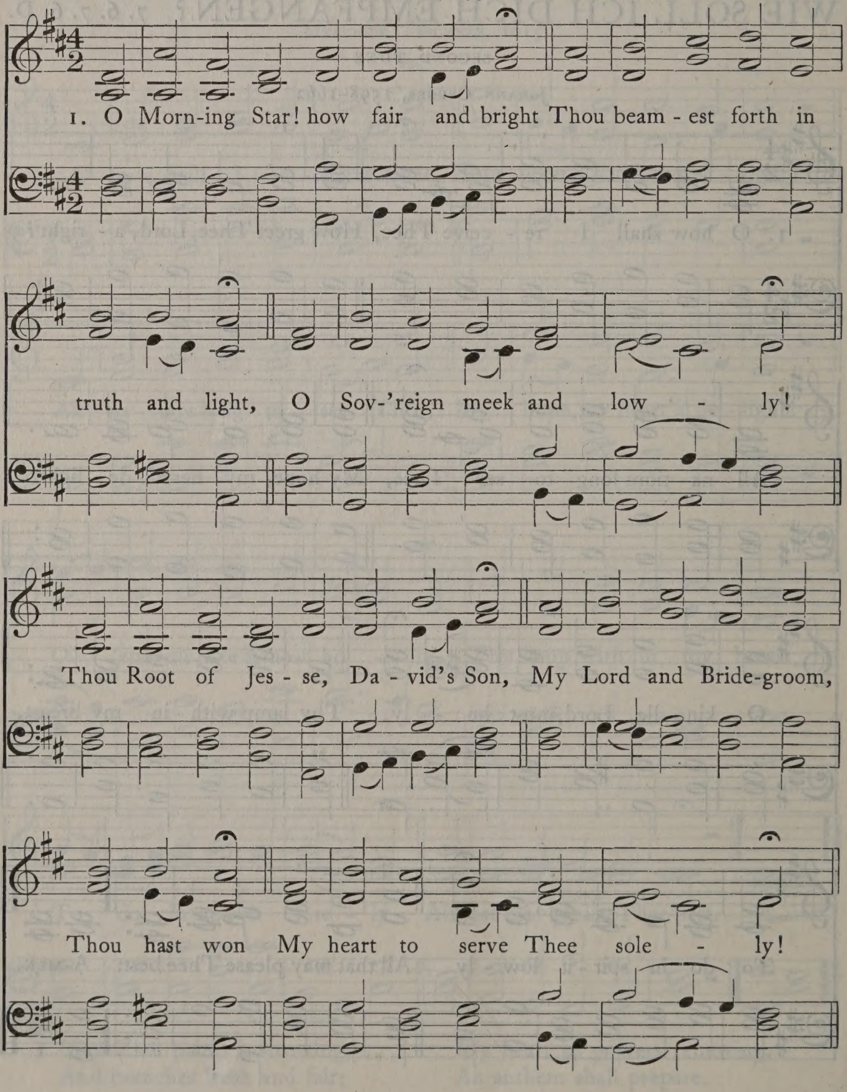
Johann Crüger, 1598–1662

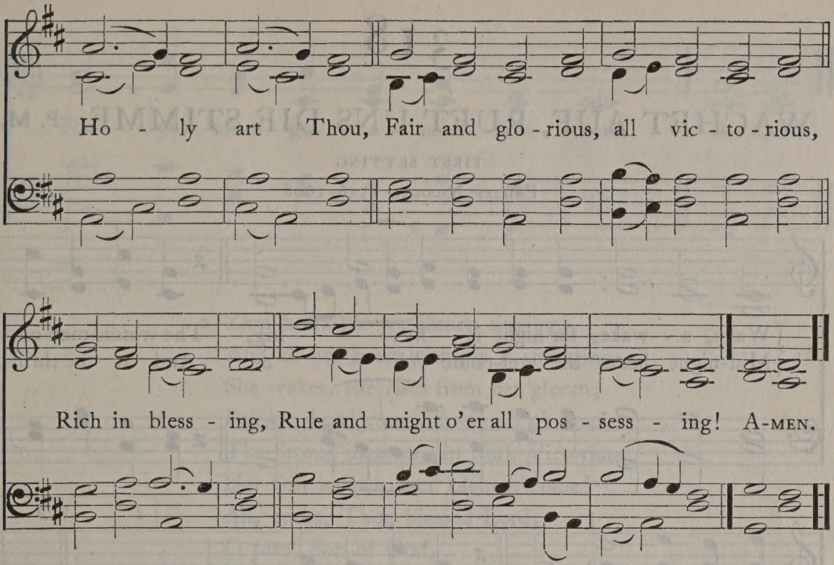

1. O how shall I re - ceive Thee, How greet Thee, Lord, a - right?
All na - tions long to see Thee, My hope, my heart's de - light!
O kin - dle, Lord, most ho - ly, Thy lamp with - in my breast,
To do in spir - it low - ly All that may please Thee best. A-men.

317

WIE SCHÖN LEUCHTET DER MORGENSTERN P. M.

Philipp Nicolai, 1556–1608


1. O Morn-ing Star! how fair and bright Thou beam - est forth in
truth and light, O Sov-'reign meek and low - ly!
Thou Root of Jes - se, Da - vid's Son, My Lord and Bride-groom,
Thou hast won My heart to serve Thee sole - ly!


Ho - ly art Thou, Fair and glo - rious, all vic - to - rious,
Rich in bless - ing, Rule and might o'er all pos - sess - ing! A-MEN.

2 Thou Heavenly Brightness! Light Divine!
O deep within my heart now shine,
And make Thee there an altar!
Fill me with joy and strength to be
Thy member, ever joined to Thee
In love that cannot falter;
Toward Thee longing
Doth possess me, turn and bless me,
For Thy gladness
Eye and heart here pine in sadness.

3 Here will I rest, and this hold fast:
The Lord of love is First and Last,
The End as the beginning!
Here I can calmly die, for Thou
Wilt raise me where Thou dwellest now,
Above all tears, all sinning.
Amen! Amen!
Come, Lord Jesu, soon release us;
With deep yearning,
Lord, we look for Thy returning!

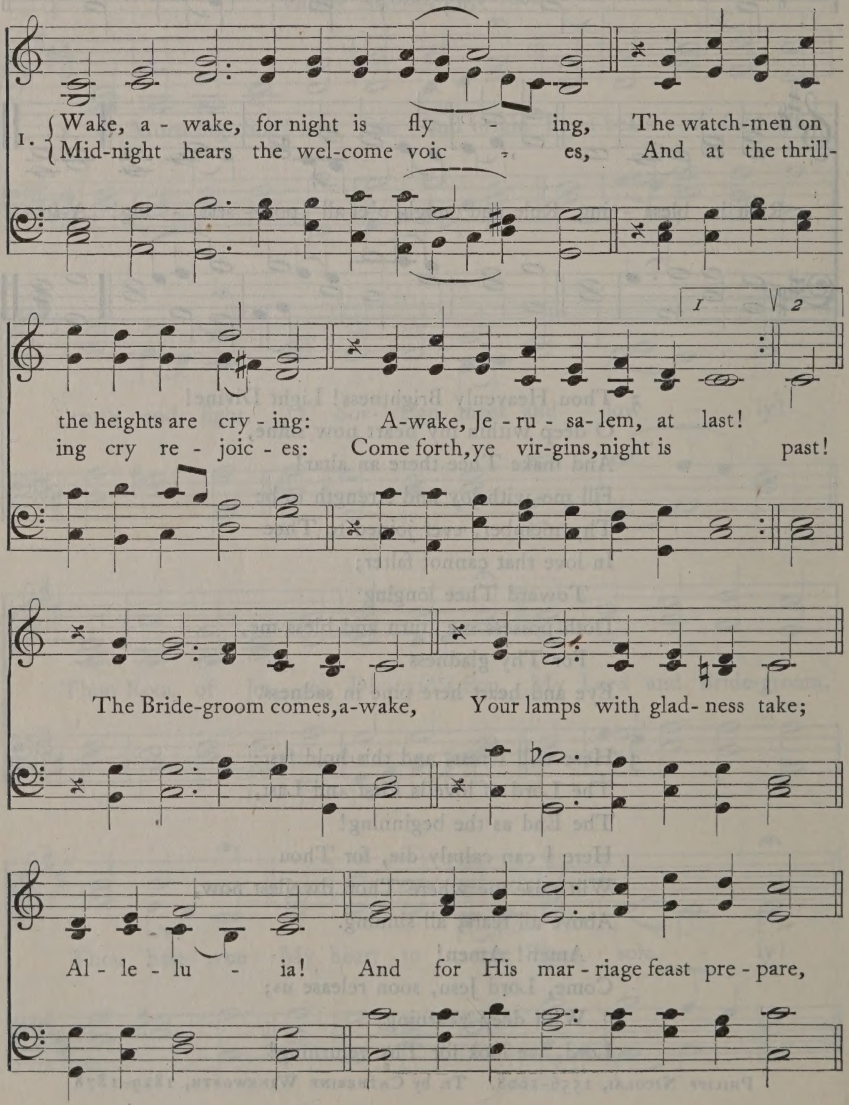
Philipp Nicolai, 1556–1608. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

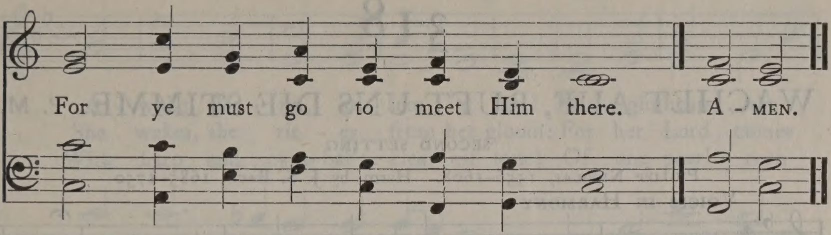
318

WACHET AUF, RUFT UNS DIE STIMME P. M.

FIRST SETTING

Philipp Nicolai, 1556–1608


1. Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing, The watch-men on the heights are cry - ing: A-wake, Je - ru - sa- lem, at last!
Mid-night hears the wel-come voic - es, And at the thrill-ing cry re - joic - es: Come forth, ye vir-gins, night is past!
1
2
The Bride-groom comes, a-wake, Your lamps with glad-ness take;
Al - le - lu - ia! And for His mar - riage feast pre - pare,



2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all glorious,
The Strong in grace, in truth Victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah, come, Thou blessed Lord,
O Jesu, Son of God,
Alleluia!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours;
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymns of joy eternally.

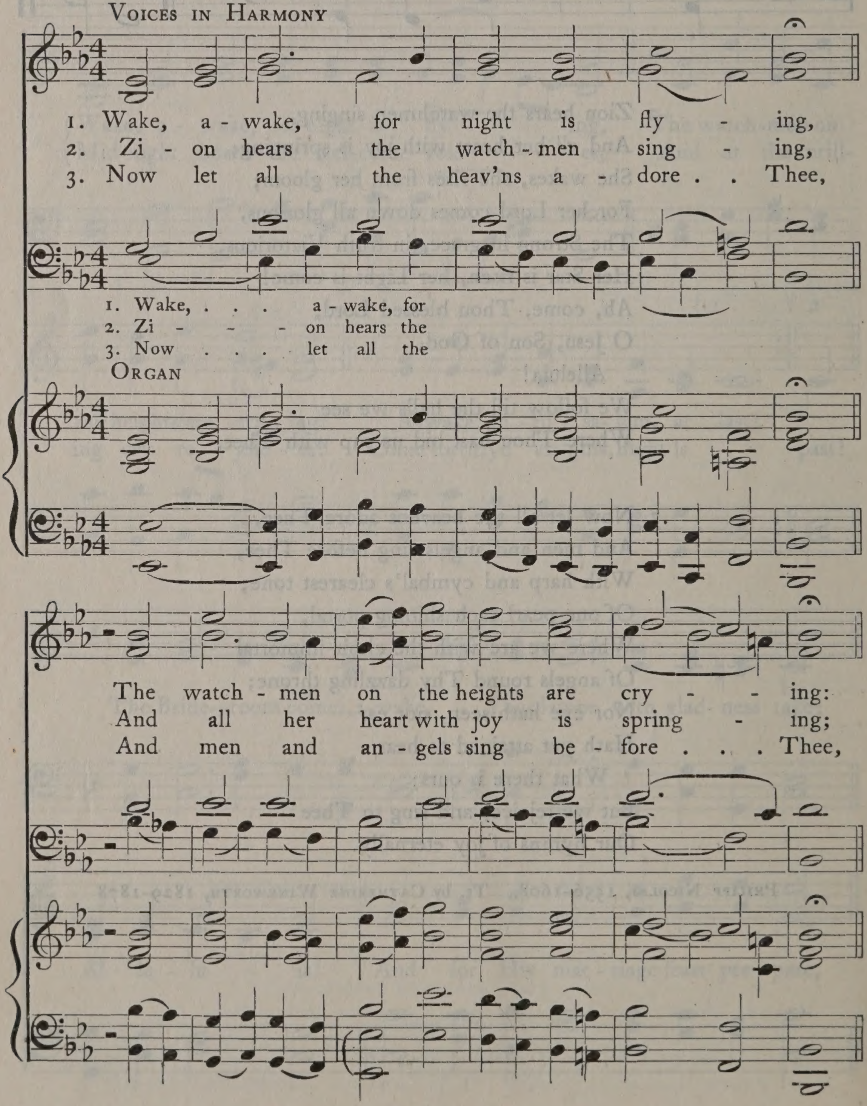
Philipp Nicolai, 1556–1608. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

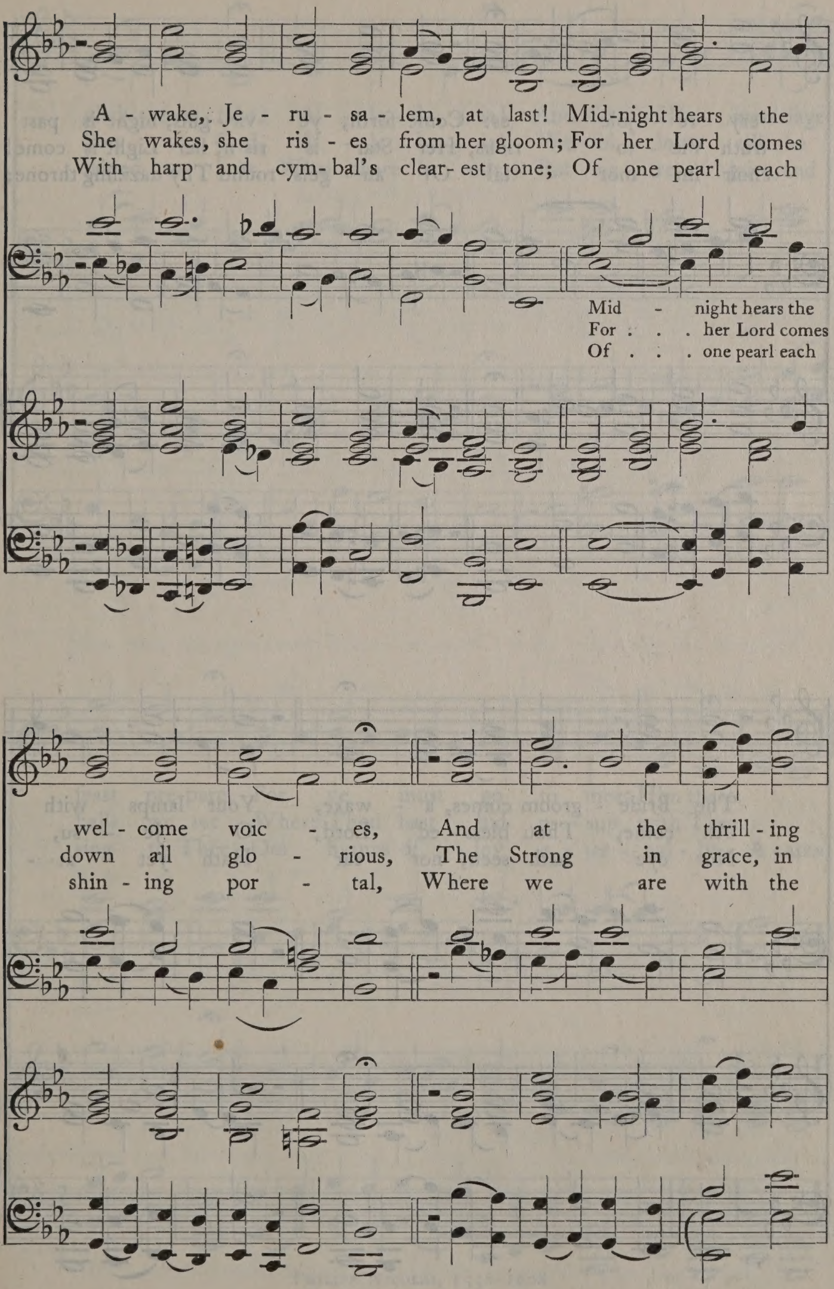
318

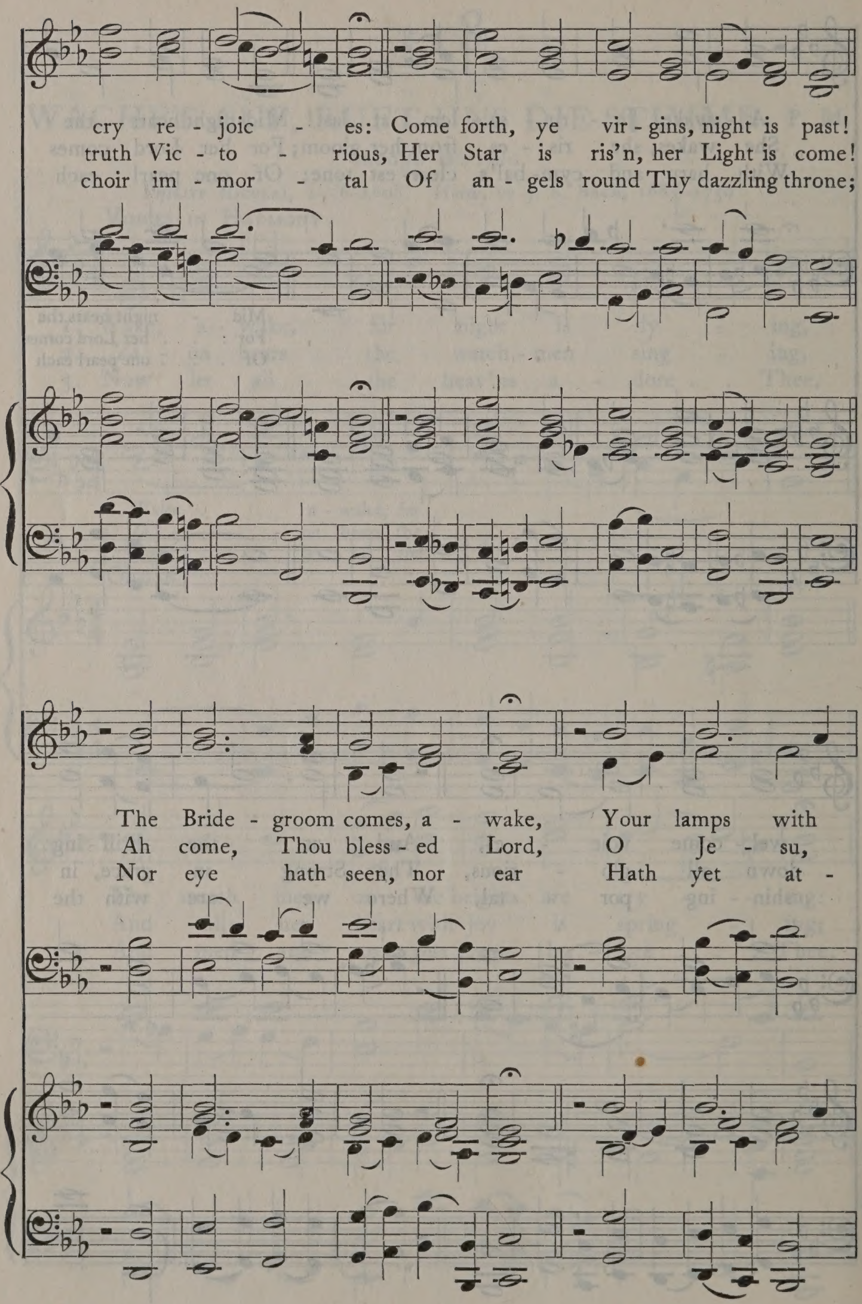
WACHET AUF, RUFT UNS DIE STIMME P. M.

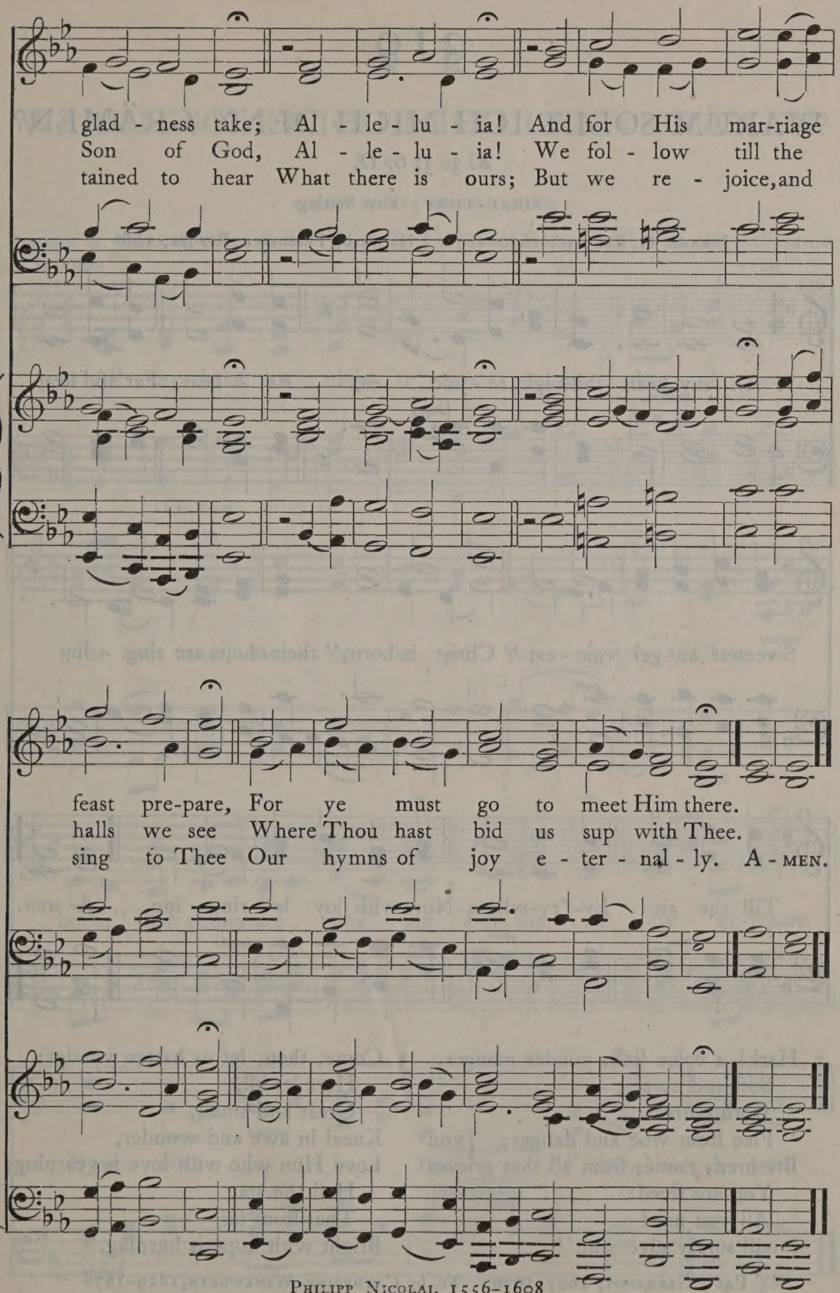
SECOND SETTING

Philipp Nicolai, 1556–1608. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


Voices in Harmony
1. Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing,
2. Zi - on hears the watch - men sing - ing,
3. Now let all the heav'ns a - dore . . Thee,
1. Wake, . . . a - wake, for
2. Zi - - - on hears the
3. Now . . . let all the
Organ
The watch - men on the heights are cry - - ing:
And all her heart with joy is spring - ing;
And men and an - gels sing be - fore . . . Thee,


A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last! Mid-night hears the
She wakes, she ris - es from her gloom; For her Lord comes
With harp and cym-bal's clear-est tone; Of one pearl each
Mid - night hears the
For . . . her Lord comes
Of . . . one pearl each
wel - come voic - es, And at the thrill - ing
down all glo - rious, The Strong in grace, in
shin - ing por - tal, Where we are with the


cry re - joic - es: Come forth, ye vir - gins, night is past!
truth Vic - to - rious, Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come!
choir im - mor - tal Of an - gels round Thy dazzling throne;
The Bride - groom comes, a - wake, Your lamps with
Ah come, Thou bless - ed Lord, O Je - su,
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear Hath yet at -


glad - ness take; Al - le - lu - ia! And for His mar-riage
Son of God, Al - le - lu - ia! We fol - low till the
tained to hear What there is ours; But we re - joice, and
feast pre-pare, For ye must go to meet Him there.
halls we see Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.
sing to Thee Our hymns of joy e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

Philipp Nicolai, 1556–1608

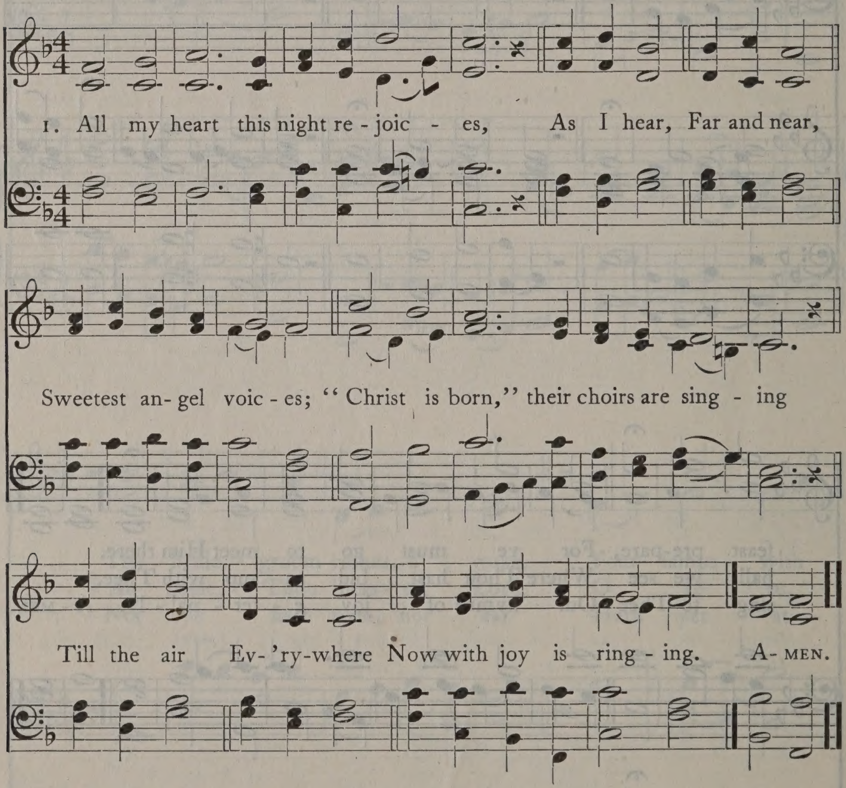
319

WARUM SOLLT ICH MICH DENN GRÄMEN?

8. 3. 3. 6. D.

FIRST TUNE: First Setting

JOHANN G. EBELING, 1620–1676. Harm. by FRIEDRICH RIEGEL, 1862


1. All my heart this night re - joic - es, As I hear, Far and near,
Sweetest an- gel voic - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing
Till the air Ev- 'ry-where Now with joy is ring - ing. A- MEN.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed:
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder,
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607–1676. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

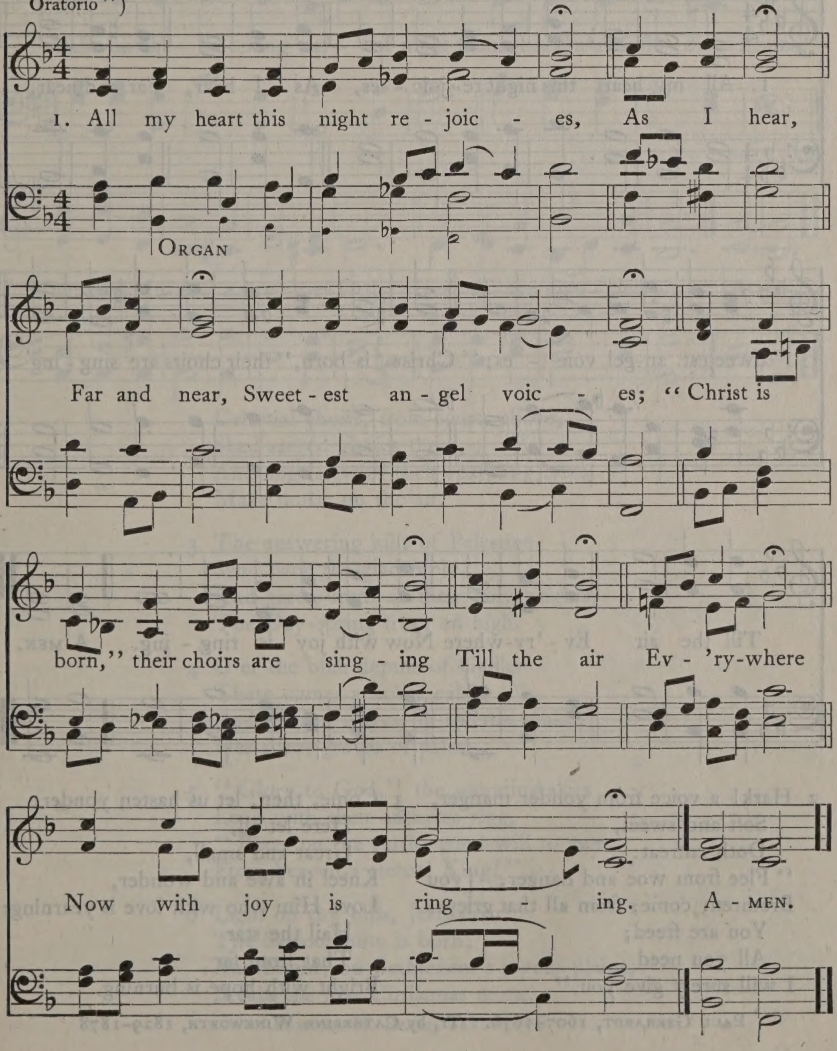
319

WARUM SOLLT ICH MICH DENN GRÄMEN?

8. 3. 3. 6. D.

FIRST TUNE: Second Setting

JOHANN G. EBELING, 1620–1676. Harm. by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750 (from the "Christmas Oratorio")


1. All my heart this night re - joic - es, As I hear,
ORGAN
Far and near, Sweet - est an - gel voic - es; "Christ is
born," their choirs are sing - ing Till the air Ev - 'ry-where
Now with joy is ring - ing. A - MEN.

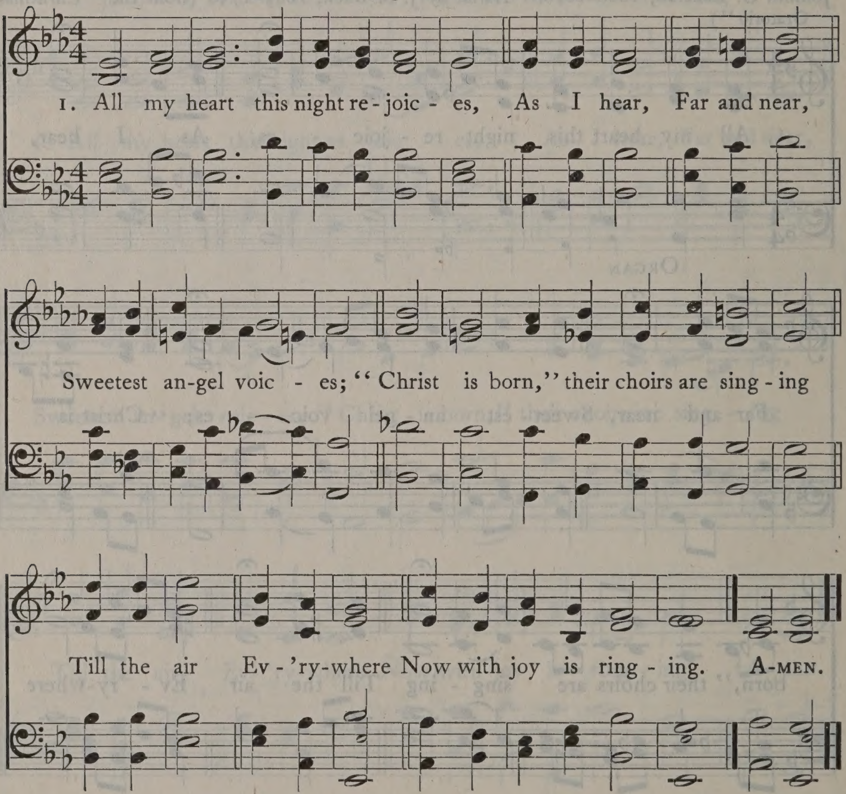
319

FRÖHLICH SOLL MEIN HERZE SPRINGEN

8. 3. 3. 6. D.

SECOND TUNE

Melody and Harm. by Johann Crüger, 1598–1662


1. All my heart this night re-joic - es, As I hear, Far and near,
Sweetest an-gel voic - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing
Till the air Ev - 'ry-where Now with joy is ring - ing. A-men.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger; [you
Brethren, come; from all that grieves
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

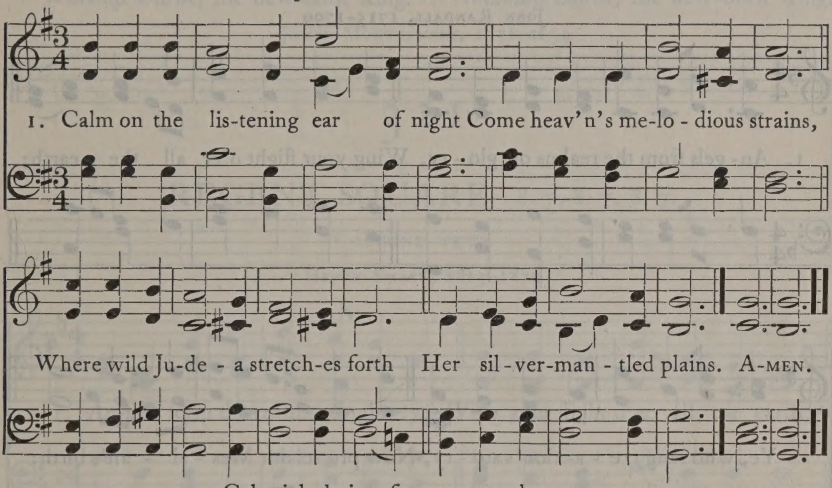
3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder:
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder,
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

320

ST. AGNES C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1823–1876


1. Calm on the lis-tening ear of night Come heav'n's me-lo - dious strains,
Where wild Ju-de - a stretch-es forth Her sil - ver-man - tled plains. A-men.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God," the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born;
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

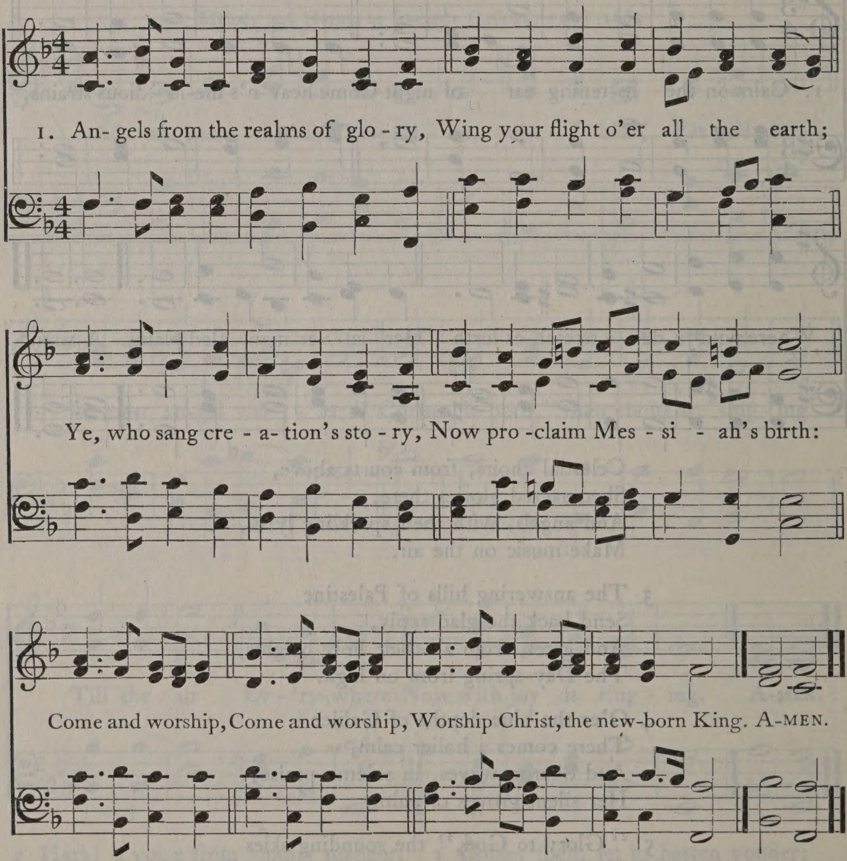
Edmund H. Sears, 1810–1876

321

LEWES 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

FIRST TUNE

John Randall, 1715–1799


1. An- gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang cre - a- tion's sto - ry, Now pro -claim Mes - si - ah's birth:
Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. A-MEN.

2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
‖: Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;
‖: Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;
‖: Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Saints and angels join in praising
Thee, the Father, Spirit, Son,
Evermore their voices raising
To the Eternal Three in One:
‖: Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

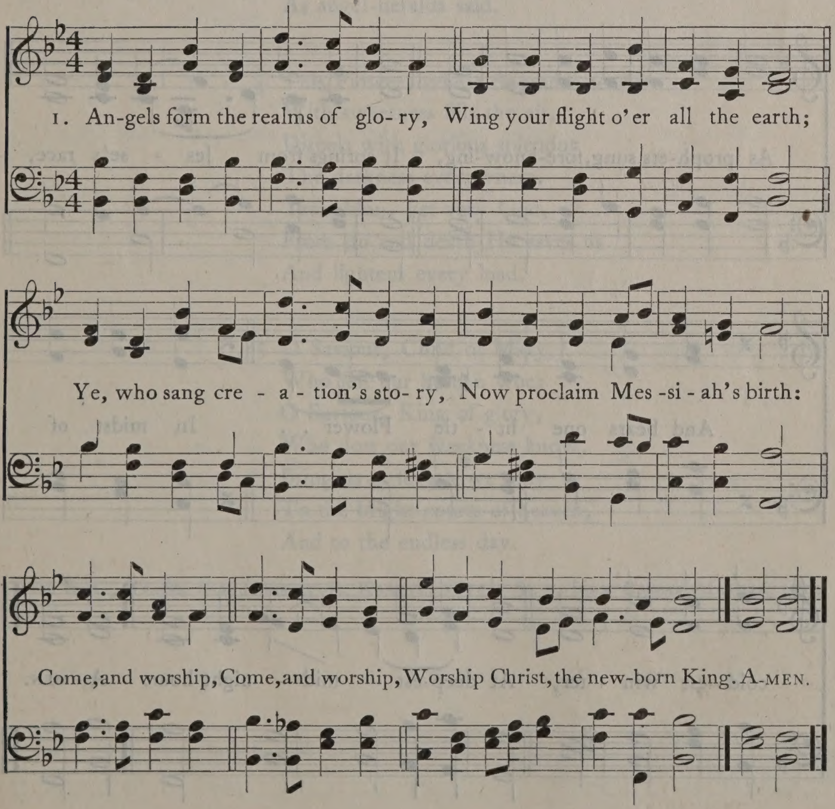
James Montgomery, 1771–1854

321

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

SECOND TUNE

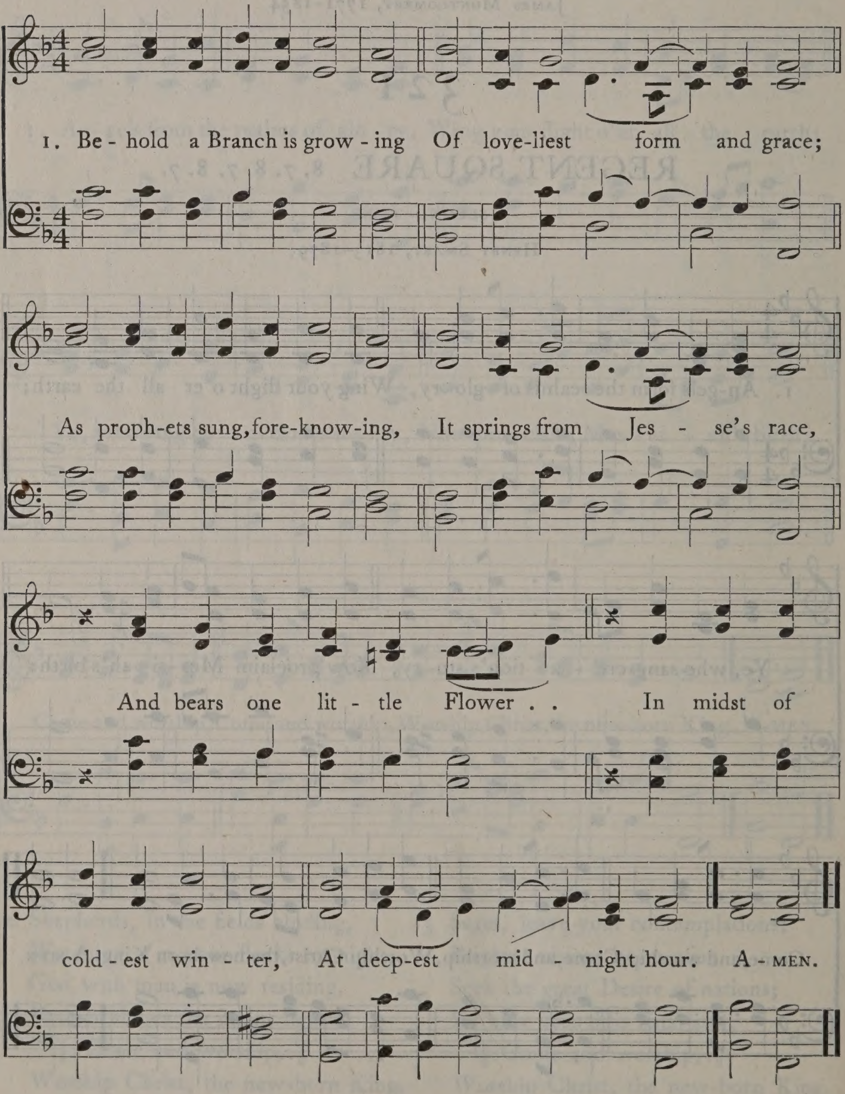
Henry Smart, 1813–1879


1. An-gels form the realms of glo-ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto-ry, Now proclaim Mes-si-ah's birth:
Come, and worship, Come, and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. A-MEN.

322

ES IST EIN REIS ENTSPRUNGEN 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. 6.

Traditional Rhenish Folk Song. Alte Kath. Kirchengesang, Cologne, 1599. Harm. by Michael Prätorius, 1571–1621


1. Be - hold a Branch is grow - ing Of love-liest form and grace;
As proph-ets sung, fore-know-ing, It springs from Jes - se's race,
And bears one lit - tle Flower . . In midst of
cold - est win - ter, At deep-est mid - night hour. A - men.

2 Isaiah hath foretold it
In words of promise sure,
And Mary's arms enfold It
A Virgin meek and pure.
Through God's eternal will
This Child to her is given,
At midnight calm and still.

3 The shepherds heard the story
Proclaimed by angels bright,
How Christ, the Lord of glory
Was born on earth this night.
To Bethlehem they sped;
And in the manger found Him,
As angel-heralds said.

4 This Flower, whose fragrance tender
With sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor
The darkness everywhere.
True Man, yet very God,
From sin and death He saves us
And lightens every load.

5 O Saviour, Child of Mary,
Who felt our human woe;
O Saviour, King of glory,
Who dost our weakness know,
Bring us at length we pray
To the bright courts of heaven,
And to the endless day.

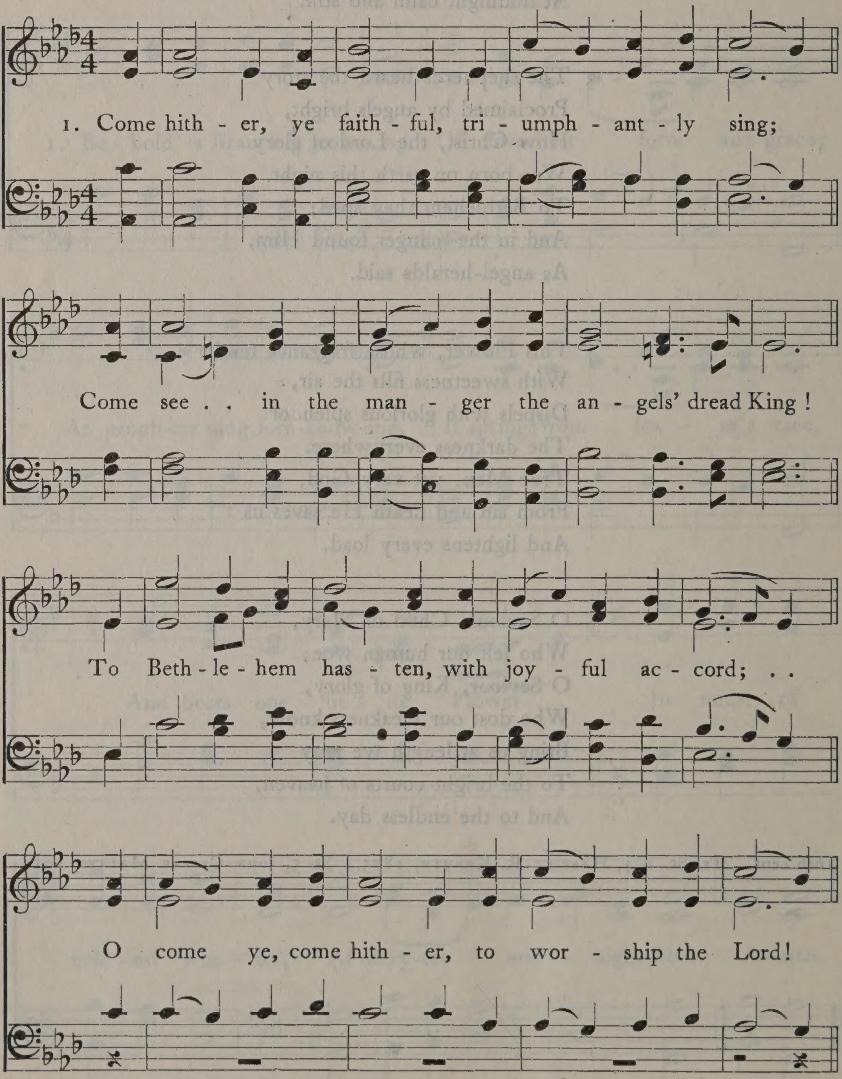
16th cent. Tr. St. 1–4, HARRIET R. KRAUTH, 1875. St. 5, JOHN CASPAR MATTES, 1914

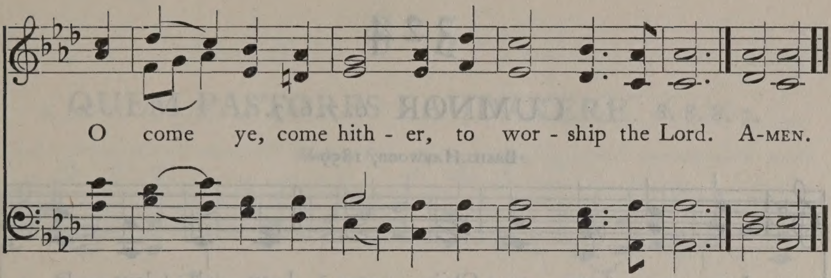
323

ADESTE FIDELES (PORTUGUESE HYMN)

11. 11. 11. 11.

John F. Wade's "Cantus Diversi," 1751


1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, tri - umph - ant - ly sing;
Come see . . in the man - ger the an - gels' dread King!
To Beth - le - hem has - ten, with joy - ful ac - cord; . .
O come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!



2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin He does not despise;
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

3 Hark, hark, to the angels, all singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest all glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

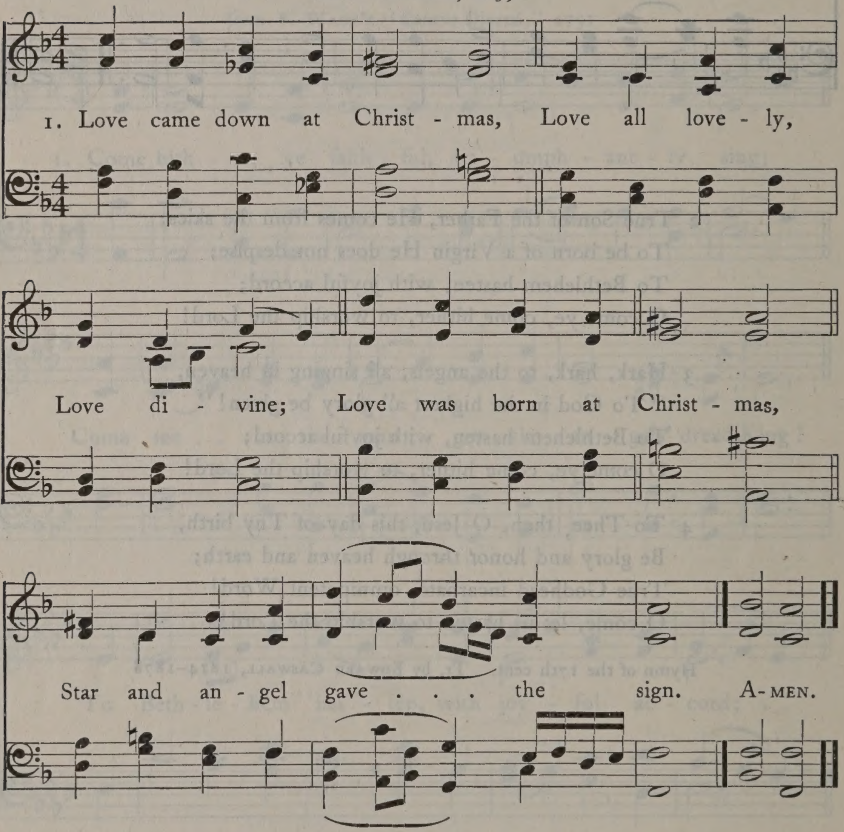
4 To Thee, then, O Jesu, this day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth;
True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten to worship the Lord!

Hymn of the 17th cent. Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

324

CUMNOR 6. 7. 6. 7.

BASIL HARWOOD, 1859–


1. Love came down at Christ - mas, Love all love - ly,
Love di - vine; Love was born at Christ - mas,
Star and an - gel gave . . . the sign. A-MEN.

2 Worship we the Godhead,
Love incarnate, Love divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
But wherewith for sacred sign?

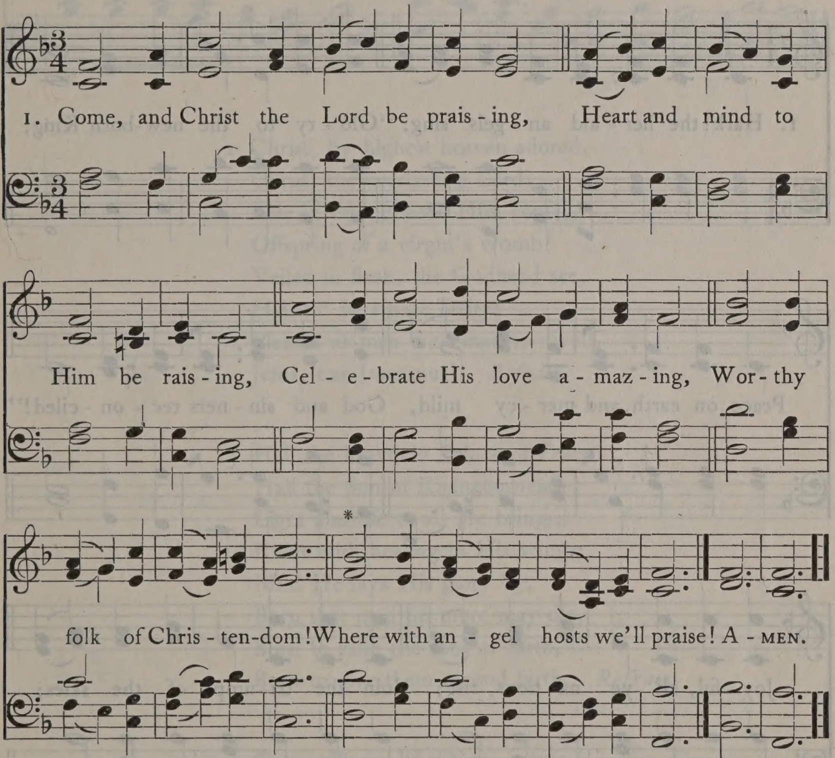
3 Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830–1894

325

QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE 8. 8. 8. 7.

Melody from the 14th cent.


1. Come, and Christ the Lord be prais - ing, Heart and mind to
Him be rais - ing, Cel - e - brate His love a - maz - ing, Wor - thy
folk of Chris - ten-dom! Where with an - gel hosts we'll praise! A - MEN.
*

2 See what God for us provideth,
Life that in His Son abideth,
And our weary steps He guideth
From earth's woe to heavenly joy.

3 Jacobs' star His advent maketh,
Soothes the longing heart that acheth,
And the serpents' head He breaketh,
Scattering the powers of hell.

4 Beauteous Infant in the manger,
O befriend us! beyond danger
Bring us, where is turned God's anger,
Where with angel hosts we'll praise!

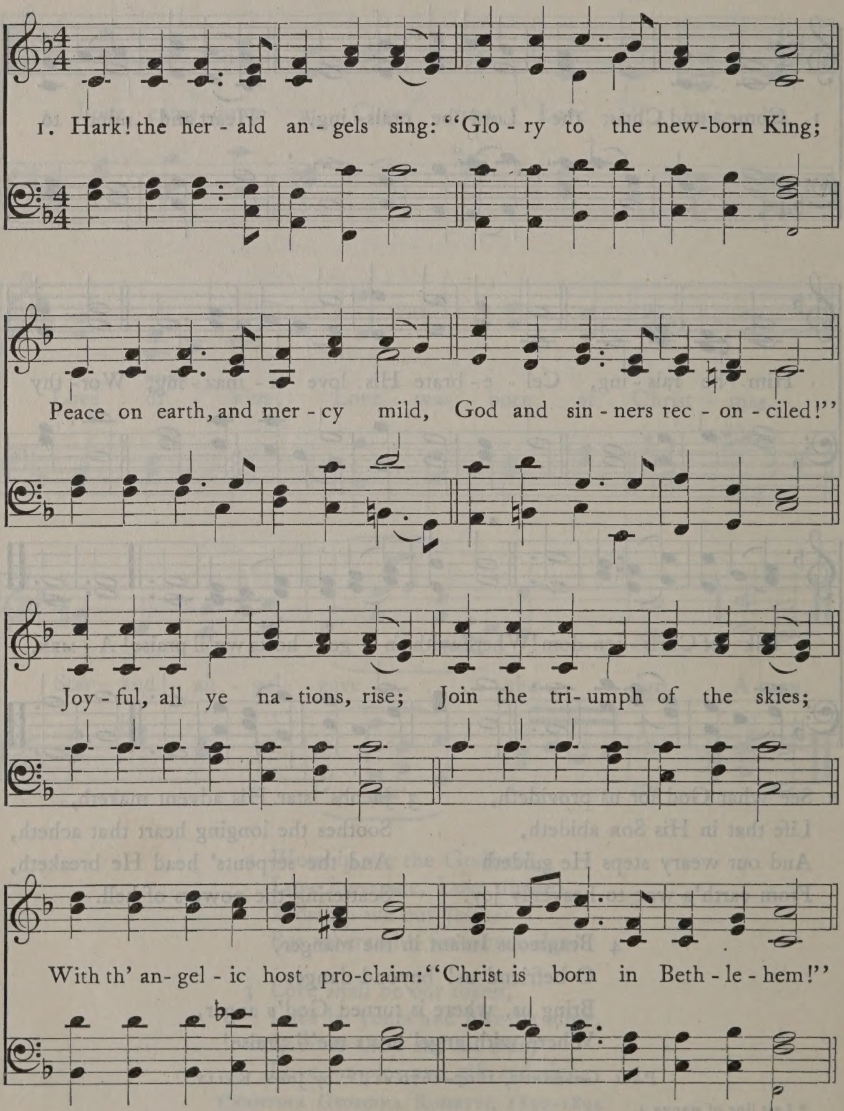
PAUL GERHARDT, 1607–1676. Tr. by JOHN KELLY

* Last line of stanza 4

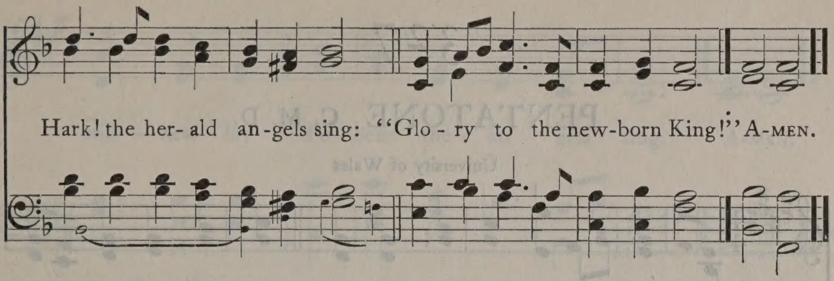
326

MENDELSSOHN 7. 7. 7. 7. D. (With Refrain)

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, 1809–1847. Arranged by William H. Cummings, 1855


1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing: "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise; Join the tri - umph of the skies;
With th' an - gel - ic host pro-claim: "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"

REFRAIN


Hark! the her- ald an -gels sing: "Glo - ry to the new-born King!" A-MEN.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord:
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel. *Refrain*

3 Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings;
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth. *Refrain*

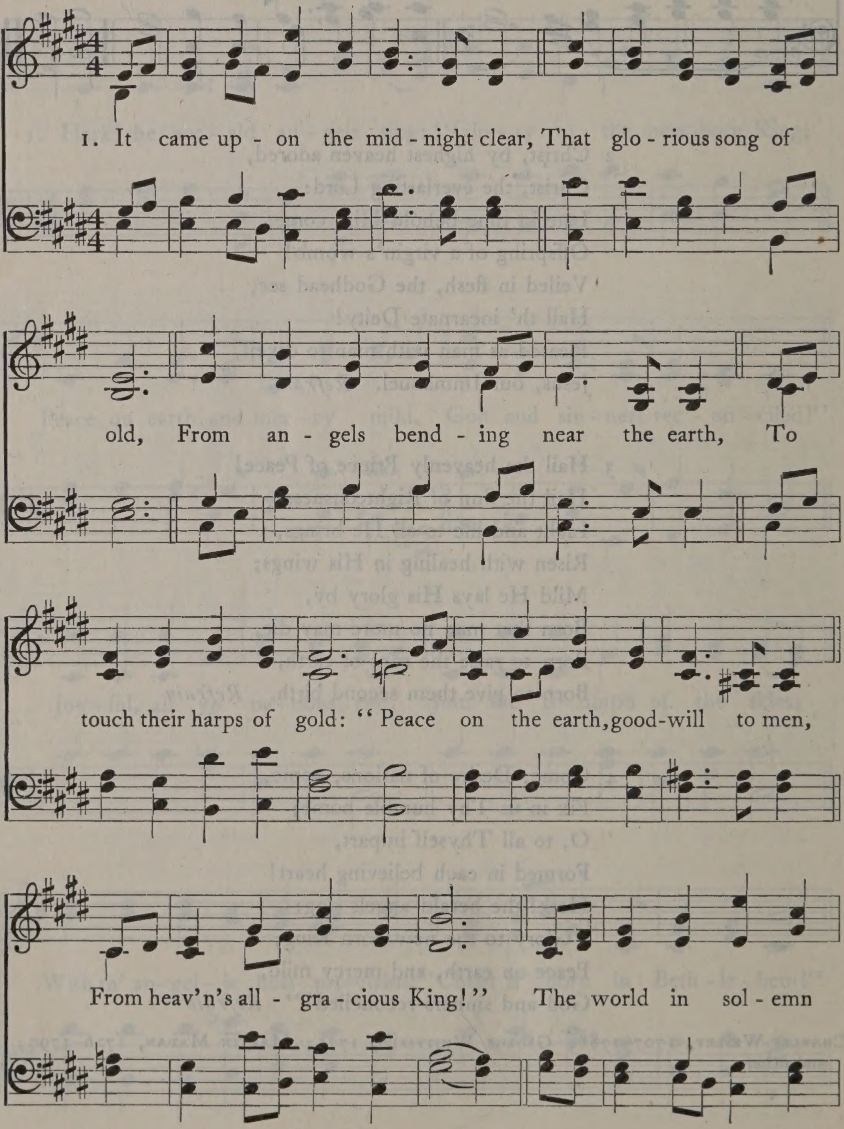
4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
O, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart!
Hark! the herald-angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!" *Refrain*

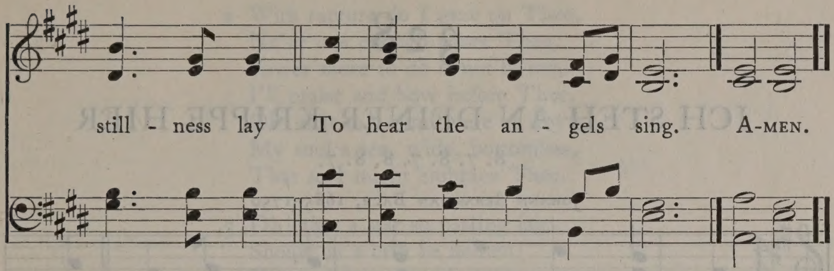
CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788; GEORGE WHITFIELD, 1775; MARTIN MADAN, 1726–1790; and others

327

PENTATONE C. M. D.

University of Wales


1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of
old, From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To
touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heav'n's all - gra - cious King!" The world in sol - emn



2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

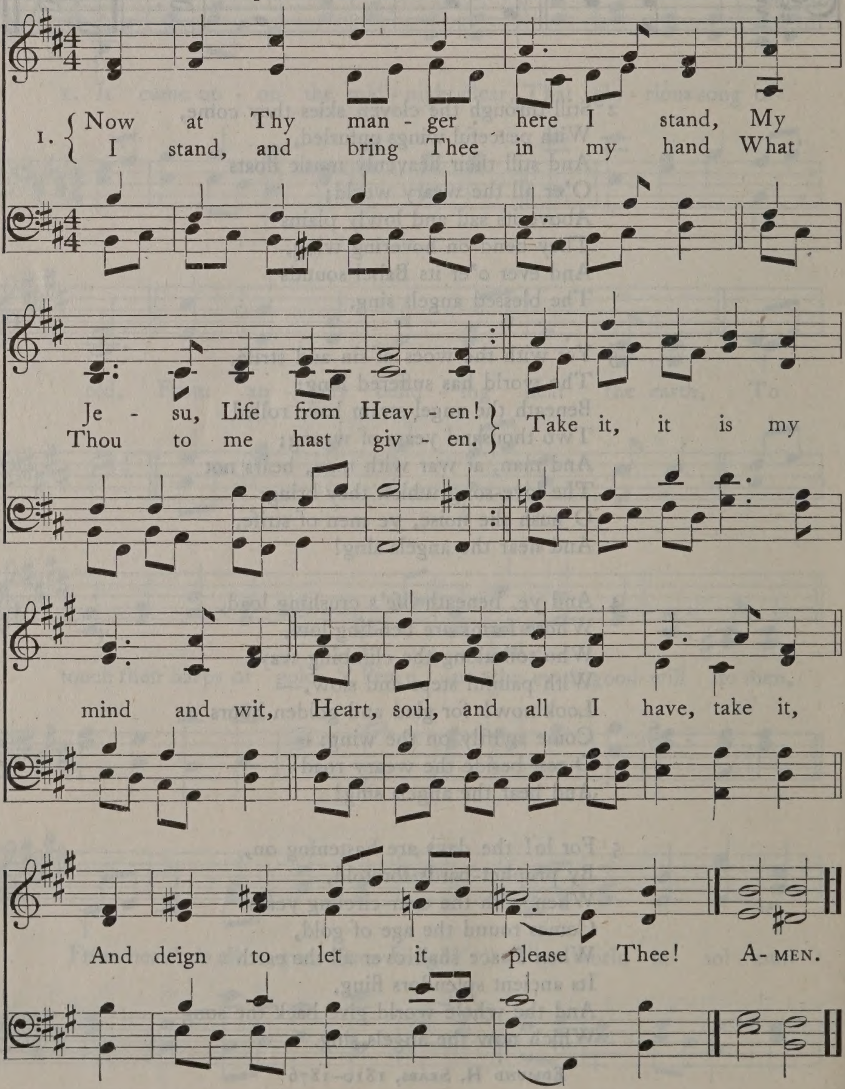
Edmund H. Sears, 1810–1876

328

ICH STEH AN DEINER KRIPPE HIER

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685–1750


1. { Now at Thy man - ger here I stand, My
I stand, and bring Thee in my hand What
Je - su, Life from Heav - en! } Take it, it is my
Thou to me hast giv - en.
mind and wit, Heart, soul, and all I have, take it,
And deign to let it please Thee! A-men.

2 With rapture do I gaze on Thee,
Ne'er can enough adore Thee,
Power more to do is not in me,
I'll praise and bow before Thee.
Oh! that my mind were an abyss,
My soul a sea, wide, bottomless,
That so I might embrace Thee.

3 Oh! that a star so passing fair
Should in a crib be holden!
Who mighty nobles' children are
Should lie in cradles golden!
Ah! hay and straw too wretched are,
Silk, velvet, purple better far,
Were for Thee, Child! to lie on.

4 Remove the straw, remove the hay,
From where the child reposes,
And flowers I'll bring that lie He may
On violets and roses.
With tulips, pinks, and rosemary,
From goodly gardens plucked by me,
I'll from above bestrew Him.

5 And snow-white lilies here and there
His side shall be thrown over;
When closed His eyes with slumber are,
Them shall they softly cover.
But Thou mayest love the grass so dry,
My Child! more than the things that I
Have spoken or have thought of.

6 Not for the world's pride dost Thou care,
Nor joys the flesh doth offer;
In human form Thou liest there,
For us to do and suffer,
Seek'st joy and comfort for my soul,
While waves of trouble o'er Thee roll;
I never will Thee hinder.

7 One thing I hope Thou'lt grant to me,
My Saviour! ne'er deny me,
That I may evermore have Thee
Within, and on, and by me.
And let my heart Thy cradle be,
Come, come and lie Thou down in me,
With all Thy joys and treasures!

Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

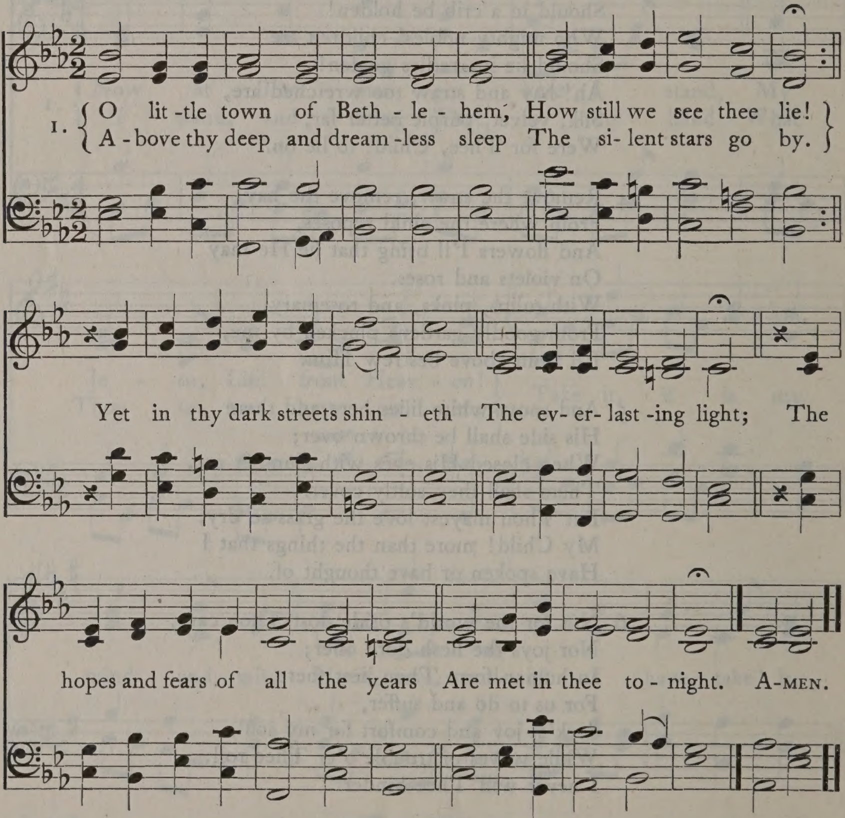
329

ACH LOB DEN HERRN, O SEELE MEIN

8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

FIRST TUNE

Melody by J. H. Schein, 1586–1630


1. O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie!
A-bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si-lent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The ev-er-last-ing light; The
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night. A-men.

2 O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth;
For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

4 Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessèd Child,
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the mother mild;
Where charity stands watching
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893

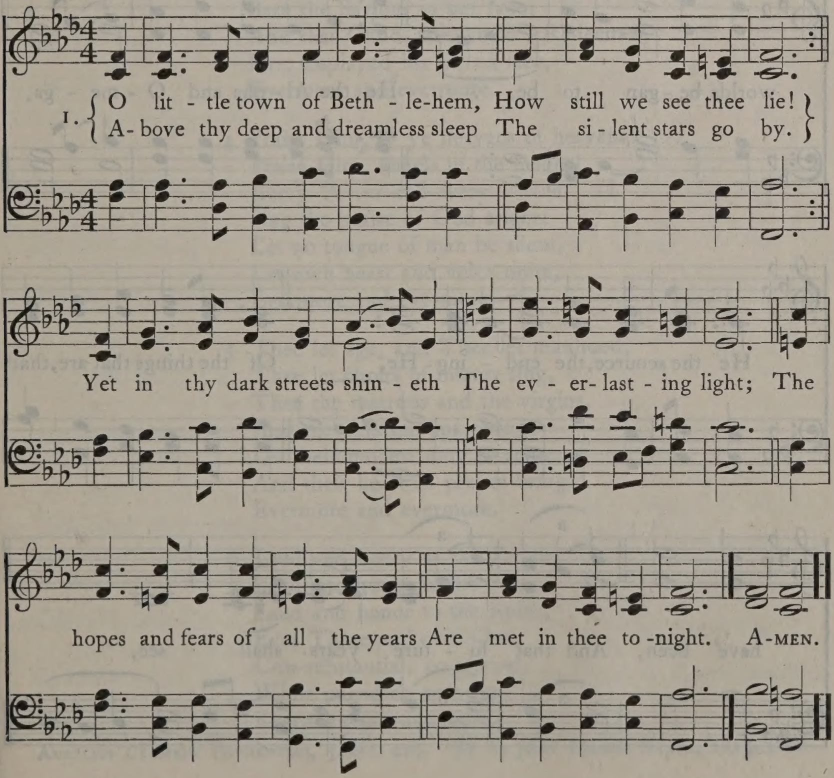
329

NUN SEHT UND MERKET, LIEBE LEUT'

8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

SECOND TUNE

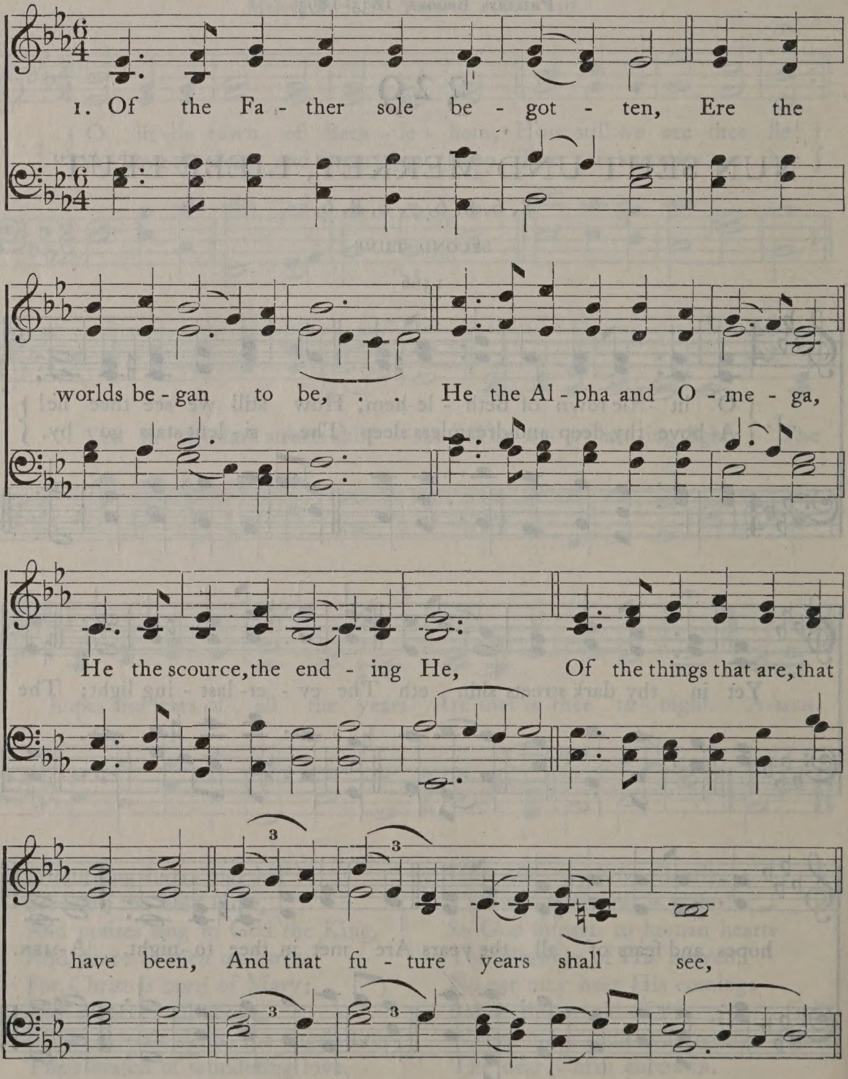
1566

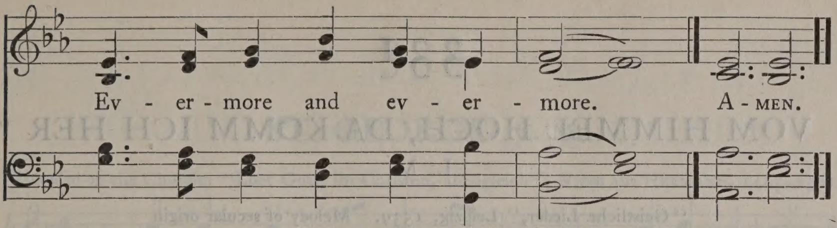

1. { O lit - tle town of Beth - le-hem, How still we see thee lie!
A- bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by. }
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er- last - ing light; The
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to -night.
A-men.

330

CORDE NATUS EX PARENTIS (DIVINUM MYSTERIUM) 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Plainsong Melody of the 12th cent. Arranged by John Stainer, 1840–1901


1. Of the Fa - ther sole be - got - ten, Ere the
worlds be - gan to be, . . He the Al - pha and O - me - ga,
He the scource, the end - ing He, Of the things that are, that
have been, And that fu - ture years shall see,
3
3



2 He is here, whom seers in old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the writings of the prophets
Promised since the world began:
Then foretold, now manifested
To receive the praise of man
Evermore and evermore.

3 Oh that ever-blessèd birthday,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
Of the Holy Ghost incarnate
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed his sacred face,
Evermore and evermore.

4 Praise Him, O ye heavens of heavens!
Praise Him, angels in the height!
Every Power and every Virtue
Sing the praise of God aright:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore.

5 Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing,
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering;
Let their modest song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

6 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Con-substantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore.

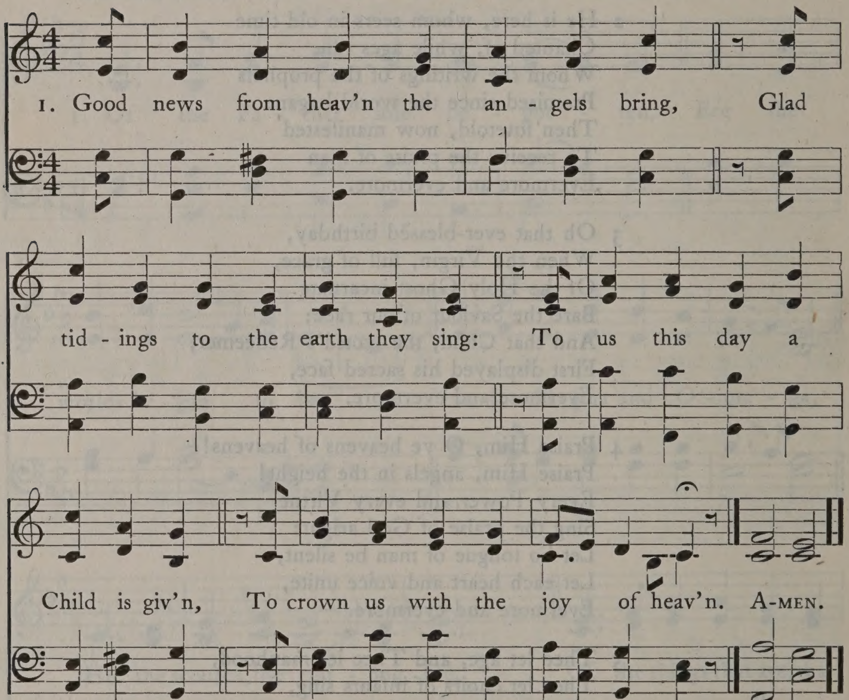
Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, 348–c. 413. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

331

VOM HIMMEL HOCH, DA KOMM ICH HER

L. M.

"Geistliche Lieder," Leipzig, 1539. Melody of secular origin


1. Good news from heav'n the an - gels bring, Glad
tid - ings to the earth they sing: To us this day a
Child is giv'n, To crown us with the joy of heav'n. A-MEN.

2 This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford;
He will Himself our Saviour be,
From all our sins to set us free.

3 All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
Whose love did not the sinner scorn;
In my distress Thou com'st to me;
What thanks shall I return to Thee?

4 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

5 Ah, dearest Jesu, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

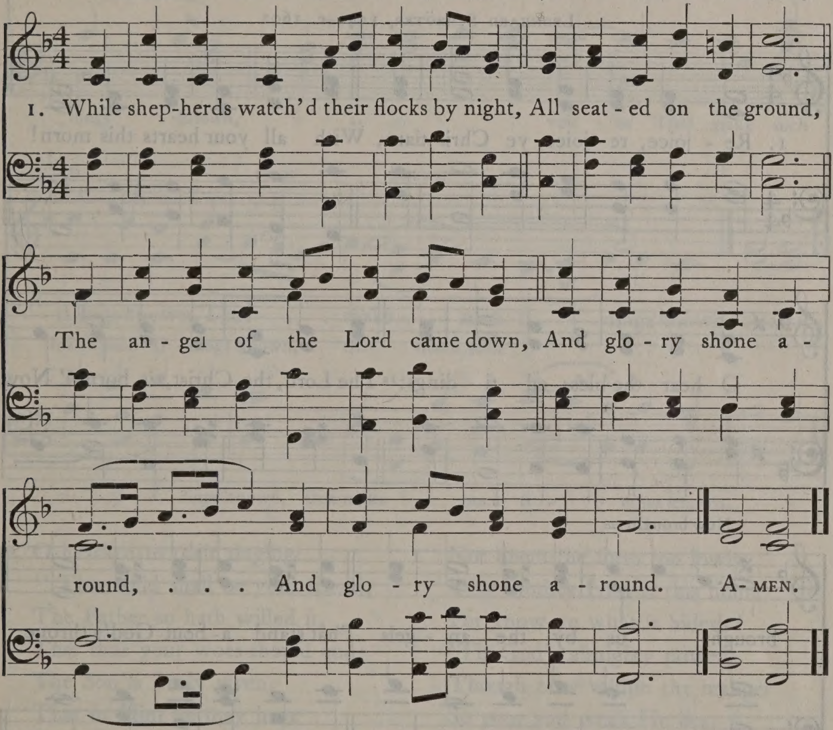
6 Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son;
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest New Year of mercy sing.

Martin Luther, 1483–1546. Tr. by Arthur Tozer Russell, 1806–1874, and Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

332

ST. GEORGE C. M.

Founded on the Chorale: "Lobt Gott, ihr Christen, allzugleich"; Nicolaus Hermann, 1485–1561


1. While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,
The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-
round, ... And glo-ry shone a-round. A-men.

2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

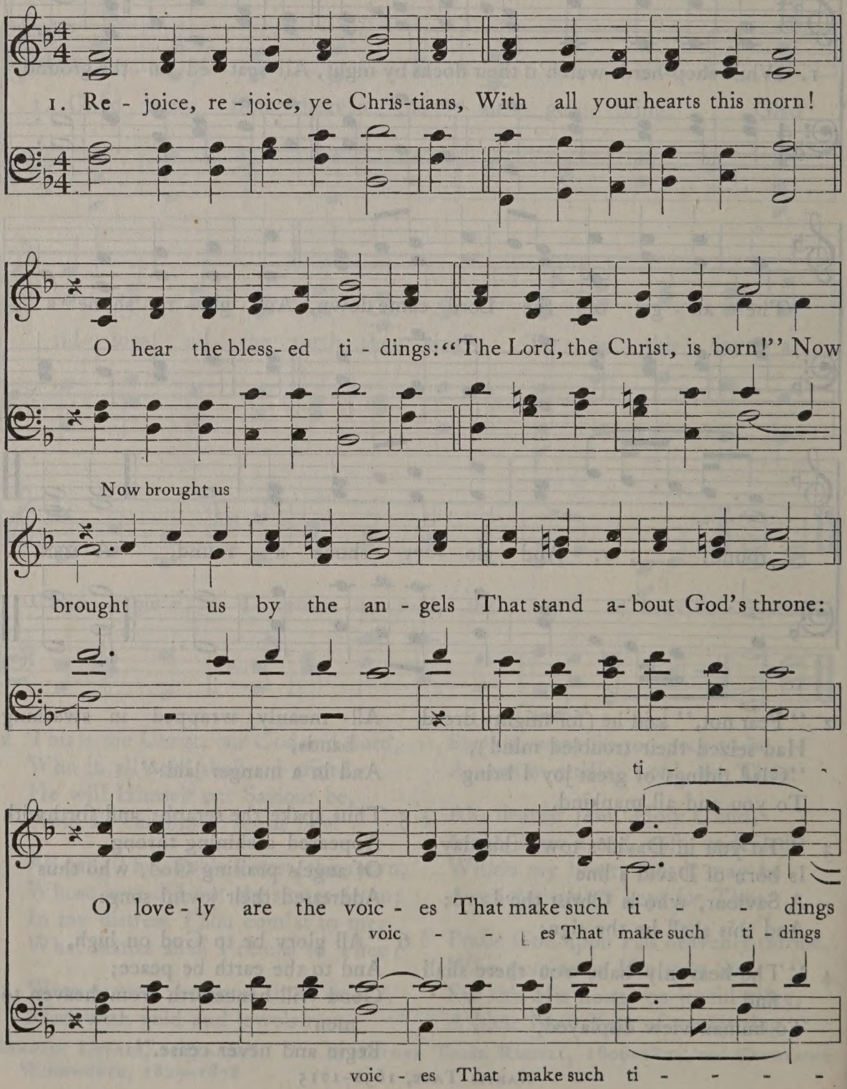
Nahum Tate, 1652–1715

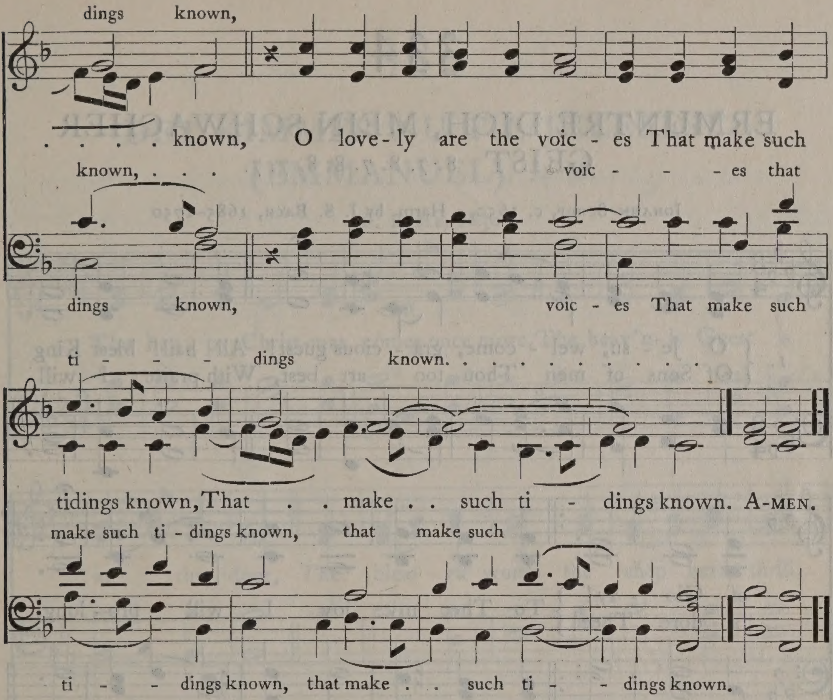
333

FREUT EUCH, IHR LIEBEN CHRISTEN

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

LEONHARD SCHRÖTER, 1540–c. 1602


1. Re - joice, re - joice, ye Chris-tians, With all your hearts this morn!
O hear the bless- ed ti - dings: "The Lord, the Christ, is born!" Now
Now brought us
brought us by the an - gels That stand a- bout God's throne:
ti - - -
O love - ly are the voic - es That make such ti - - dings
voic - - es That make such ti - dings
voic - es That make such ti - - - -


dings known,
. . . . known, O love-ly are the voic - es That make such
known, . . . voic - - - es that
dings known, voic - es That make such
ti - - - dings known. . . . .
tidings known, That . . make . . such ti - dings known. A-MEN.
make such ti - dings known, that make such
ti - - dings known, that make . . . such ti - - dings known.

2 O hearken to their singing:
"This child shall be your friend,
The Father so hath willed it,
That thus your woes should end;
The Son is freely given,
That in Him ye may have
‖:The Father's grace and blessing,
And know He loves to save.:‖

"Nor deem the form too lowly
That clothes Him at this hour;
For know ye what it hideth?
'Tis God's almighty power.
Though now within the manger
So poor and weak He lies,
‖:He is the Lord of all things,
He reigns above the skies.:‖

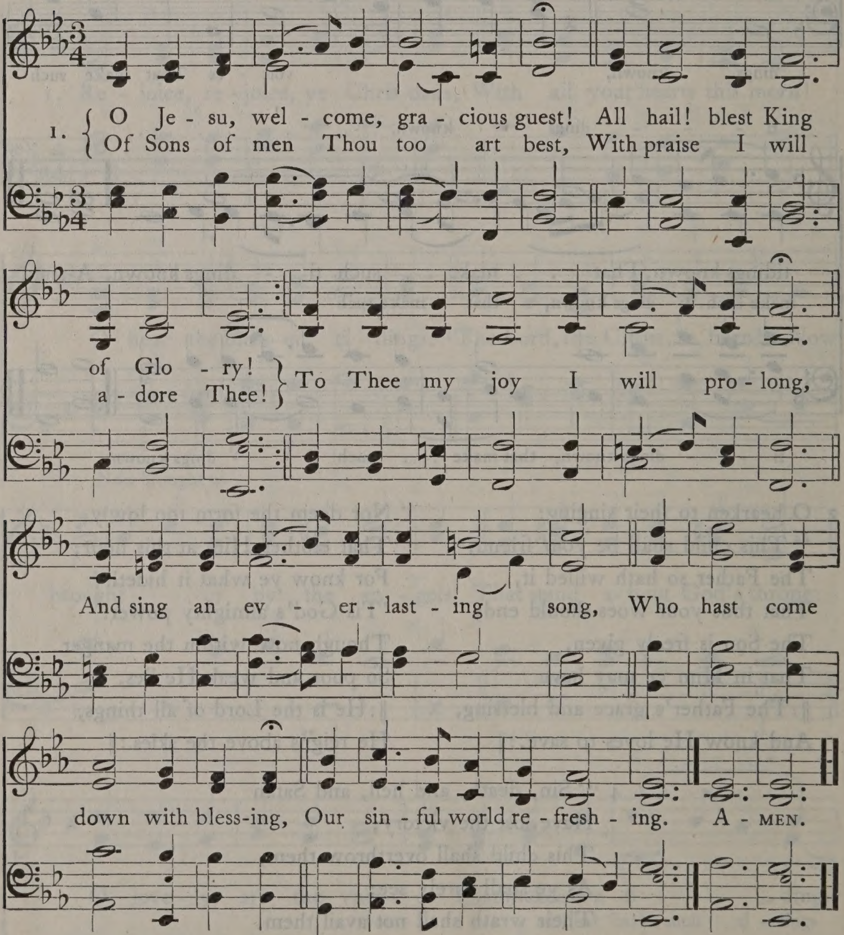
4 "Sin, death, and hell, and Satan
Have lost the victory;
This child shall overthrow them,
As ye shall surely see;
Their wrath shall not avail them,
Fear not, their reign is o'er;
‖:This Child shall overthrow them,—
O hear and doubt no more.":‖

"Geistliche Lieder," Magdeburg, 1540. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

334

ERMUNTRE DICH, MEIN SCHWACHER GEIST 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7.

Johann Schop, c. 1650. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. { O Je - su, wel - come, gra - cious guest! All hail! blest King of Glo - ry!
Of Sons of men Thou too art best, With praise I will a - dore Thee! }
To Thee my joy I will pro - long,
And sing an ev - er - last - ing song,
Who hast come down with bless-ing,
Our sin - ful world re - fresh - ing.
A - men.

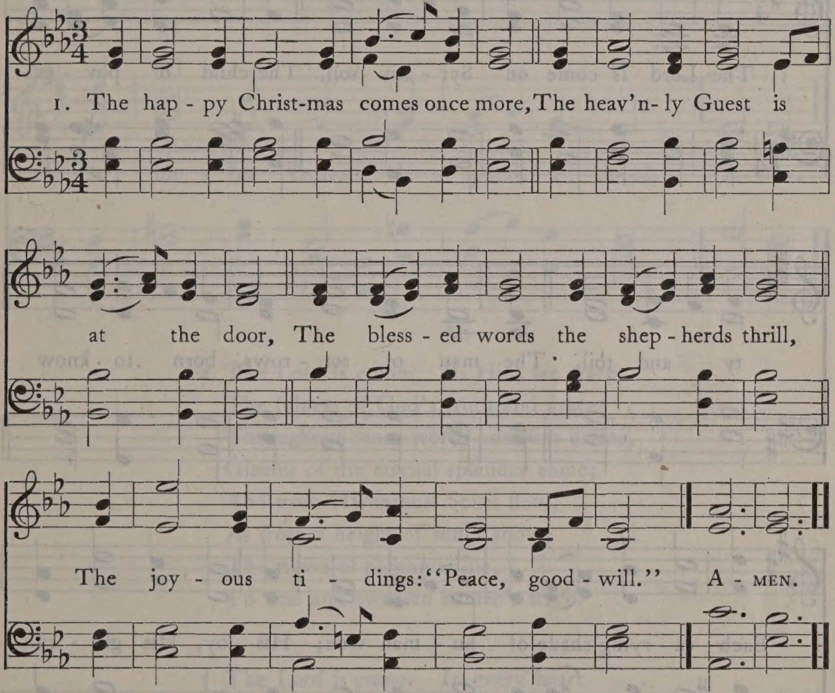
2 O lovely Infant, Thou art full
Of grace above all measure;
Thou art more precious to my soul
Than earth with all its treasure:
Come, Jesu, come, abide with me,
And let my heart Thy dwelling be;
Then I, with jubilation,
Shall joy in Thy salvation.

Johann Rist, 1607–1667. Tr. Composite

335

DET KIMMER NU TIL JULEFEST (EMMANUEL) L. M.

C. Balle, 1850


1. The hap - py Christ-mas comes once more, The heav'n - ly Guest is at the door, The bless - ed words the shep - herds thrill, The joy - ous ti - dings: "Peace, good - will."
A - men.

2 The lowly Saviour meekly lies,
Laid off the splendor of the skies;
No crown bedecks His forehead fair,
No pearl, nor gem, nor silk is there.

3 O Holy Child, Thy manger gleams
Till earth and heaven glow with its beams,
Till midnight noon's broad light hath won,
And Jacob's Star outshines the sun.

4 Thou patriarchs' Joy, Thou prophets' Song,
Thou heavenly Day-Spring, looked-for long,
Thou Son of Man, incarnate Word,
Great David's Son, great David's Lord!

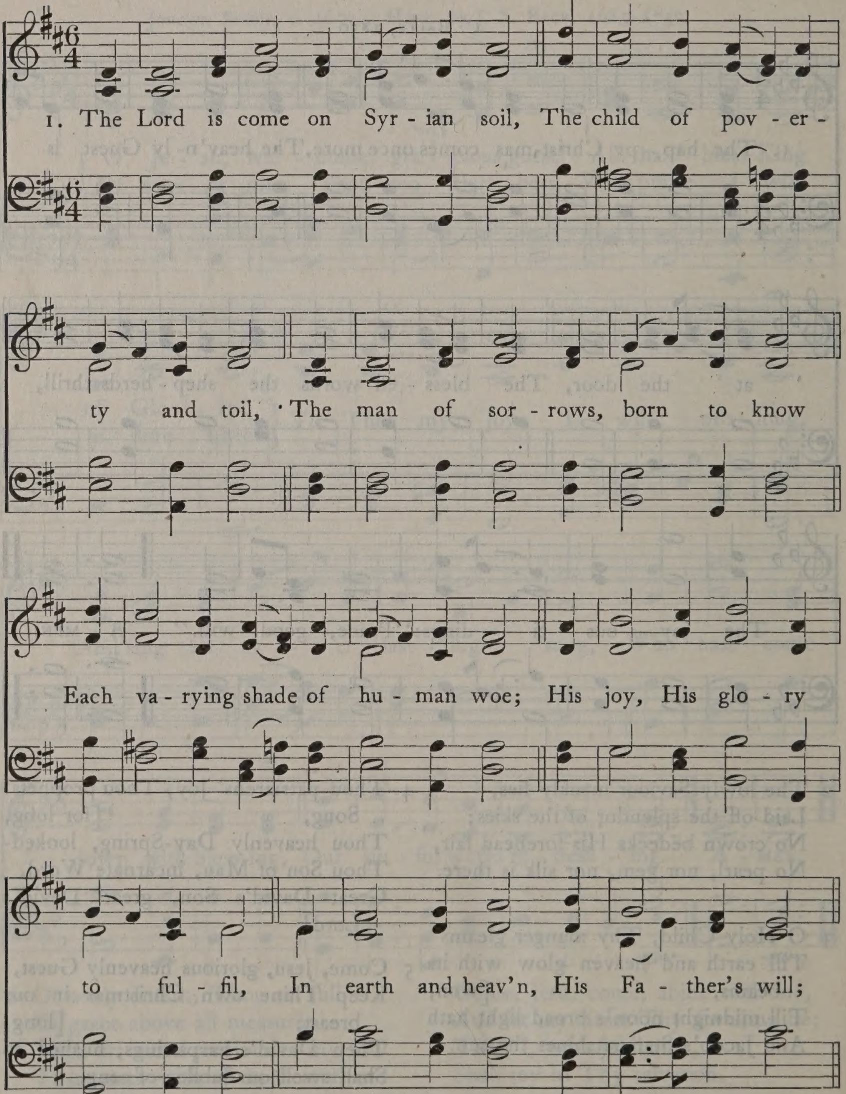
5 Come, Jesu, glorious heavenly Guest,
Keep Thine own Christmas in our breast,
Then David's harpstrings, hushed so long,
Shall swell our jubilee of song.

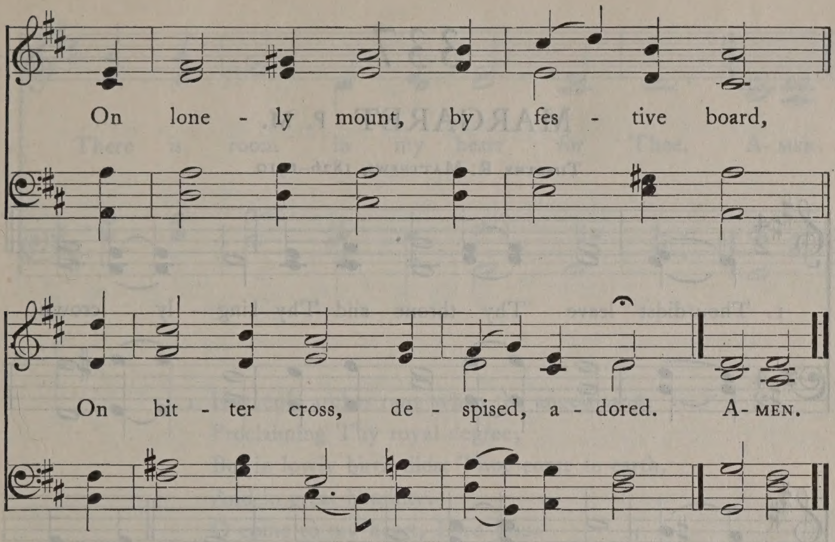
Nicolai F. S. Grundtvig, d. 1872. Tr. by Charles Porterfield Krauth, 1823–1883

336

WER DA WOHNET L. M. D.

Melody in "St. Gall Gesangbuch," 1863; from Vehe's "Gesangbüchlein," 1537


1. The Lord is come on Syr - ian soil, The child of pov - er -
ty and toil, The man of sor - rows, born to know
Each va - rying shade of hu - man woe; His joy, His glo - ry
to ful - fil, In earth and heav'n, His Fa - ther's will;


On lone - ly mount, by fes - tive board,
On bit - ter cross, de - spised, a - dored. A- MEN.

2 The Lord is come. In Him we trace
The fulness of God's truth and grace;
Throughout those words and acts divine,
Gleams of the eternal splendor shine;
And from His inmost Spirit flow,
As from a height of sunlit snow,
The rivers of perennial life,
To heal and sweeten nature's strife.

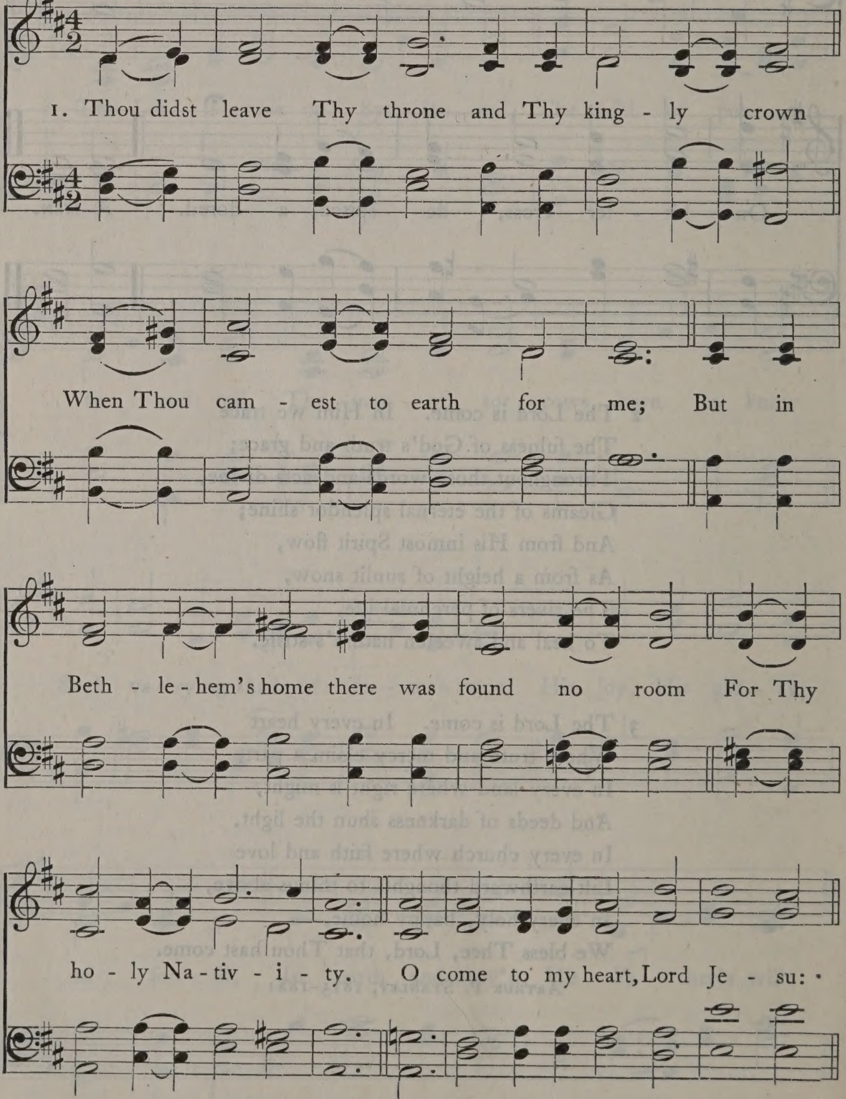
3 The Lord is come. In every heart
Where truth and mercy claim a part,
In every land where right is might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light,
In every church where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above,
In every holy, happy home,—
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come.

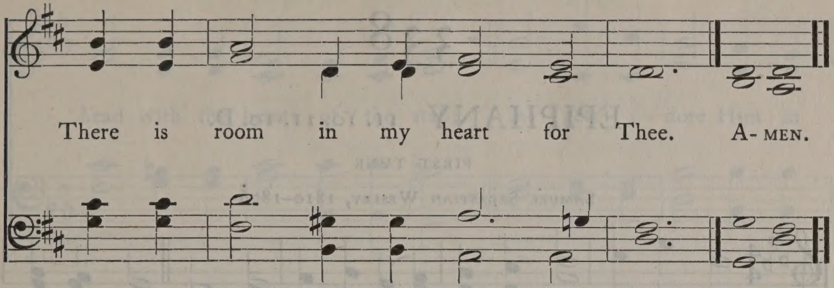
Arthur P. Stanley, 1815–1881

337

MARGARET P. M.

Timothy R. Matthews, 1826–1910


1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown
When Thou cam - est to earth for me; But in
Beth - le - hem's home there was found no room For Thy
ho - ly Na - tiv - i - ty. O come to my heart, Lord Je - su:



2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesu:
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the bird had its nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee,
O come to my heart, Lord Jesu:
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word
That should set Thy children free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesu:
There is room in my heart for Thee.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying: "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for Thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesu:
There is room in my heart for Thee.

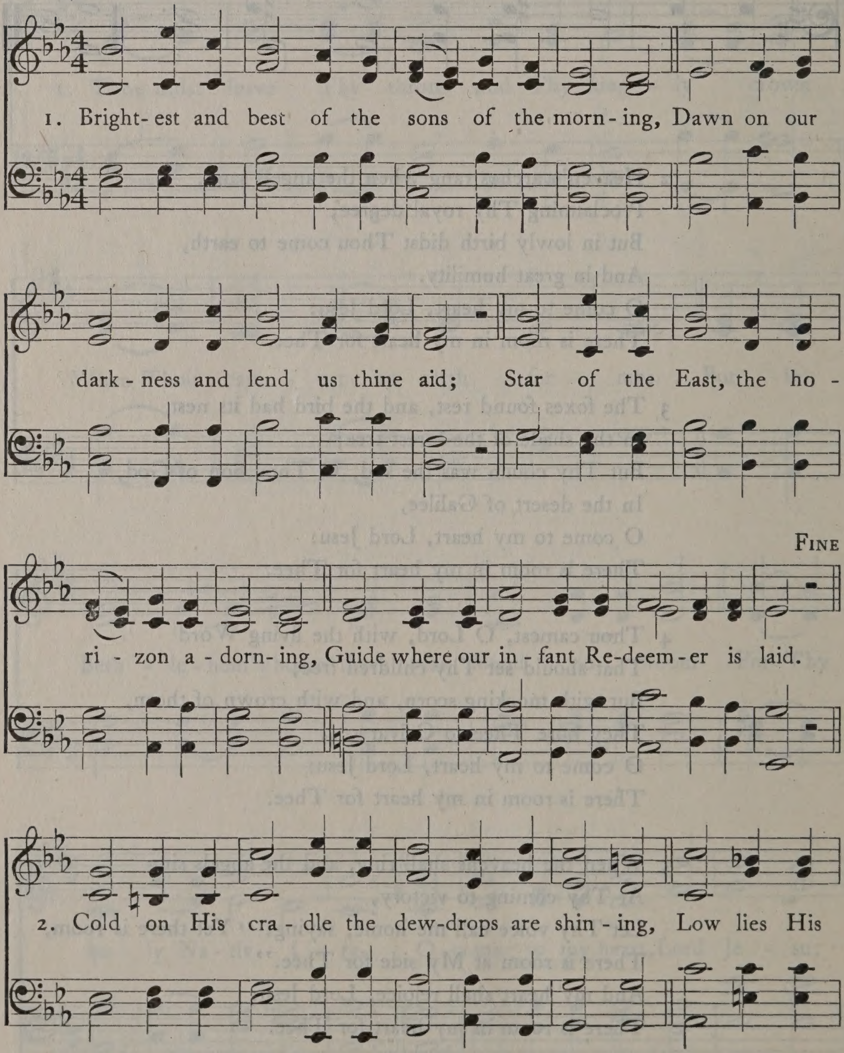
EMILY ELIZABETH STEELE ELLIOTT, 1836–1897

338

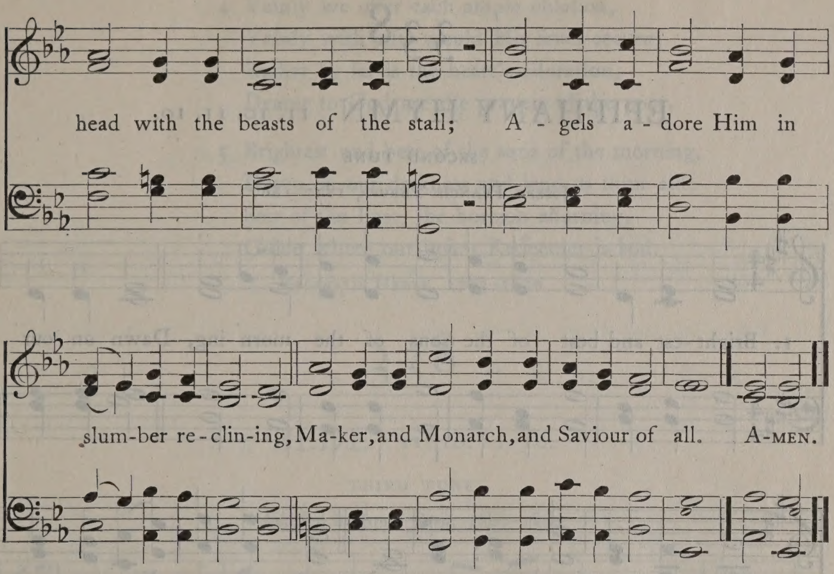
EPIPHANY 11. 10. 11. 10. D.

FIRST TUNE

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
dark-ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-
ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.
Fine
2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies His

For the last verse repeat the first part of the tune


head with the beasts of the stall; A - gels a - dore Him in
slum-ber re - clin-ing, Ma-ker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all. A-MEN.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

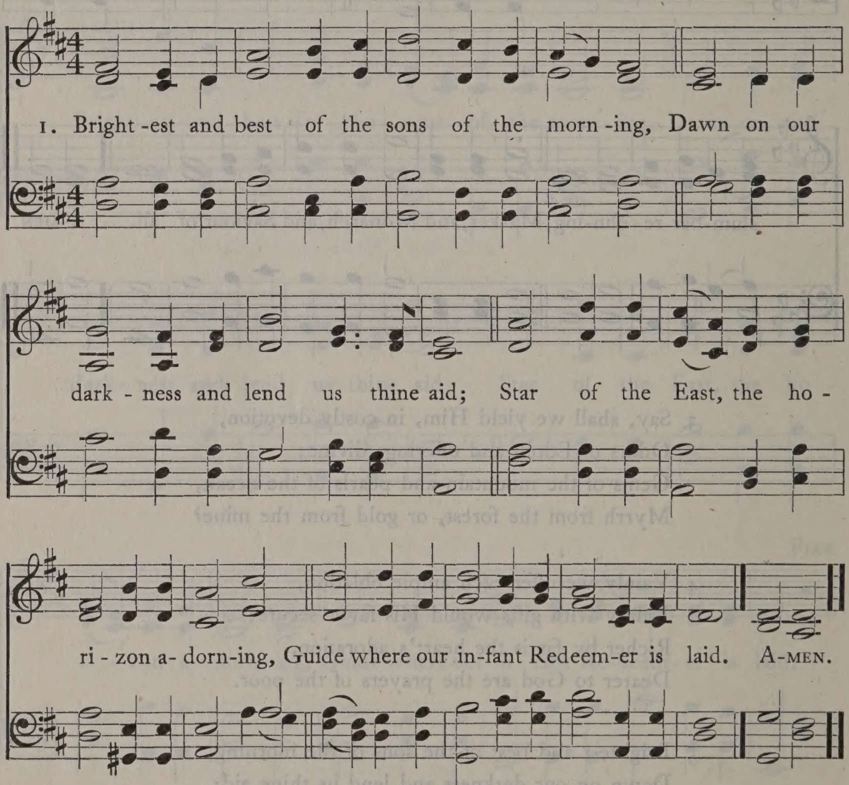
Reginald Heber, 1783–1826

338

EPIPHANY HYMN 11. 10. 11. 10.

SECOND TUNE

Joseph Francis Thrupp, 1827–1867


1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
dark - ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -
ri - zon a- dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Redeem-er is laid. A-MEN.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

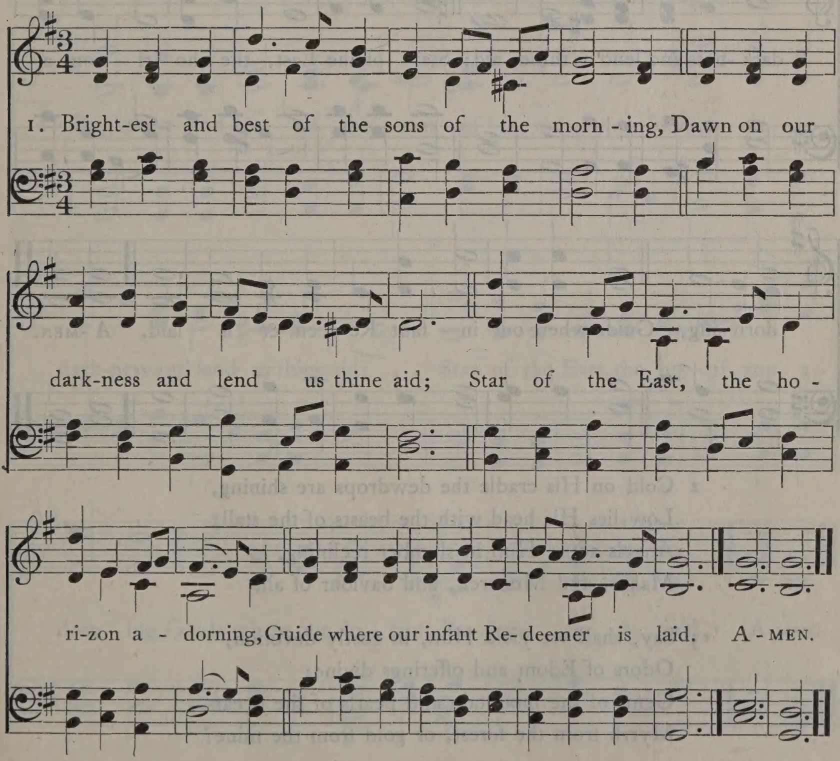
Reginald Heber, 1783–1826

338

BEDE 11. 10. 11. 10.

THIRD TUNE

Adapted by John Goss, 1800–1880

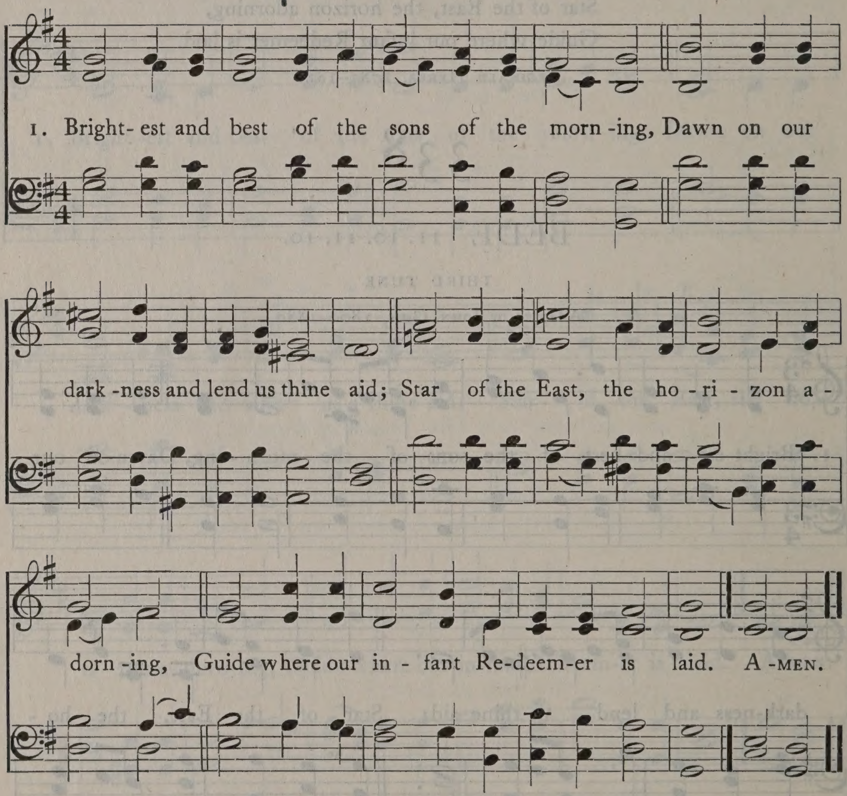

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
dark-ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -
ri-zon a - dorning, Guide where our infant Re- deemer is laid. A - MEN.

338

ST. NINIAN 11. 10. 11. 10

FOURTH TUNE

John B. Dykes, 1823–1876


1. Bright- est and best of the sons of the morn -ing, Dawn on our
dark -ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -
dorn -ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem-er is laid. A -men.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

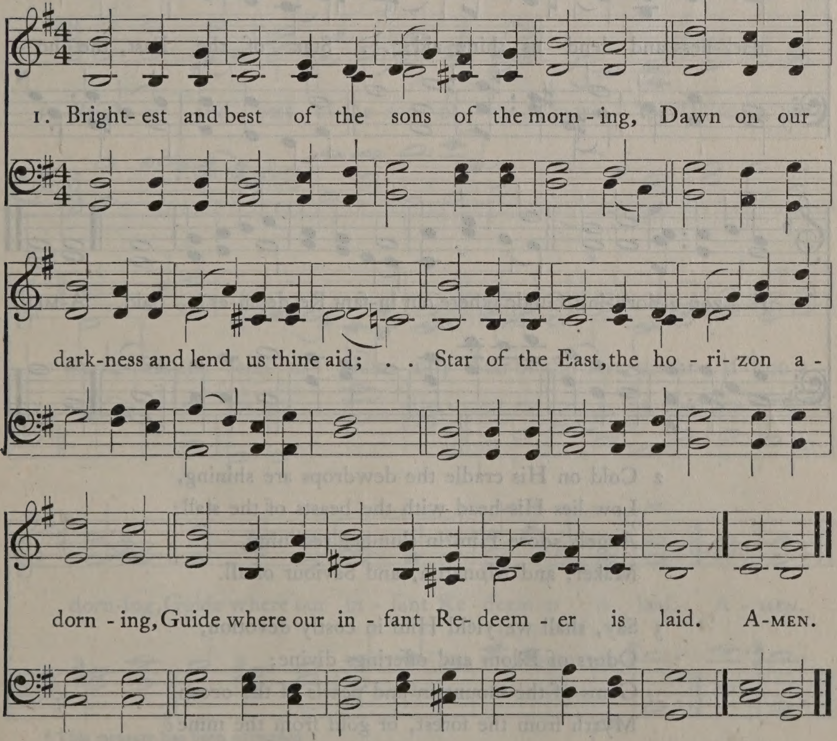
Reginald Heber, 1783–1826

338

MORNING STAR 11. 10. 11. 10.

FIFTH TUNE

J. P. Harding

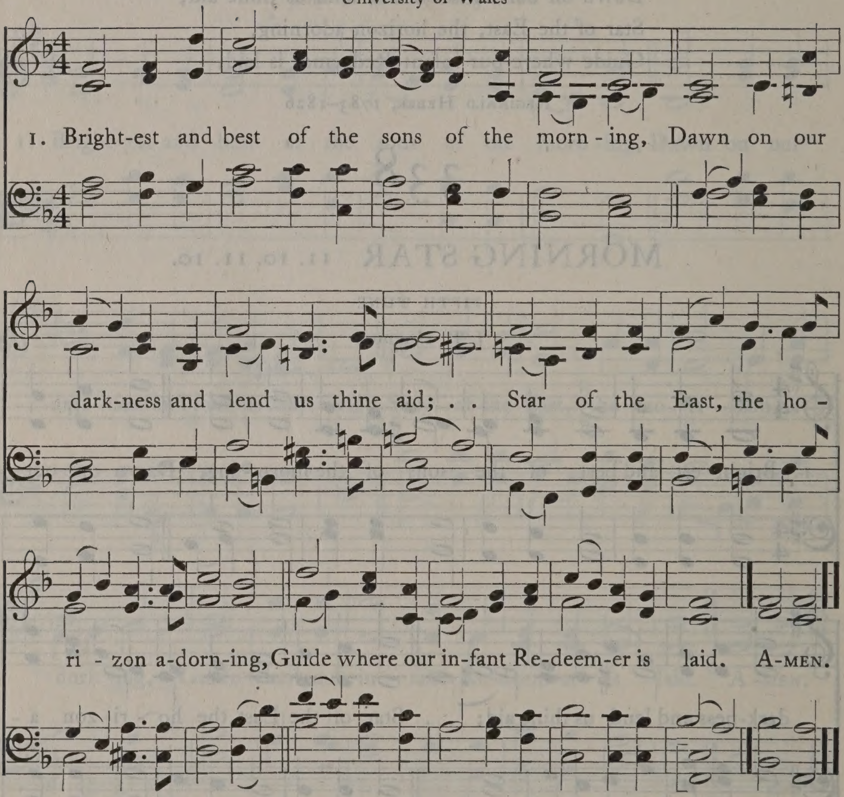

1. Bright- est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
dark-ness and lend us thine aid; . . Star of the East, the ho - ri- zon a -
dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re- deem - er is laid. A-men.

338

WALLOG 11. 10. 11. 10.

SIXTH TUNE

University of Wales


1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
dark-ness and lend us thine aid; . . Star of the East, the ho-
ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-MEN.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

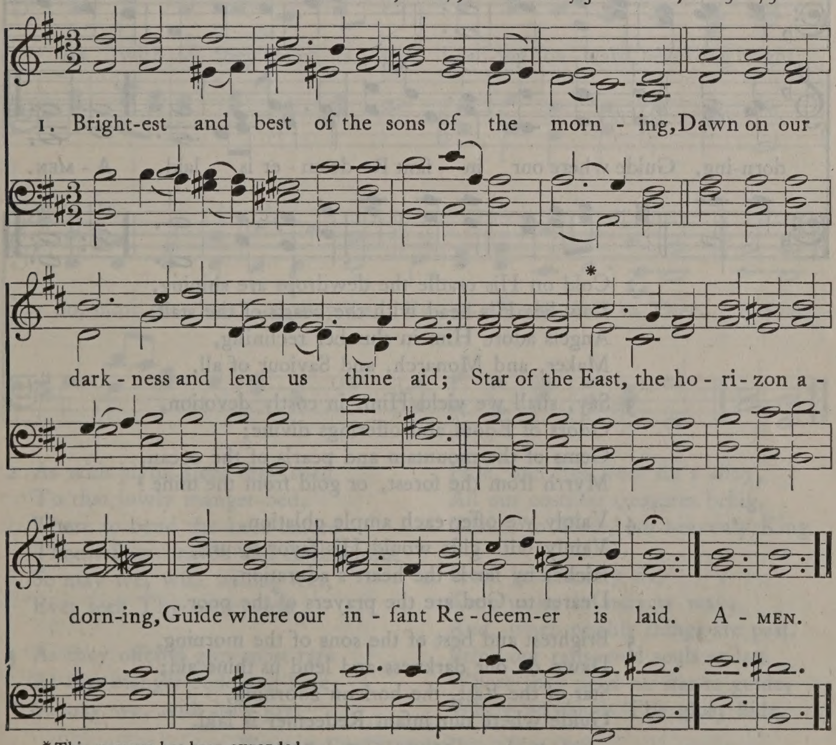
Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

338

LIEBSTER IMMANUEL, HERZOG DER FROMMEN 11. 10. 11. 10.

SEVENTH TUNE

Tune from A. Fritzsch's "Himmelslust," 1679. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750


1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
dark - ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -
dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem-er is laid. A - MEN.
*

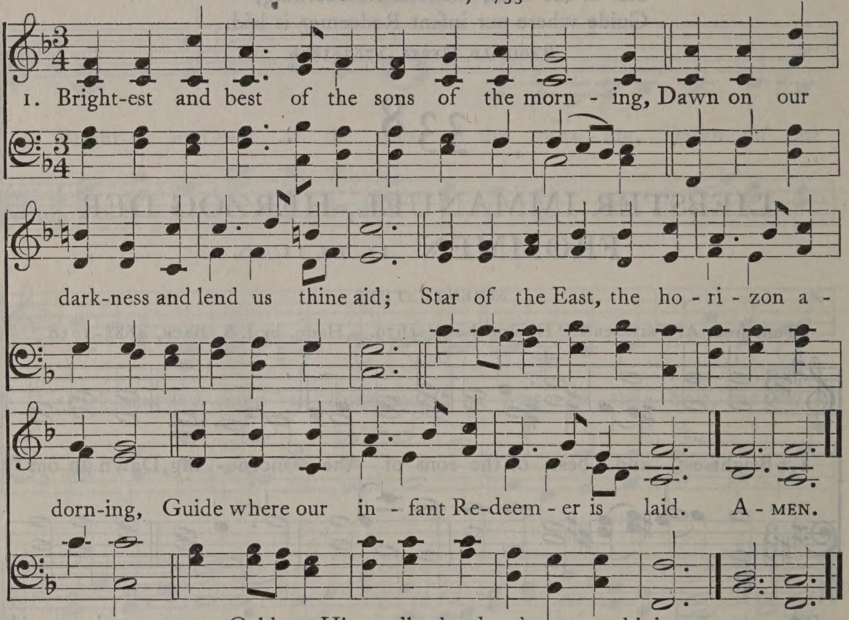
* This measure has been expanded

338

PREISE, JERUSALEM 11. 10. 11. 10.

EIGHTH TUNE

MS. Mülhausen, 1733


1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
dark-ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -
dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er is laid. A - men.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine;
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5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber, 1783–1826

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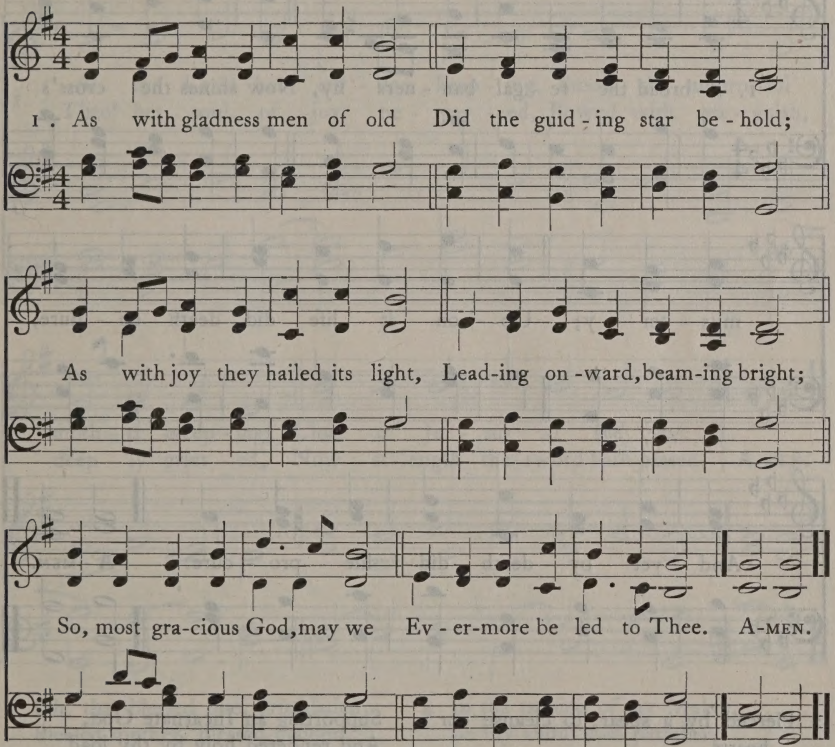
DIX (TREUER HEILAND, WIR SIND HIER)

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Conrad Kocher, 1786–1872


1. As with gladness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;
So, most gra-cious God, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-men.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesu! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

William Chatterton Dix, 1837–1898

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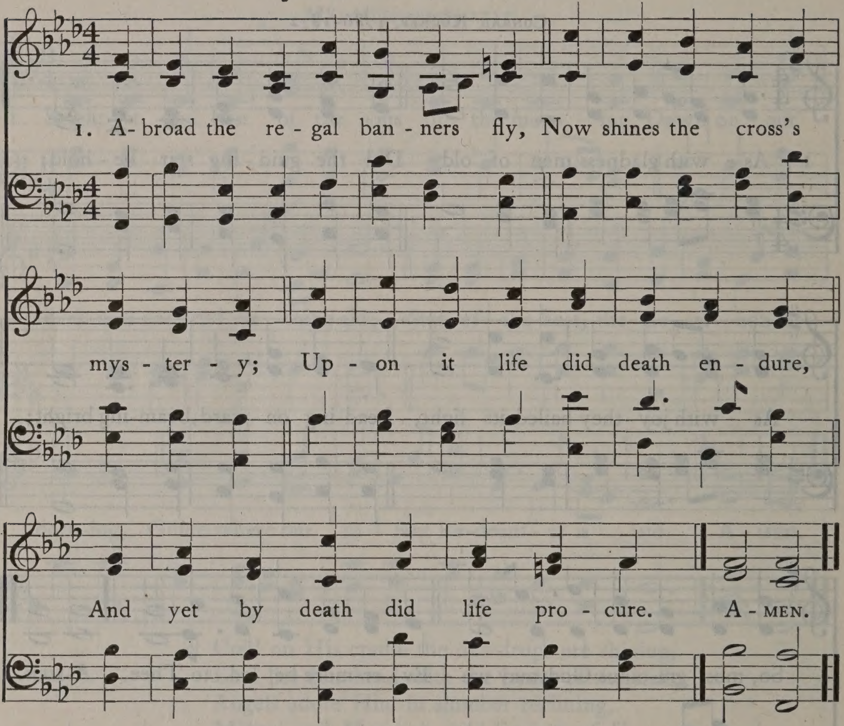
ST. LUKE L. M.

Jeremiah Clark, c. 1670–1707


1. A-broad the re-gal ban-ners fly, Now shines the cross's mys-ter-y; Up-on it life did death en-dure, And yet by death did life pro-cure. A-MEN.

2 Pierced by a spear, to cleanse our hearts,
His side a sacred stream imparts;
Which issues in a double flood,
A stream of water and of blood.

3 That which the prophet-king of old
Hath in mysterious verse foretold
Is now accomplished, whilst we see
That God is reigning from the tree.

4 Blest tree, most sacred and divine,
Which dost in royal purple shine,
Supporting an Incarnate God,
And rendered holy by thy load.

5 Blest tree, whose happy branches bore
The wealth that did the world restore,
The balance which the price did weigh
That spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

6 Blest Trinity, Life's source and spring,
May every soul Thy praises sing!
Let those obtain a crown in heaven
To whom the cross hath conquest given.

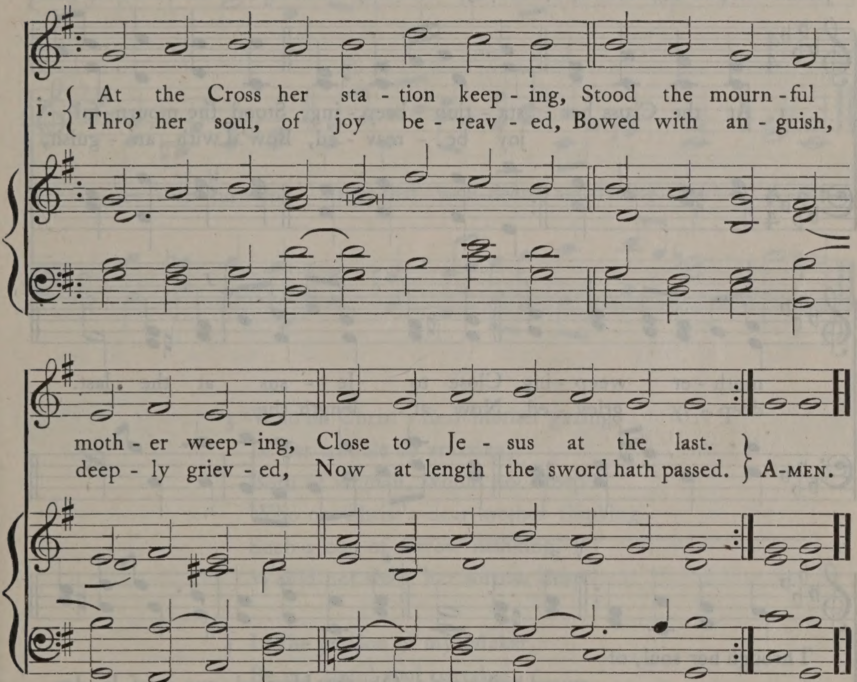
Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus, c. 530–609. Tr. anon., 1685

341

STABAT MATER 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

FIRST TUNE

Mayence, 1661


1. At the Cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful
Thro' her soul, of joy be - reav - ed, Bowed with an - guish,
moth - er weep - ing, Close to Je - sus at the last.
deep - ly griev - ed, Now at length the sword hath passed.
A-MEN.

2 Oh, that blessed one, grief-laden,
Blessed mother, blessed maiden,
Mother of the all-holy One!
Oh, that silent, ceaseless mourning,
Oh, those dim eyes, never turning
From that wondrous suffering Son!

3 Who on Christ's dear mother gazing,
In her trouble so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who on Christ's dear mother think-
Such a cup of sorrow drinking, [ing,
Would not share her sorrow deep?

4 In the passion of my Maker,
Be my sinful soul partaker,
May I bear with her my part;
Of His passion bear the token,
In a spirit bowed and broken
Bear His death within my heart.

5 Jesu, may Thy cross defend me,
And Thy saving death befriend me,
Cherished by Thy deathless grace:
When to dust my dust returneth,
Grant a soul that to Thee yearneth
In Thy Paradise a place.

Pope INNOCENT III (?), d. 1216. Tr. by RICHARD MANT, 1776–1848, and others

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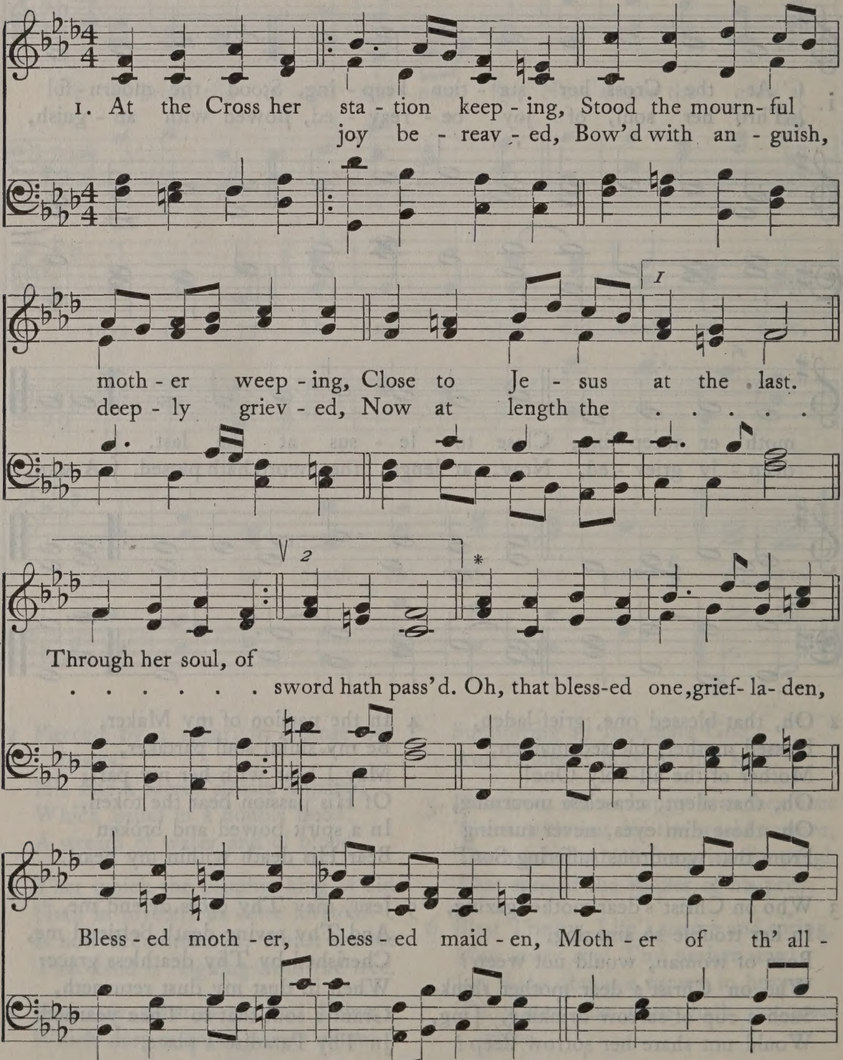
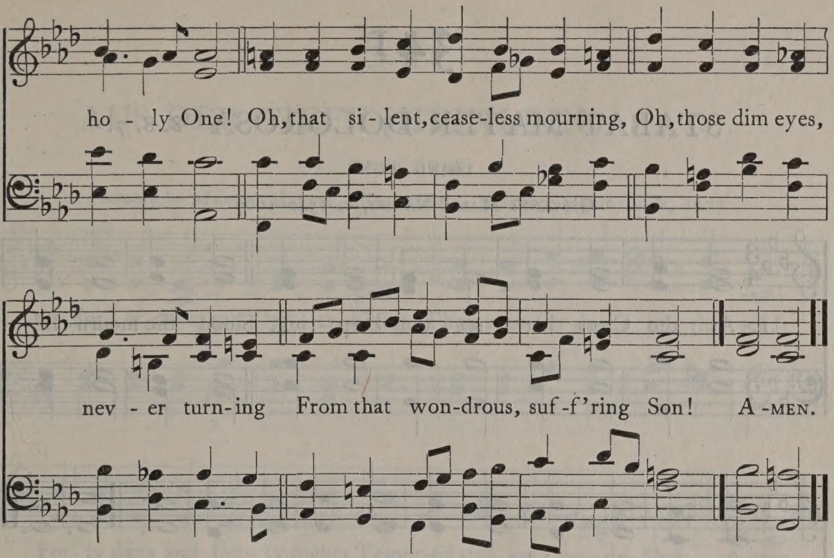
STABAT MATER DOLOROSA 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. D.

SECOND TUNE

JOHANN PHILIPP KIRNBERGER, 1721–1783. Harm. by WILLIAM A. PICKARD–CAMBRIDGE


1. At the Cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the mourn- ful
joy be - reav - ed, Bow'd with an - guish,
moth - er weep - ing, Close to Je - sus at the last.
deep - ly griev - ed, Now at length the . . . . .
1
2
*
Through her soul, of
. . . . sword hath pass'd. Oh, that bless-ed one, grief- la- den,
Bless - ed moth - er, bless - ed maid - en, Moth - er of th' all -

For the last verse repeat from the sign*


ho - ly One! Oh, that si - lent, cease-less mourning, Oh, those dim eyes,
nev - er turn-ing From that won-drous, suf-f'ring Son! A-MEN.

3 Who on Christ's dear mother gazing,
In her trouble so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who on Christ's dear mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrow deep?

4 In the passion of my Maker,
Be my sinful soul partaker,
May I bear with her my part;
Of His passion bear the token,
In a spirit bowed and broken
Bear His death within my heart.

5 Jesu, may Thy cross defend me,
And Thy saving death befriend me,
Cherished by Thy deathless grace:
When to dust my dust returneth,
Grant a soul that to Thee yearneth
In Thy Paradise a place.

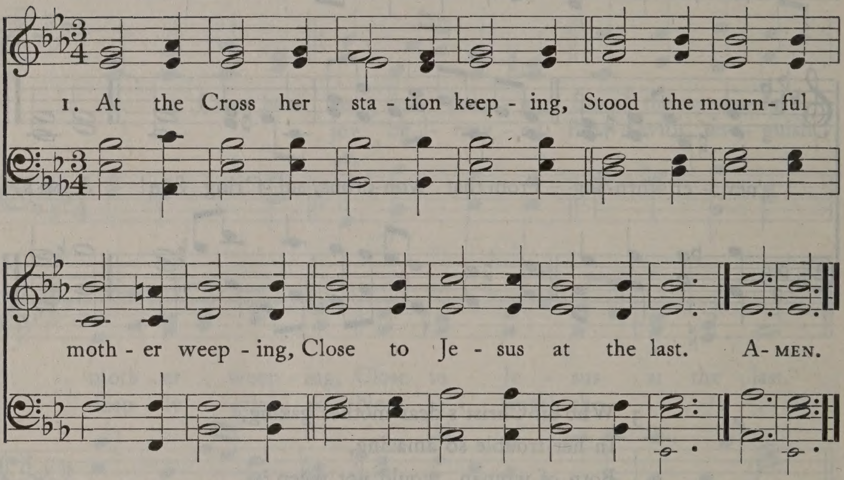
Pope INNOCENT III (?), d. 1216. Tr. by RICHARD MANT, 1776–1848, and others

341

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA 8. 8. 7.

THIRD TUNE

Giovanni Maria Nanini, c. 1540–1607


1. At the Cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful
moth - er weep - ing, Close to Je - sus at the last. A - MEN.

2 Through her soul, of joy bereavèd,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Now at length the sword hath passed.

3 Oh, that blessed one, grief-laden,
Blessèd mother, blessed maiden,
Mother of the all-holy One!

4 Oh, that silent, ceaseless mourning,
Oh, those dim eyes, never turning
From that wondrous suffering Son!

5 Who on Christ's dear mother gazing,
In her trouble so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?

6 Who on Christ's dear mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrow deep?

7 In the passion of my Maker,
Be my sinful soul partaker,
May I bear with her my part;

8 Of His passion bear the token;
In a spirit bowed and broken
Bear His death within my heart.

9 Jesu, may Thy cross defend me,
And Thy saving death befriend me,
Cherished by Thy deathless grace:

10 When to dust my dust returneth,
Grant a soul that to Thee yearneth
In Thy Paradise a place.

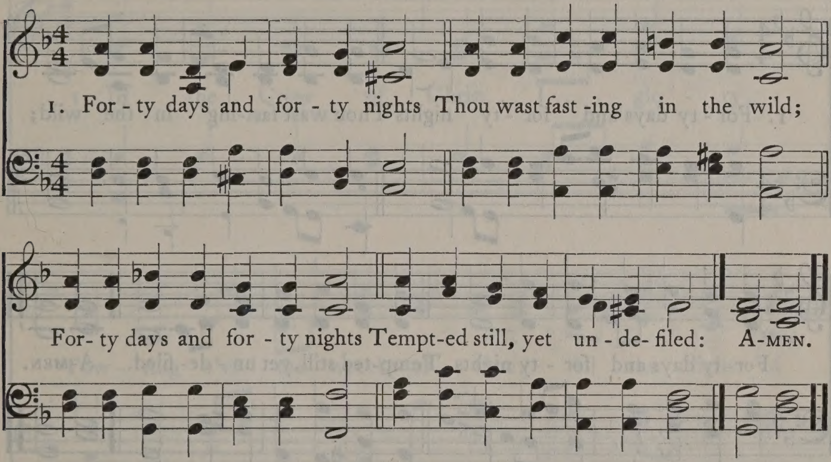
Pope Innocent III (?), d. 1216. Tr. by Richard Mant, 1776–1848, and others

342

AUS DER TIEFE (HEINLEIN) 7. 7. 7. 7.

FIRST TUNE

Probably by MARTIN HERBST, 1654–1681. Nürnberg Hymn Book, 1677


1. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast -ing in the wild;
For- ty days and for - ty nights Tempt-ed still, yet un - de- filed: A-MEN.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day,
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed,
Prowling beasts about Thy way,
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after time to gain?

4 Then if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit shall assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

5 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

6 Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side,
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide.

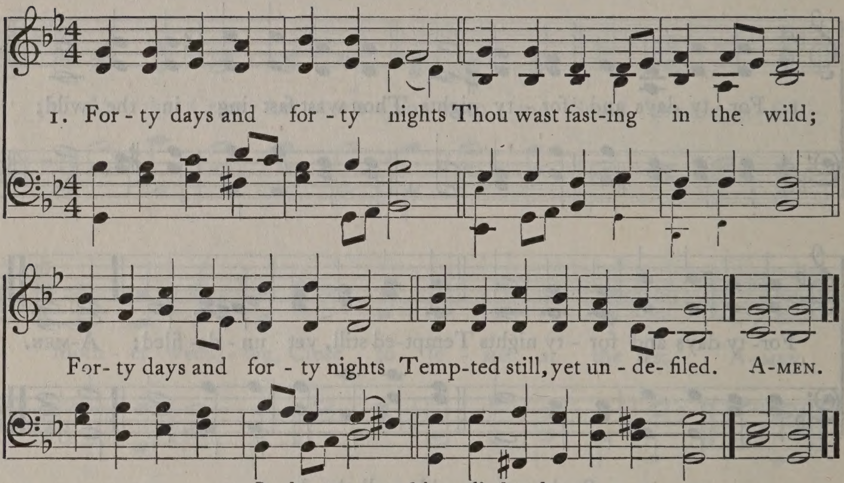
GEORGE HUNT SMYTTAN, 1825–1870

342

HALLE 7. 7. 7. 7.

SECOND TUNE

"The Psalmist," 1830


1. For-ty days and for-ty nights Thou wast fast-ing in the wild;
For-ty days and for-ty nights Temp-ted still, yet un-de-filed. A-MEN.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day,
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed,
Prowling beasts about Thy way,
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after time to gain?

4 Then if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit shall assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

5 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

6 Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side,
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide.

George Hunt Smyttan, 1825-1870

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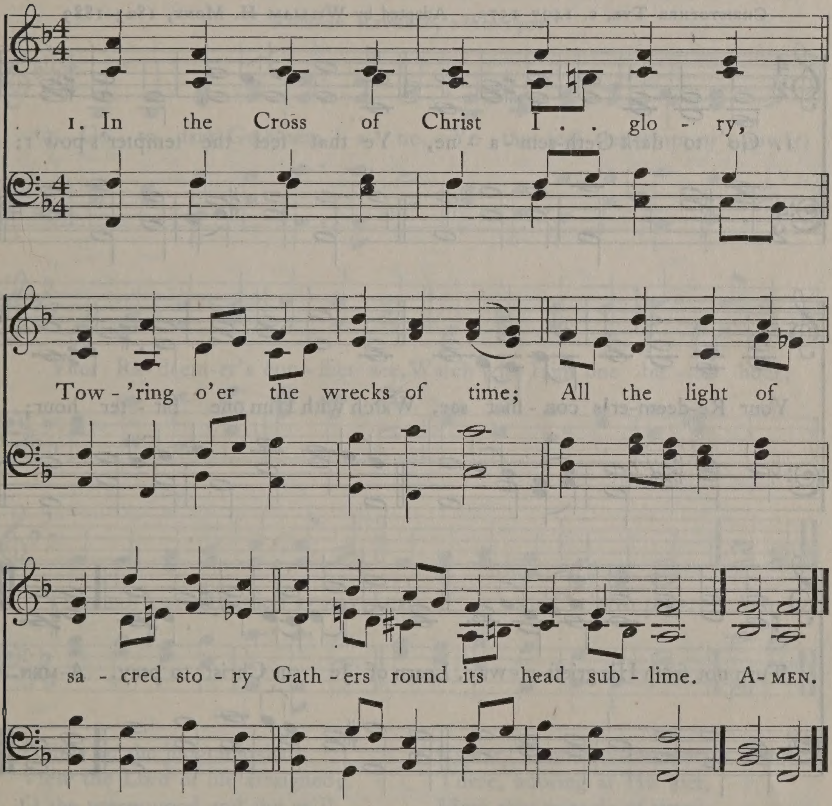
CROSS OF JESUS 8. 7. 8. 7.

John Stainer, 1840–1901


1. In the Cross of Christ I . . glo - ry,
Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - men.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

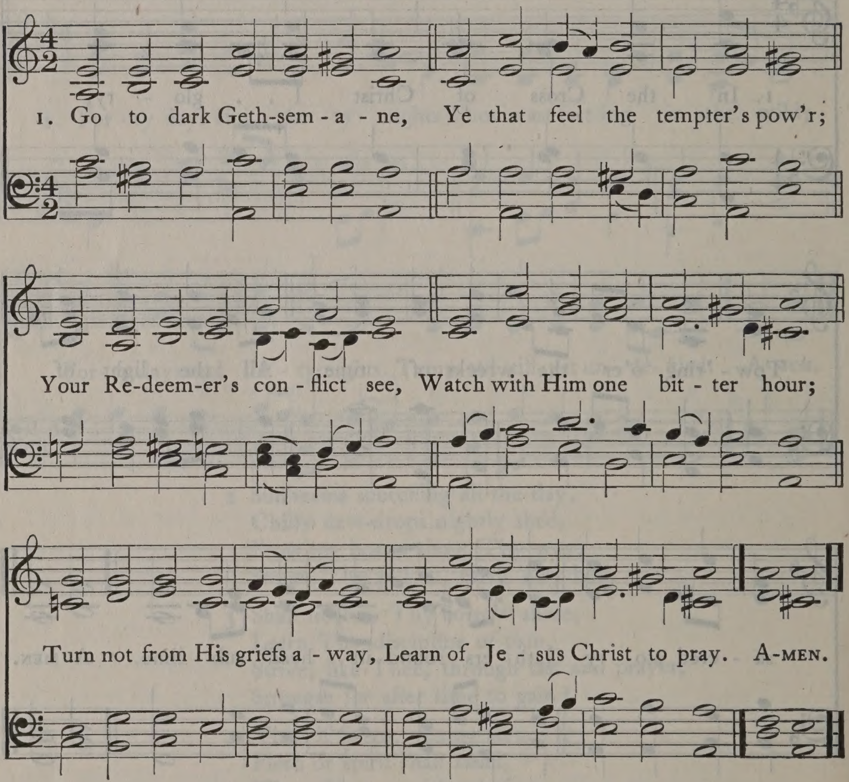
John Bowring, 1792–1872

344

GETHSEMANE 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

FIRST TUNE

Christopher Tye, c. 1497–1572. Adapted by William H. Monk, 1823–1889


1. Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r;
Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see, Watch with Him one bit-ter hour;
Turn not from His griefs a-way, Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray. A-men.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own Sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen!—He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854

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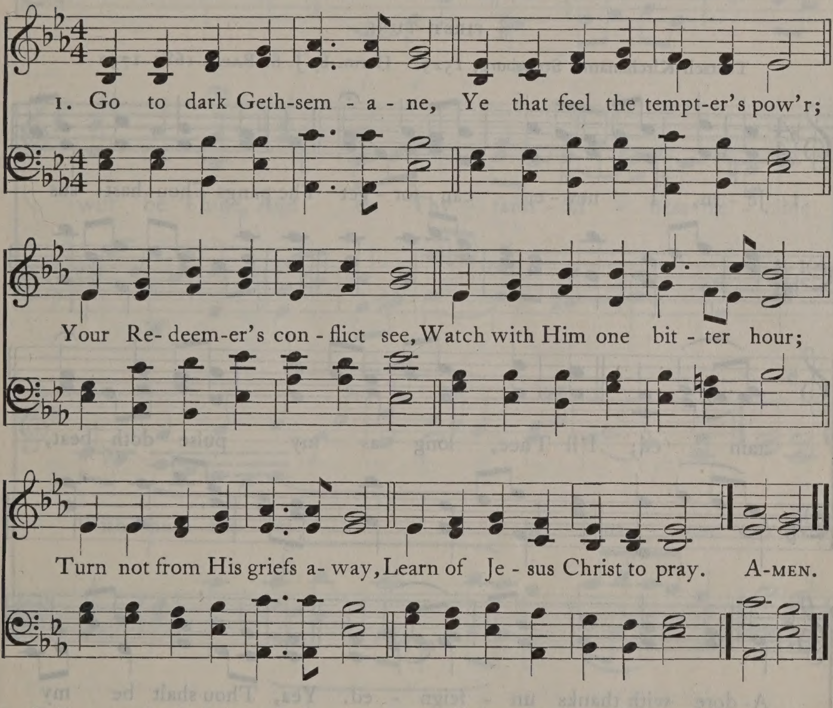
REDHEAD NO. 76 7.7.7.7.7.7.

SECOND TUNE

Richard Redhead, 1820–1901


1. Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's pow'r;
Your Re-deem-er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;
Turn not from His griefs a- way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.
A-men.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own Sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear Him cry;
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4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! — He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854

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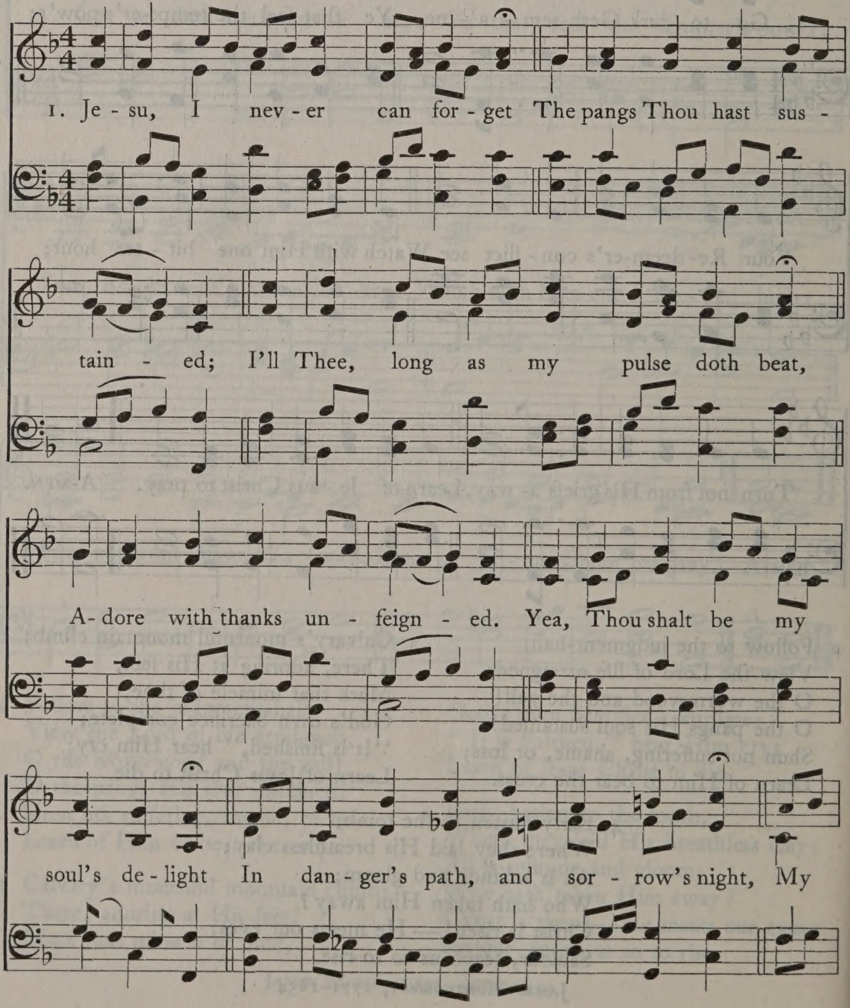
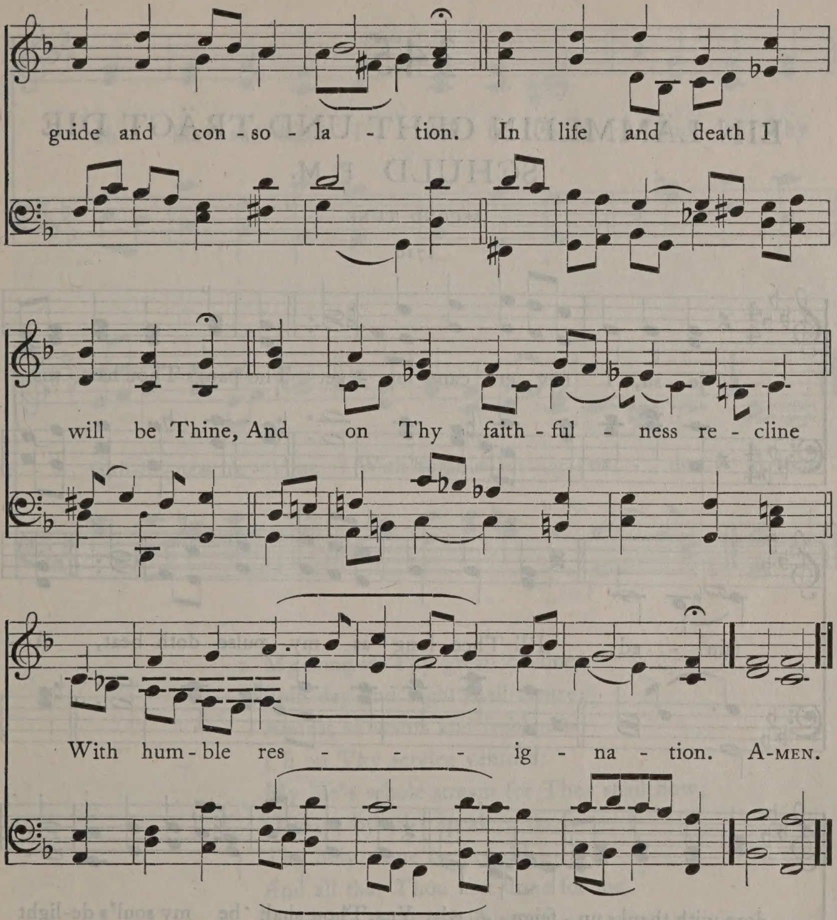
EIN LÄMMLEIN GEHT UND TRÄGT DIE SCHULD (AN WASSERFLÜSSEN BABYLON)

P. M.

FIRST TUNE

Teutsch Kirchenamt, Strassburg, 1525. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. Je - su, I nev - er can for - get The pangs Thou hast sus -
tain - ed; I'll Thee, long as my pulse doth beat,
A - dore with thanks un - feign - ed. Yea, Thou shalt be my
soul's de - light In dan - ger's path, and sor - row's night, My


guide and con - so - la - tion. In life and death I
will be Thine, And on Thy faith - ful - ness re - cline
With hum - ble res - - - ig - na - tion. A-MEN.

2 My song in Thy great loveliness
Both day and night shall centre;
Amidst all wants and feebleness
I'll on Thy service venture:
My life's whole stream for Thee shall flow;
O may, by all I speak or do,
Thy holy name be praisèd,
And all that Thou hast done for me,
Upon my heart indelibly
For ever be impressèd.

P. Gerhardt, 1607–1676; Tr. by J. Gambold, 1711–1771

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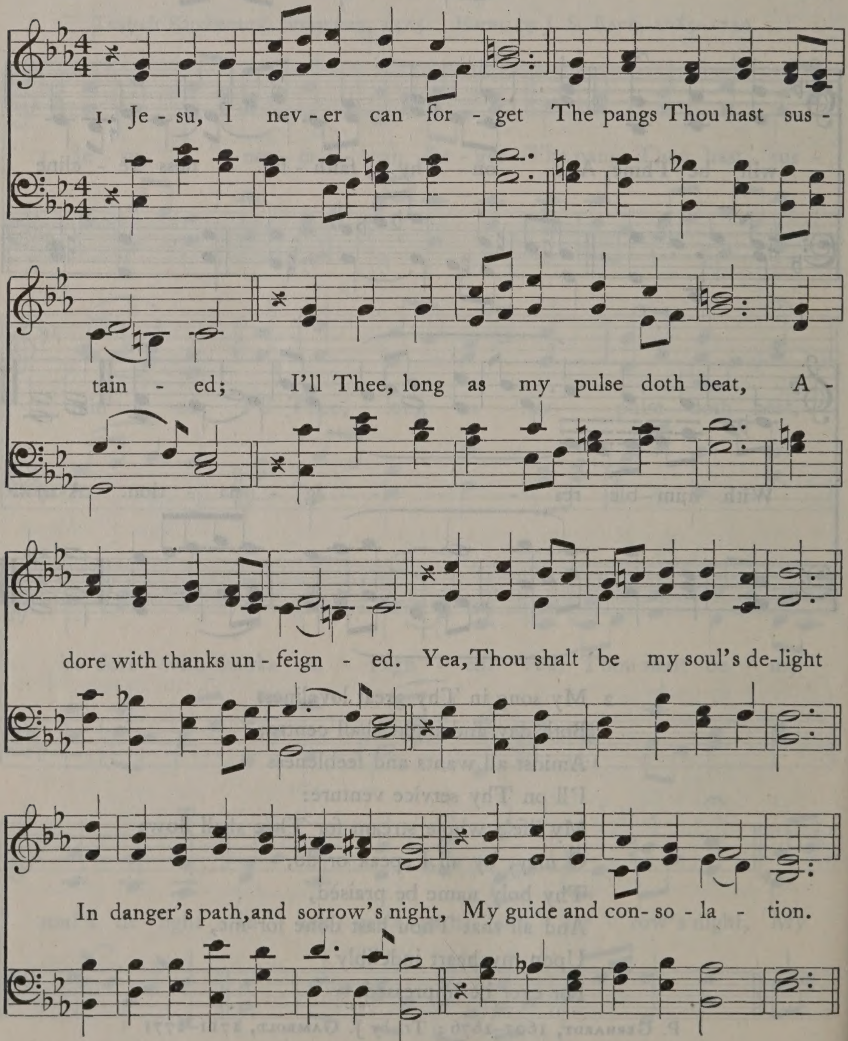
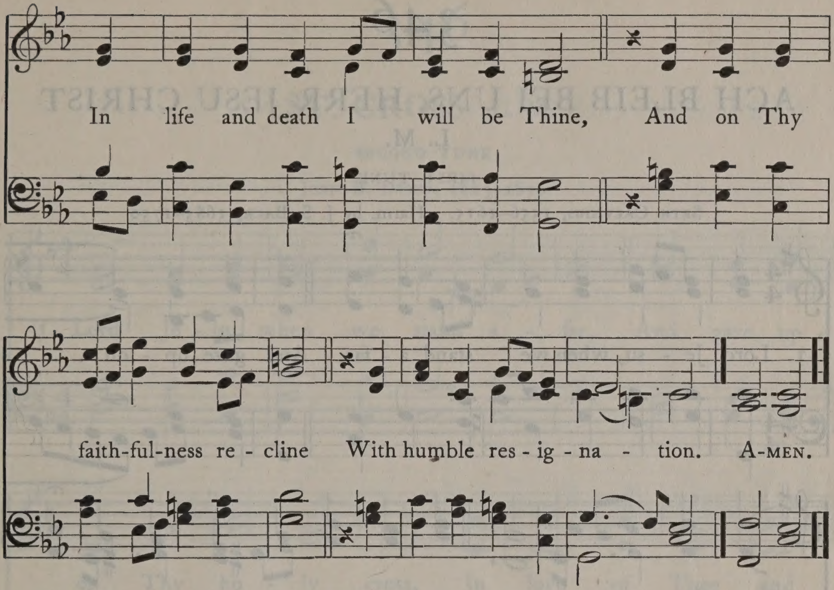
EIN LÄMMLEIN GEHT UND TRÄGT DIE SCHULD P. M.

SECOND TUNE

1710


1. Je - su, I nev - er can for - get The pangs Thou hast sus -
tain - ed; I'll Thee, long as my pulse doth beat, A -
dore with thanks un - feign - ed. Yea, Thou shalt be my soul's de-light
In danger's path, and sorrow's night, My guide and con- so - la - tion.


In life and death I will be Thine, And on Thy
faith-ful-ness re - cline With humble res - ig - na - tion. A-MEN.

2 My song in Thy great loveliness
Both day and night shall centre;
Amidst all wants and feebleness
I'll on Thy service venture:
My life's whole stream for Thee shall flow;
O may, by all I speak or do,
Thy holy name be praiséd,
And all that Thou hast done for me,
Upon my heart indelibly
Forever be impresséd:

P. Gerhardt, 1607–1676. Tr. by J. Gambold, 1711–1771

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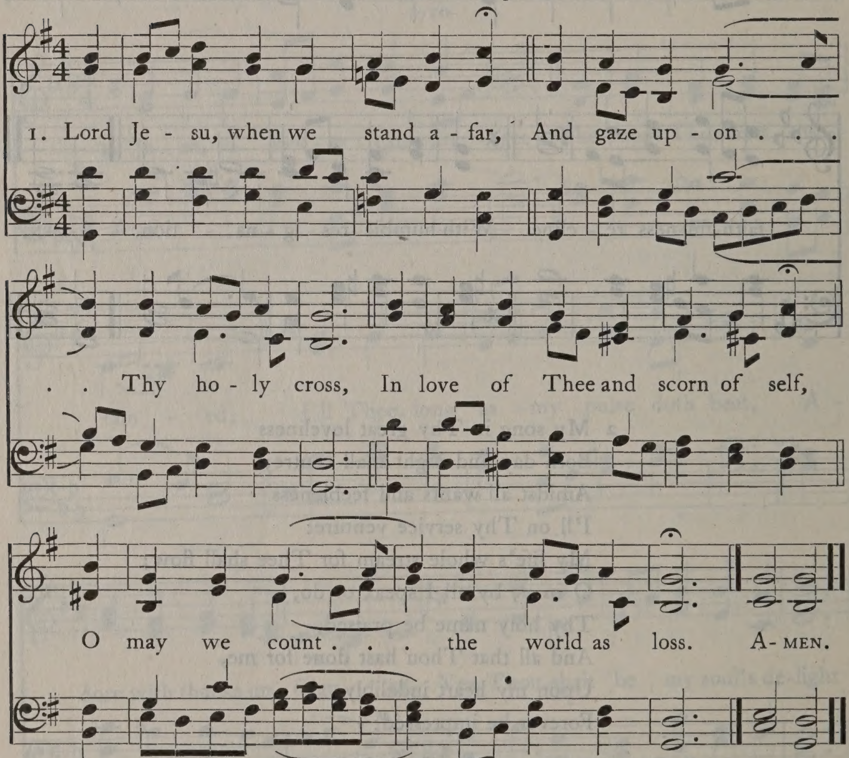
ACH BLEIB BEI UNS, HERR JESU CHRIST

L. M.

FIRST TUNE

Seth Calvisius, 1556–1615. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. Lord Je - su, when we stand a - far, And gaze up - on . . . . . . Thy ho - ly cross, In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count . . . . the world as loss. A- men.

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O Holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below.

4 Give us an everliving faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

Wm. Walsham How, 1823–1897

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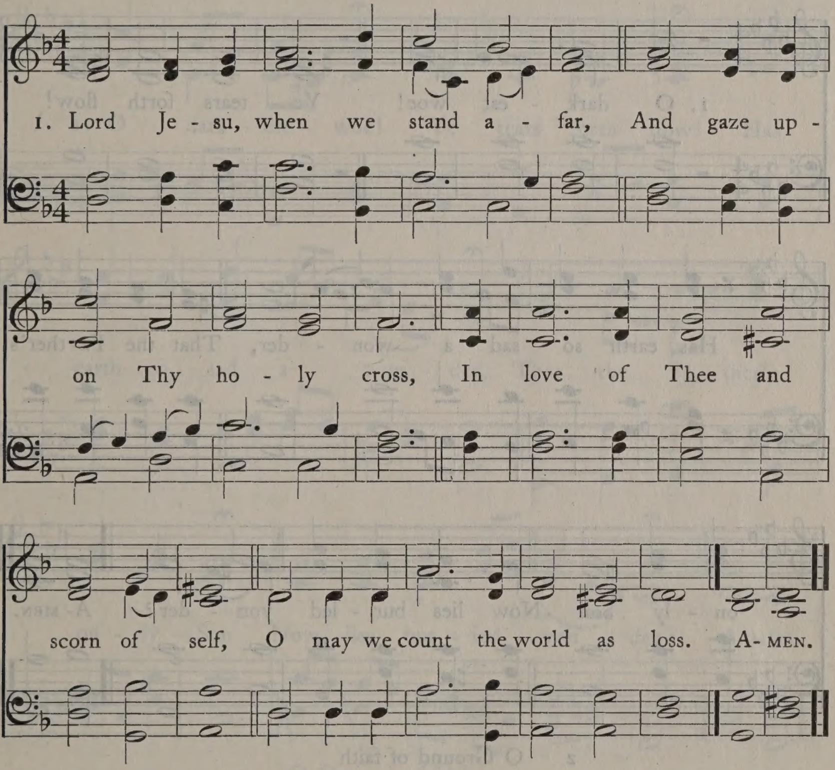
ST. CROSS L. M.

SECOND TUNE

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876


1. Lord Je - su, when we stand a - far, And gaze up - on Thy ho - ly cross, In love of Thee and scorn of self, O may we count the world as loss. A- MEN.

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O Holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below.

4 Give us an everliving faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

WM. WALSHAM HOW, 1823–1897

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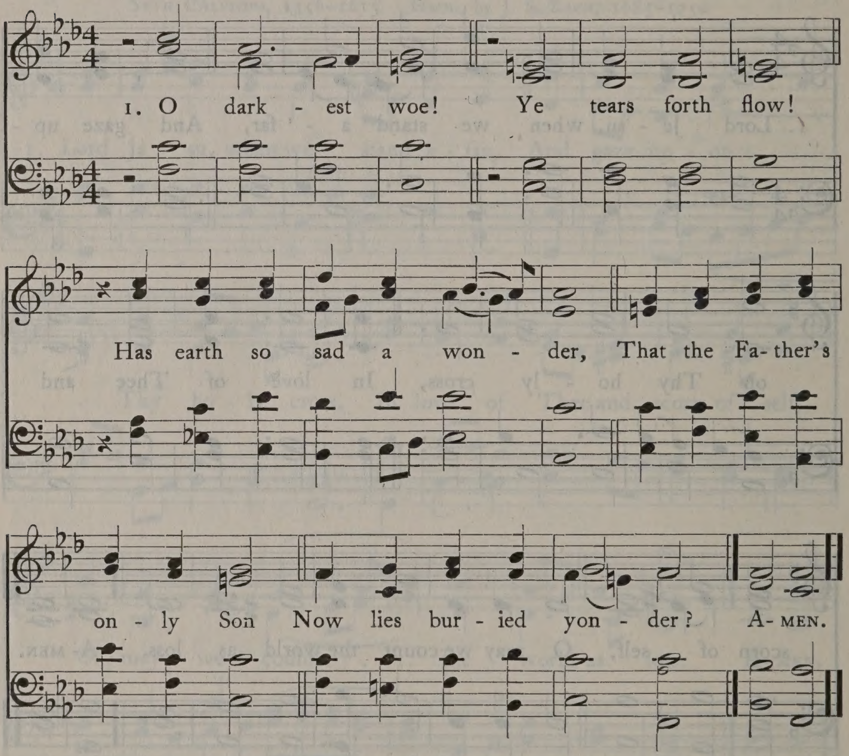
O TRAURIGKEIT, O HERZELEID! 4. 4. 7. 7. 6.

FIRST SETTING

"Himmlische Harmonie," Mainz, 1628. Harm. by Gottfried Vopelius, 1645–1715


1. O dark - est woe! Ye tears forth flow!
Has earth so sad a won - der, That the Fa- ther's
on - ly Son Now lies bur - ied yon - der?
A- men.

2 O Ground of faith
Laid low in death!
Sweet lips now silent sleeping;
Surely all that live must mourn
Here with bitter weeping.

3 O Jesu blest,
My help and rest,
With tears I pray — Lord, hear me;
Make me love Thee to the last,
In the grave be near me.

Johann Rist, 1607–1667. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

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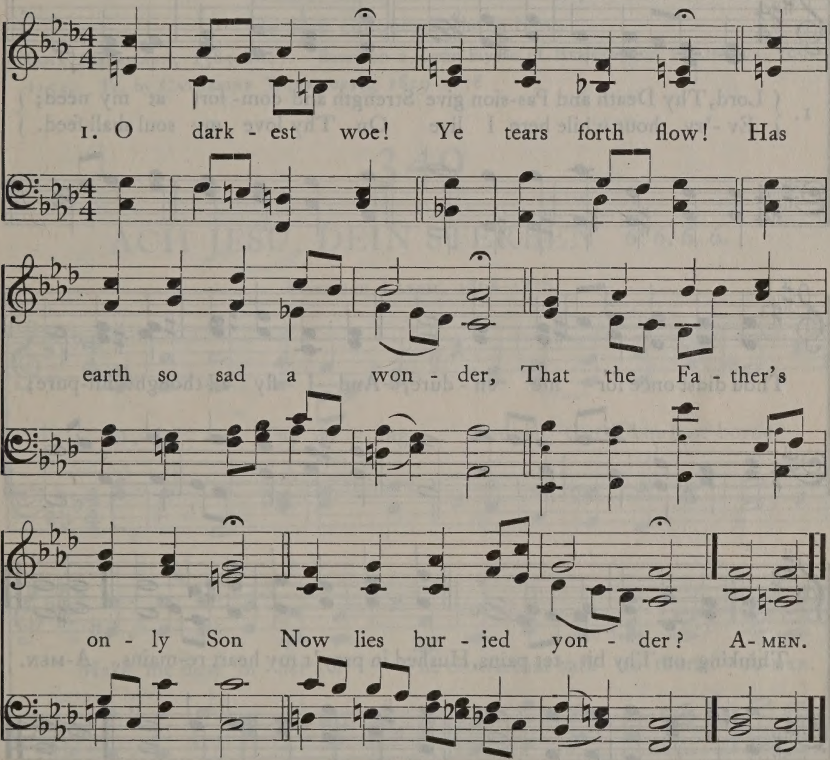
O TRAURIGKEIT, O HERZELEID! 4. 4. 7. 6. 6.

SECOND SETTING

"Himmlische Harmonie," MAINZ, 1628. Harm. by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750


1. O dark - est woe! Ye tears forth flow! Has
earth so sad a won - der, That the Fa - ther's
on - ly Son Now lies bur - ied yon - der? A- MEN.

2 O Ground of faith
Laid low in death!
Sweet lips now silent sleeping;
Surely all that live must mourn
Here with bitter weeping.

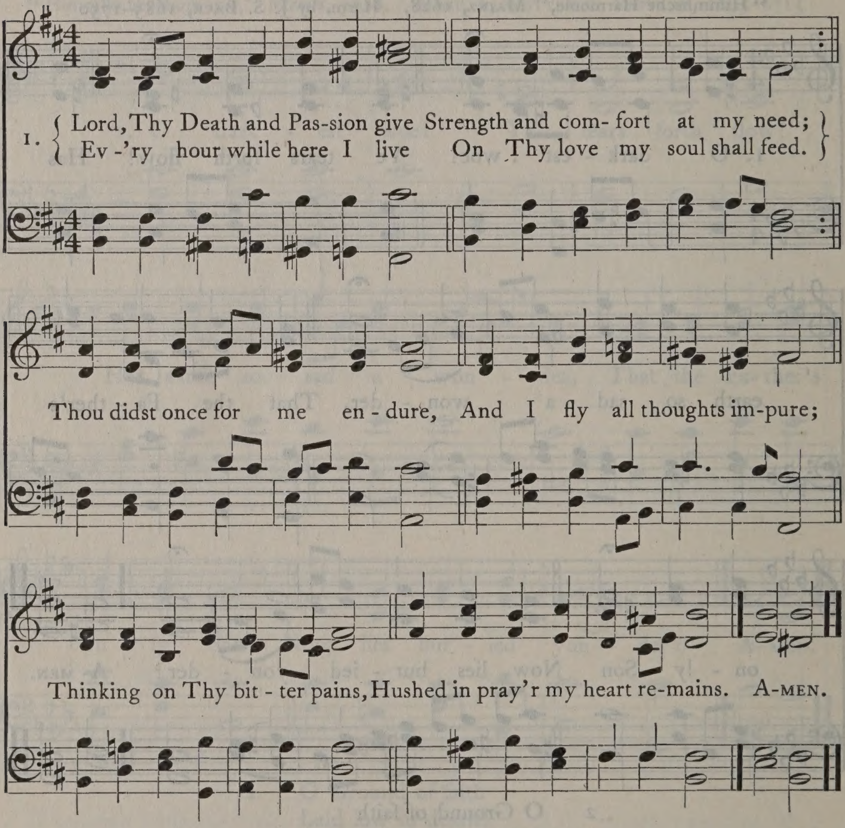
3 O Jesu blest,
My help and rest,
With tears I pray — Lord, hear me;
Make me love Thee to the last,
In the grave be near me.

JOHANN RIST, 1607–1667. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

348

CHRISTE, WAHRES SEELENLICHT 7.7.7.7.D.

Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, Halle, 1704


1. { Lord, Thy Death and Pas-sion give Strength and com- fort at my need;
Ev -'ry hour while here I live On Thy love my soul shall feed. }
Thou didst once for me en - dure, And I fly all thoughts im-pure;
Thinking on Thy bit - ter pains, Hushed in pray'r my heart re-mains. A-men.

2 Thy blest Cross hath power to heal
All the wounds of sin and strife.
Lost in Thee, my heart doth feel
Sudden warmth and nobler life.
In my saddest, darkest grief,
Let Thy sweetness bring relief,
Thou who camest but to save,
Thou who fearest not the grave!

3 Lord, in Thee I place my trust,
Thou art my Defence and Tower;
Death Thou treadest in the dust,
O'er my soul he hath no power.
That I may have part in Thee,
Help and save and comfort me;
Give me, of Thy grace and might,
Resurrection, life, and light!

4 Fount of good, within me dwell!
For the peace Thy presence sheds
Keeps us safe in conflict fell,
Charms the pain from dying beds.
Hide me safe within Thine arm,
Where no foe can hurt or harm;
Whoso, Lord, in Thee doth rest,
He hath conquered, he is blest.

Johann Heermann, 1585–1647. Based on a Latin Hymn of Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

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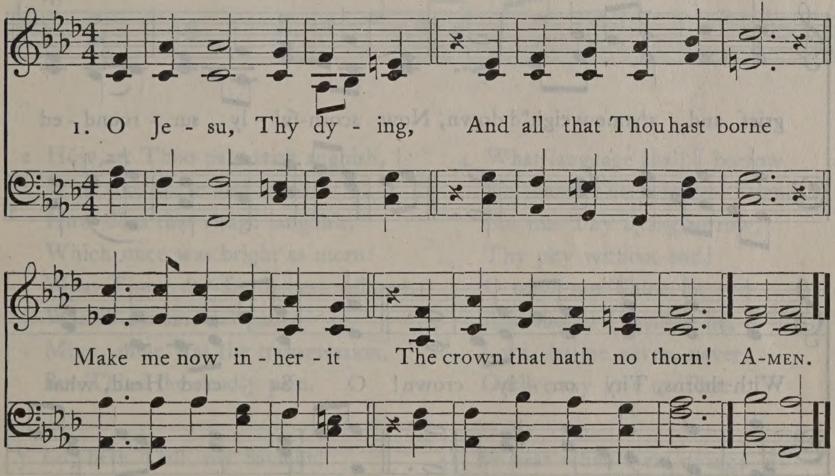
ACH JESU, DEIN STERBEN 6. 6. 6. 6.

Friedrich Layriz, 1808–1859


1. O Je - su, Thy dy - ing, And all that Thou hast borne
Make me now in - her - it The crown that hath no thorn! A-men.

2 O teach me then daily
To worship at Thy cross,
Owning inly, truly,
The Love that bore our loss;

3 And help that to evil
I every day may die,
And Thy heaven may conquer
When death I shall defy.

Anon. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878. Alt.

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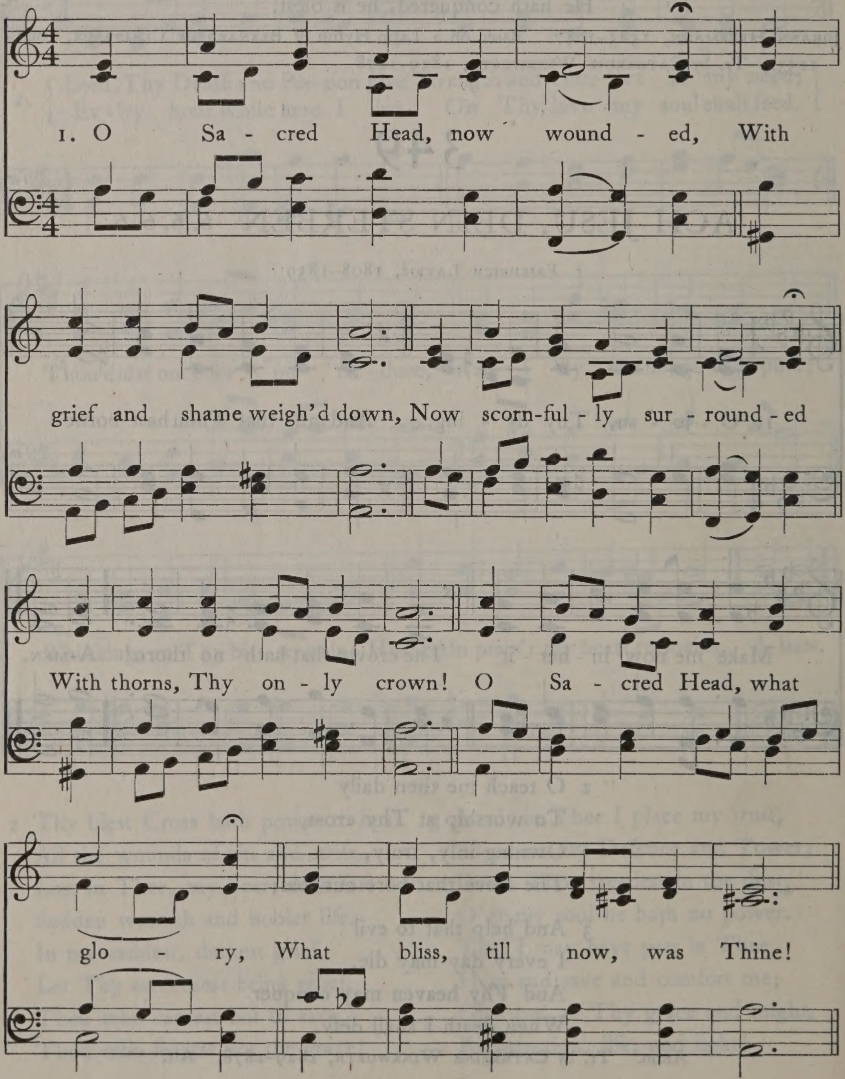
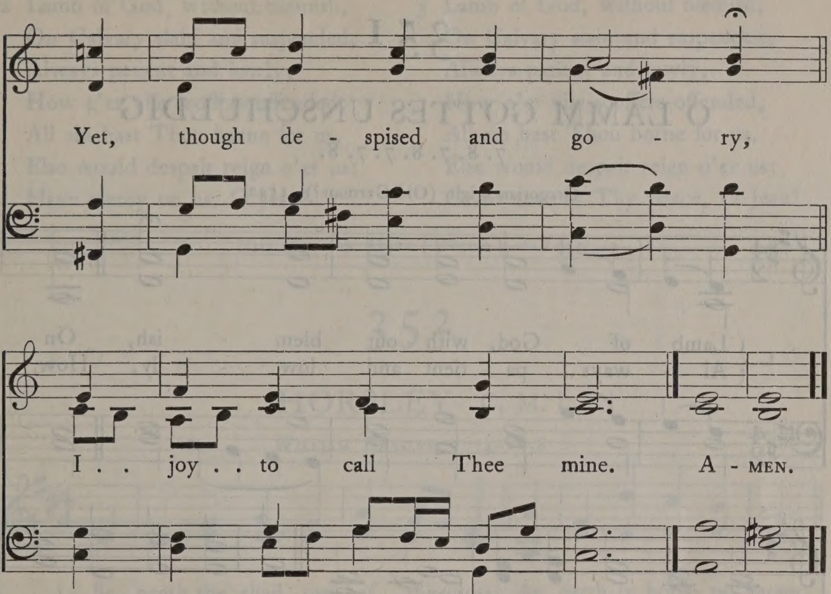
HERZLICH THUT MICH VERLANGEN (PASSION CHORAL) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Hans Leo Hassler, 1564–1612. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750


1. O Sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With
grief and shame weigh'd down, Now scorn-ful - ly sur - round - ed
With thorns, Thy on - ly crown! O Sa - cred Head, what
glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine!


Yet, though de - spised and go - ry,
I . . joy . . to call Thee mine. A - MEN.

2 How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!
What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place!
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
Receive me, my Redeemer;
My Shepherd, make me Thine!
Of every good the Fountain,
Thou art the Spring of mine!

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Be near when I am dying;
O! show Thy Cross to me;
Lord, on Thy help relying,
Come Thou and set me free;
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Thee shall never move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely in Thy love.

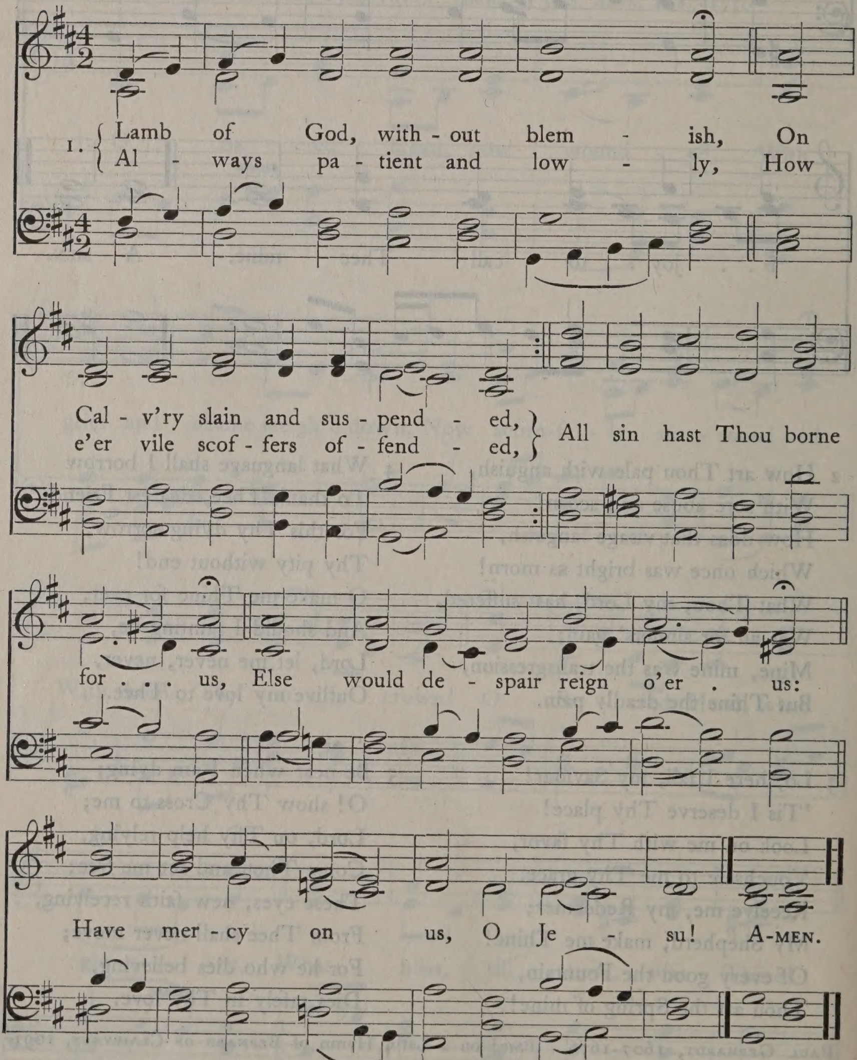
PAUL GERHARDT, 1607–1676. Based on a Latin Hymn of BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091–1153. Tr. by JAMES WADDELL ALEXANDER, 1804–1859

351

O LAMM GOTTES UNSCHULDIG

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8.

Gregorian origin (Old German?), 1542


1. Lamb of God, without blemish, On Calv'ry slain and suspended,
Always patient and lowly, How e'er vile scoffers offended,
All sin hast Thou borne for . . . us, Else would despair reign o'er . us:
Have mercy on us, O Jesu! A-MEN.

According to ancient usage the Agnus Dei is thrice repeated.

2 Lamb of God, without blemish,
On Calvary slain and suspended,
Always patient and lowly,
How e'er vile scoffers offended,
All sin hast Thou borne for us,
Else would despair reign o'er us:
Have mercy on us, O Jesu!

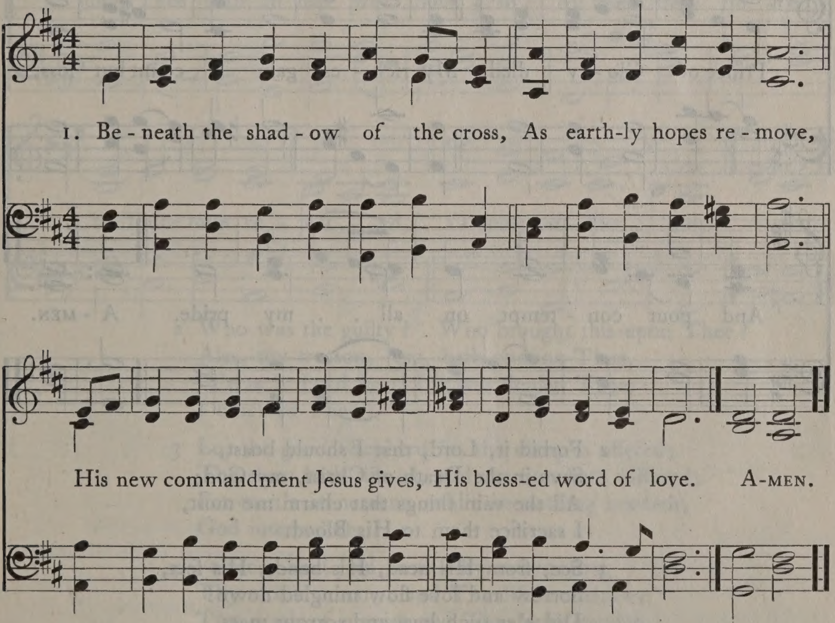
3 Lamb of God, without blemish,
On Calvary slain and suspended,
Always patient and lowly,
How e'er vile scoffers offended,
All sin hast Thou borne for us,
Else would despair reign o'er us:
Grant unto us Thy peace, O Jesu!

Nikolaus von Hofe (Decius), d. 1541

352

HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley, 1774–1858


1. Be - neath the shad - ow of the cross, As earth-ly hopes re - move,
His new commandment Jesus gives, His bless-ed word of love. A-men.

2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

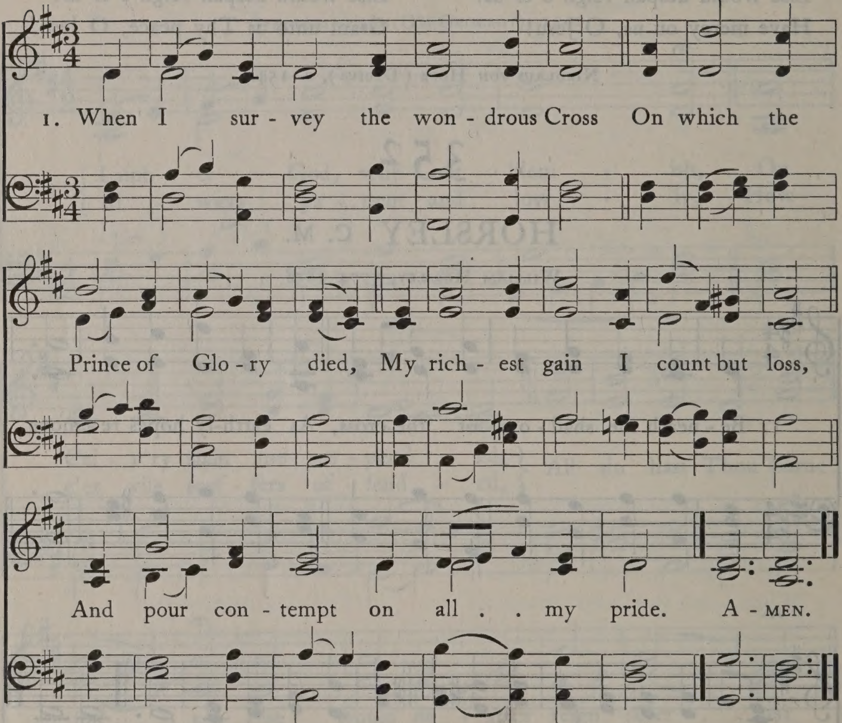
3 Then, Jesu, be Thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892

353

ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Edward Miller, 1731–1807


1. When I sur - vey the won - drous Cross On which the
Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but loss,
And pour con - tempt on all . . my pride. A - men.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

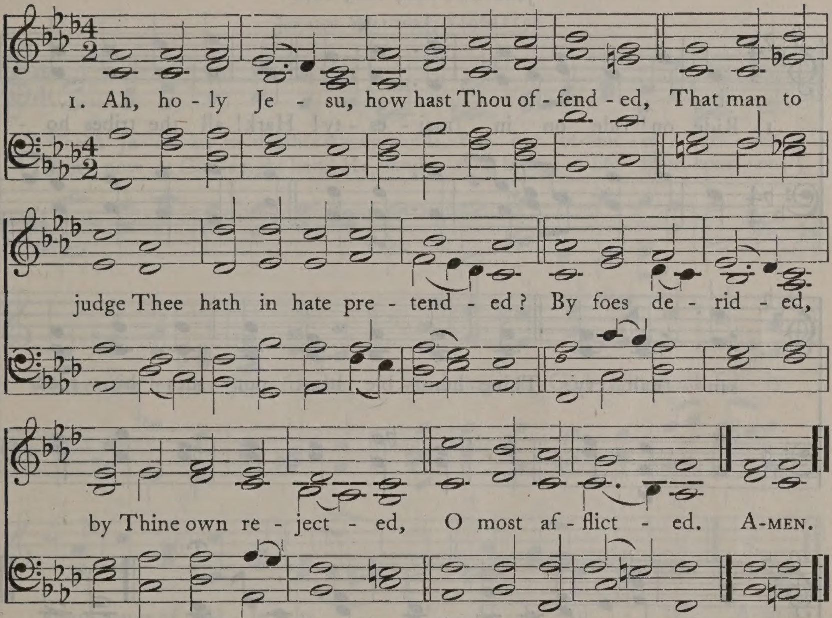
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

354

HERZLIEBSTER JESU 11. 11. 11. 5.

Johann Crüger, 1598–1662


1. Ah, ho - ly Je - su, how hast Thou of - fend - ed, That man to
judge Thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
by Thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed. A-men.

2 Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon Thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesu, hath undone Thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesu, I it was denied Thee:
I crucified Thee.

3 Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;
The slave hath sinnèd, and the Son hath suffered;
For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.

4 For me, kind Jesu, was Thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and Thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish and Thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

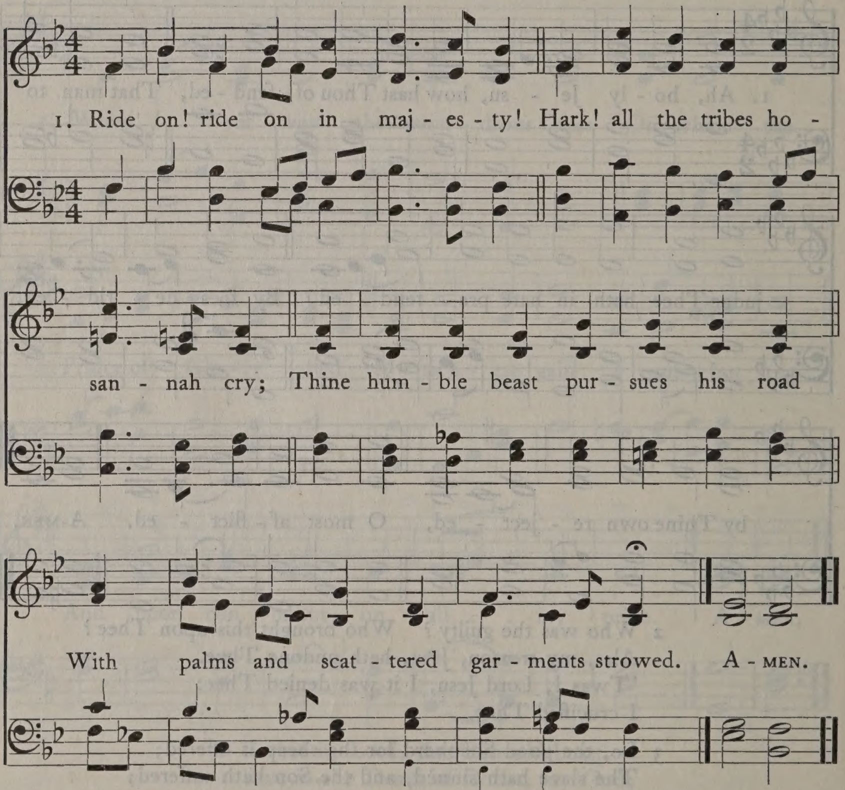
5 Therefore, kind Jesu, since I cannot pay Thee,
I do adore Thee, and will ever pray Thee,
Think on Thy pity and Thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

J. Heermann, 1585–1647. Tr. Yattendon Hymnal, 1920

355

ST. DROSTANE L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1823–1876


1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho -
san - nah cry; Thine hum - ble beast pur - sues his road
With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed. A - men.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering
eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and
reign.

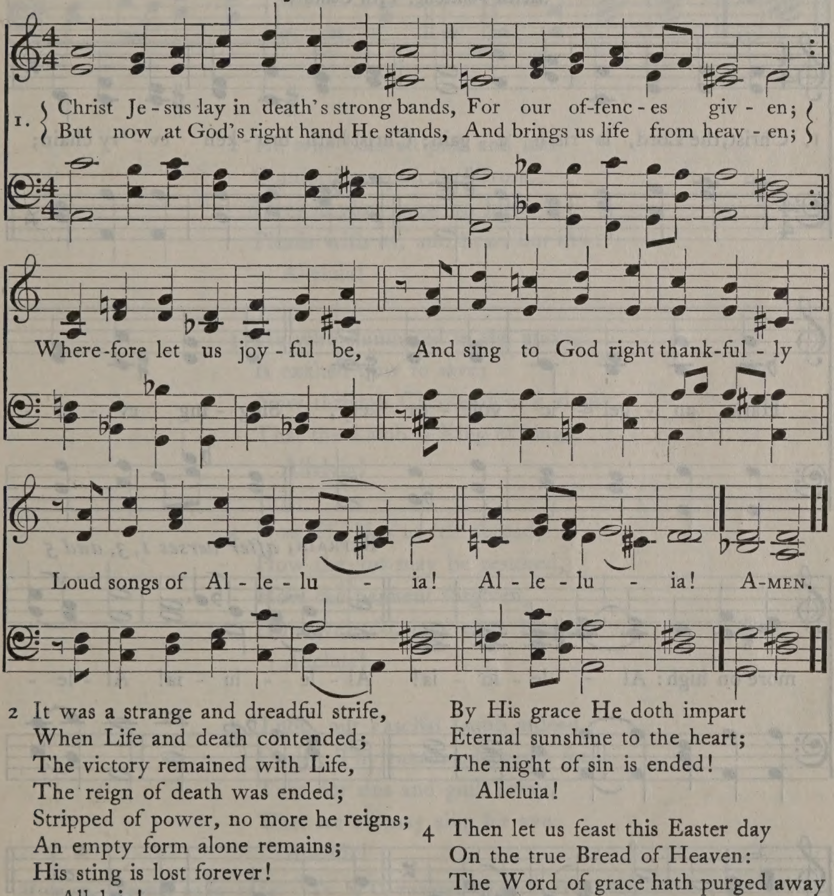
Henry Hart Milman, 1791–1868

356

CHRIST LAG IN TODESBANDEN

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8. 7. 4.

Johann Walther, 1496–1570


1. Christ Je - sus lay in death's strong bands, For our of-fenc - es giv - en;
But now at God's right hand He stands, And brings us life from heav - en;
Where-fore let us joy - ful be, And sing to God right thank-ful - ly
Loud songs of Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 It was a strange and dreadful strife,
When Life and death contended;
The victory remained with Life,
The reign of death was ended;
Stripped of power, no more he reigns;
An empty form alone remains;
His sting is lost forever!
Alleluia!

3 So let us keep the festival
Whereto the Lord invites us;
Christ is Himself the joy of all,
The Sun that warms and lights us;
By His grace He doth impart
Eternal sunshine to the heart;
The night of sin is ended!
Alleluia!

4 Then let us feast this Easter day
On the true Bread of Heaven:
The Word of grace hath purged away
The old and wicked leaven:
Christ alone our souls will feed;
He is our meat and drink indeed;
Faith lives upon no other!
Alleluia!

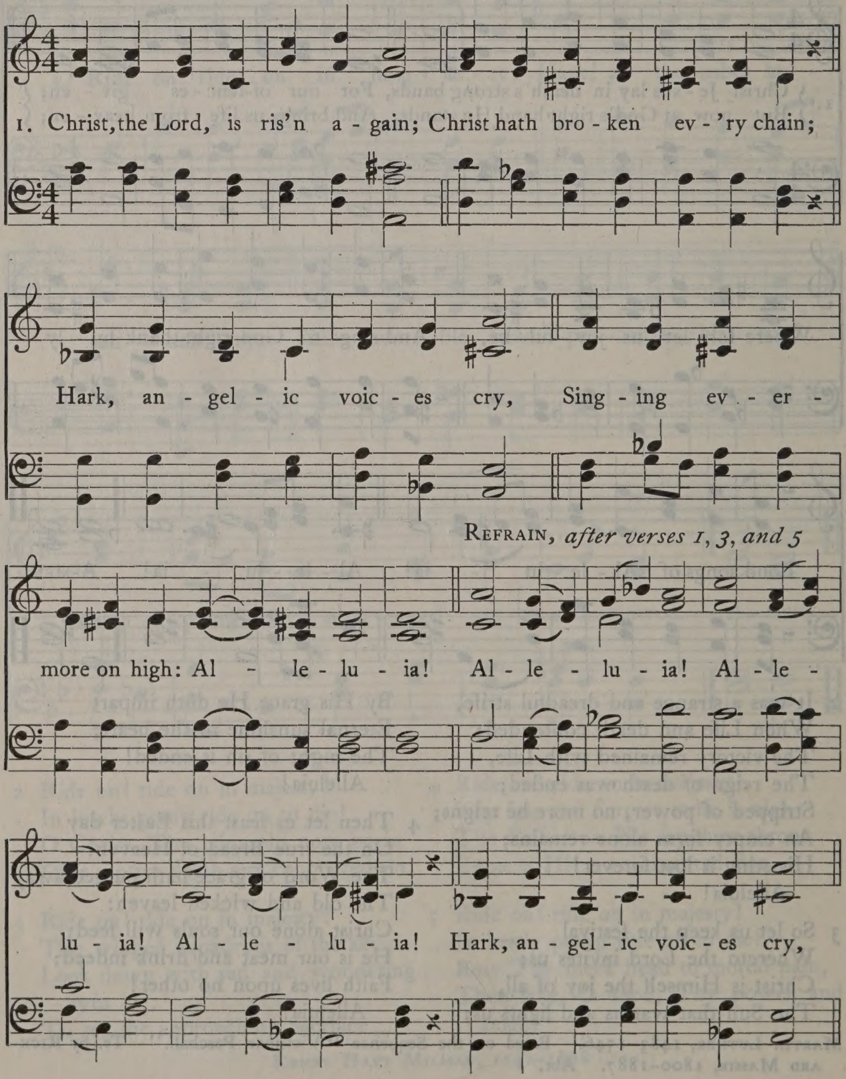
Martin Luther, 1483–1546. Based on the Sequence "Victimae Paschali." Tr. by **Richard Massie**, 1800–1887. Abr.

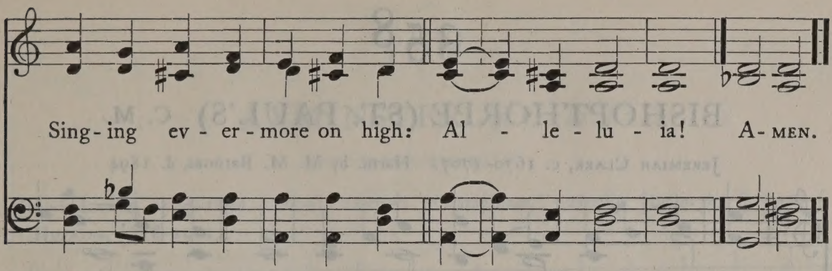
357

CHRIST IST ERSTANDEN 7.7.7.7.

WITH ALLELUIA

Sacred Folksong, 13th Century


1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n a - gain; Christ hath bro - ken ev - 'ry chain;
Hark, an - gel - ic voic - es cry, Sing - ing ev - er -
more on high: Al - le - lu - ia!
REFRAIN, after verses 1, 3, and 5
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Hark, an - gel - ic voic - es cry,



2 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads with us, and hears our cry:
Alleluia!

3 He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings:
Alleluia!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad,
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven:
Alleluia!

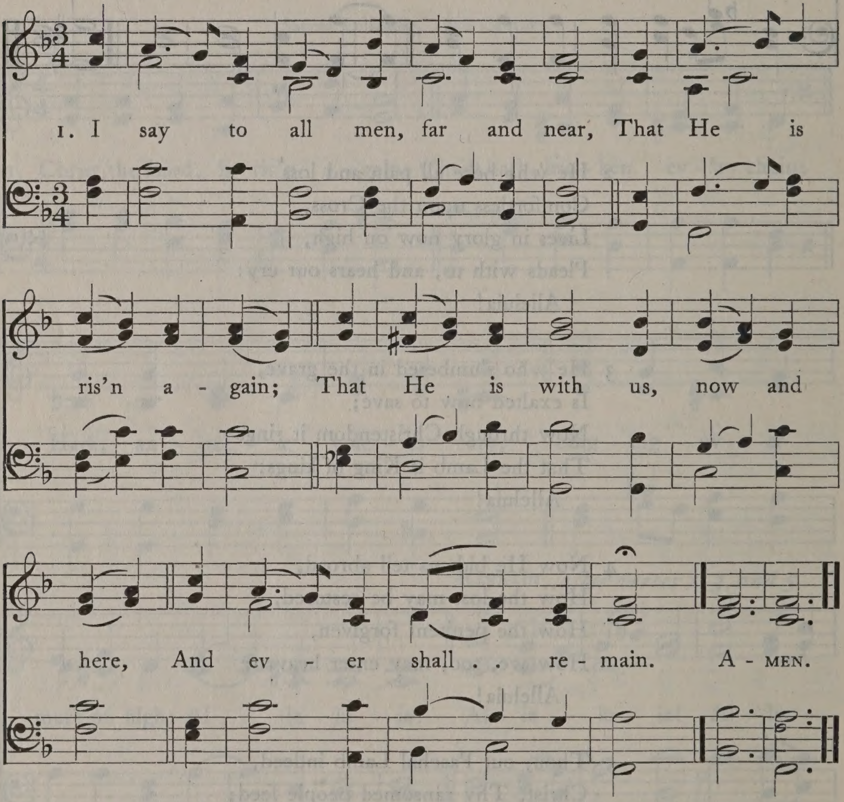
5 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye:
Alleluia!

MICHAEL WEISSE, 1480–1534. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878. Abr. and alt.

358

BISHOPTHORPE (ST. PAUL'S) C. M.

Jeremiah Clark, c. 1670–1707. Harm. by M. M. Bridges, d. 1894


1. I say to all men, far and near, That He is ris'n a - gain; That He is with us, now and here, And ev - er shall . . re - main. A - men.

2 And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

3 Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a fatherland;
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.

4 The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.

5 The way of darkness that He trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to His word
Shall reach His Father's home.

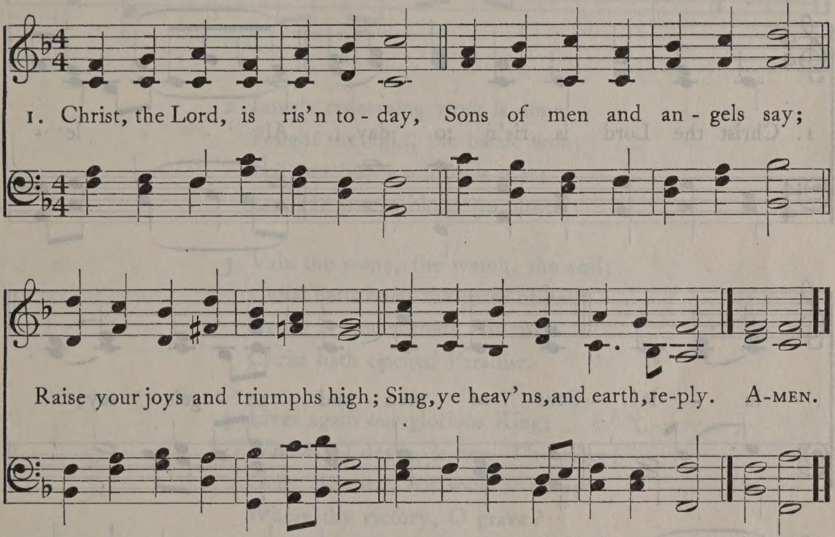
G. F. P. von Hardenberg (Novalis), 1772–1801. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

359

AXMINSTER 7.7.7.7.

FIRST TUNE

Henry Lawes, 1595–1662. From Sandy's "Paraphrase," 1636. Harm. by Edward J. Hopkins, 1818–1901


1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re-ply. A-men.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now Thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 King of glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

7 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

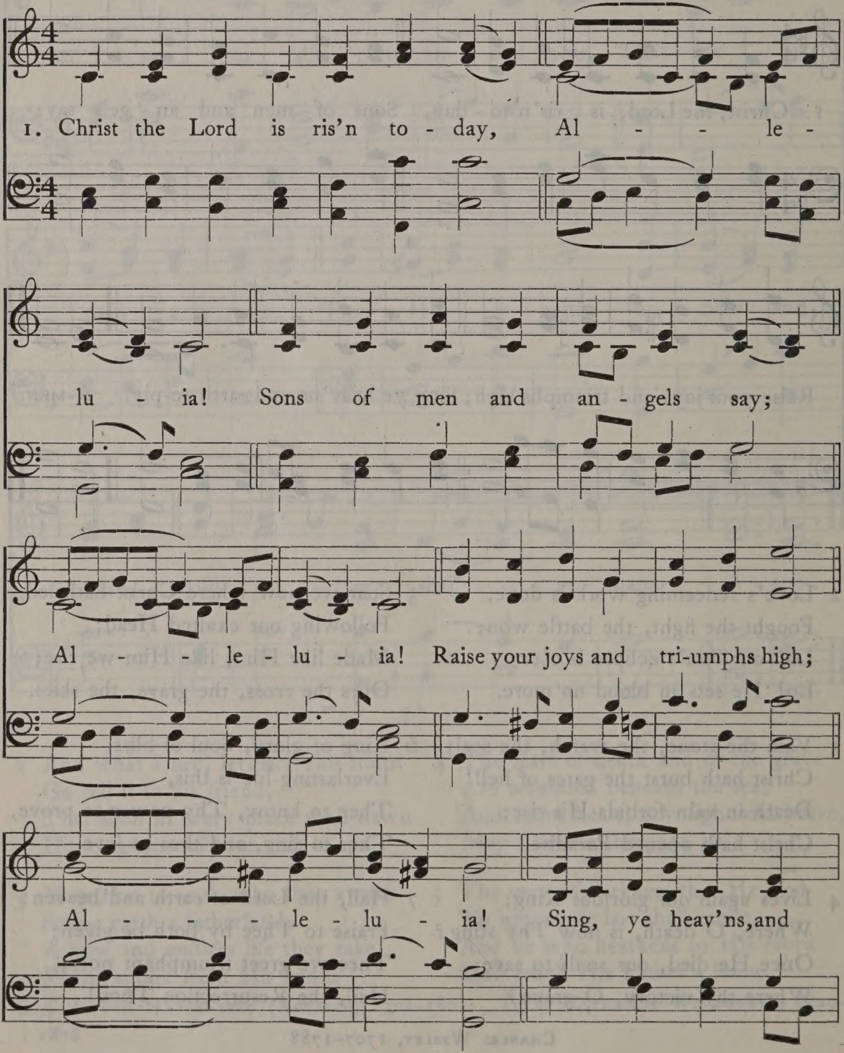
359

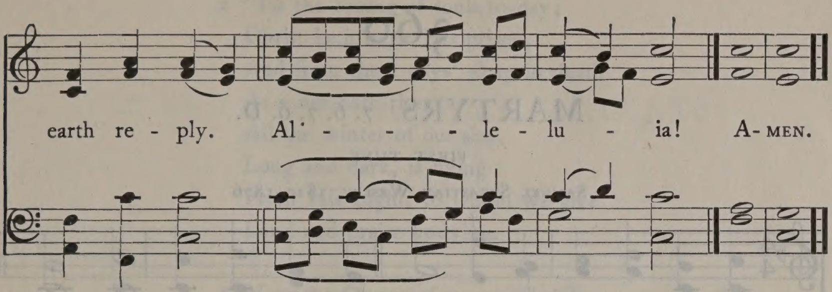
EASTER HYMN (WORGAN) 7. 7. 7. 7.

WITH ALLELUIAS

SECOND TUNE

Modern form of melody in "Lyra Davidica," 1708


1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - - le -
lu - ia! Sons of men and an - gels say;
Al - - le - lu - ia! Raise your joys and tri-umphs high;
Al - - - - le - lu - ia! Sing, ye heav'ns,and



2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
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Once He died, our souls to save;
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5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 King of glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

7 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

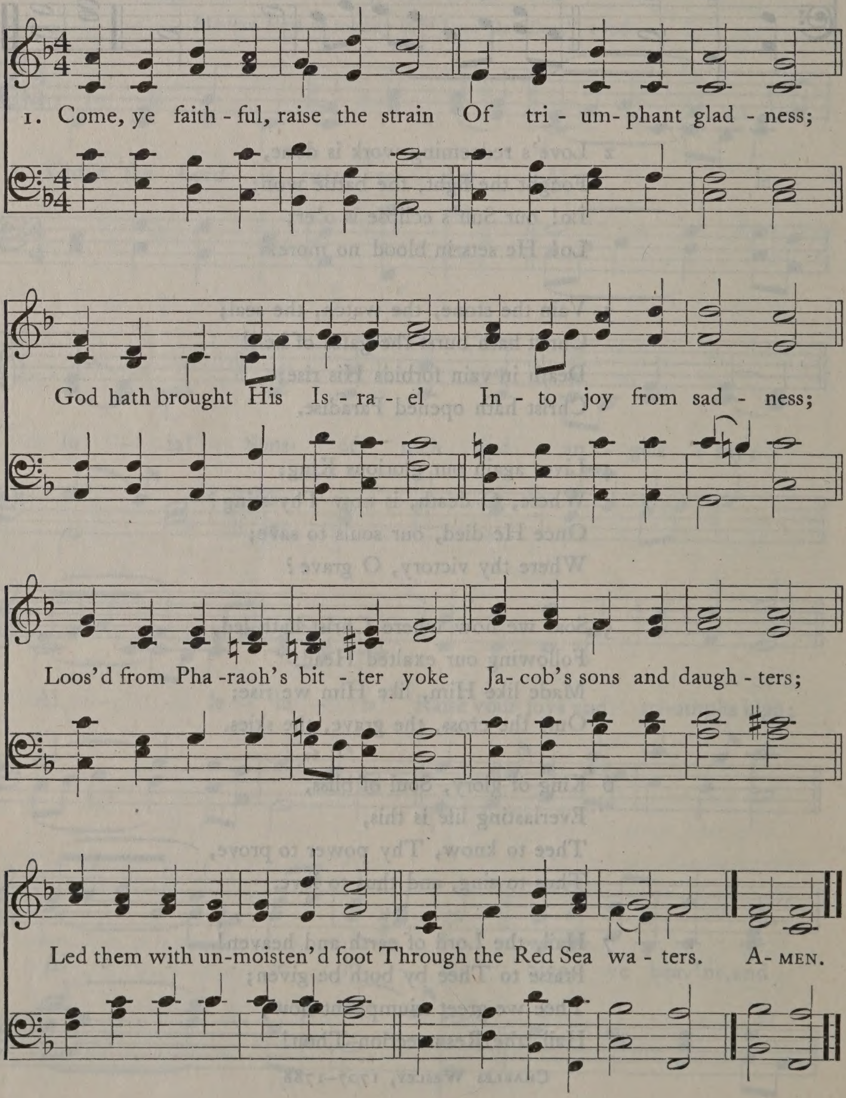
Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

360

MARTYRS 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

FIRST TUNE

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um- phant glad - ness;
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
Loos'd from Pha -raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja- cob's sons and daugh - ters;
Led them with un-moisten'd foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A- men.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of splendor,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus's Resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal;
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

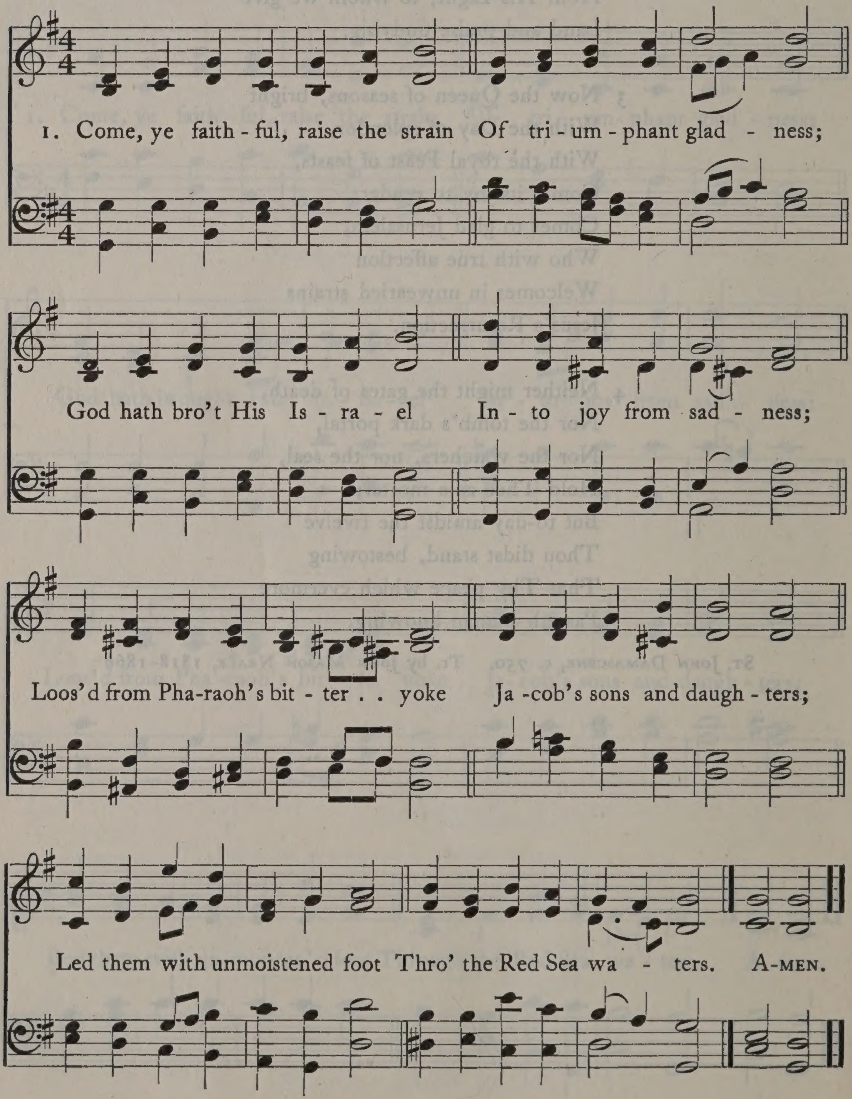
St. John Damascene, c. 750. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

360

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

SECOND TUNE

A. H. Brown, b. 1830


1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness;
God hath bro't His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
Loos'd from Pha-raoh's bit - ter . . yoke Ja -cob's sons and daugh - ters;
Led them with unmoistened foot Thro' the Red Sea wa - ters. A-men.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of splendor,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus's Resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal;
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

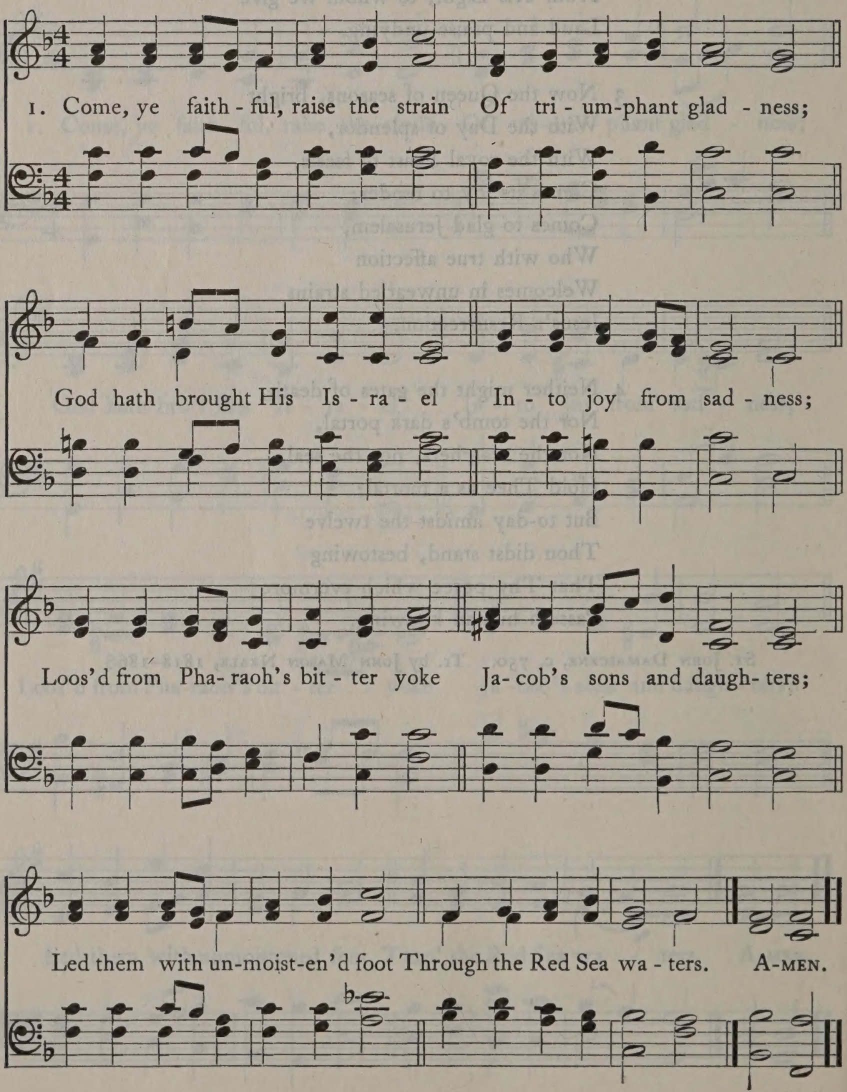
St. John Damascene, c. 750. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

360

ST. KEVIN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

THIRD TUNE

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1842–1900


1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um-phant glad - ness;
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
Loos'd from Pha- raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja- cob's sons and daugh- ters;
Led them with un-moist-en'd foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A-men.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of splendor,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus's Resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal;
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

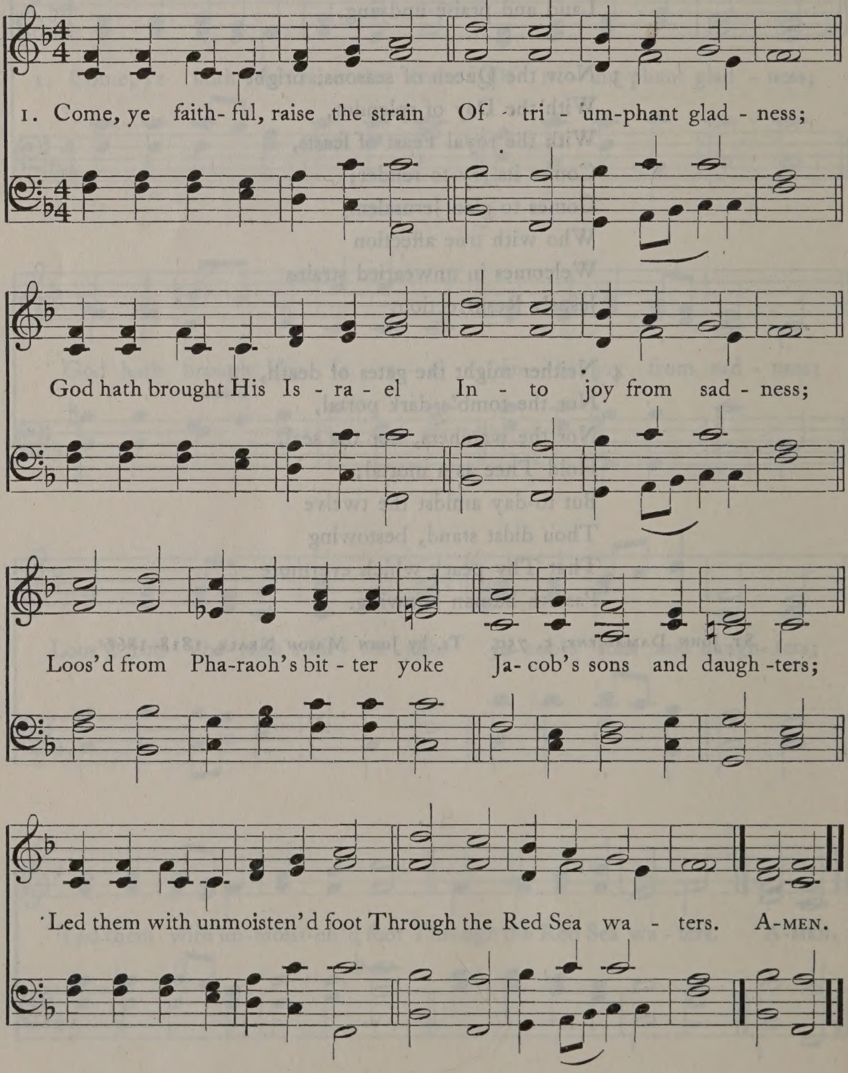
St. John Damascene, c. 750. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

360

AVE VIRGO VIRGINUM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

FOURTH TUNE

Melody from the 14th or 15th cent. Harm. by Friedrich Riegel, b. 1825


1. Come, ye faith- ful, raise the strain Of tri - um-phant glad - ness;
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
Loos'd from Pha-raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja- cob's sons and daugh -ters;
Led them with unmoisten'd foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A-men.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of splendor,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus's Resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal;
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

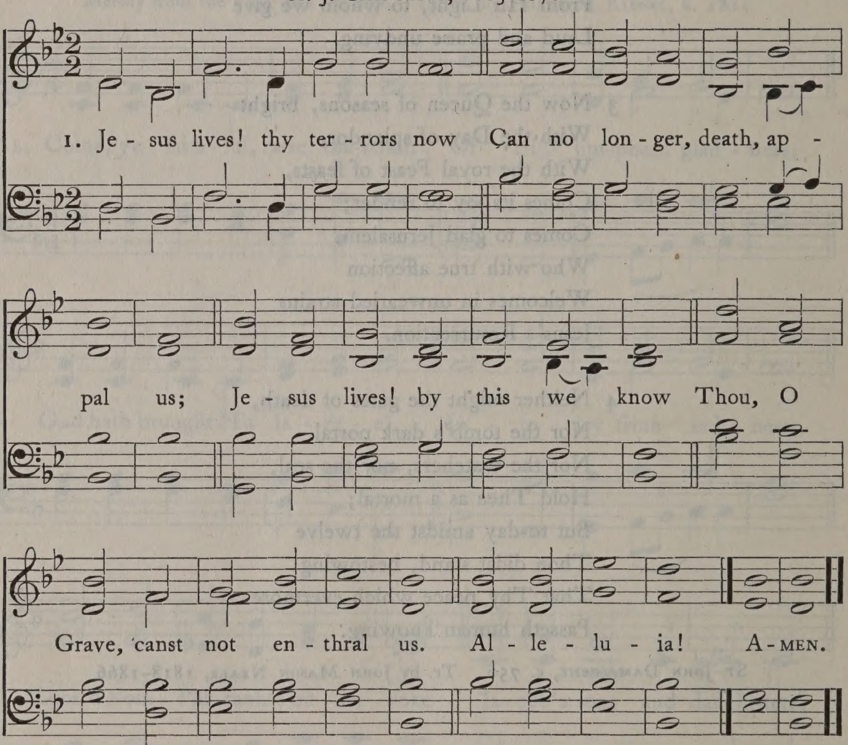
St. John Damascene, c. 750. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

361

ST. ALBINUS 7. 8. 7. 8. 4.

FIRST TUNE

H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876


1. Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can no lon - ger, death, ap - pal us; Je - sus lives! by this we know Thou, O Grave, 'canst not en - thral us. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

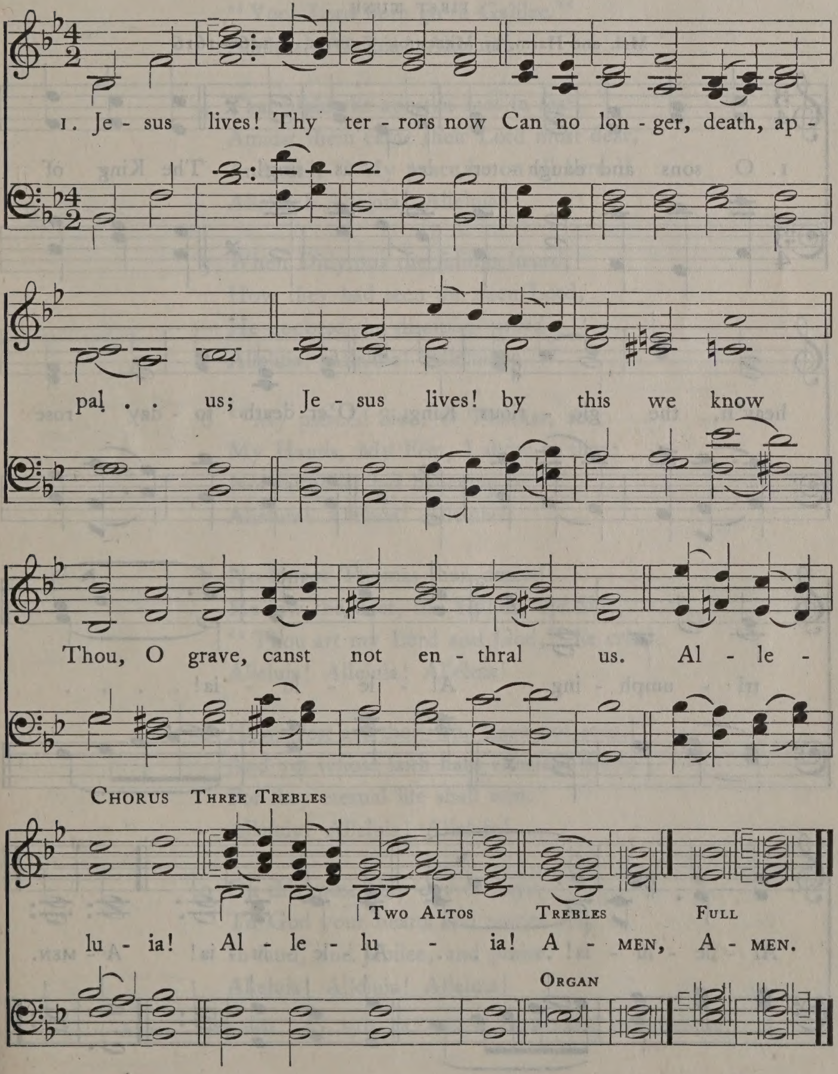
Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, 1715–1769. Tr. by Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1812–1897

361

RESURRECTION 7. 8. 7. 8. 4.

SECOND TUNE

Walford Davies, 1869–


1. Je - sus lives! Thy ter - rors now Can no lon - ger, death, ap -
pal . . us; Je - sus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not en - thral us. Al - le -
Chorus
Three Trebles
lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men, A - men.
Two Altos
Trebles
Full
Organ

362

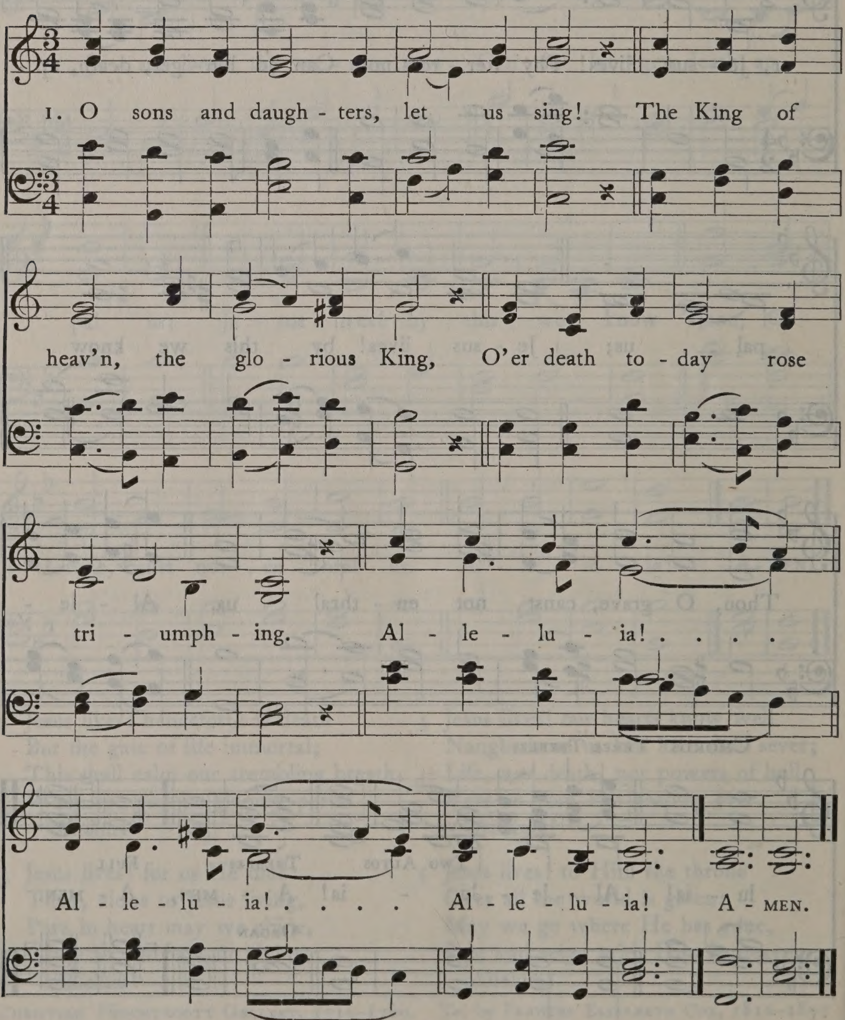
GELOBT SEI GOTT IM HÖCHSTEN THRON

8. 8. 8.

WITH ALLELUIAS

FIRST TUNE

Mel. and Harm. by Melchior Vulpius, c. 1560–1616


1. O sons and daugh - ters, let us sing! The King of
heav'n, the glo - rious King, O'er death to - day rose
tri - umph - ing. Al - le - lu - ia! . . . .
Al - le - lu - ia! . . . . Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 That Sunday morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat and spake unto the three:
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

4 That night the apostles met in fear,
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

5 When Didymus the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

6 "My piercèd Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands, My Feet, I show to thee;
Nor faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side,
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been;
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

9 On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Anon. 17th cent. Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1818–1866, and compilers

362

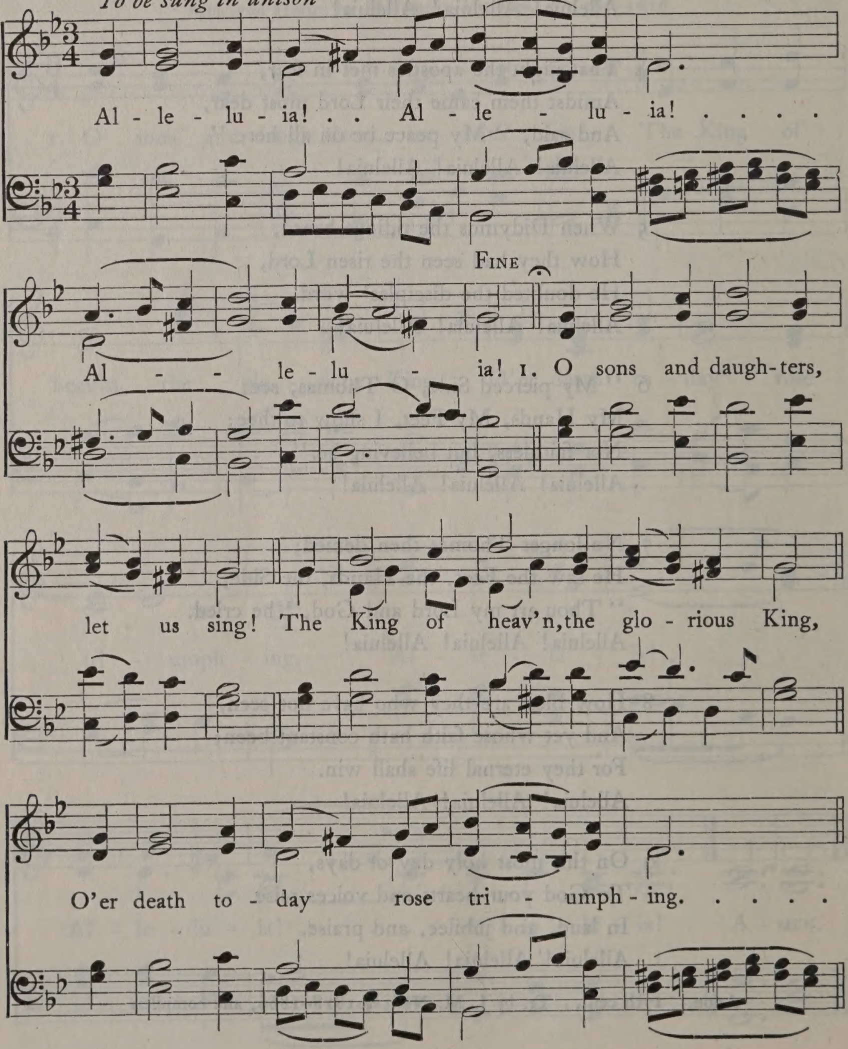
O FILII ET FILIAE 8. 8. 8.

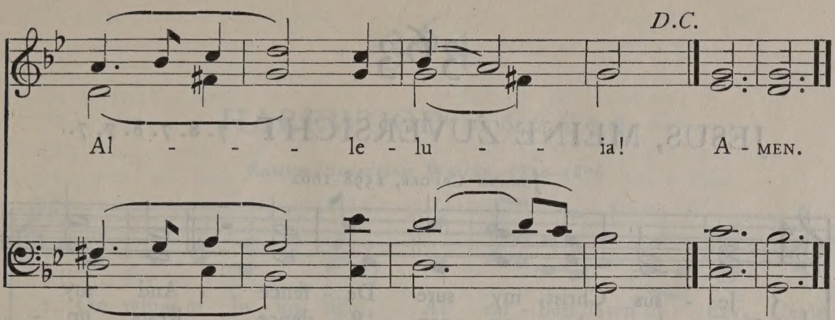
WITH ALLELUIAS

SECOND TUNE

Modern form of Old French Melody

To be sung in unison


Al - le - lu - ia! . . Al - le - lu - ia! . . . . .
Al - - le - lu - ia!
Fine
1. O sons and daugh-ters, let us sing! The King of heav'n, the glo - rious King,
O'er death to - day rose tri - umph - ing. . . . .



2 That Sunday morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat and spake unto the three:
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

4 That night the apostles met in fear,
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said: "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

5 When Didymus the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia!

6 "My piercèd Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands, My Feet, I show to thee;
Nor faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side,
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith has constant been;
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

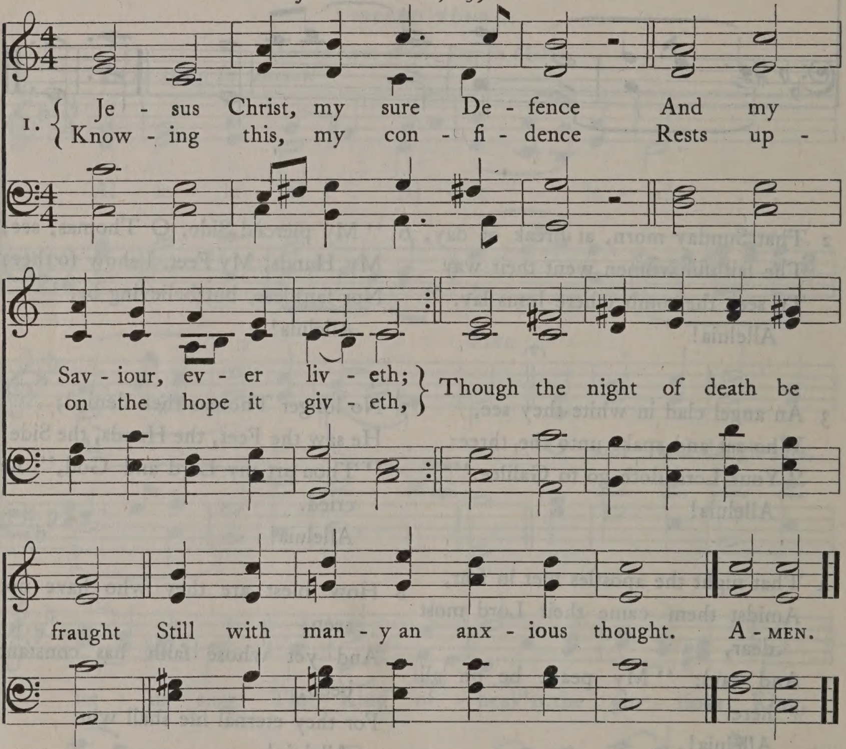
9 On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!

Anon. 17th cent. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866, and compilers

363

JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1598–1662


1. Je - sus Christ, my sure De - fence And my Sav - iour, ev - er liv - eth;
Know - ing this, my con - fi - dence Rests up - on the hope it giv - eth,
Though the night of death be fraught Still with man - y an anx - ious thought.
A - MEN.

2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives!
I, too, unto life must waken;
He will have me where He is.
Shall my courage then be shaken?
Shall I fear? Or could the Head
Rise and leave His members dead?

3 Nay, too closely am I bound
Unto Him by hope for ever;
Faith's strong hand the rock hath found,
Grasped it, and will leave it never:
Not the ban of death can part
From its Lord the trusting heart.

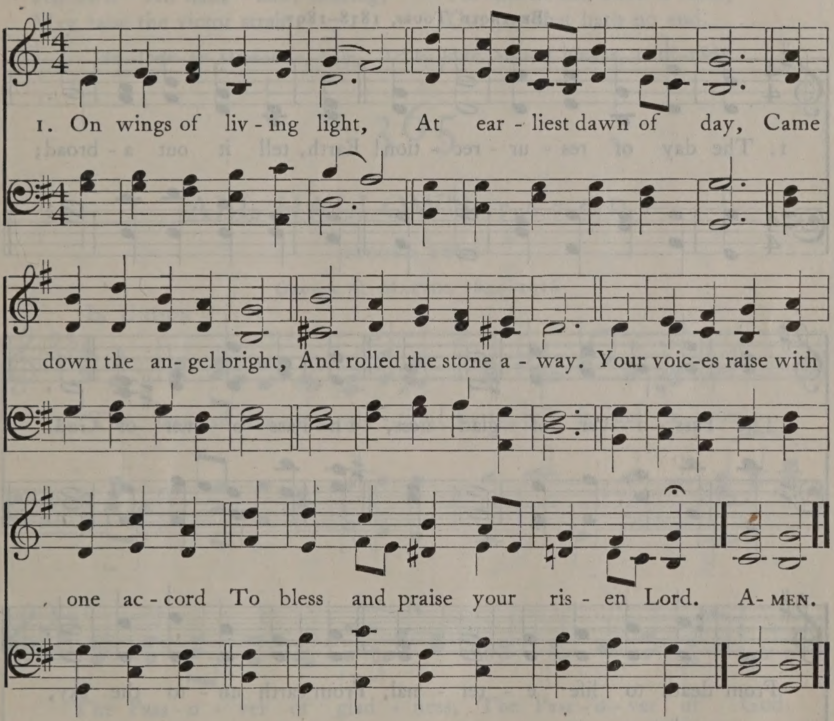
4 Saviour, draw away our heart
Now from pleasures base and hollow,
Let us there with Thee have part,
Here on earth Thy footsteps follow.
Fix our hearts beyond the skies,
Whither we ourselves would rise.

LUISE HENRIETTE V. BRANDENBURG (?), 1627–1667. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

364

HAREWOOD 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–1876


1. On wings of liv-ing light, At ear-liest dawn of day, Came down the an-gel bright, And rolled the stone a-way. Your voic-es raise with one ac-cord To bless and praise your ris-en Lord. A-MEN.

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise with one accord
To bless and praise your risen Lord.

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky!
Your voices raise with one accord
To bless and praise your risen Lord.

4 O let your hearts be strong!
For we, like Him, shall rise,
To dwell with Him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies.
Your voices raise with one accord
To bless and praise your risen Lord.

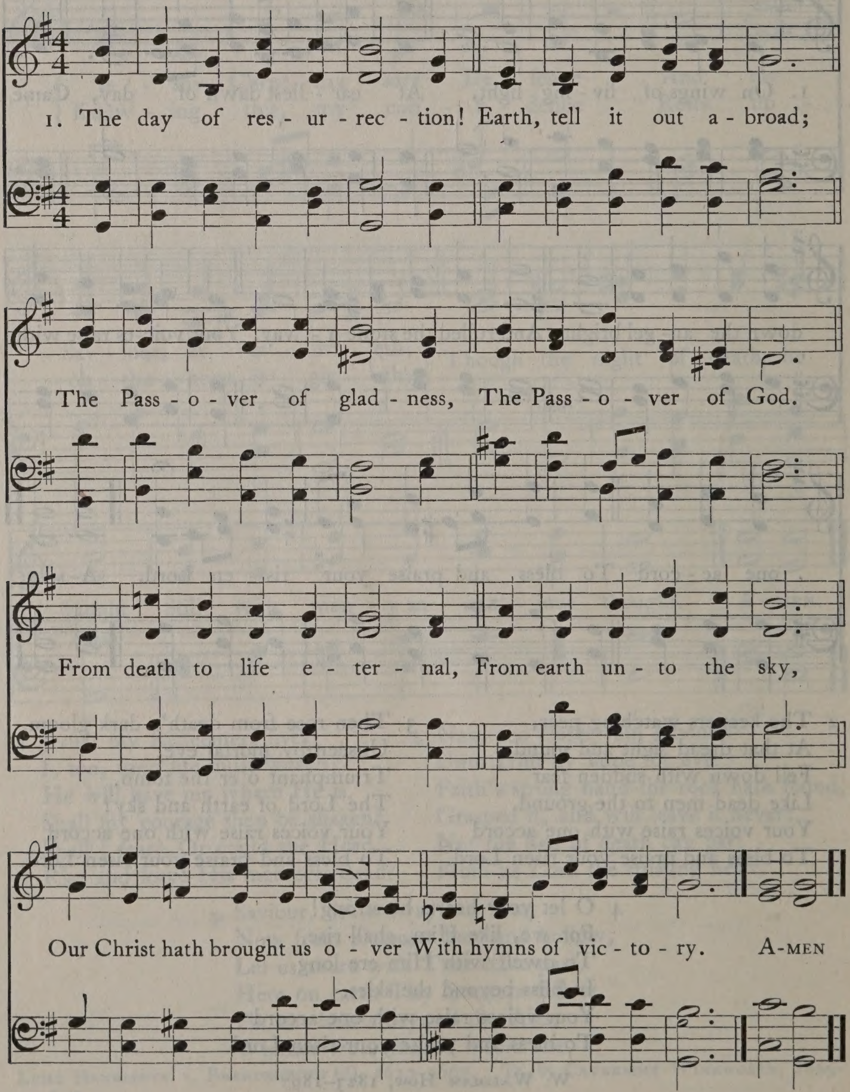
W. Walsham How, 1823–1897

365

ROTTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

FIRST TUNE

Berthold Tours, 1838–1897


1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.
A-men

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

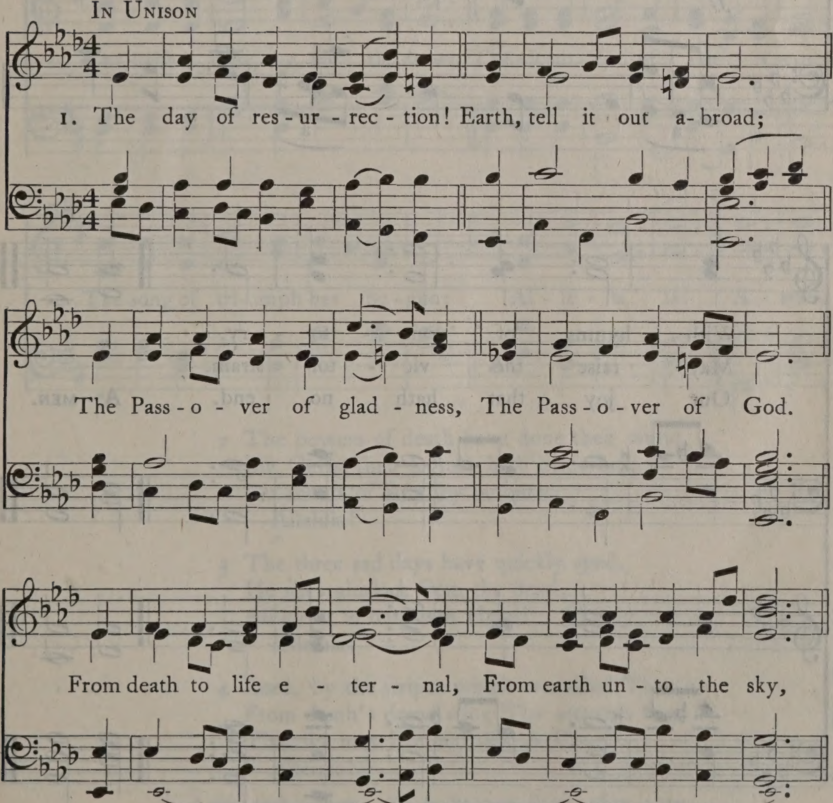
St. John of Damascus, 749; Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

365

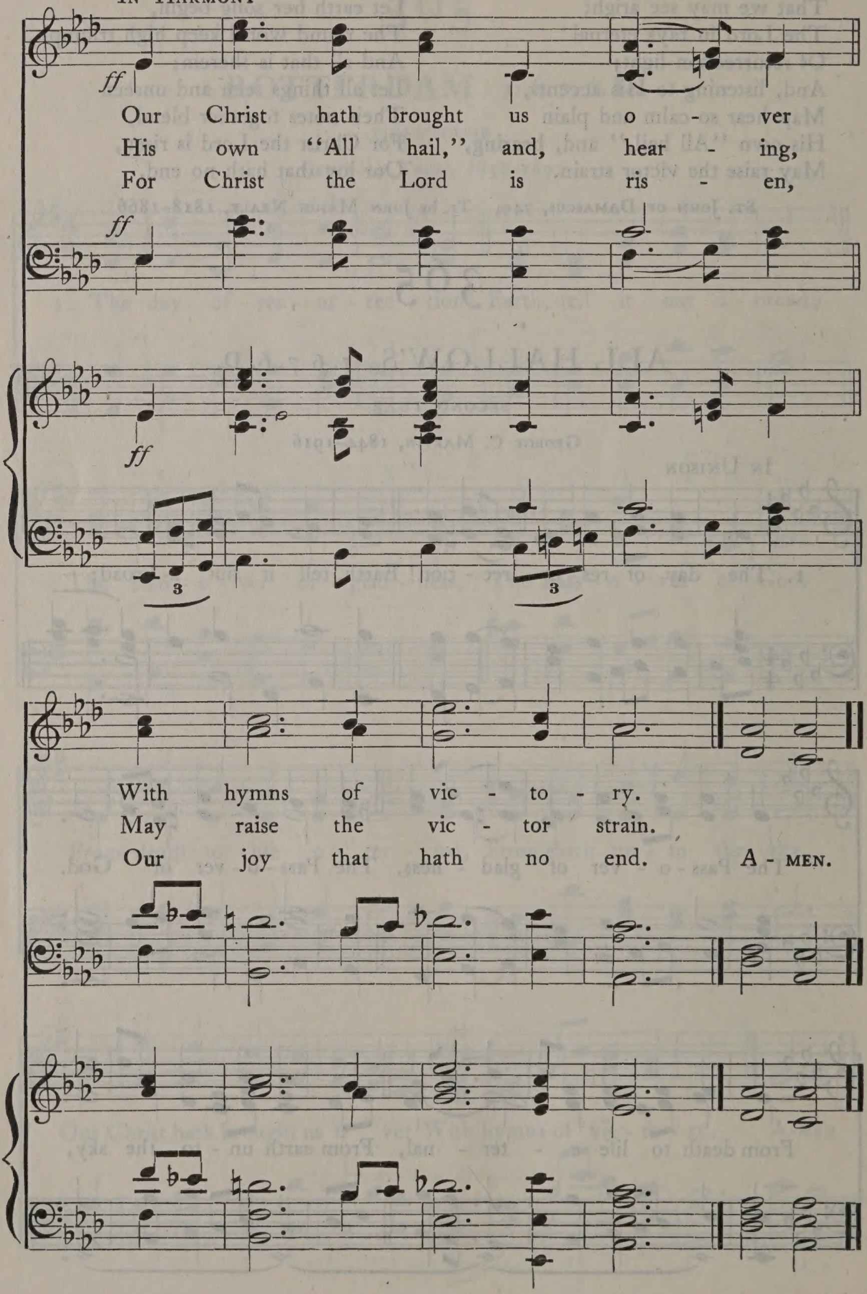
ALL HALLOW'S 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

SECOND TUNE

George C. Martin, 1844–1916


In Unison
1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a- broad;
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,

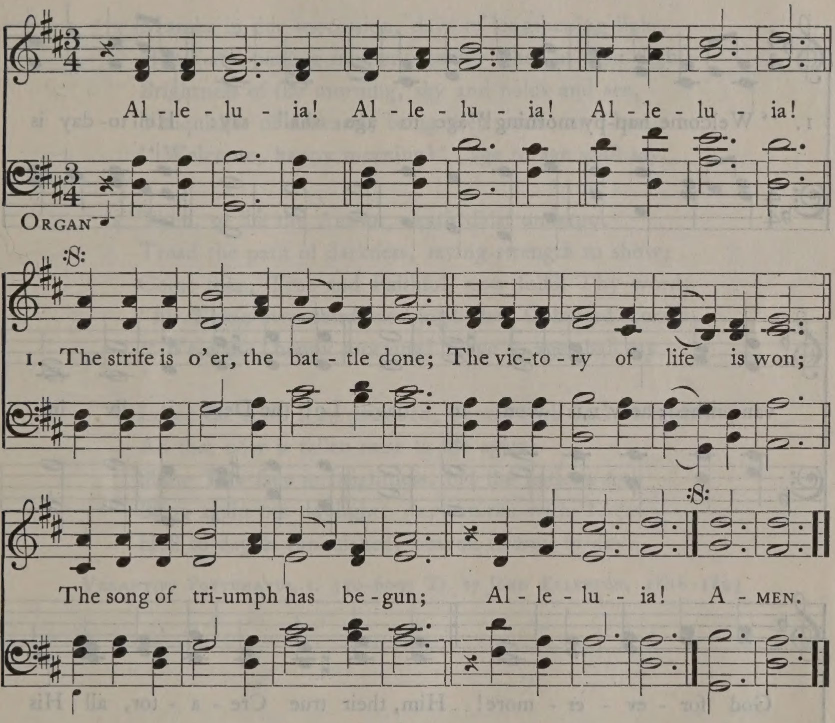
In Harmony


ff
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.
His own "All hail," and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.
For Christ the Lord is ris - en, Our joy that hath no end. A - men.
3
3

366

PALESTRINA (VICTORY) 8. 8. 8. 4.

Arr. from Giovanni P. da Palestrina, 1514–1594 (?)


Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Organ
1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic-to - ry of life is won;
The song of tri-umph has be - gun; Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst;
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

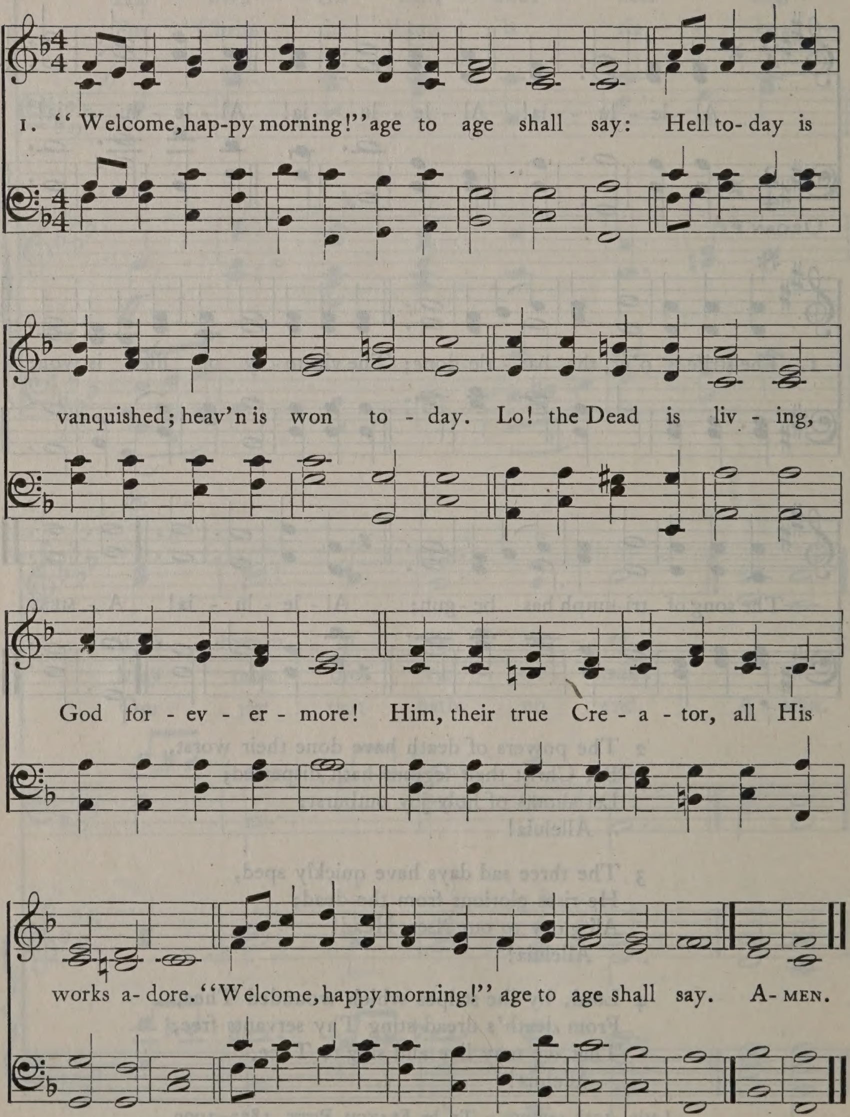
4 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

Latin, 12th century. Tr. by Francis Pott, 1832–1909

367

FORTUNATUS 11. 11. 11. 11. 11.

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1842–1900


1. "Welcome, hap-py morning!" age to age shall say: Hell to-day is
vanquished; heav'n is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv-ing,
God for-ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His
works a-dore. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say. A-men.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts return with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

4 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word,
'Tis Thine own third morning! rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

5 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

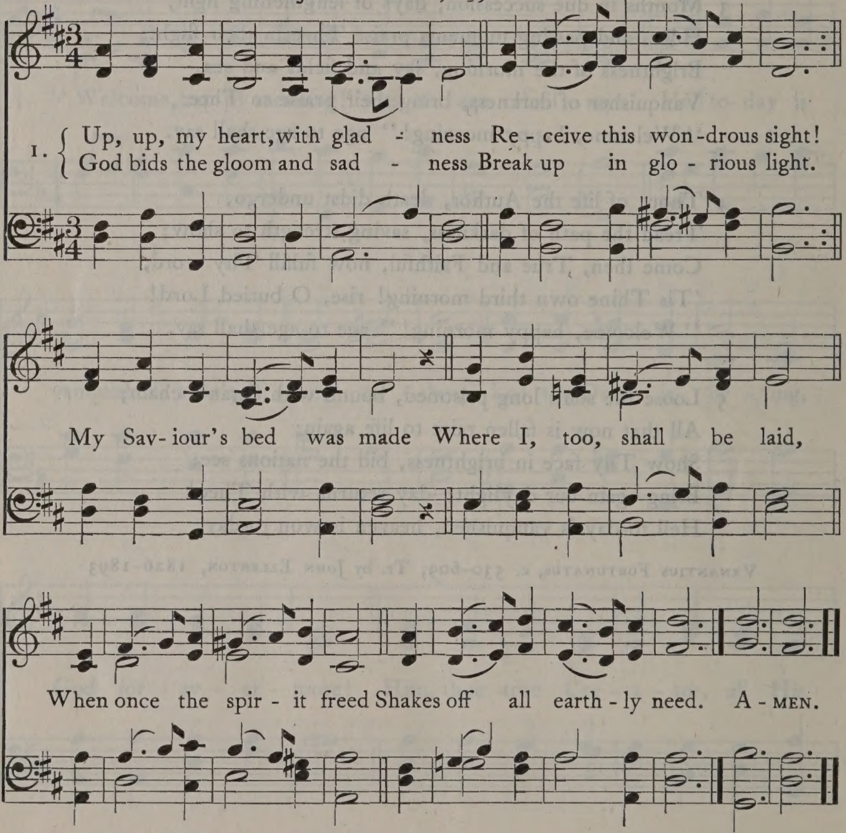
Venantius Fortunatus, c. 530–609; Tr. by John Ellerton, 1826–1893

368

AUF, AUF, MEIN HERZ, MIT FREUDEN

7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Johann Crüger, 1598–1662


1. Up, up, my heart, with glad - ness Re - ceive this won-drous sight!
God bids the gloom and sad - ness Break up in glo - rious light.
My Sav- iour's bed was made Where I, too, shall be laid,
When once the spir - it freed Shakes off all earth - ly need. A - men.

2 The tomb is closed around Him,
'Mid shouts of wild disdain;
But scarce his foes have bound Him,
When Christ walks free again.
Forth comes He from the dead,
With victor-banner spread;
And they who saw Him die
Now "Hallelujah" cry.

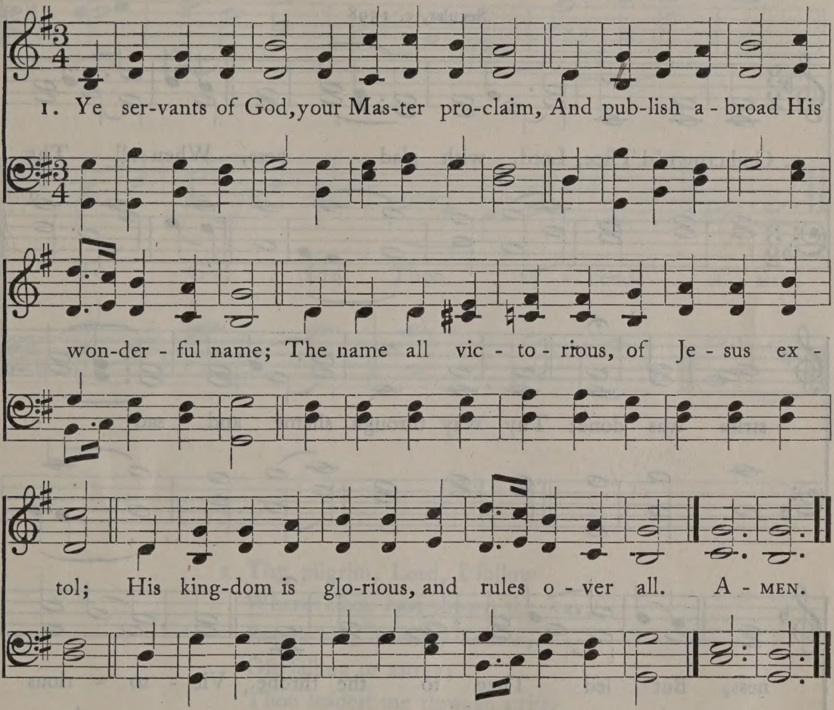
3 He brings me to the portal
That opens into bliss;
Where, graved in words immortal,
This golden Scripture is:
The scorned for My sake there
My glory here shall share;
They wear My crown and wreath
Who went with Me to death.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676. Tr. by N. L. Frothingham, 1870

369

LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11.

Arr. from J. Michael Haydn, 1737–1806


1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a - broad His
won-der - ful name; The name all vic - to - rious, of Je - sus ex -
tol; His king-dom is glo-rious, and rules o - ver all. A - men.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh — His presence we have.
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son.
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

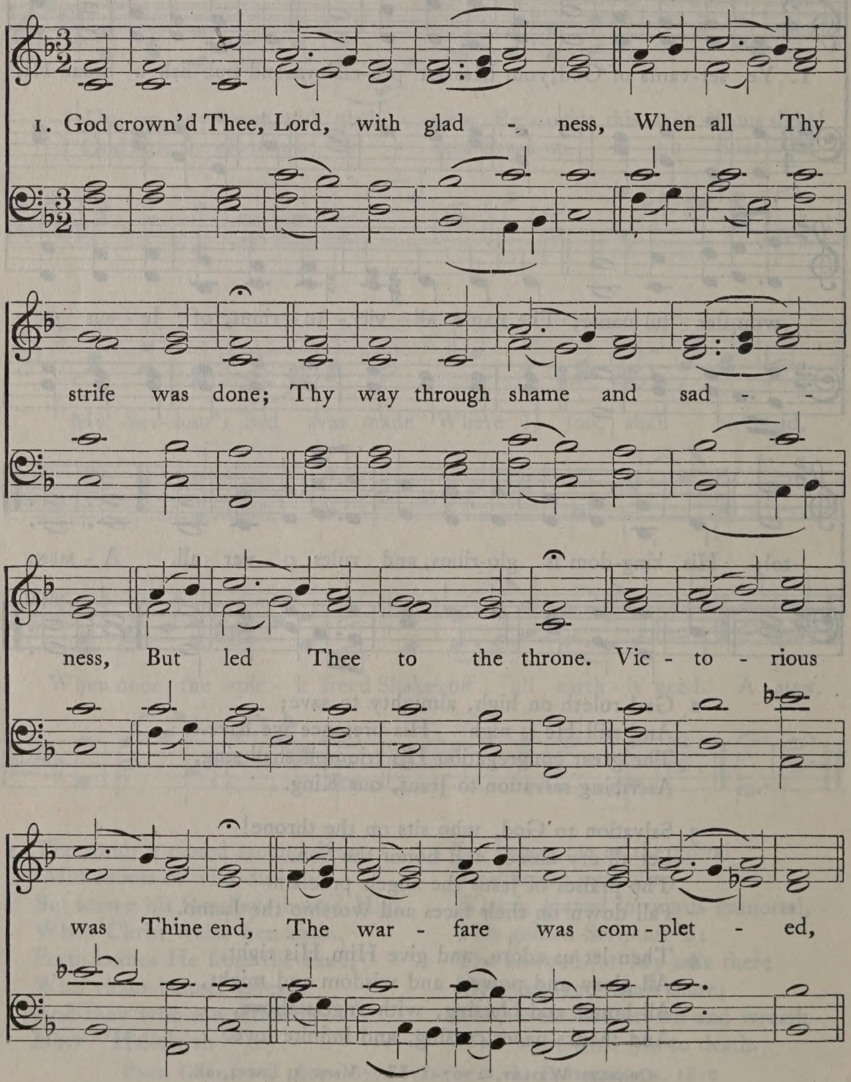
Charles Wesley, 1707–1788. Verse 3, line 3, alt.

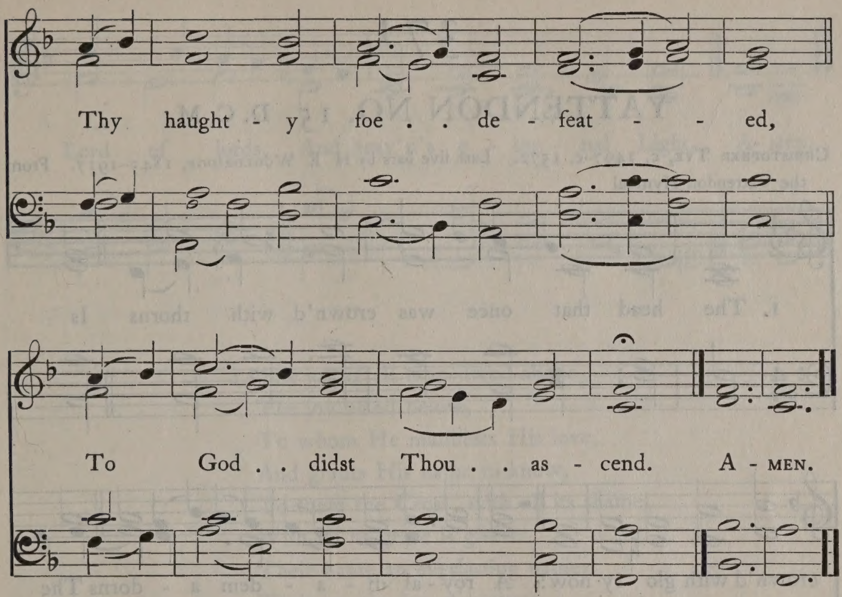
370

AUS MEINES HERZENS GRUNDE

7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. 7. 6.

Secular, c. 1598


1. God crown'd Thee, Lord, with glad - ness, When all Thy
strife was done; Thy way through shame and sad - -
ness, But led Thee to the throne. Vic - to - rious
was Thine end, The war - fare was com - plet - ed,


Thy haught - y foe . . de - feat - - ed,
To God . . didst Thou . . as - cend. A - MEN.

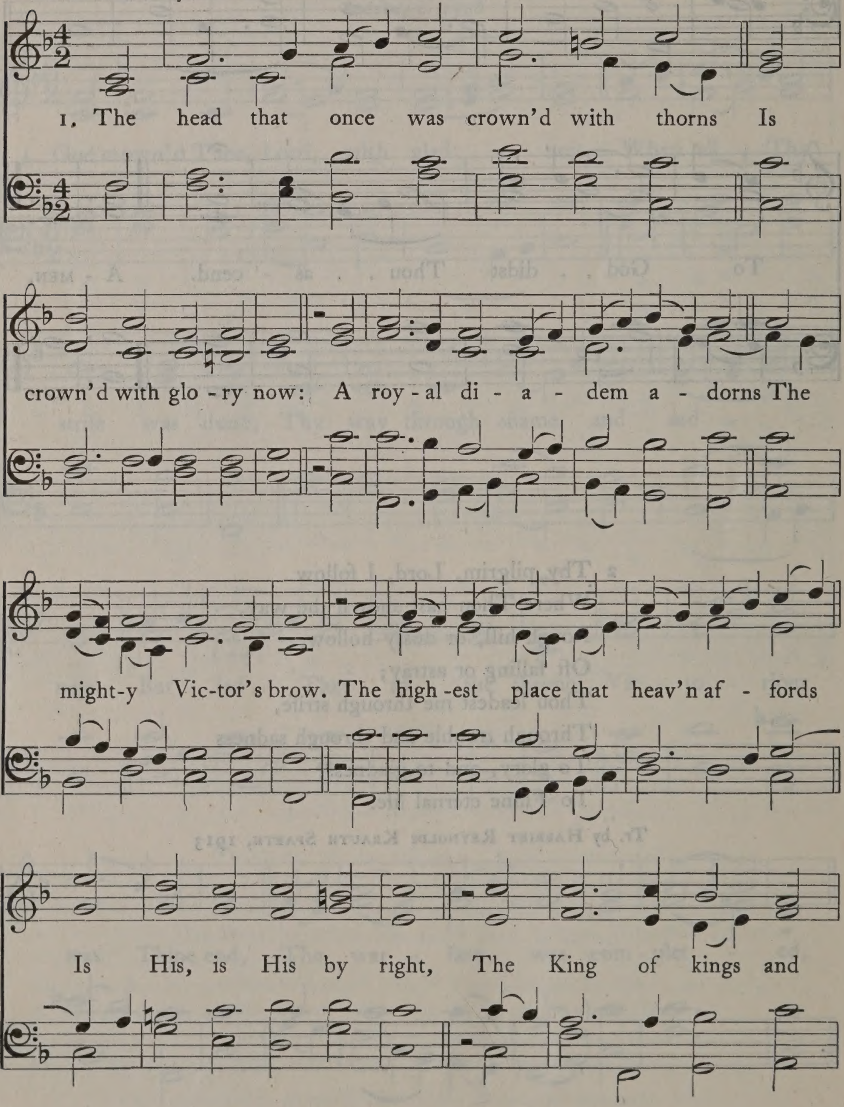
2 Thy pilgrim, Lord, I follow
Where Thou hast shown the way,
Rough hill, or dusty hollow,
Oft falling or astray;
Thou leadest me through strife,
Through trouble and through sadness
To glory, and to gladness,
To Thine eternal life.

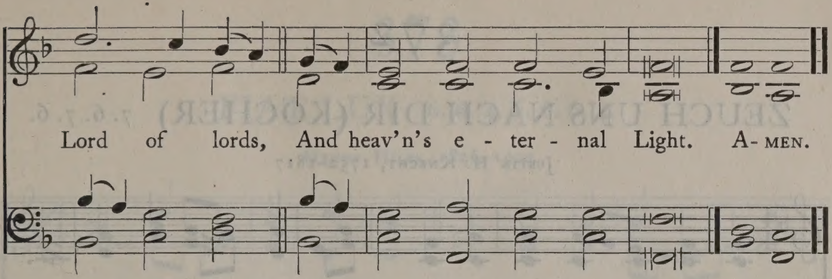
Tr. by Harriet Reynolds Krauth Spaeth, 1913

371

YATTENDON NO. 15 D. C. M.

Christopher Tye, c. 1497–c. 1572. Last five bars by H. E. Wooldridge, 1845–1917. From the Yattendon Hymnal


1. The head that once was crown'd with thorns Is
crown'd with glo - ry now: A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The
might-y Vic-tor's brow. The high -est place that heav'n af - fords
Is His, is His by right, The King of kings and



2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.
To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

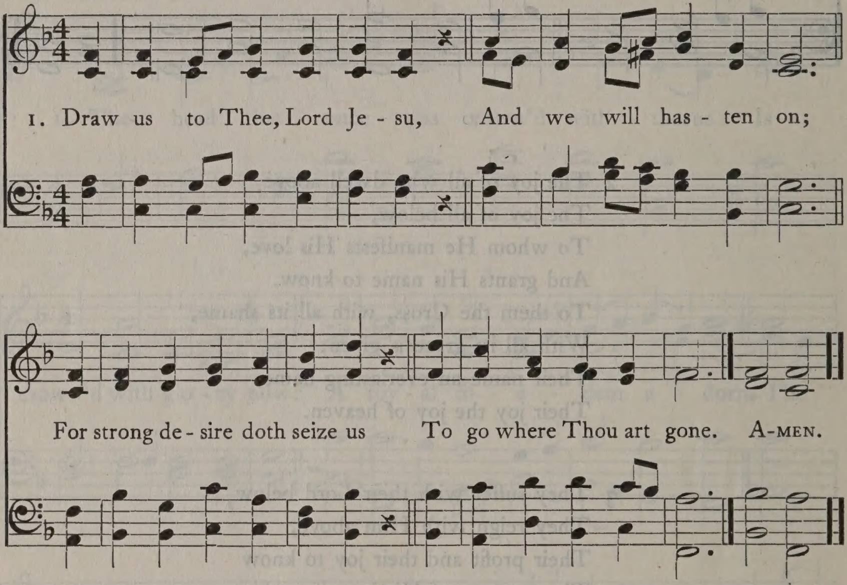
3 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly, 1769–1854

372

ZEUCH UNS NACH DIR (KOCHER) 7. 6. 7. 6.

Justin H. Knecht, 1752–1817


1. Draw us to Thee, Lord Je - su, And we will has - ten on;
For strong de - sire doth seize us To go where Thou art gone. A-men.

2 Draw us to Thee; enlighten
These hearts to find Thy way,
That else the tempests frighten,
Or pleasures lure astray.

3 Draw us to Thee; and teach us
E'en now that rest to find,
Where turmoils cannot reach us,
Nor cares weigh down the mind.

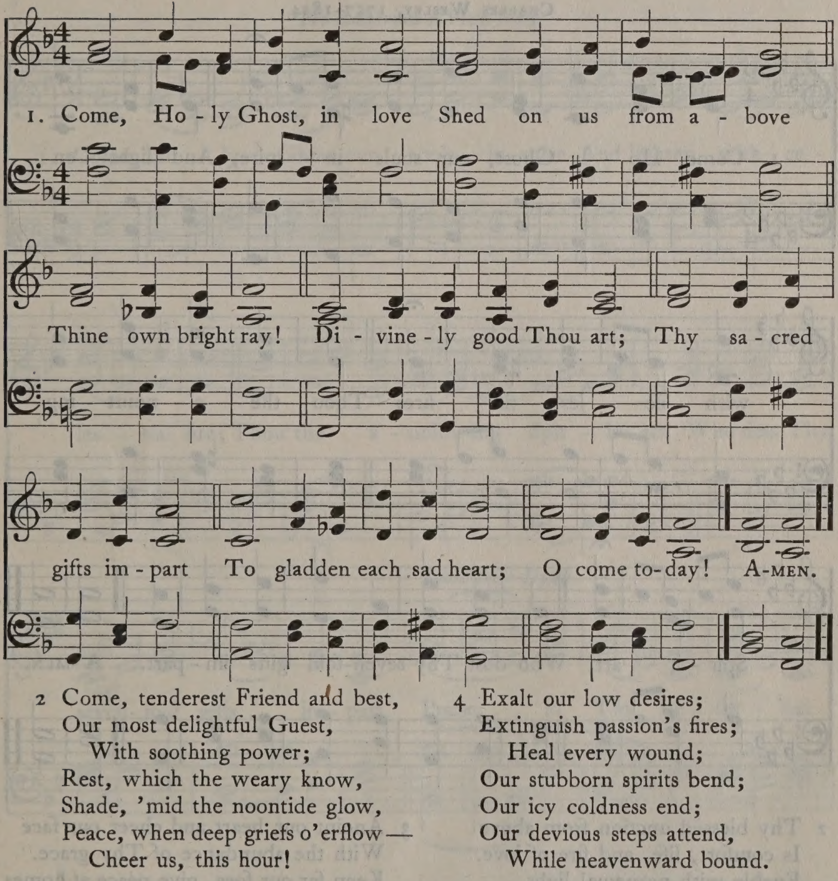
4 Draw us to Thee; nor leave us
Till all our path is trod:
Then in Thine arms receive us,
And bear us home to God.

Friedrich Funcke, 1642–1699. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

373

FIAT LUX 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Henry Hiles, 1826–1904


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from a - bove
Thine own bright ray! Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred
gifts im - part To gladden each sad heart; O come to - day! A-men.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow—
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

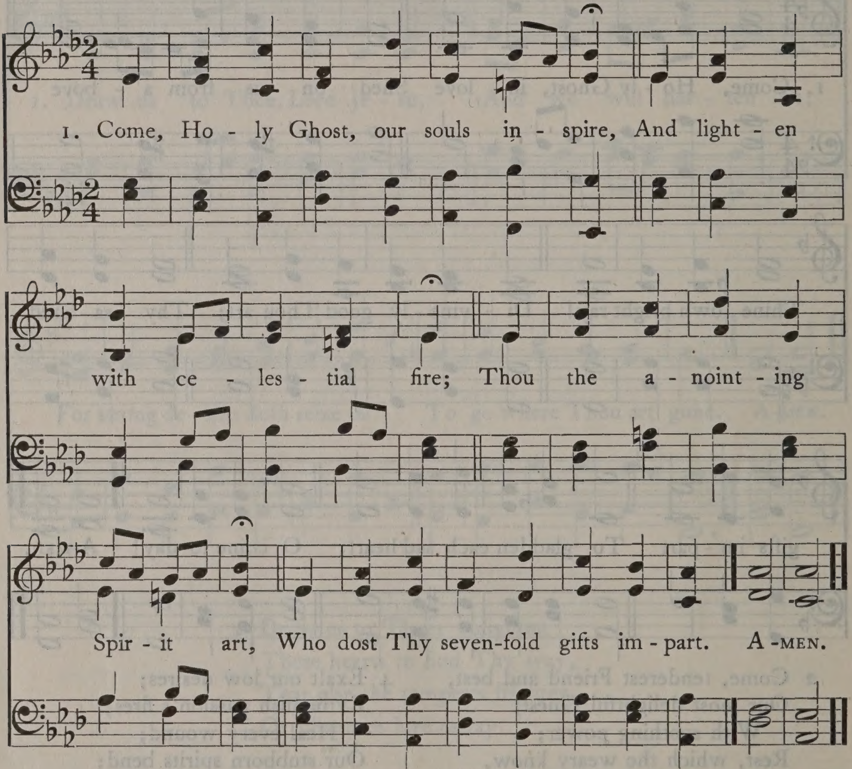
Latin Sequence of the 12th century. Tr. by Ray Palmer, 1808–1887

374

BERKSHIRE L. M.

FIRST TUNE

Charles Wesley, 1757–1834


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en
with ce - les - tial fire; Thou the a - noint - ing
Spir - it art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts im - part. A -men.

2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

3 Anoint our heart and cheer our face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
Thy praise may be our endless song!

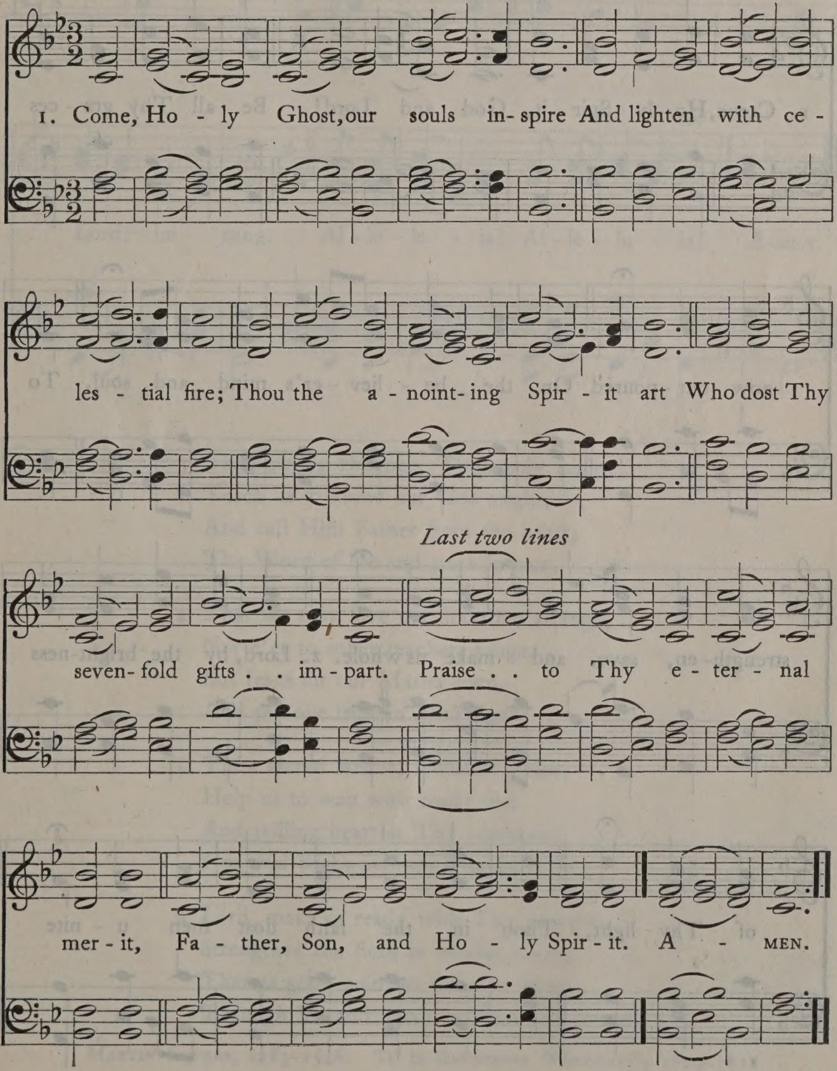
Latin Hymn of the 10th cent. (?). Tr. by John Cosin, 1564–1672

374

VENI CREATOR L. M.

SECOND TUNE

Pre-Reformation Plain Song

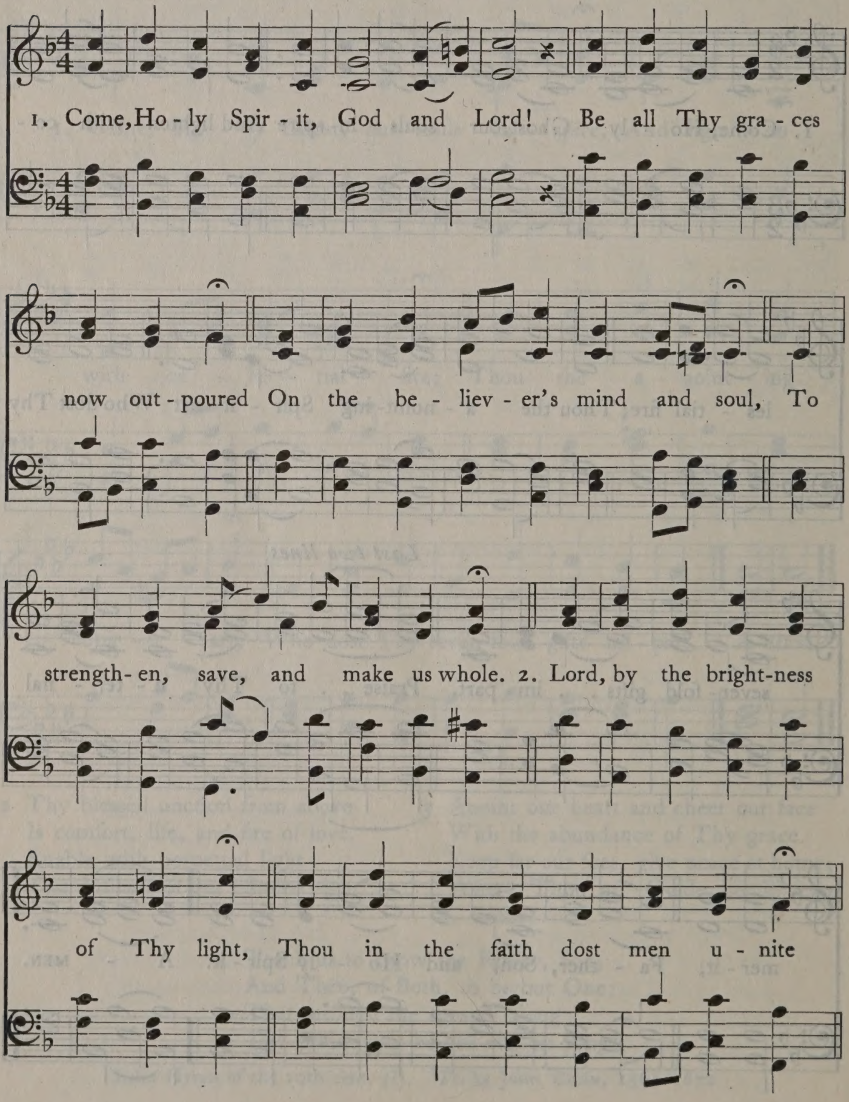

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in- spire And lighten with ce -
les - tial fire; Thou the a - noint- ing Spir - it art Who dost Thy
Last two lines
seven- fold gifts . . im - part. Praise . . to Thy e - ter - nal
mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - MEN.

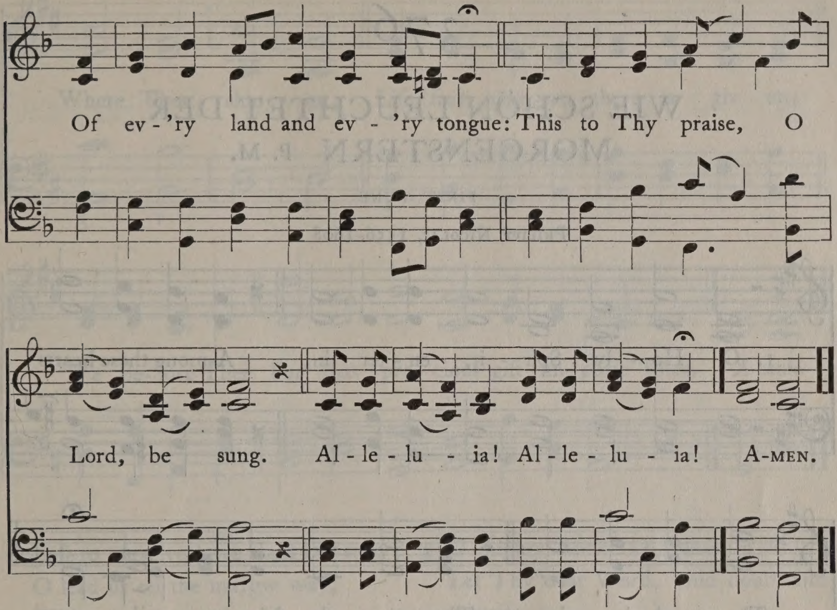
375

KOMM, HEILIGER GEIST, HERRE GOTT

L. M.

Pre-Reformation Melody. WALTHER's "Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn," 1524


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, God and Lord! Be all Thy gra - ces
now out - poured On the be - liev - er's mind and soul, To
strength - en, save, and make us whole. 2. Lord, by the bright-ness
of Thy light, Thou in the faith dost men u - nite


Of ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry tongue: This to Thy praise, O
Lord, be sung. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

3 Thou strong Defence, Thou holy Light,
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call Him Father from the heart;
The Word of life and truth impart,

4 That we may love not doctrines strange,
Nor e'er to other teachers range,
But Jesus for our Master own,
And put our trust in Him alone.

5 Thou sacred Ardor, Comfort sweet,
Help us to wait with ready feet
And willing heart at Thy command,
Nor trial fright us from Thy band.

6 Lord, make us ready with Thy powers:
Strengthen the flesh in weaker hours,
That as good warriors we may force
Through life and death to Thee our course!

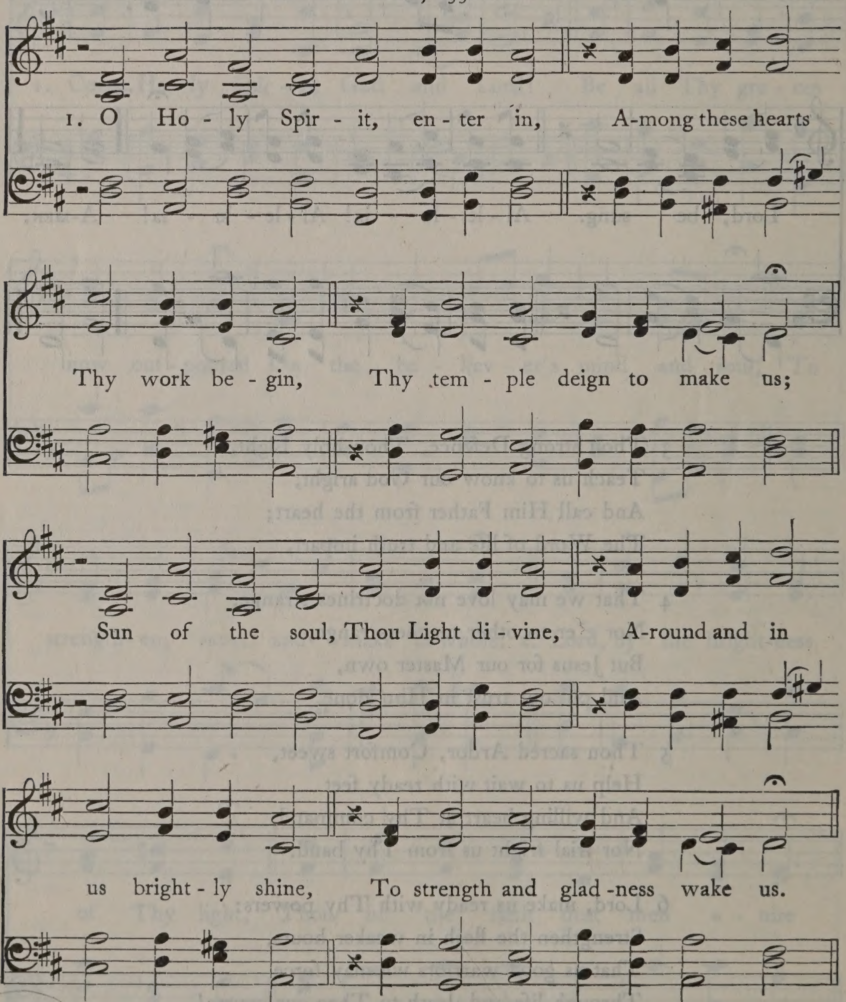
Martin Luther, 1483–1546. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

376

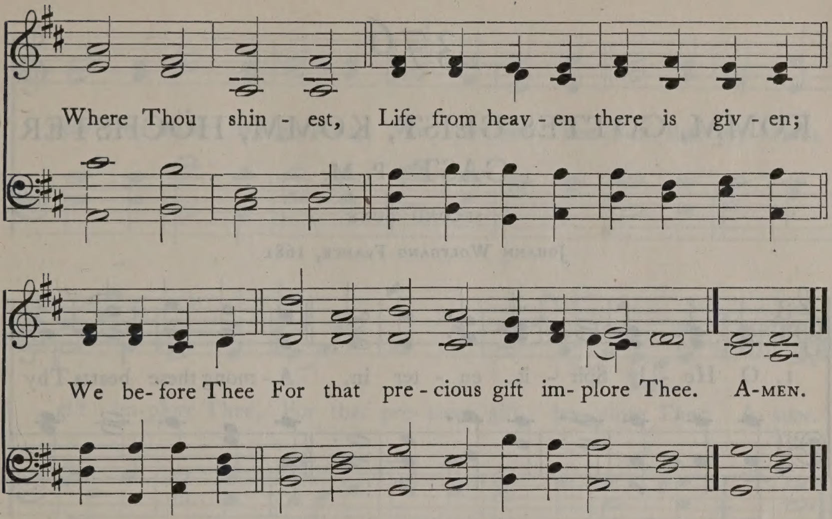
WIE SCHÖN LEUCHTET DER MORGENSTERN P. M.

FIRST TUNE

Philipp Nicolai, 1556–1608


1. O Ho - ly Spir - it, en - ter in, A-mong these hearts
Thy work be - gin, Thy tem - ple deign to make us;
Sun of the soul, Thou Light di - vine, A-round and in
us bright - ly shine, To strength and glad -ness wake us.

*For another setting of this Choral, see No. 317


Where Thou shin - est, Life from heav - en there is giv - en;
We be- fore Thee For that pre - cious gift im- plore Thee. A-MEN.

2 Left to ourselves, we shall but stray;
O lead us on the narrow way,
With wisest counsel guide us;
And give us steadfastness, that we
May henceforth truly follow Thee,
Whatever woes betide us;
Heal Thou gently
Hearts now broken; give some token
Thou art near us,
Whom we trust to light and cheer us.

3 O mighty Rock! O Source of life!
Let Thy dear Word, 'mid doubt and strife,
Be so within us burning,
That we be faithful unto death
In Thy pure love and holy faith,
From Thee true wisdom learning.
Lord, Thy graces
On us shower; by Thy power
Christ confessing,
Let us win His grace and blessing.

4 Grant that our days, while life shall last,
In purest holiness be passed;
Our minds so rule and strengthen
That they may rise o'er things of earth,
The hopes and joys that here have birth,
And if our course Thou lengthen,
Keep Thou pure, Lord,
From offences, heart and senses:
Blessèd Spirit,
Bid us thus true life inherit.

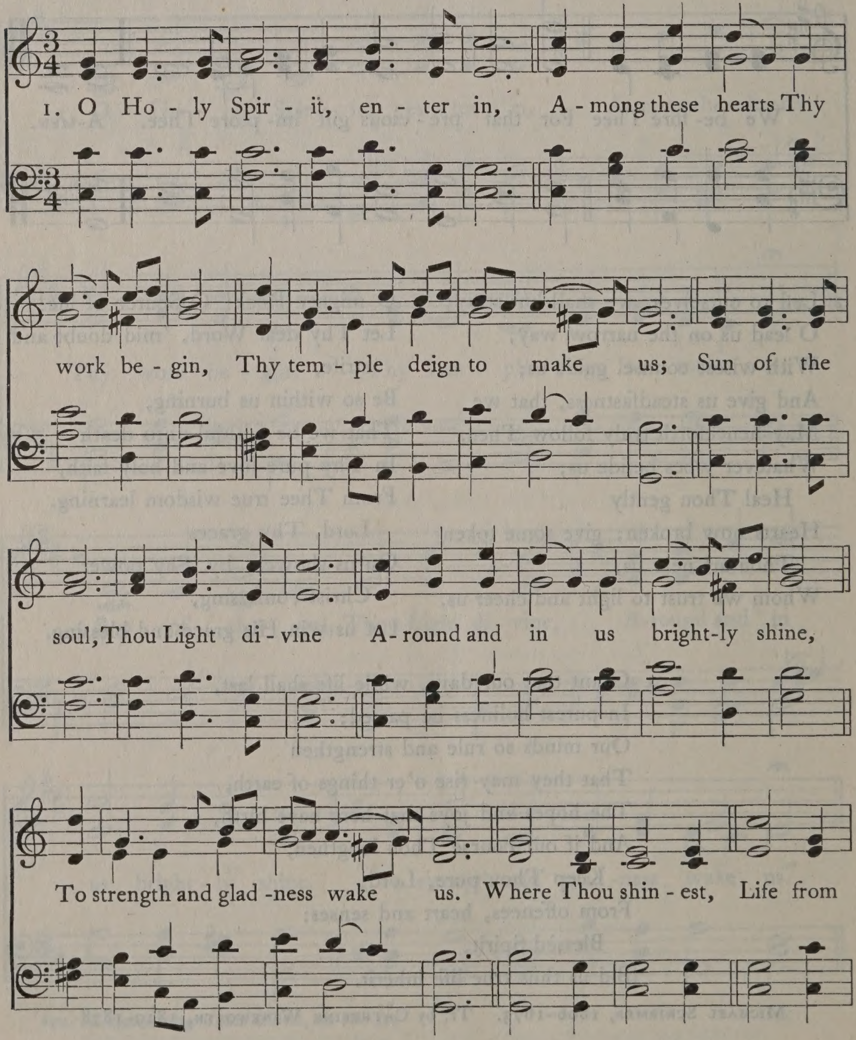
MICHAEL SCHIRMER, 1606–1673. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

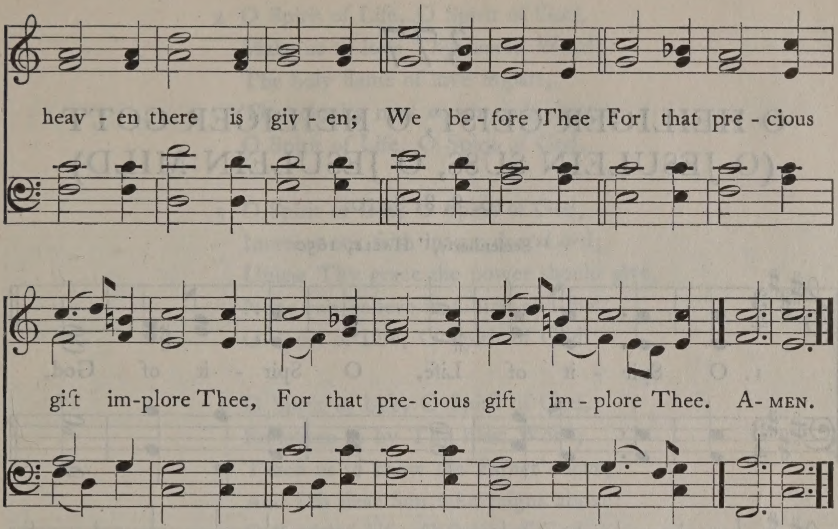
376

KOMM, GOTTES GEIST, KOMM, HÖCHSTER GAST P. M.

SECOND TUNE

Johann Wolfgang Franck, 1681


1. O Ho - ly Spir - it, en - ter in, A - mong these hearts Thy
work be - gin, Thy tem - ple deign to make us; Sun of the
soul, Thou Light di - vine A - round and in us bright-ly shine,
To strength and glad -ness wake us. Where Thou shin - est, Life from


heav - en there is giv - en; We be - fore Thee For that pre - cious
gift im-plore Thee, For that pre- cious gift im - plore Thee. A- MEN.

2 Left to ourselves, we shall but stray;
O lead us on the narrow way,
With wisest counsel guide us;
And give us steadfastness, that we
May henceforth truly follow Thee,
Whatever woes betide us;
Heal Thou gently
Hearts now broken; give some token
Thou art near us,
Whom we trust to light and cheer us.

3 O mighty Rock! O Source of life!
Let Thy dear Word, 'mid doubt and strife,
Be so within us burning,
That we be faithful unto death
In Thy pure love and holy faith,
From Thee true wisdom learning.
Lord, Thy graces
On us shower; by Thy power
Christ confessing,
Let us win His grace and blessing.

4 Grant that our days, while life shall last,
In purest holiness be passed;
Our minds so rule and strengthen
That they may rise o'er things of earth,
The hopes and joys that here have birth,
And if our course Thou lengthen,
Keep Thou pure, Lord,
From offences, heart and senses;
Blessèd Spirit,
Bid us thus true life inherit.

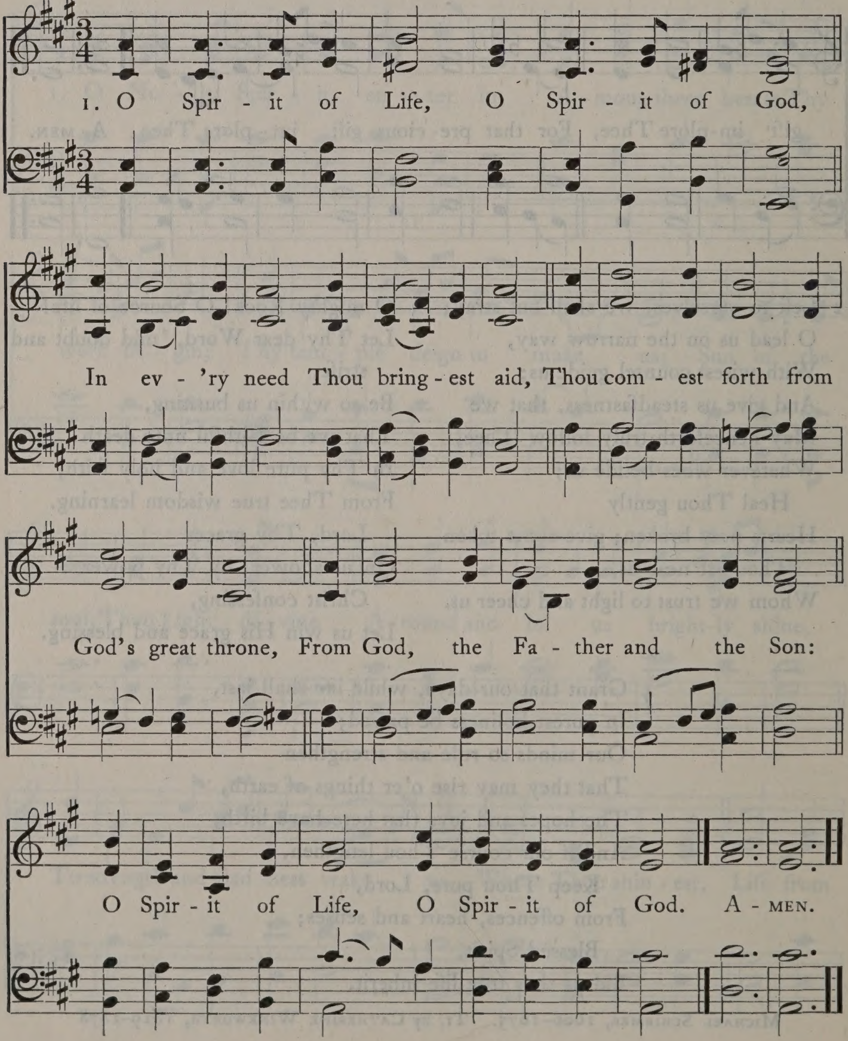
Michael Schirmer, 1606–1673. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

377

O HEILIGER GEIST, O HEILIGER GOTT
(O JESULEIN SÜSS, O JESULEIN MILD)

10. 8. 8. 8. 10.

"Seelenharfe," HALLE, 1650


1. O Spir - it of Life, O Spir - it of God,
In ev - 'ry need Thou bring - est aid, Thou com - est forth from
God's great throne, From God, the Fa - ther and the Son:
O Spir - it of Life, O Spir - it of God. A - MEN.

2 O Spirit of Life, O Spirit of God,
Make us to love Thy sacred Word;
The holy flame of love impart,
That charity may warm each heart:
O Spirit of Life, O Spirit of God.

3 O Spirit of Life, O Spirit of God,
Increase our faith in our dear Lord;
Unless Thy grace the power should give,
None can believe in Christ and live:
O Spirit of Life, O Spirit of God.

4 O Spirit of Life, O Spirit of God,
Enlighten us by Thy blest Word;
Teach us to know the Father's love,
And His dear Son who reigns above:
O Spirit of Life, O Spirit of God.

5 O Spirit of Life, O Spirit of God,
By whom our souls to heaven are led,
Make us to fight so valiantly
That we may reign eternally:
O Spirit of Life, O Spirit of God.

6 O Spirit of Life, O Spirit of God,
Forsake us not in death or need.
We'll sing Thy praise and honor Thee
With grateful hearts eternally:
O Spirit of Life, O Spirit of God.

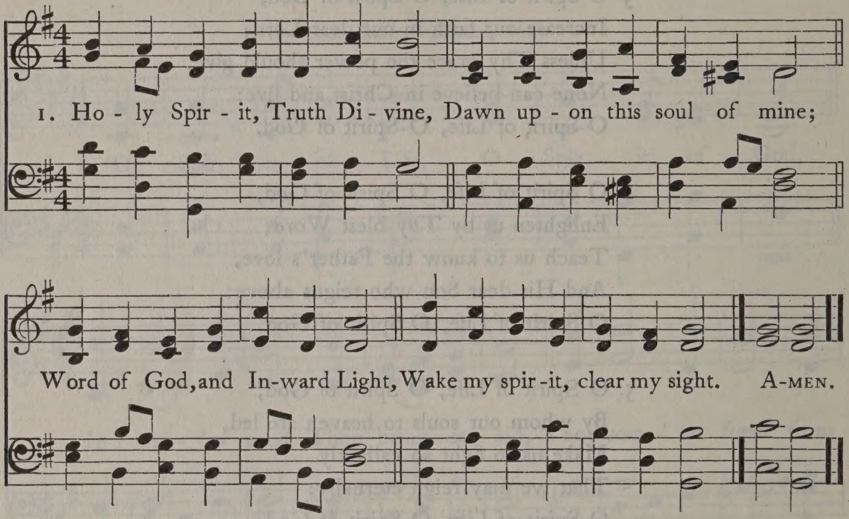
JOHANN NIEDLING, 1602–1668. Tr. by JOHN CASPAR MATTES, 1876–

378

OHNE RAST UND UNVERWEILT (VIENNA)

7. 7. 7. 7.

Justin H. Knecht, 1752–1817


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth Di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
Word of God, and In-ward Light, Wake my spir -it, clear my sight. A-men.

2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, forever spring!"

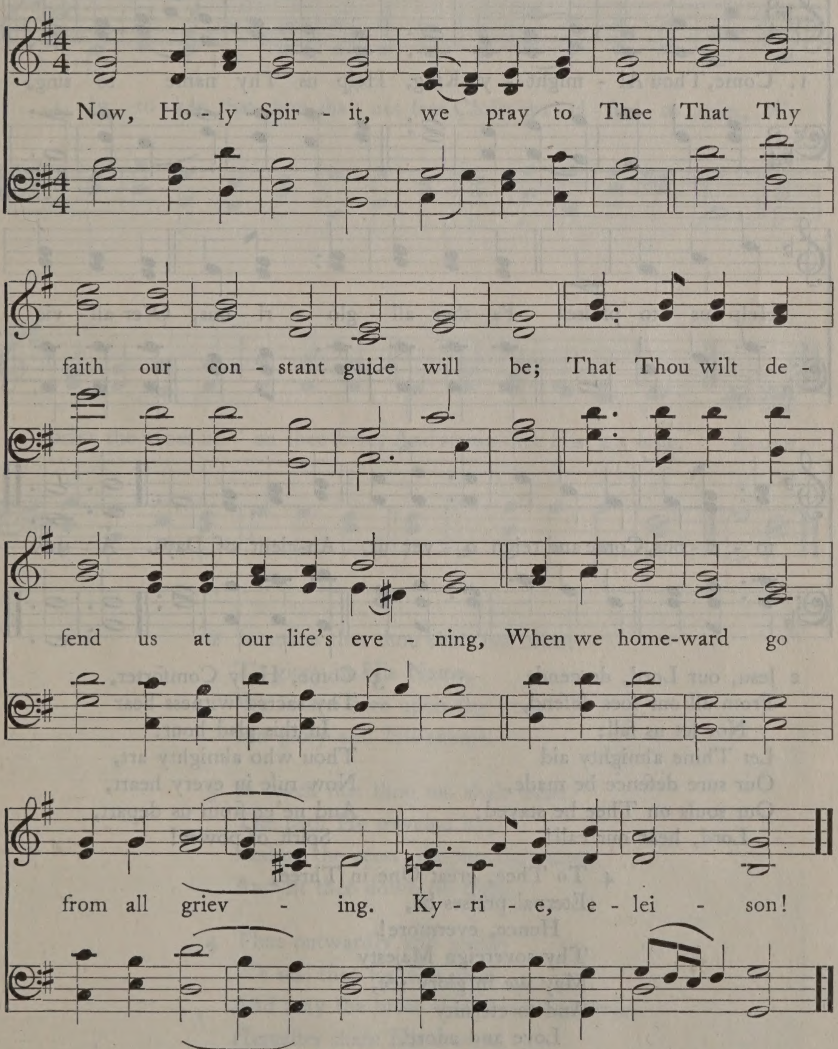
Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892

379

NUN BITTEN WIR DEN HEILIGEN GEIST

P. M.

WITTENBERG, 1524

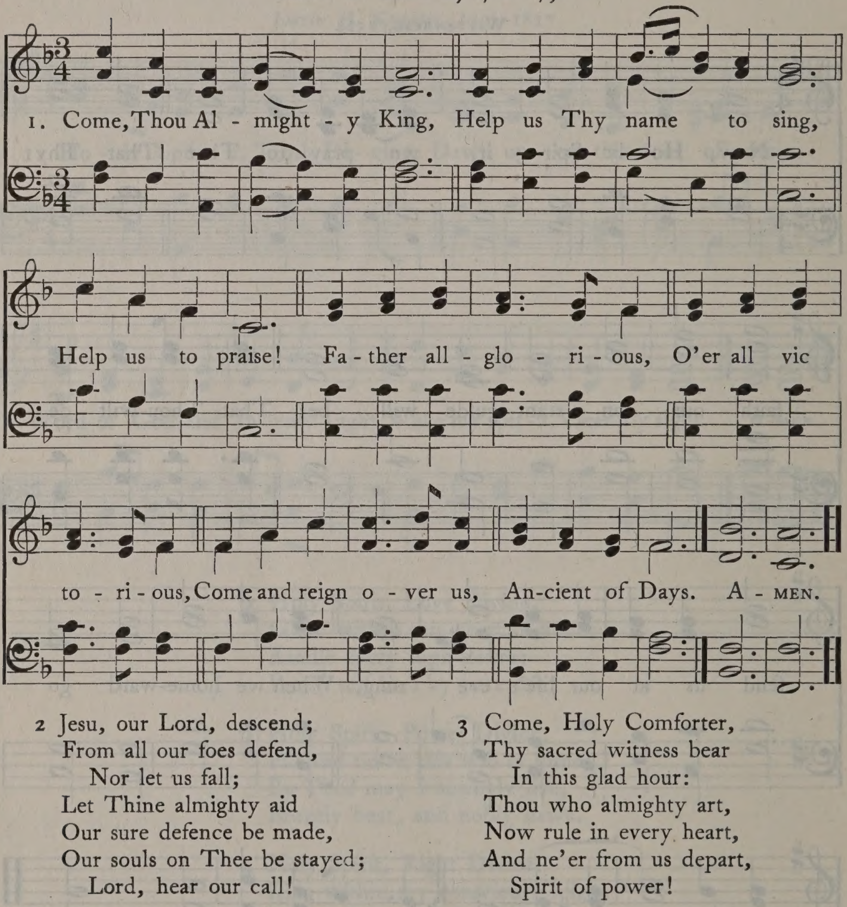

Now, Ho-ly Spir-it, we pray to Thee That Thy
faith our con-stant guide will be; That Thou wilt de-
fend us at our life's eve-ning, When we home-ward go
from all griev-ing. Ky-ri-e, e-lei-son!

13th cent. Tr. by C. F. P.

380

ITALIAN HYMN (MOSCOW) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Felice de Giardini, 1716–1796


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days. A - men.

2 Jesu, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

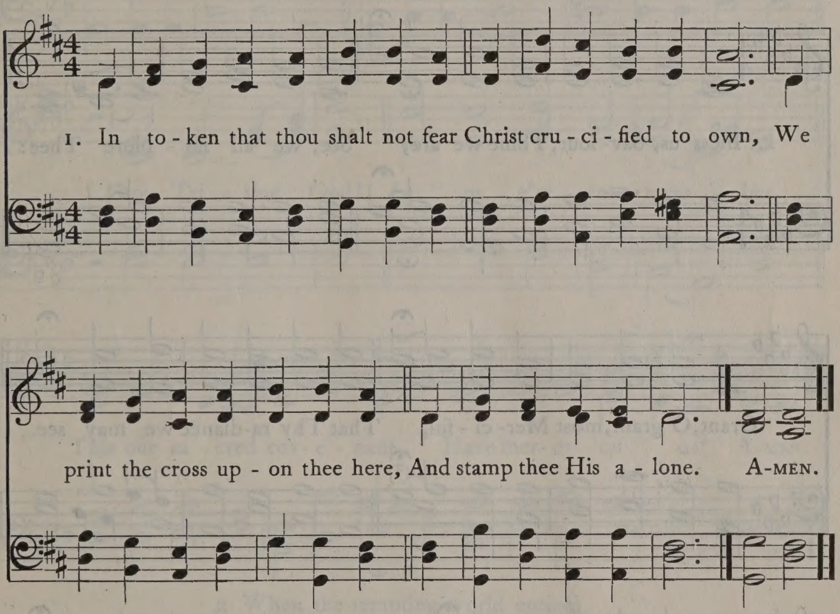
4 To Thee, great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence, evermore!
Thy sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Anon. Whitfield's Collection, 1757. Abr.

381

TALLIS' ORDINAL C. M.

Thomas Tallis, c. 1520–1585


1. In to-ken that thou shalt not fear Christ cru-ci-fied to own, We
print the cross up-on thee here, And stamp thee His a-lone.
A-MEN.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blason here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He traveled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

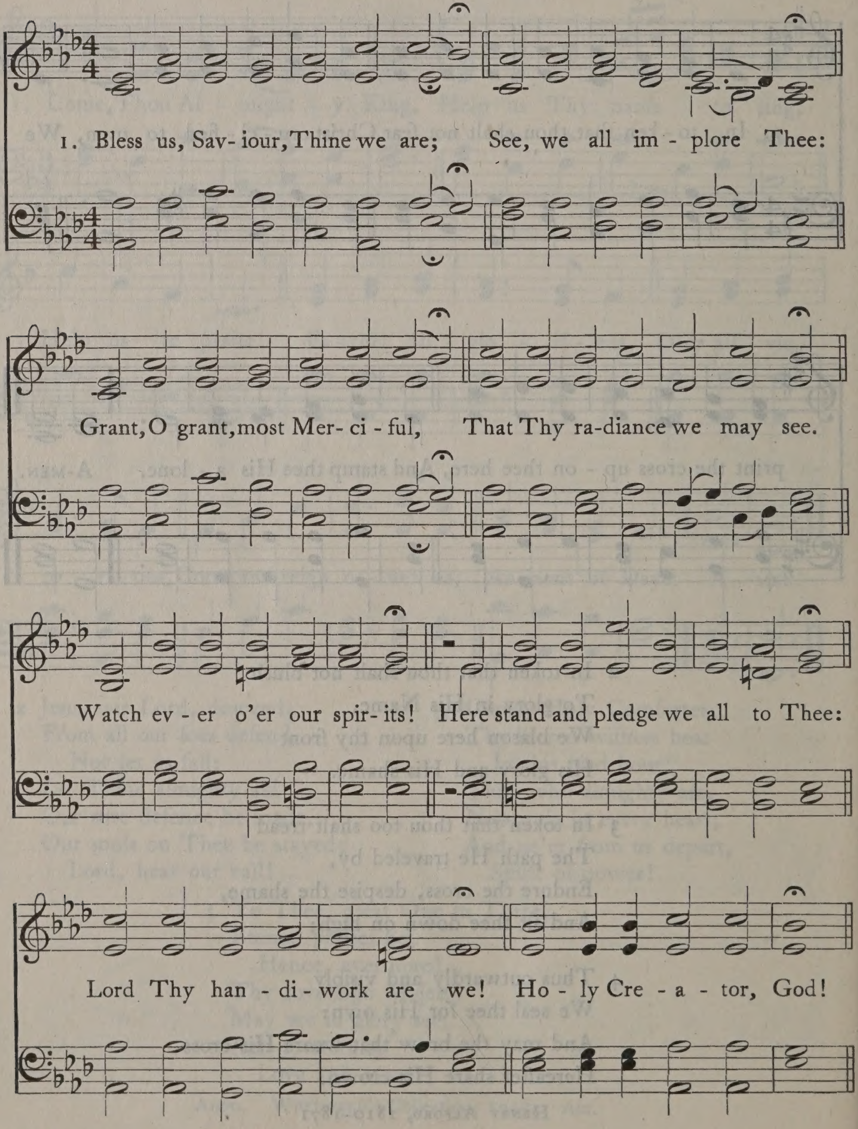
4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown.

Henry Alford, 1810–1871

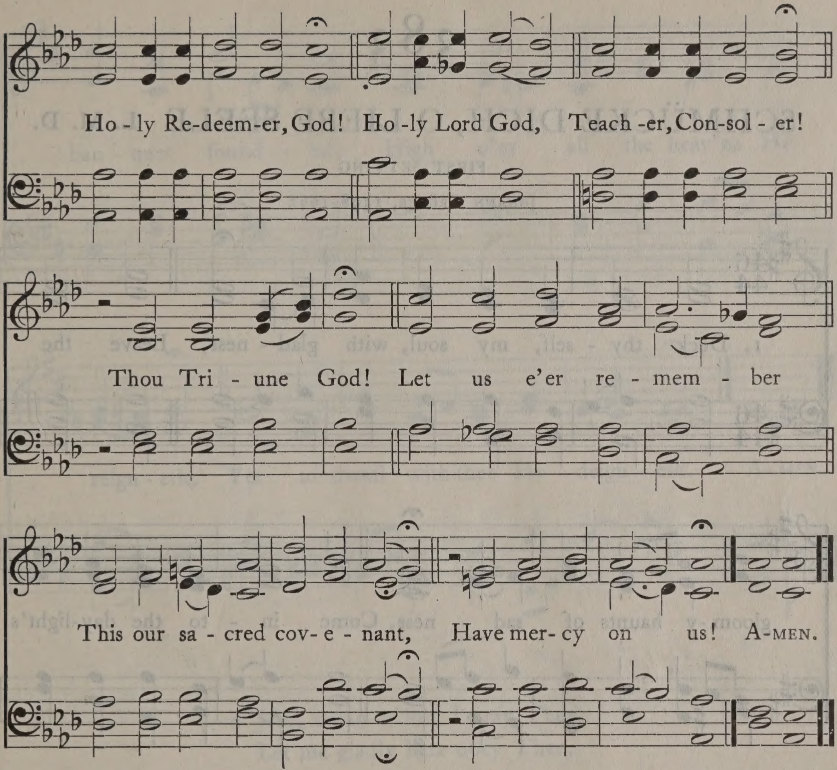
382

STÄRK UNS, MITTLER, DEIN SIND WIR P. M.

JUSTIN H. KNECHT, 1752–1817


1. Bless us, Sav- iour, Thine we are; See, we all im - plore Thee:
Grant, O grant, most Mer- ci - ful, That Thy ra-diance we may see.
Watch ev - er o'er our spir- its! Here stand and pledge we all to Thee:
Lord Thy han - di - work are we! Ho - ly Cre - a - tor, God!

Consecration


Ho - ly Re-deem-er, God! Ho -ly Lord God, Teach -er, Con-sol - er!
Thou Tri - une God! Let us e'er re - mem - ber
This our sa - cred cov- e - nant, Have mer- cy on us! A-MEN.

2 When the tempting world entices
With the wily lusts of youth,
Lord, then wouldst Thou, with Thy power,
'Gainst its snares e'er make us proof.
Be mighty in our weakness!
For victory o'er flesh and will
Grant us spirit, courage still.
Holy Creator, God!
Holy Redeemer, God!
Holy Lord God,
Teacher, Consoler!
Thou Triune God!
Help us win with triumph
'Gainst all foes that may assail.
Have mercy on us!

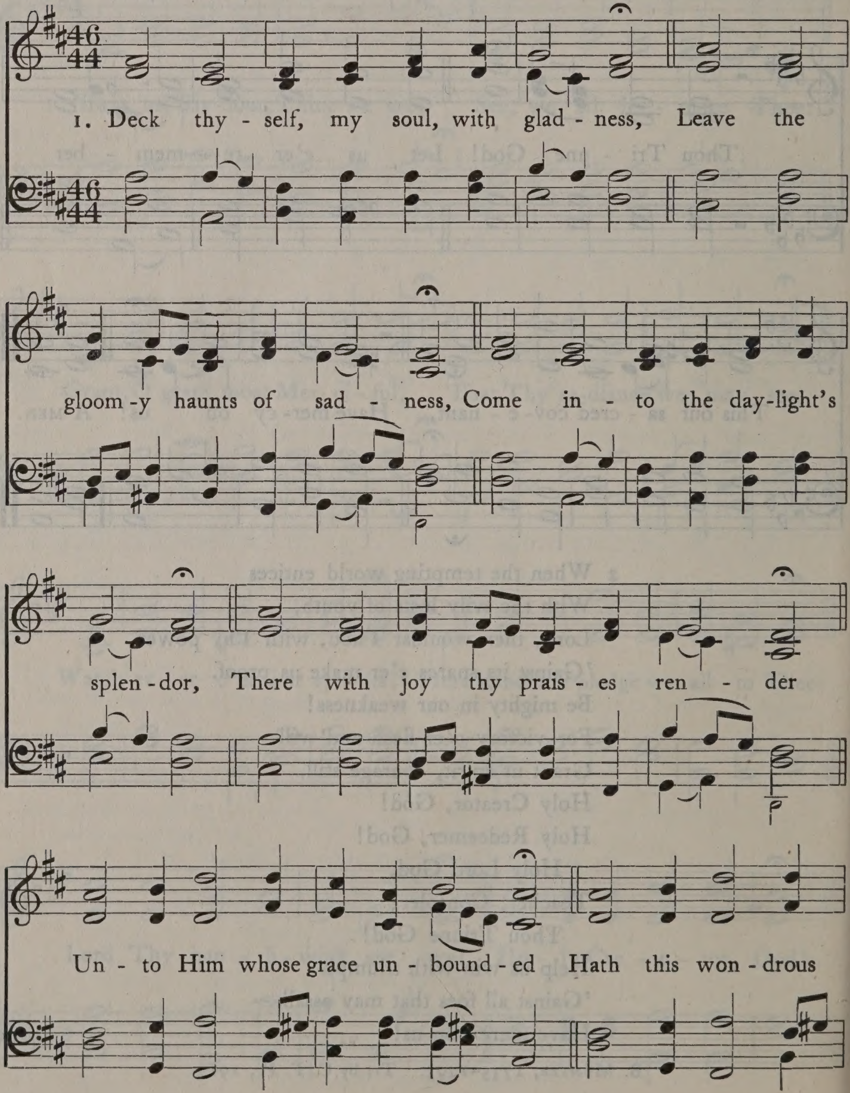
B. Münter, 1735–1793. Tr. by C. F. P., 1917

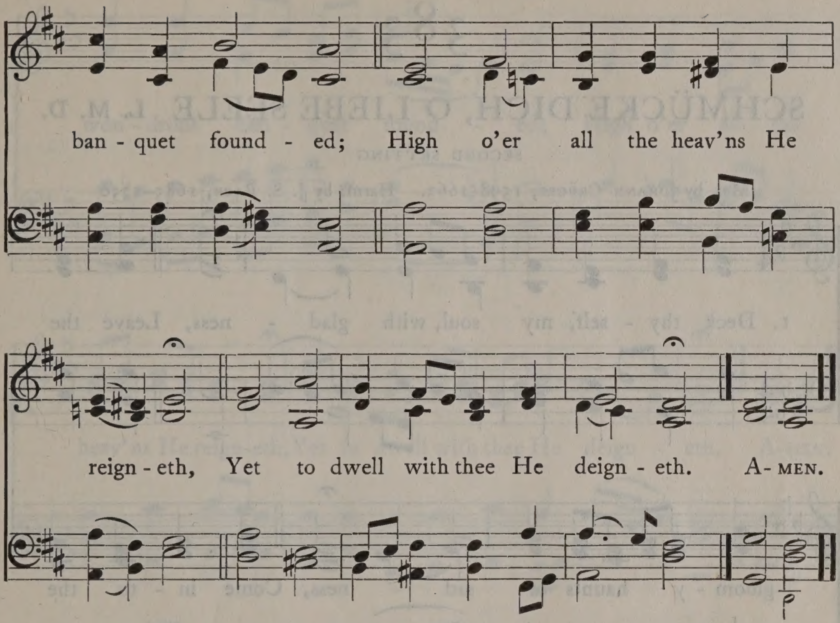
383

SCHMÜCKE DICH, O LIEBE SEELE L. M. D.

FIRST SETTING

Johann Crüger, 1598–1662


1. Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the
gloom - y haunts of sad - ness, Come in - to the day-light's
splen - dor, There with joy thy prais - es ren - der
Un - to Him whose grace un - bound - ed Hath this won - drous


ban - quet found - ed; High o'er all the heav'ns He
reign - eth, Yet to dwell with thee He deign - eth. A- MEN.

2 Jesu, bread of life, I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee,
Never to my hurt invited,
Be Thy love with love requited;
From this banquet let us measure,
Lord, how vast and deep love's treasure:
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me
As Thy guest in heaven receive me.

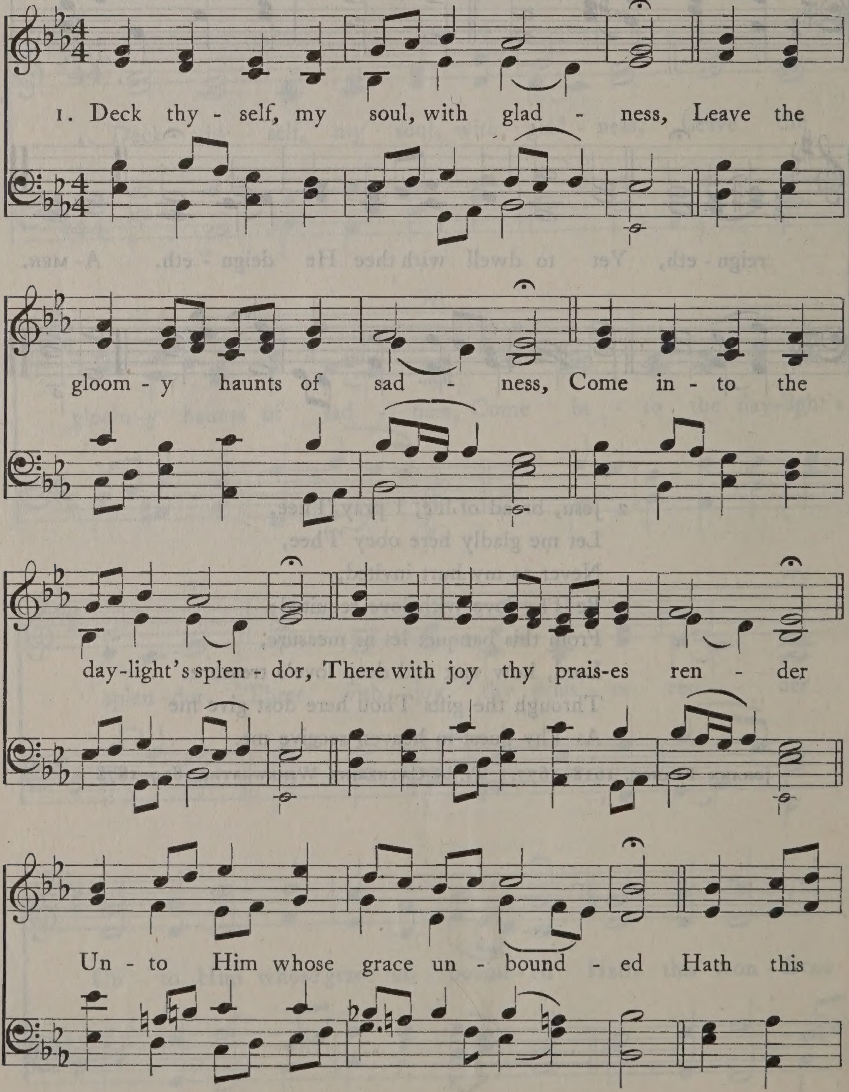
Johann Franck, 1618–1677. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

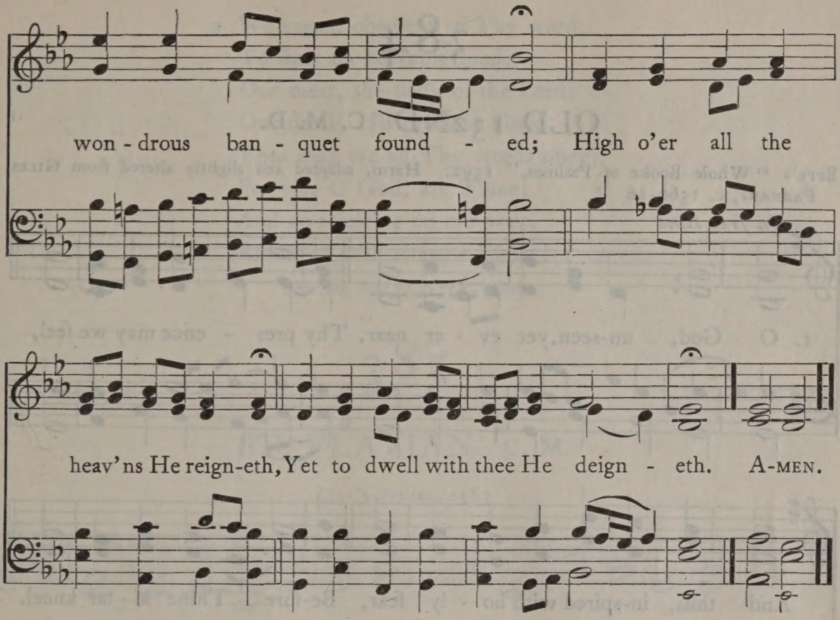
383

SCHMÜCKE DICH, O LIEBE SEELE L. M. D.

SECOND SETTING

Mel. by JOHANN CRÜGER, 1598–1662. Harm. by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750


1. Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the
gloom - y haunts of sad - ness, Come in - to the
day-light's splen - dor, There with joy thy prais-es ren - der
Un - to Him whose grace un - bound - ed Hath this


won - drous ban - quet found - ed; High o'er all the
heav'ns He reign-eth, Yet to dwell with thee He deign - eth. A-MEN.

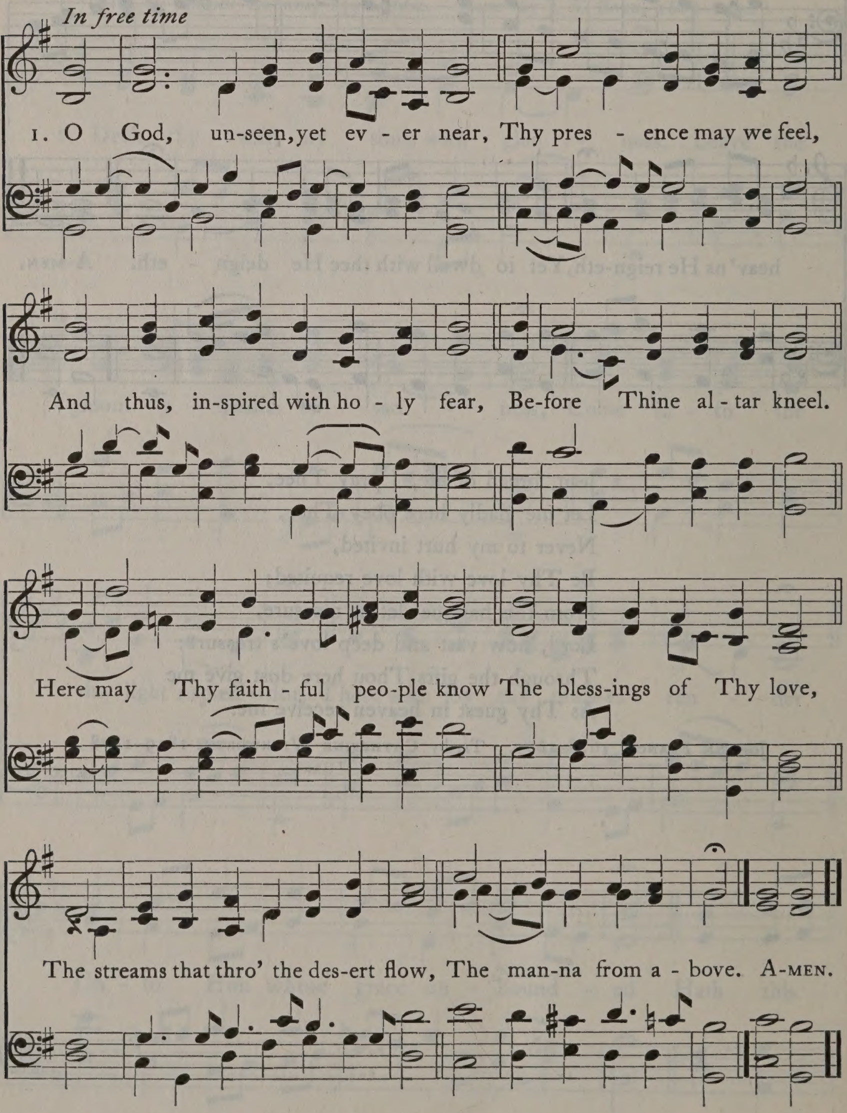
2 Jesu, bread of life, I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee,
Never to my hurt invited,
Be Thy love with love requited;
From this banquet let us measure,
Lord, how vast and deep love's treasure:
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me
As Thy guest in heaven receive me.

JOHANN FRANCK, 1618–1677. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

384

OLD 132ND C. M. D.

Este's "Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1592. Harm. adapted and slightly altered from Giles Farnaby, c. 1560-16 ?


In free time
1. O God, un-seen, yet ev - er near, Thy pres - ence may we feel,
And thus, in-spired with ho - ly fear, Be-fore Thine al - tar kneel.
Here may Thy faith - ful peo-ple know The bless-ings of Thy love,
The streams that thro' the des-ert flow, The man-na from a - bove. A-men.

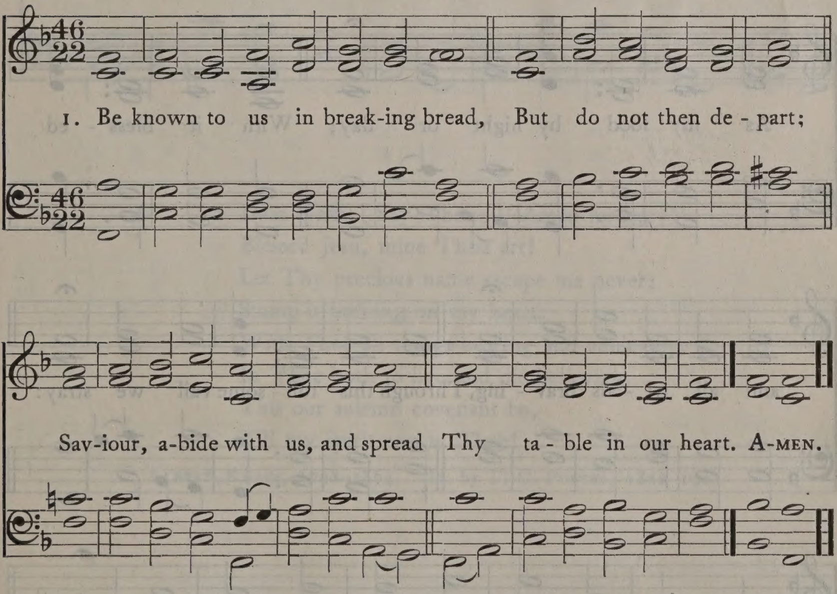
2 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, His precious blood.
Thus may we all Thy words obey;
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine!

EDWARD OSLER, 1798–1863

385

ST. FLAVIAN C. M.

DAY'S Psalter, 1563


46
22
1. Be known to us in break-ing bread, But do not then de - part;
Sav-iour, a-bide with us, and spread Thy ta - ble in our heart. A-MEN.

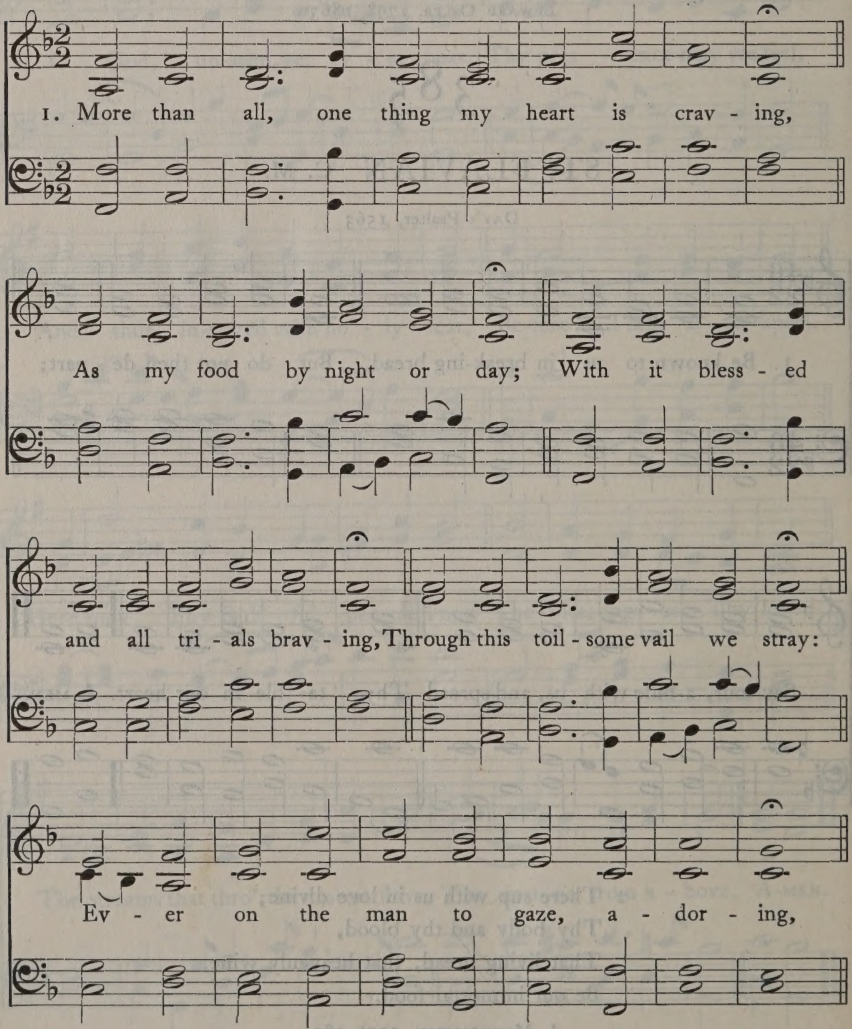
2 There sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

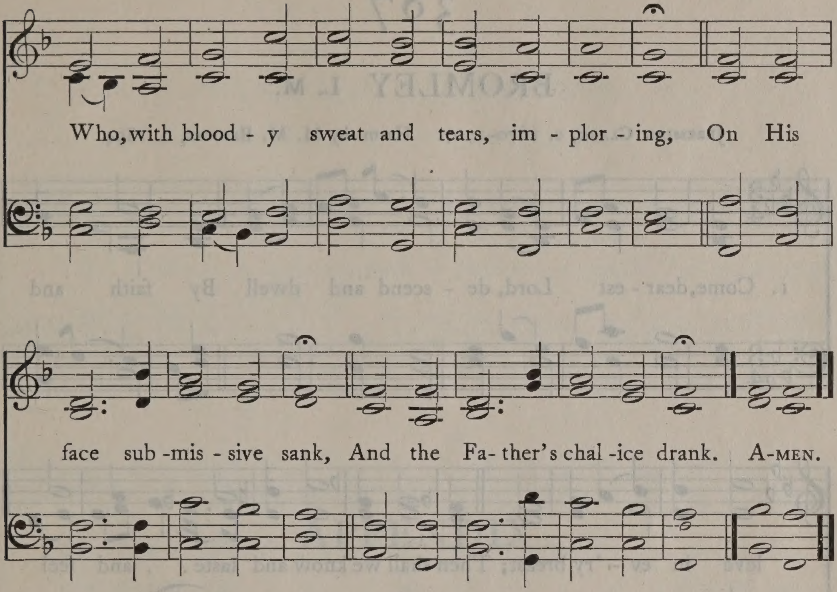
J. MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854

386

HERR UND AELTSTER DEINER KREUZGEMEINE (DIE WIR UNS ALLHIE BEISAMMEN FINDEN) 10. 7. 10. 7. 10. 10. 7. 7.

Secular; Moravian Hymn Book, 1784; in MS c. 1735


1. More than all, one thing my heart is crav - ing,
As my food by night or day; With it bless - ed
and all tri - als brav - ing, Through this toil - some vail we stray:
Ev - er on the man to gaze, a - dor - ing,


Who, with blood - y sweat and tears, im - plor - ing, On His
face sub -mis - sive sank, And the Fa- ther's chal -ice drank. A-MEN.

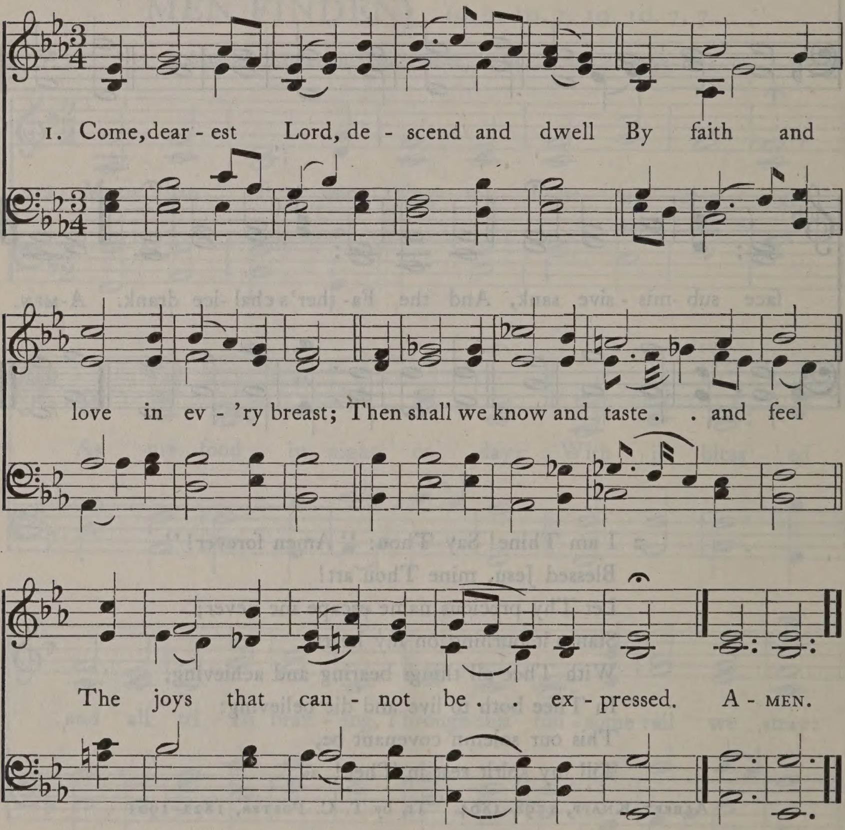
2 I am Thine! Say Thou: "Amen forever!"
Blessed Jesu, mine Thou art!
Let Thy precious name escape me never;
Stamp it burning on my heart.
With Thee all things bearing and achieving,
In Thee both to live and die believing:
This our solemn covenant be,
Till my spirit rest in Thee!

ALBERT KNAPP, 1798–1864. Tr. by T. C. PORTER, 1822–1901

387

BROMLEY L. M.

Jeremiah Clark, c. 1670–1707. Harm. by M. M. Bridges, d. 1894


1. Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell By faith and
love in ev - 'ry breast; Then shall we know and taste . . and feel
The joys that can - not be . . ex - pressed. A - MEN.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargèd souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

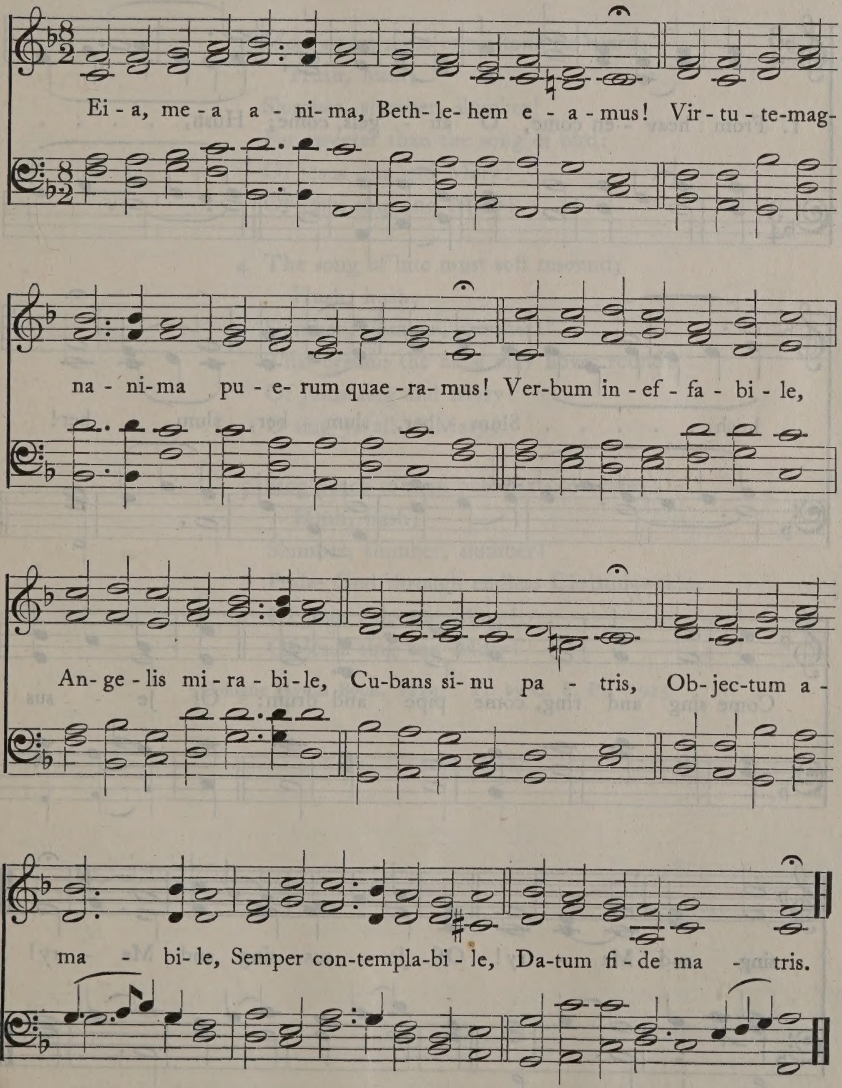
Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

APPENDIX

I

EIA, MEA ANIMA P. M.

Harm. by Michael Prätorius, 1571–1621

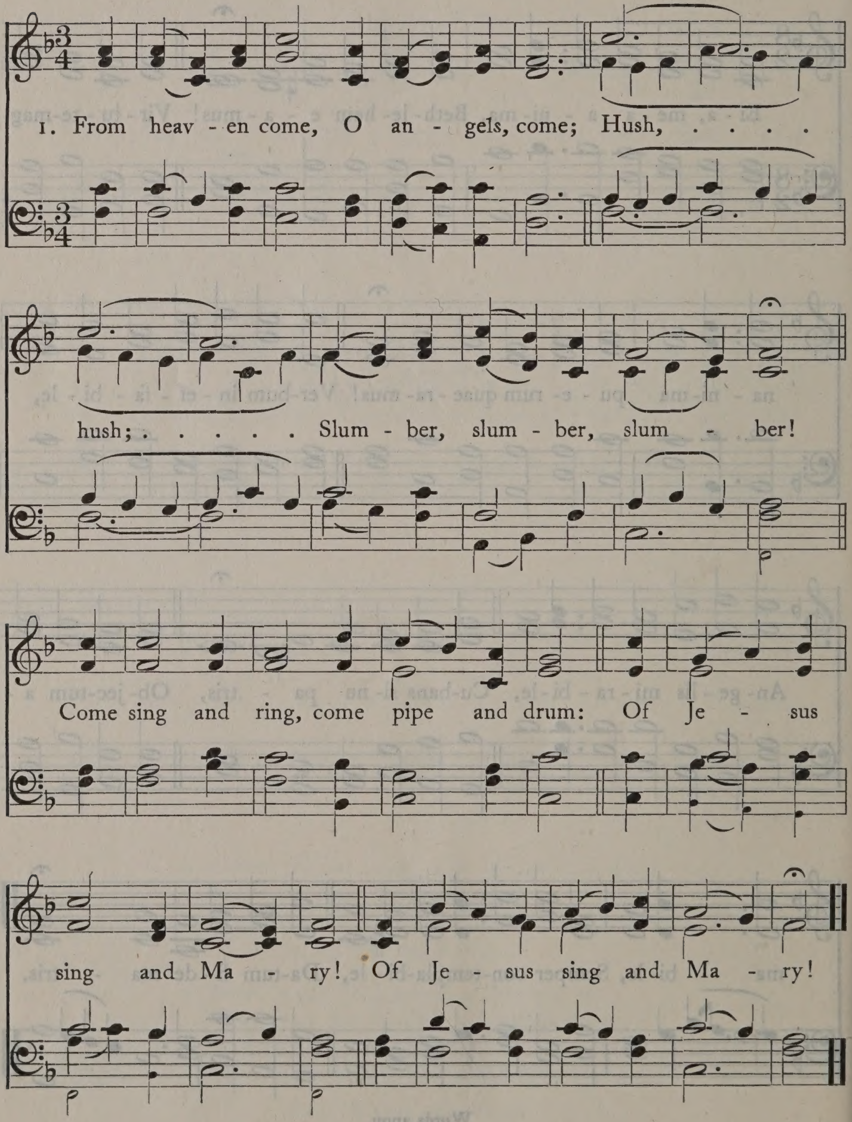

Ei - a, me - a a - ni - ma, Beth - le - hem e - a - mus! Vir - tu - te - mag -
na - ni - ma pu - e - rum quae - ra - mus! Ver - bum in - ef - fa - bi - le,
An - ge - lis mi - ra - bi - le, Cu - bans si - nu pa - tris, Ob - jec - tum a -
ma - bi - le, Semper con - templa - bi - le, Da - tum fi - de ma - tris.

Words anon.

2

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S CRADLE-SONG P. M.

Melody from the Cologne Hymn Book, 1623


1. From heav - en come, O an - gels, come; Hush, ...
hush; . . . . . . Slum - ber, slum - ber, slum - ber!
Come sing and ring, come pipe and drum: Of Je - sus
sing and Ma - ry! Of Je - sus sing and Ma - ry!

2 Let sound your voice in chorus strong;
Hush, hush;
Slumber, slumber, slumber!
Bring organ and bring harp along:
O sing ye all of Mary!
Of Jesus sing and Mary!

3* Most sweet must organ tone be heard;
Hush, hush;
Slumber, slumber, slumber!
Far sweeter than the song of bird:
Of Jesus sing and Mary!
Of Jesus sing and Mary!

4 The song of lute must soft resound;
Hush, hush;
Slumber, slumber, slumber!
That dreams the babe may hover round:
Of Jesus sing and Mary!
O sing ye all of Mary!

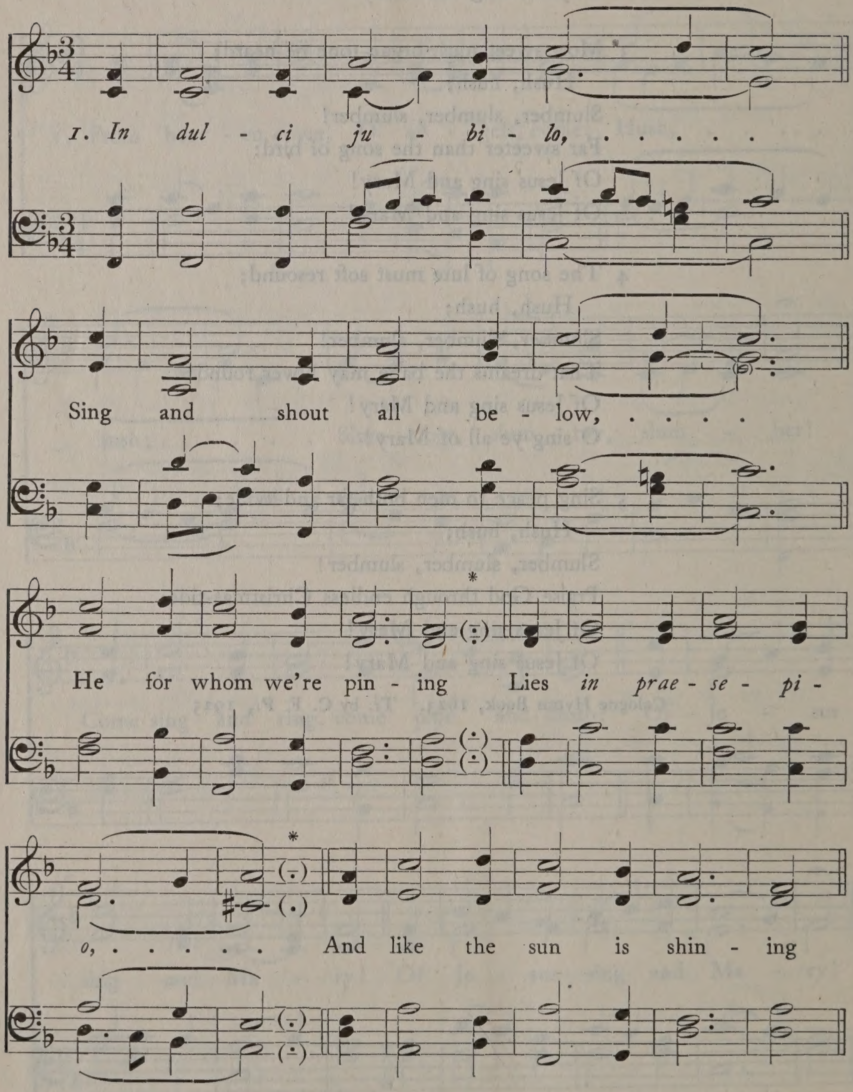
5 Sing peace to men both far and wide;
Hush, hush;
Slumber, slumber, slumber!
Praise God through endless Christmas-tide:
Of Jesus sing and Mary!
Of Jesus sing and Mary!

Cologne Hymn Book, 1623. Tr. by C. F. P., 1925

3

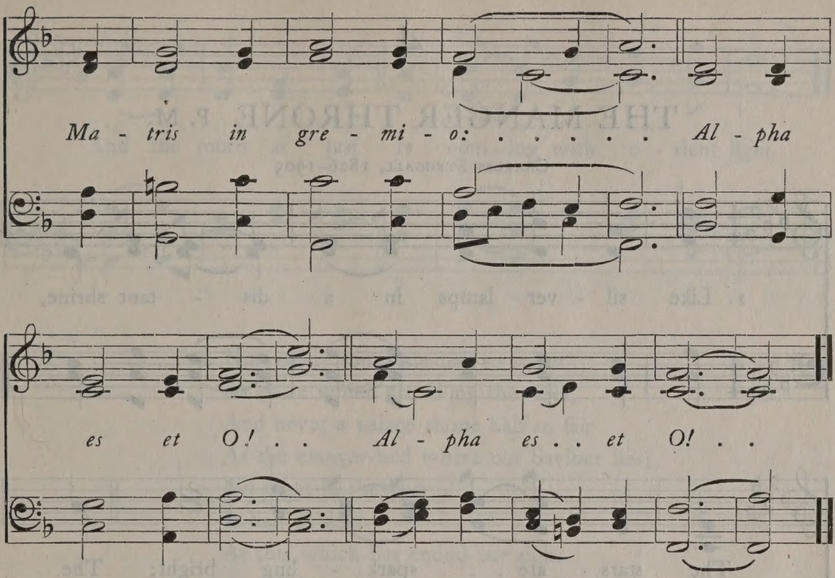
IN DULCI JUBILO P. M.

Harm. by Michael Prätorius, 1571–1621


1. In dul - ci ju - bi - lo, ...
Sing and shout all be - low, ...
*
He for whom we're pin - ing Lies in prae - se - pi -
*
o, ... And like the sun is shin - ing

---

* The bracketed dots are to be observed in the *third* stanza, and the chord following is to be omitted.


Ma - tris in gre - mi - o: . . . . . Al - pha
es et O! . . Al - pha es . . et O! . .

2 *O Jesu, parvule,*
How my heart longs for Thee!
Soothe the sad and ailing,
O puer optime,
With all Thy love unfailing!
O *Princeps gloriae,*
Trahe me post Te!
Trahe me post Te!

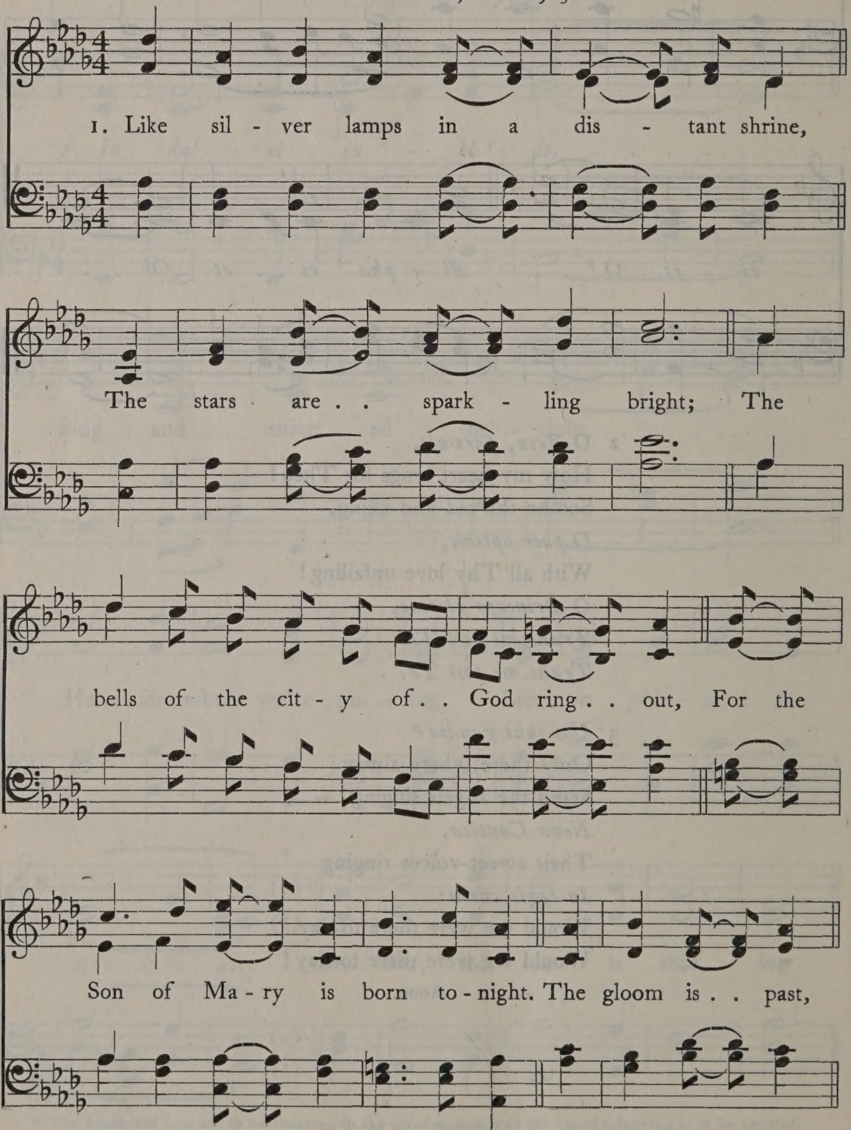
3 *Ubi sunt gaudia?*
Only there where alway
Stand the angels singing
Nova Cantica,
Their sweet voices ringing
In regis curia:
Would we were there to-day!
Would we were there to-day!

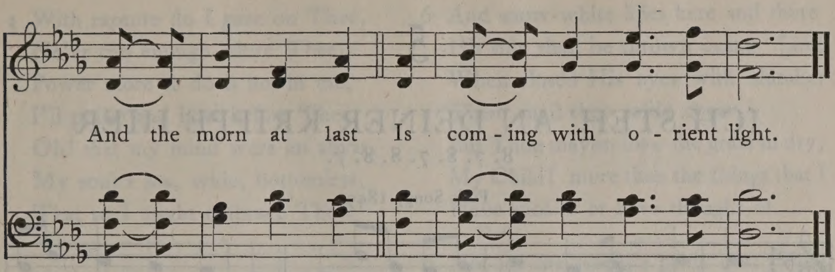
Anon.

4

THE MANGER THRONE P. M.

Charles Steggall, 1826–1905


1. Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine,
The stars are . . spark - ling bright; The
bells of the cit - y of . . God ring . . out, For the
Son of Ma - ry is born to - night. The gloom is . . past,



2 No earthly songs are half so sweet
As those which are filling the skies,
And never a palace shone half so fair
As the manger-bed where our Saviour lies;
No night in the year
Is half so dear
As this which has ended our sighs.

3 The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night,
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the angels' song still rings in the height,
And love still turns
Where the God-head burns,
Hid in flesh from fleshly sight.

4 Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there,
The clear light of heaven streams out to the world,
And the angels of God are crowding the air,
And heaven and earth,
Through the spotless birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair.

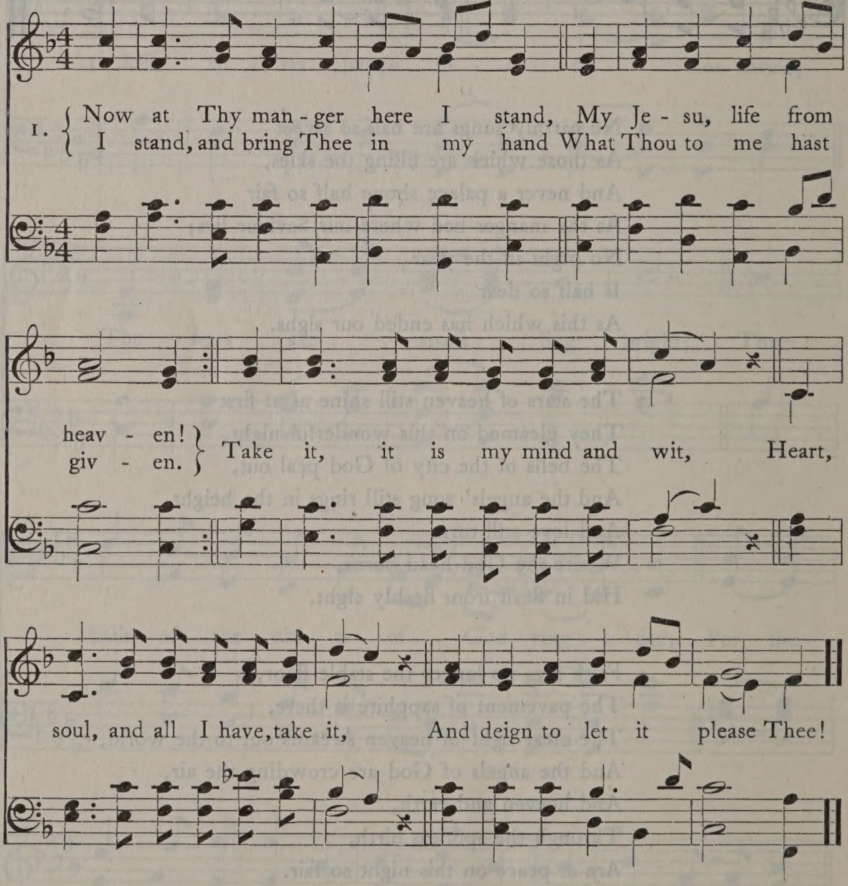
William C. Dix, 1837–1898

5

ICH STEH' AN DEINER KRIPPE HIER

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Folk Song, 1849


1. Now at Thy man - ger here I stand, My Je - su, life from heav - en!
I stand, and bring Thee in my hand What Thou to me hast giv - en.
Take it, it is my mind and wit, Heart, soul, and all I have, take it, And deign to let it please Thee!

2 With Thy great love beyond compare,
My soul Thou fillest ever,
Thy glance so sweet, Thine image fair,
My heart forgetteth never.
How otherwise e'er could it be,
How could I ever banish Thee,
From my heart's throne, O Saviour!

3 With rapture do I gaze on Thee,
Ne'er can enough adore Thee,
Power more to do is not in me,
I'll praise and bow before Thee.
Oh! that my mind were an abyss,
My soul a sea, wide, bottomless,
That so I might embrace Thee.

4 Oh! that a star so passing fair
Should in a crib be holden!
Who mighty nobles' children are
Should lie in cradles golden!
Ah! hay and straw too wretched are,
Silk, velvet, purple better far,
Were for Thee, Child, to lie on.

5 Remove the straw, remove the hay,
From where the child reposes,
And flowers I'll bring that lie He may
On violets and roses.
With tulips, pinks and rosemary,
From goodly gardens plucked by me,
I'll from above bestrew Him.

6 And snow-white lilies here and there
His side shall be thrown over; [are,
When closed His eyes with slumber
Them shall they softly cover.
But Thou mayest love the grass so dry,
My Child! more than the things that I
Have spoken or have thought of.

7 Not for the world's pride dost Thou
care,
Nor joys the flesh doth offer;
In human form Thou liest there,
For us to do and suffer,
Seek'st joy and comfort for my soul,
While waves of trouble o'er Thee roll;
I never will Thee hinder.

8 One thing I hope Thou'lt grant to me,
My Saviour! ne'er deny me,
That I may evermore have Thee
Within, and on, and by me.
And let my heart Thy cradle be,
Come, come and lie Thou down in me,
With all Thy joys and treasures!

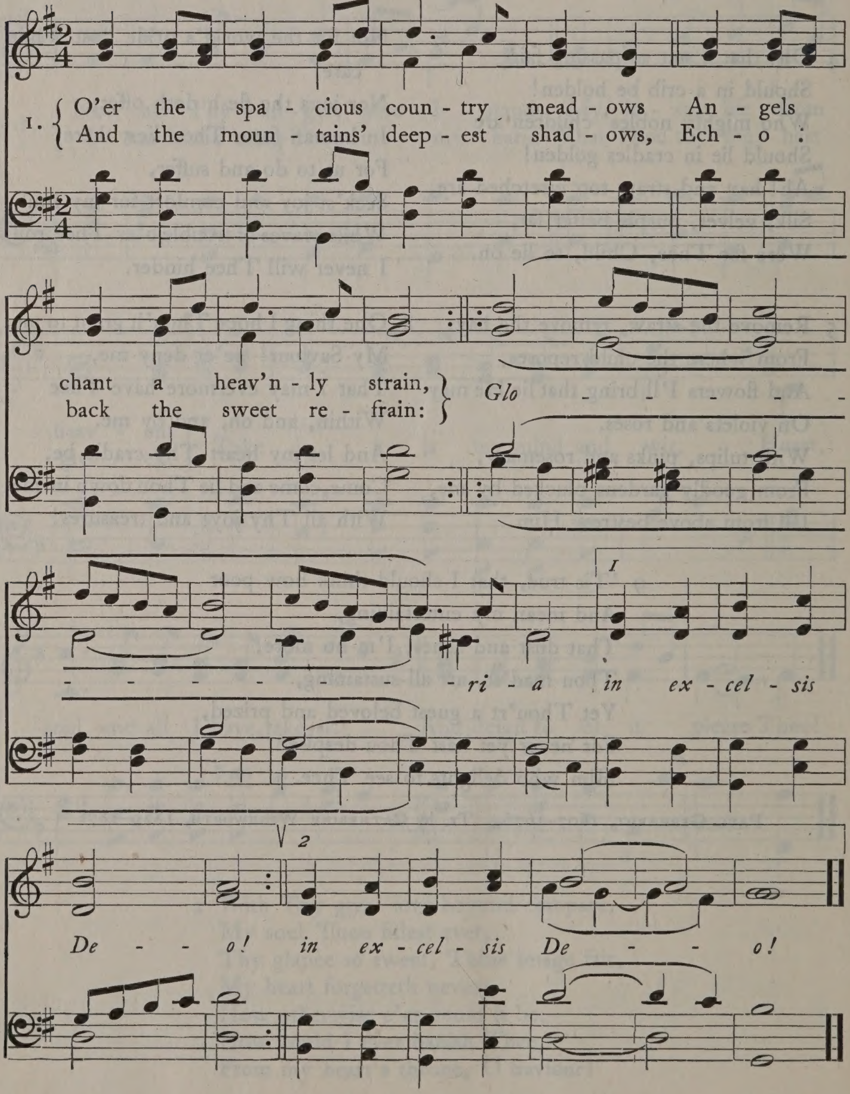
9 'Tis true, that I should think how poor
And mean my entertaining,
That dust and ashes, I'm no more,
Thou mad'st, art all-sustaining,
Yet Thou'rt a guest beloved and prized,
For never yet hast Thou despised
Him who delights to see Thee.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607–1676. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878

6

BERGERS, POUR QUI CETTE FÊTE? (QUEM VIDISTIS, PASTORES?) 8. 7. 8. 7. 9.

Traditional French Christmas Carol



1. { O'er the spa - cious coun - try mead - ows An - gels chant a heav'n - ly strain, }
{ And the moun - tains' deep - est shad - ows, Ech - o back the sweet re - frain: }
Glo - - - - - - - - - - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - - o! in ex - cel - sis De - - o!
1
2

2 Shepherds, tell me, whose the festal?
What the meaning of the song?
Who the victor, what triumphal,
Wins this paean glad and strong?
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

3 Grateful thanks for grace unfailing
On this holy day they sing,
Loud the Saviour's birth proclaiming,
Prince of Peace and Israel's King:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

4 Sing the happy village manger,
Sing the roof that saw Him born,
Homage to the little stranger,
Sing with heart and voice this morn:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

5 For the lowly humble station,
Scorning court and princely hall,
Sing we praise and adoration,
Lord of Heaven, Lord of all:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

6 Lips of angels gladly singing,
Cherubim with hymns of love,
Tell the praise forever ringing
In celestial courts above:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

7 Shepherds, join the angel chorus,
Leave your lonely flocks' retreat,
Catch the notes from lips so joyous,
Teach your pipes the carol sweet:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

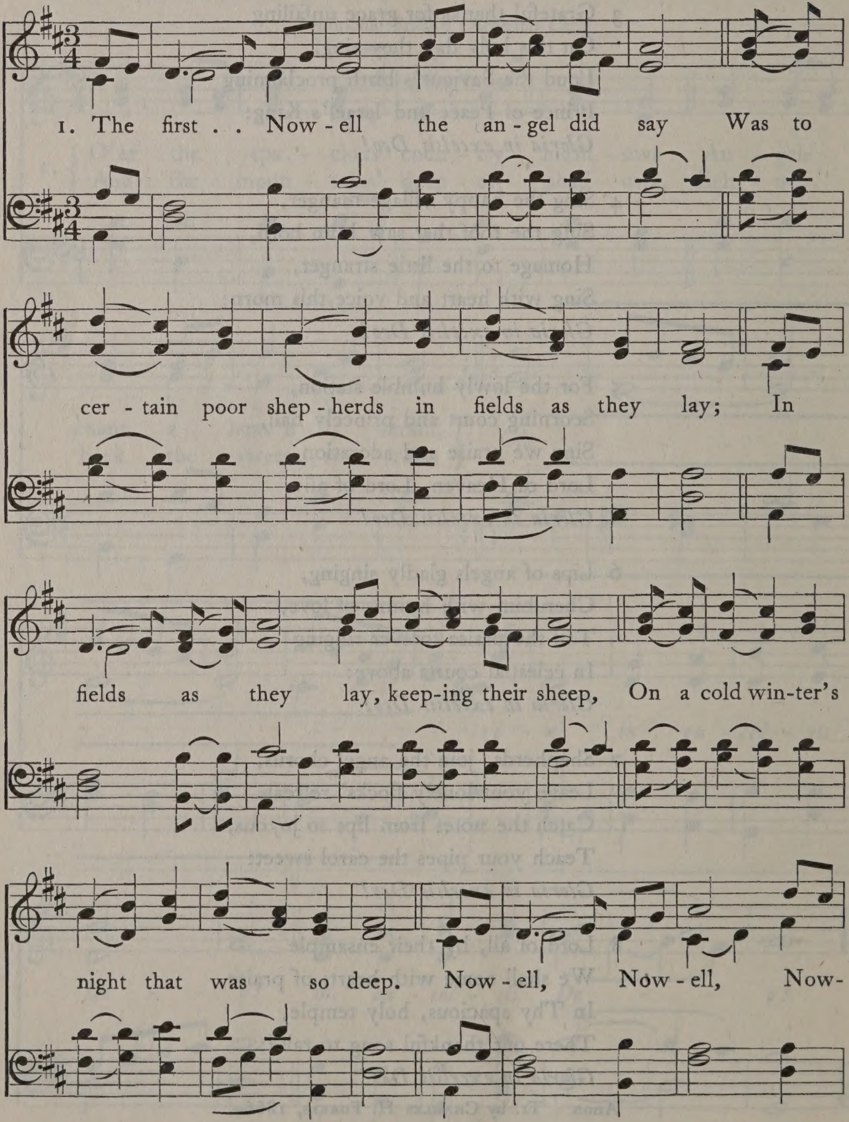
8 Lord of all, by their ensample
We shall come with hearts of praise,
In Thy spacious, holy temple,
There our thankful song to raise:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

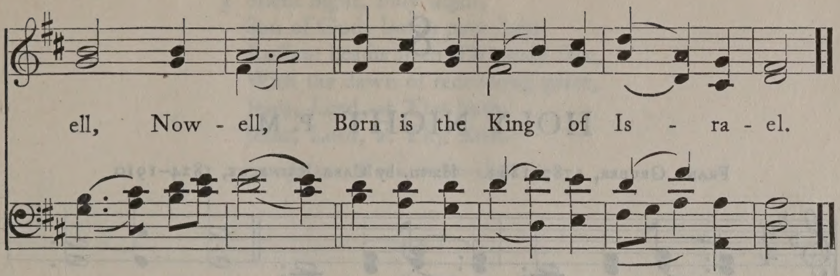
Anon. Tr. by Charles H. Forbes, 1866–

7

THE FIRST NOWELL P. M.

Traditional Melody


1. The first . . Now - ell the an - gel did say Was to
cer - tain poor shep - herds in fields as they lay; In
fields as they lay, keep-ing their sheep, On a cold win-ter's
night that was so deep. Now - ell, Now - ell, Now-



2 They lookèd up and saw a star
Shining in the east, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

3 And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

4 This star drew nigh to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

5 Then entered in those wise men three
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

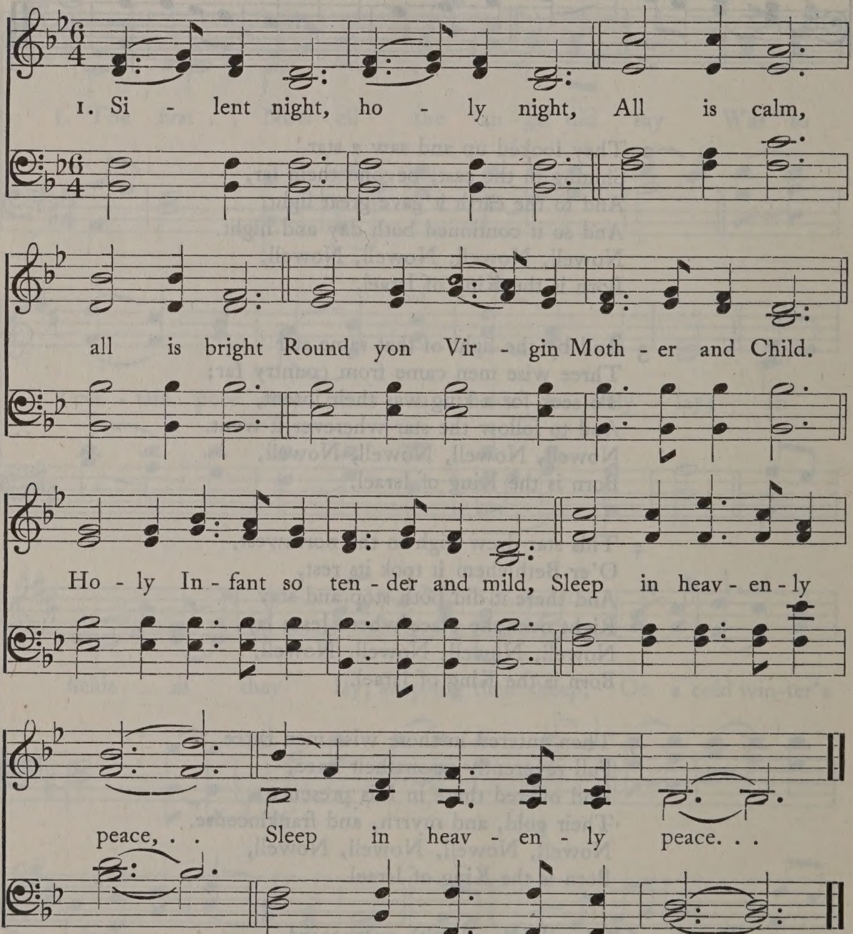
6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

Traditional

8

HOLY NIGHT P. M.

Franz Gruber, 1787–1863. Harm. by Carl Reinecke, 1824–1910


1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm,
all is bright Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child.
Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly
peace, . . Sleep in heav - en - ly peace. . .

2 Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia;
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

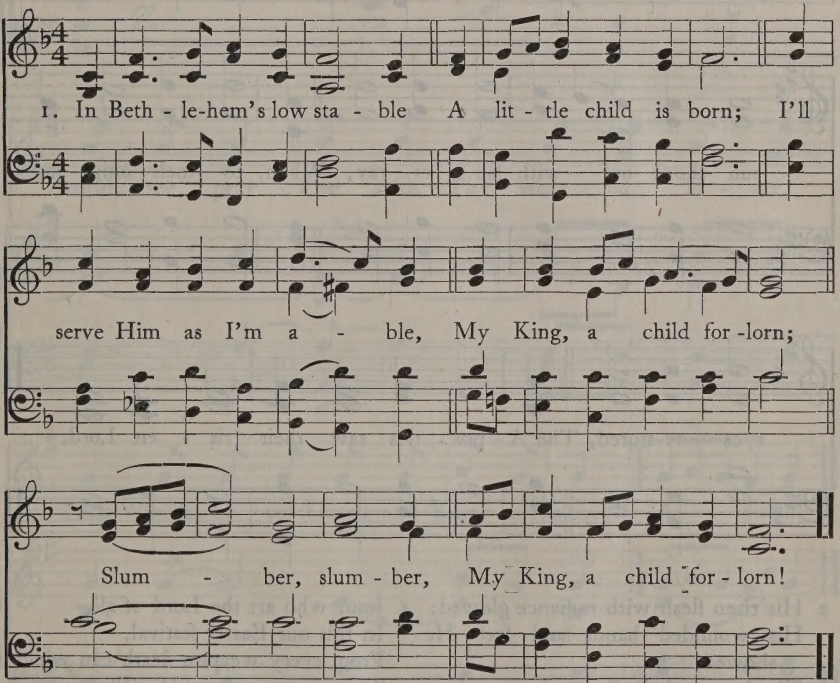
3 Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

JOSEPH MOHR, 1792–1848

9

ZU BETHLEHEM GEBOREN P. M.

1697


1. In Beth - le-hem's low sta - ble A lit - tle child is born; I'll
serve Him as I'm a - ble, My King, a child for -lorn;
Slum - ber, slum - ber, My King, a child for - lorn!

2 In His dear love I'm living,
I live in Him alone;
My heart to Him I'm giving
And all else that I own;
Slumber, slumber,
And all else that I own!

3 Babe of the lowly manger,
Thee always I'll adore;
In safety or in danger
I'll love Thee more and more;
Slumber, slumber,
I'll love Thee more and more!

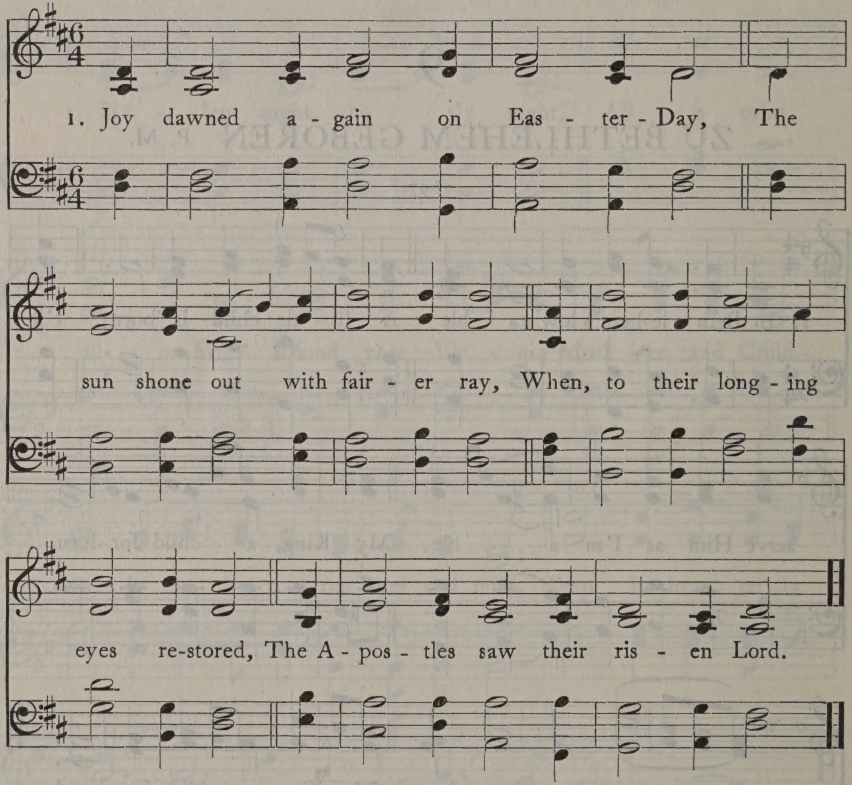
Catholic Church Hymn of the 17th cent. Tr. by J. C. GRAHAM, 1868–

Easter Carol

10

PUER NOBIS NASCITUR L. M

MICHAEL PRÄTORIUS, 1571–1621


1. Joy dawned a - gain on Eas - ter - Day, The
sun shone out with fair - er ray, When, to their long - ing
eyes re-stored, The A - pos - tles saw their ris - en Lord.

2 His risen flesh with radiance glowed;
His wounded hands and feet He showed;
Those scars their silent witness gave
That Christ was risen from the grave.

3 O Jesu, King of gentleness,
Do Thou our inmost hearts possess;
And we to Thee will ever raise
The tribute of our grateful praise.

4 Jesu, who art the Lord of all,
In this our Easter festival,
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed, Thy people, shield.

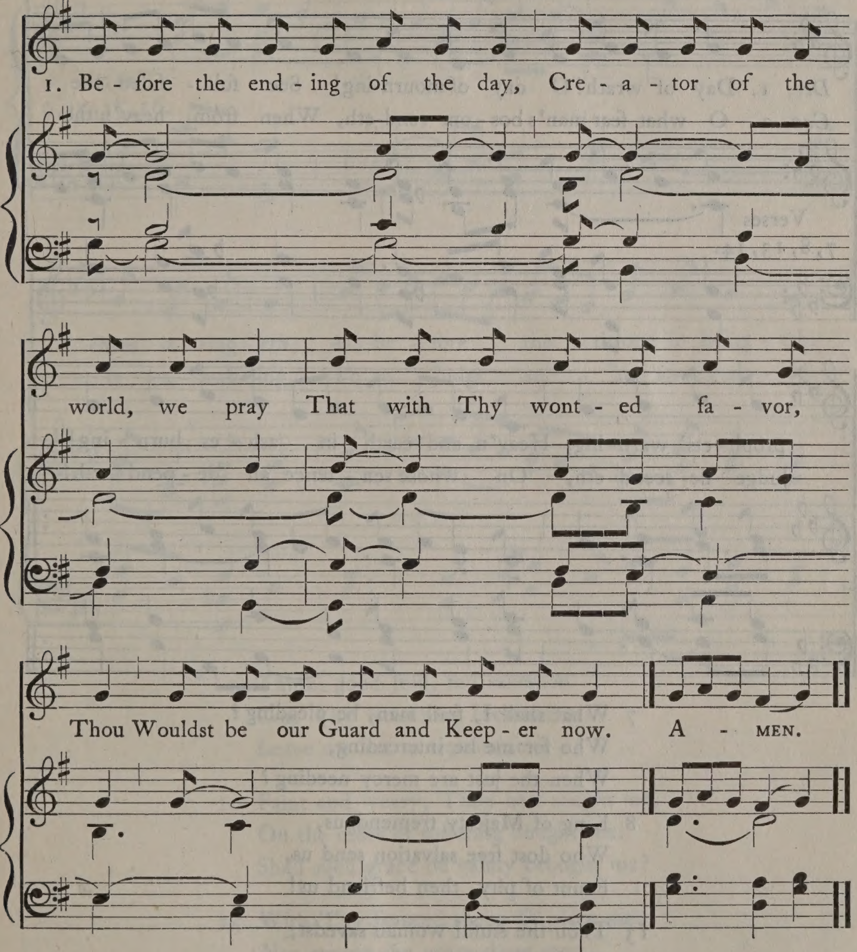
5 All praise, O risen Lord, we give
To Thee, who, dead, again dost live;
To God the Father equal praise,
And God the Holy Ghost, we raise.

Latin. Tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–1866

11

JAM LUCIS

French Mode VI


1. Be - fore the end - ing of the day, Cre - a - tor of the
world, we pray That with Thy wont - ed fa - vor,
Thou Wouldst be our Guard and Keep - er now. A - MEN.

2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.

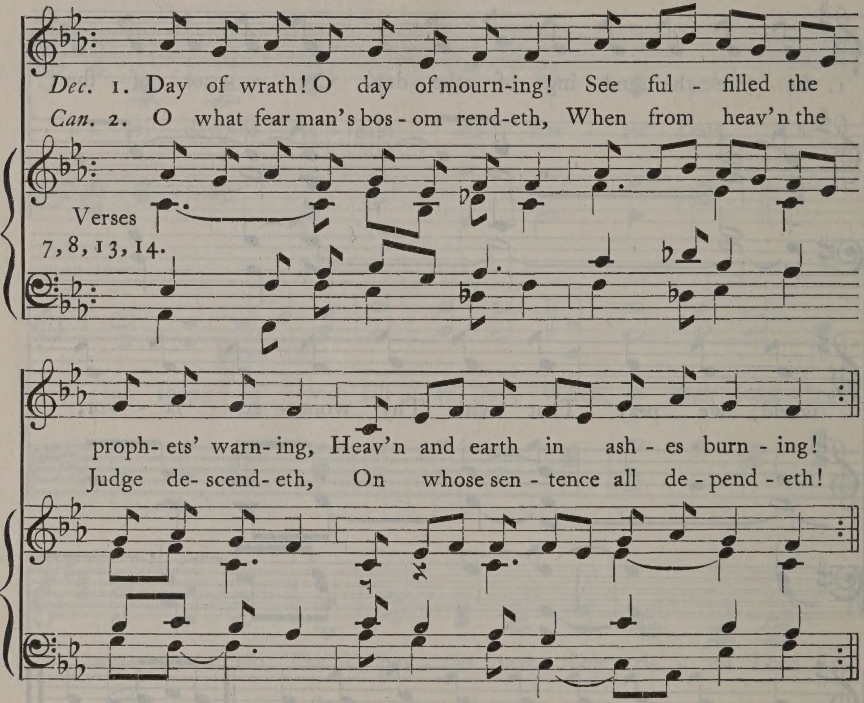
3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally.

Latin; St. Ambrose, 340–397. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

12

DIES IRAE

Modes II and I


Dec. 1. Day of wrath! O day of mourn-ing! See ful - filled the proph- ets' warn- ing, Heav'n and earth in ash - es burn - ing!
Can. 2. O what fear man's bos - om rend-eth, When from heav'n the Judge de- scend- eth, On whose sen - tence all de - pend - eth!
Verses 7, 8, 13, 14.

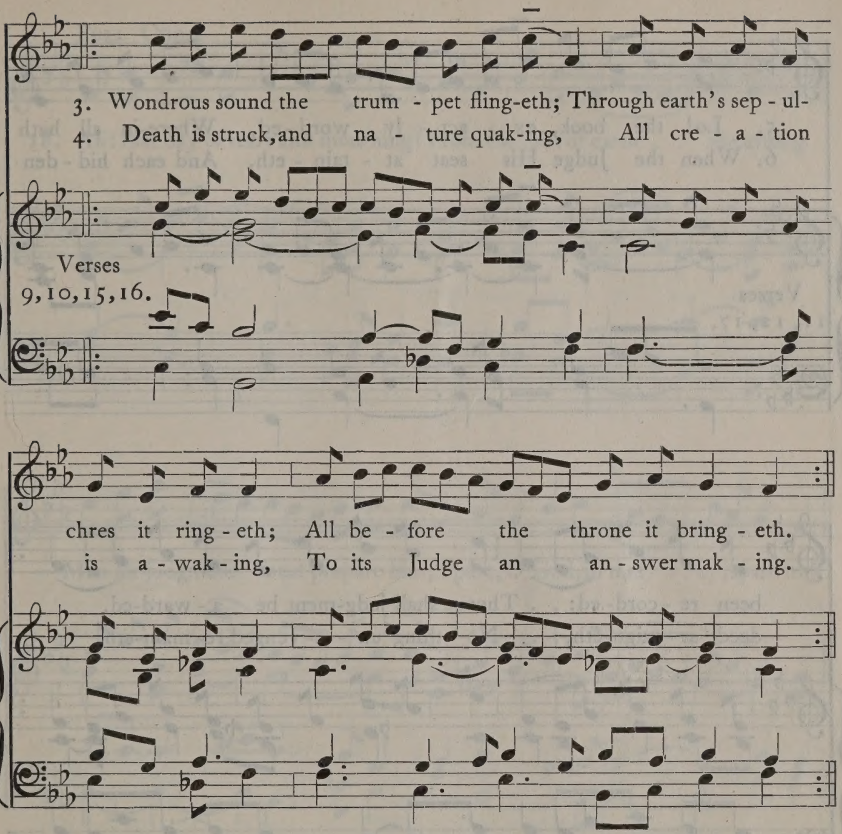
7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

Plainsong: Judgment


3. Wondrous sound the trum - pet fling-eth; Through earth's sep - ul-
4. Death is struck, and na - ture quak-ing, All cre - a - tion
Verses
9, 10, 15, 16.
chres it ring - eth; All be - fore the throne it bring - eth.
is a - wak - ing, To its Judge an an - swer mak - ing.

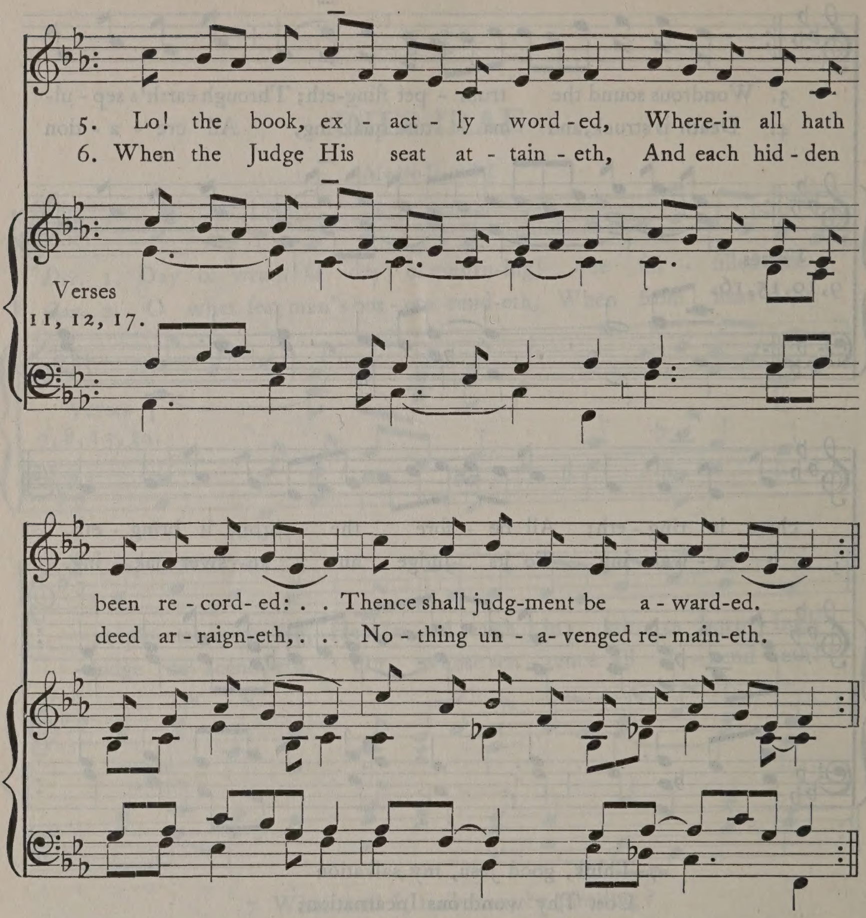
9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

15 With Thy favored sheep O place me;
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with Thy saints surrounded.

Plainsong: Judgment

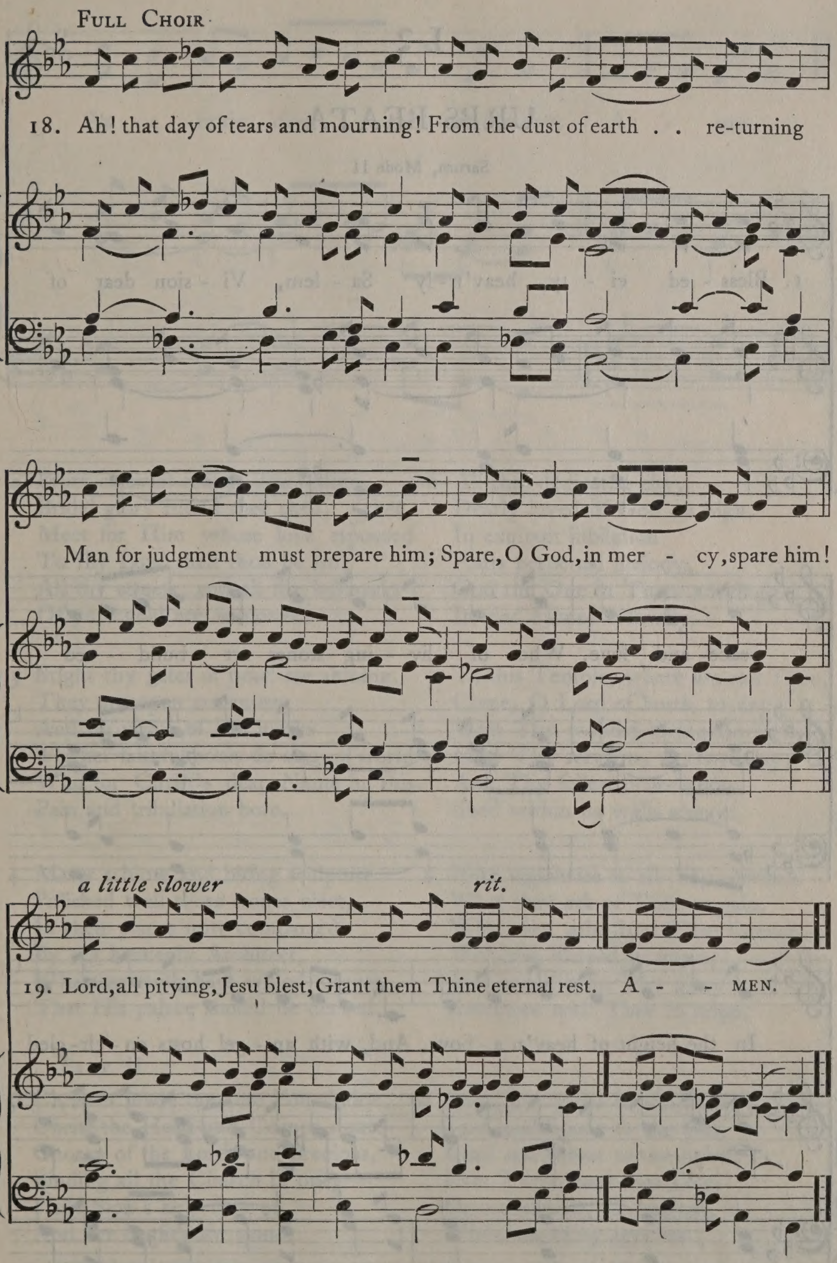

5. Lo! the book, ex - act - ly word - ed, Where-in all hath been re - cord- ed: . . Thence shall judg-ment be a - ward-ed.
6. When the Judge His seat at - tain - eth, And each hid - den deed ar - raign-eth, . . No - thing un - a- venged re- main-eth.
Verses 11, 12, 17.

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere the day of retribution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

17 Low I kneel, with heart submission
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

Plainsong: Judgment

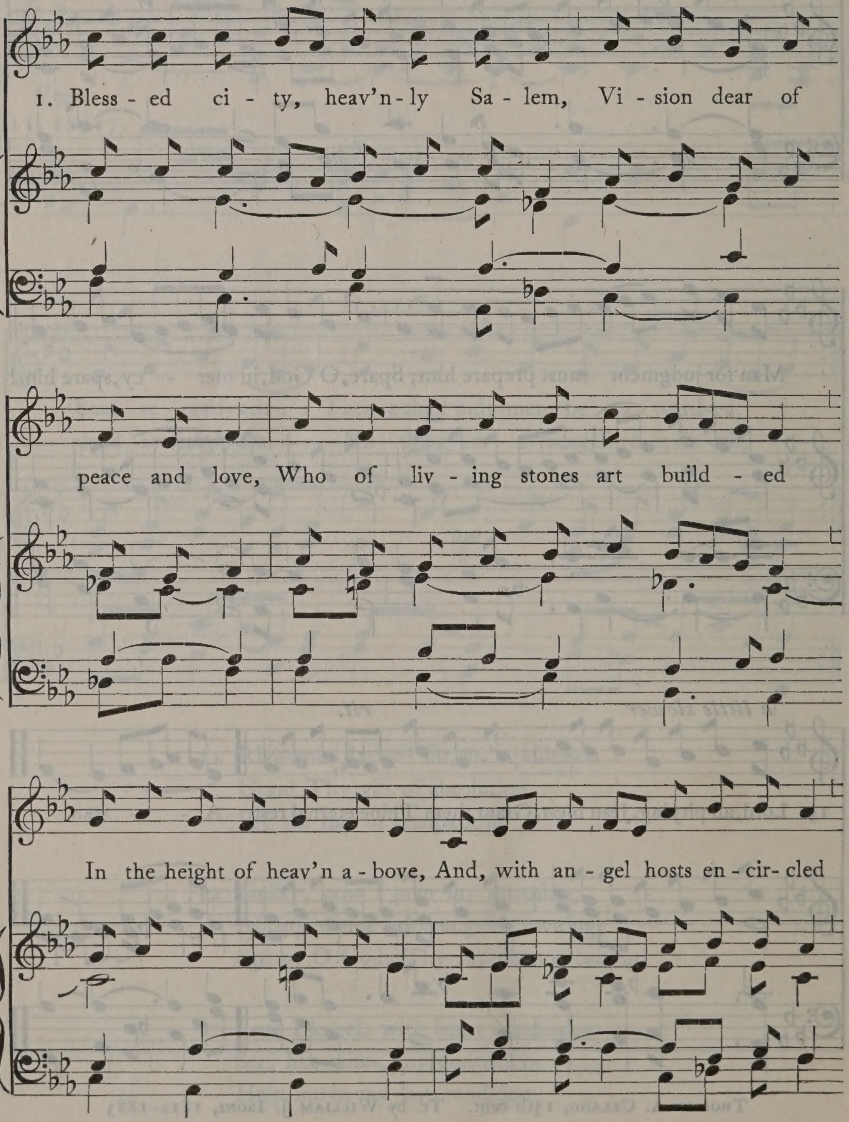

Full Choir
18. Ah! that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth . . re-turning
Man for judgment must prepare him; Spare, O God, in mer - cy, spare him!
a little slower
rit.
19. Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest, Grant them Thine eternal rest. A - - MEN.

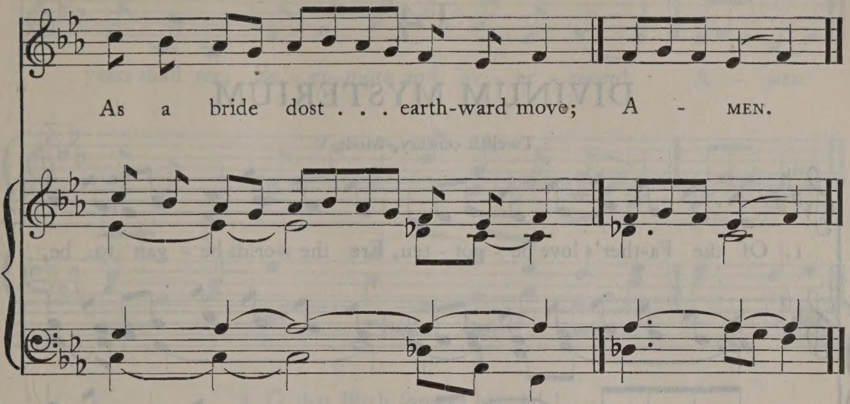
Thomas A. Celano, 13th cent. Tr. by William J. Irons, 1812–1883

13

URBS BEATA

Sarum, Mode II


1. Bless - ed ci - ty, heav'n - ly Sa - lem, Vi - sion dear of
peace and love, Who of liv - ing stones art build - ed
In the height of heav'n a - bove, And, with an - gel hosts en - cir - cled



2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed, [thee,
Meet for Him whose love espoused
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar, [world
Who for Christ's dear Name in this
Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed forever
That His palace should be decked.

Part II

5 Christ is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone.
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help forever,
And her confidence alone.

6 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

7 To this Temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants, as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

8 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee forever
With the Blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

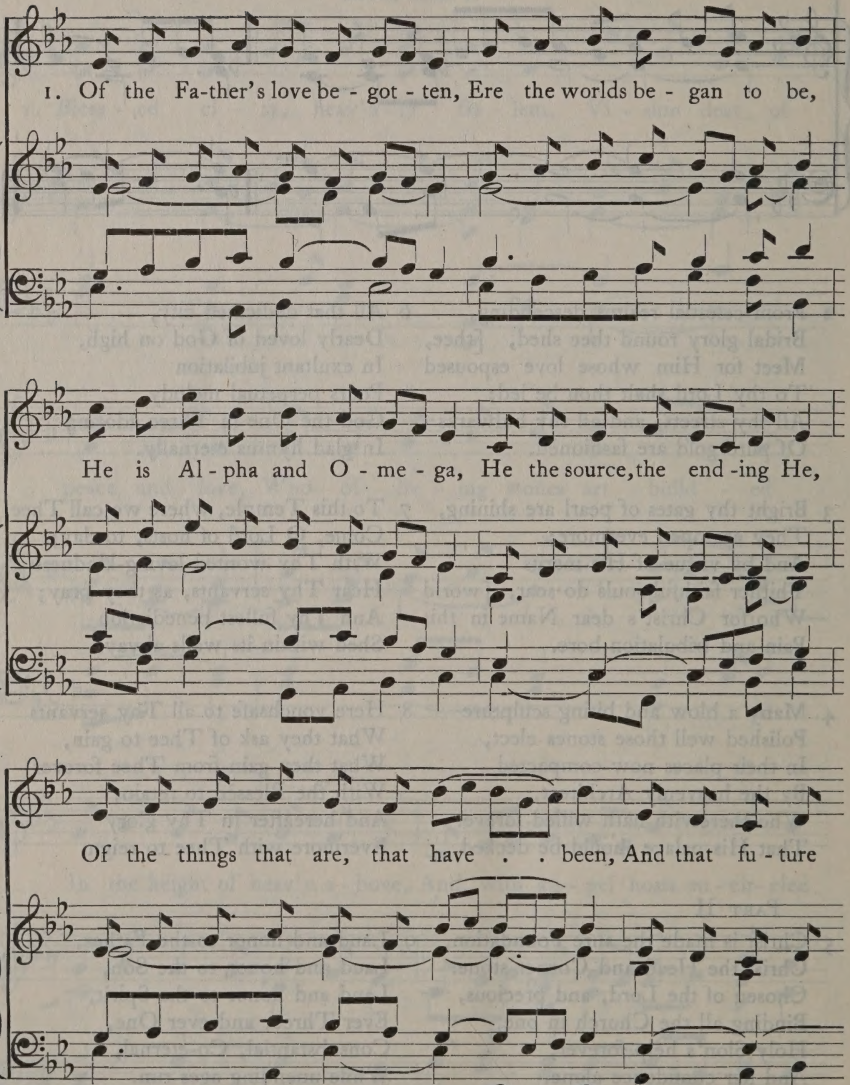
9 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

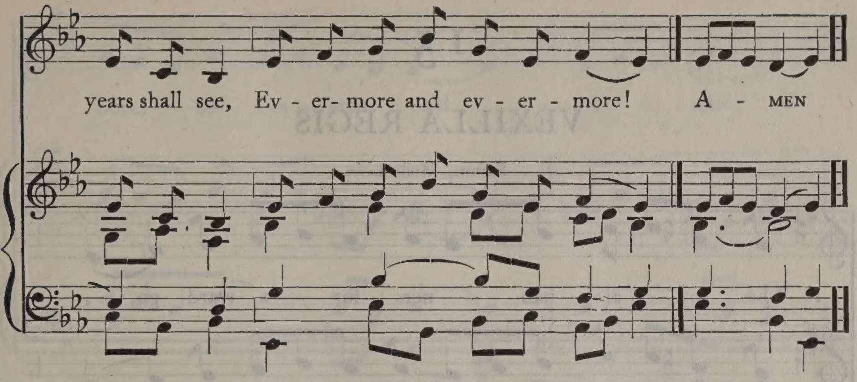
J. M. Neale, 1818–1866, and Compilers, from the Latin

14

DIVINUM MYSTERIUM

Twelfth century, Mode V


1. Of the Fa-ther's love be - got - ten, Ere the worlds be - gan to be,
He is Al - pha and O - me - ga, He the source, the end -ing He,
Of the things that are, that have . . been, And that fu - ture



2 O that Birth forever blessèd,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

3 O ye heights of heaven adore Him;
Angel hosts, His praises sing;
Powers, Dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore!

4 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering:
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its music bring,
Evermore and evermore!

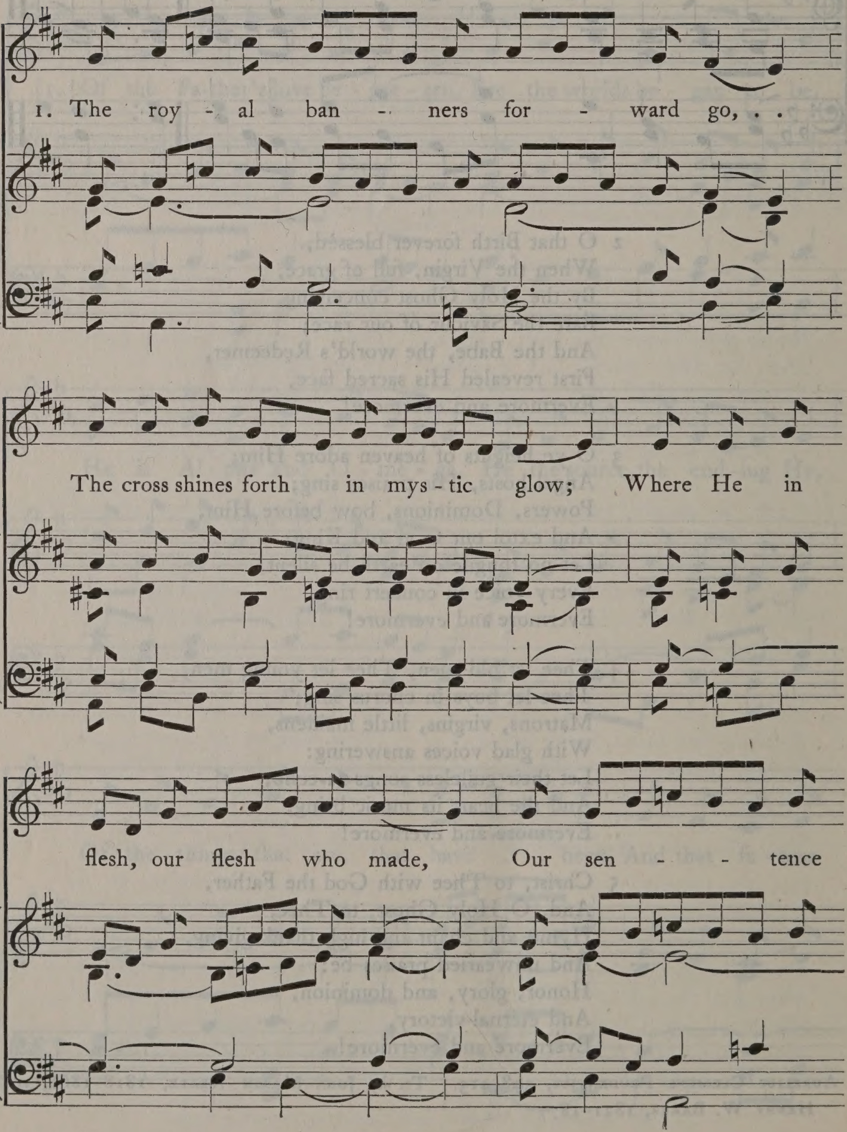
5 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

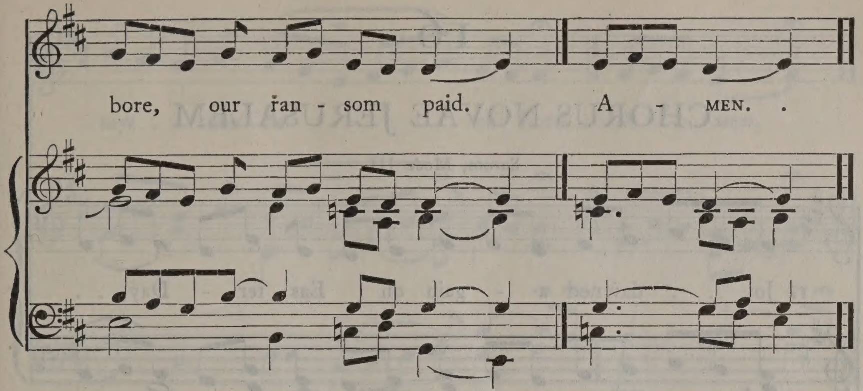
Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, 348–413. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866, and Henry W. Baker, 1821–1877

15

VEXILLA REGIS

Sarum, Mode I


1. The roy - al ban - ners for - ward go, . .
The cross shines forth in mys - tic glow; Where He in
flesh, our flesh who made, Our sen - - tence



2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.

4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

5 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

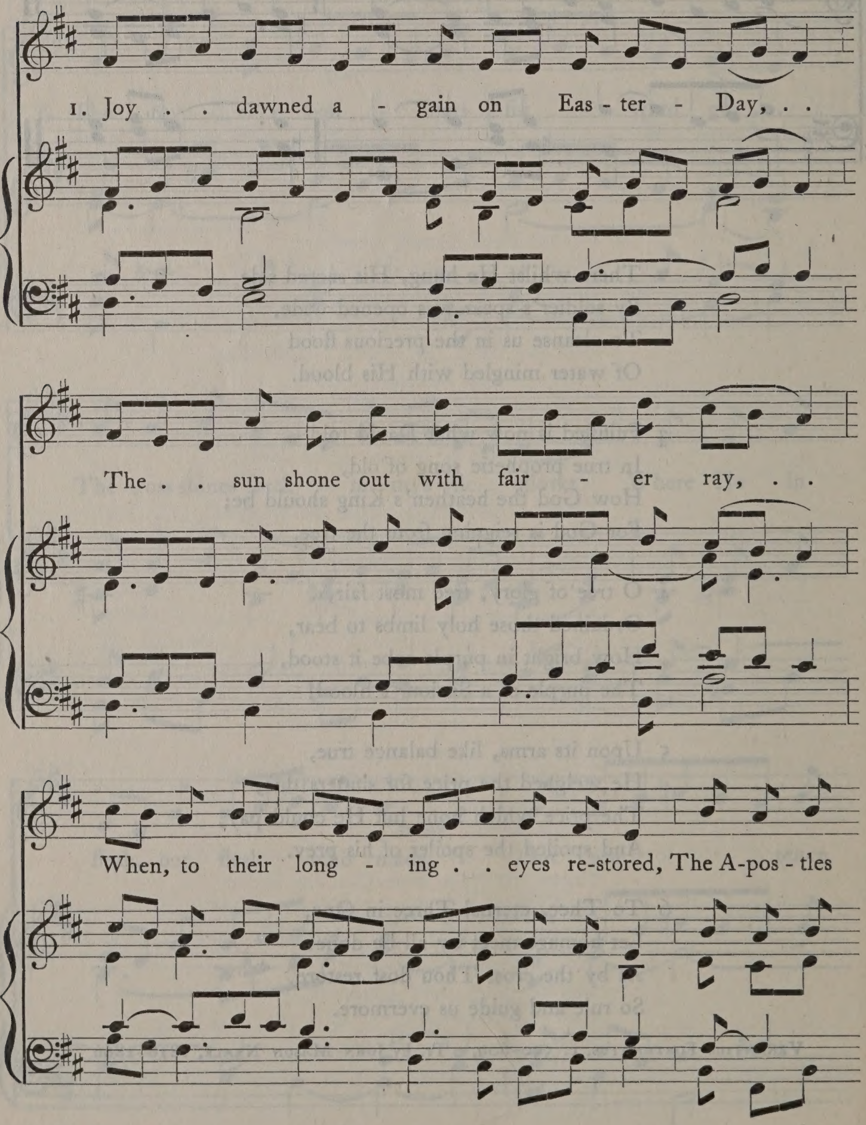
6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

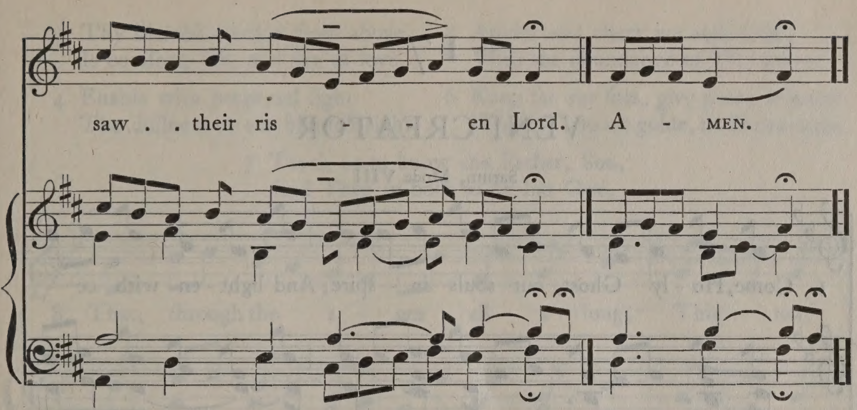
Venantius Fortunatus, c. 530–609. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

16

CHORUS NOVAE JERUSALEM

Sarum, Mode III


1. Joy . . dawned a - gain on Eas - ter - Day, . .
The . . sun shone out with fair - er ray, . .
When, to their long - ing . . eyes re-stored, The A-pos - tles



2 His risen flesh with radiance glowed;
His wounded hands and feet He showed:
Those scars their silent witness gave
That Christ was risen from the grave.

3 O Jesu, King of gentleness,
Do Thou our inmost hearts possess;
And we to Thee will ever raise
The tribute of our grateful praise.

4 Jesu, who art the Lord of all,
In this our Easter festival,
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed, Thy people, shield.

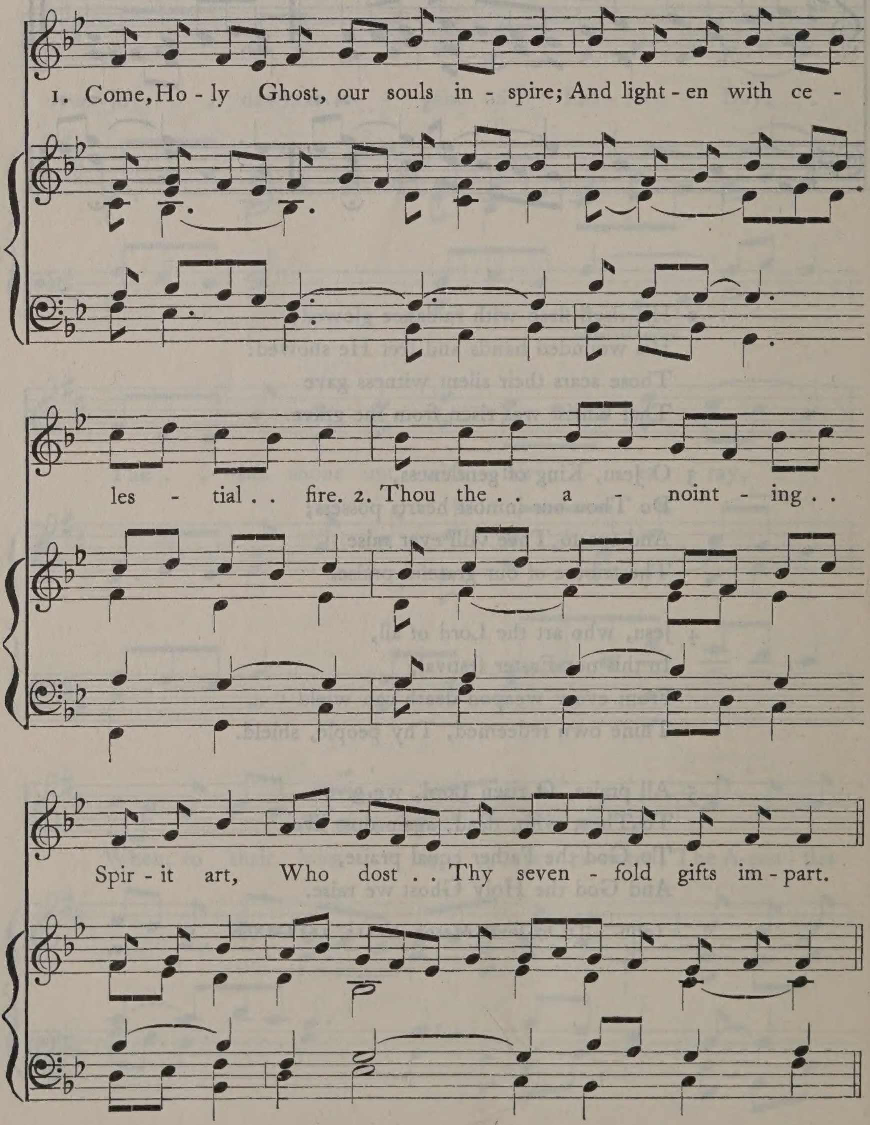
5 All praise, O risen Lord, we give
To Thee, who, dead, again dost live;
To God the Father equal praise,
And God the Holy Ghost we raise.

Latin. Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866

17

VENI CREATOR

Sarum, Mode VIII


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire; And light - en with ce -
les - tial . . fire. 2. Thou the . . a - noint - ing . .
Spir - it art, Who dost . . Thy seven - fold gifts im - part.

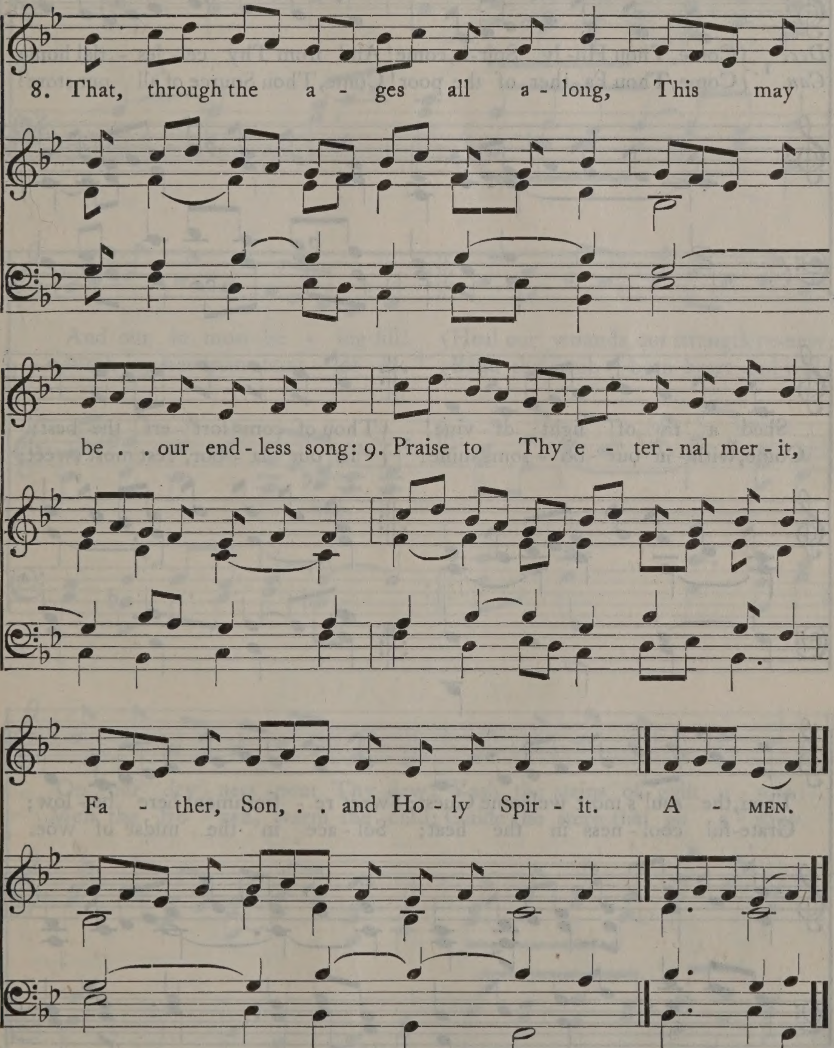
3 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight,

5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,

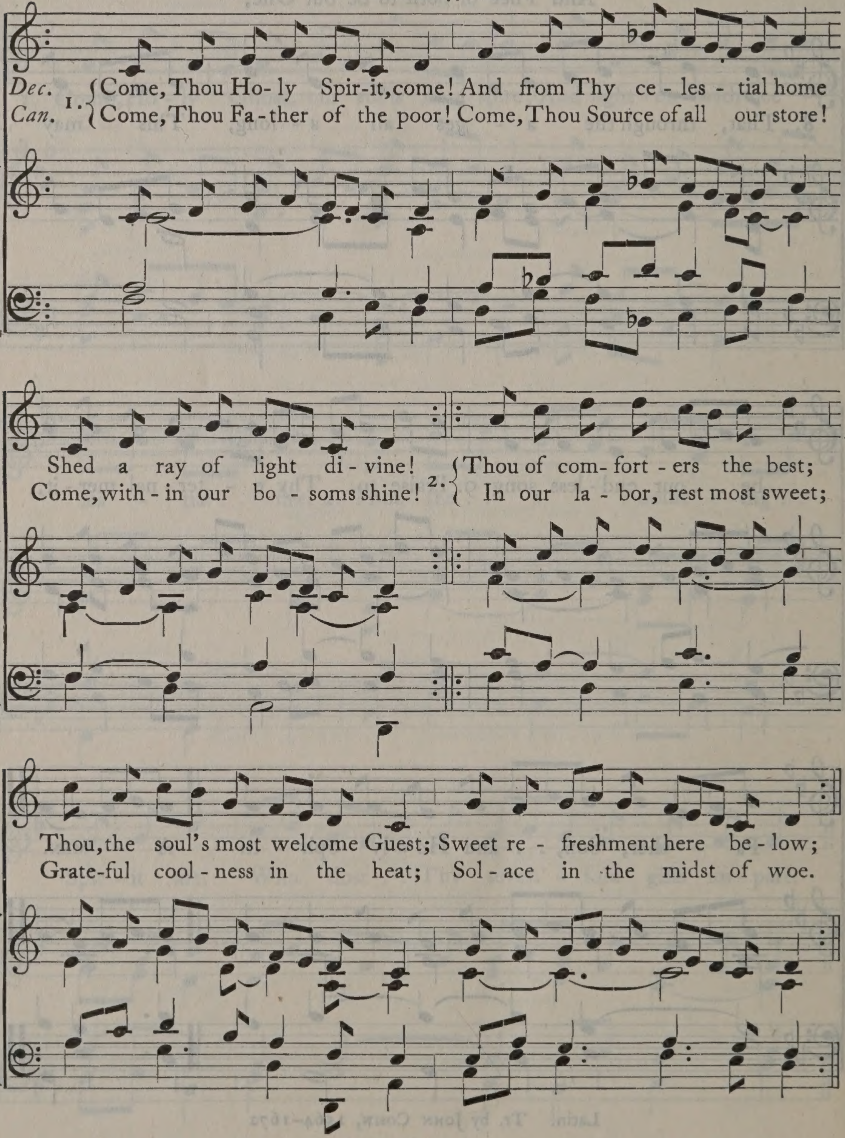

8. That, through the a - ges all a - long, This may
be . . our end - less song: 9. Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it,
Fa - ther, Son, . . and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - MEN.

Latin. Tr. by John Cosin, 1564–1672

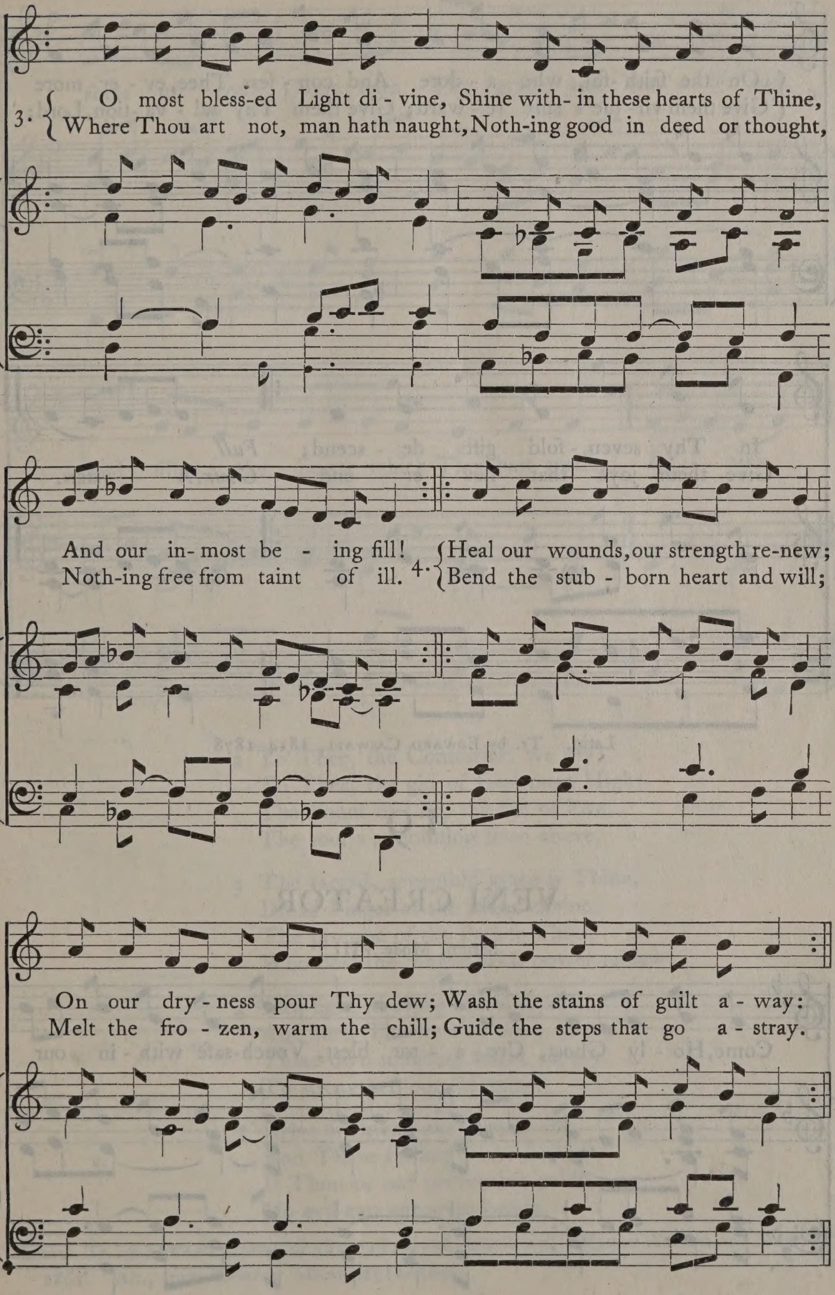
18

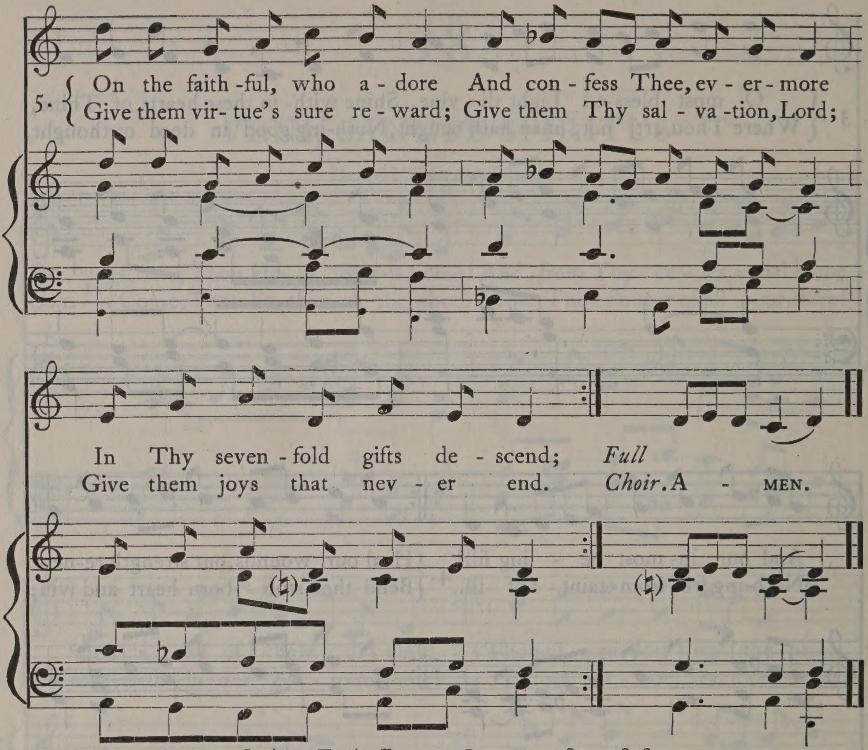
VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS

Eleventh Century, Mode I


Dec.
Can.
1. {Come, Thou Ho-ly Spir-it, come! And from Thy ce-les-tial home
{Come, Thou Fa-ther of the poor! Come, Thou Source of all our store!
Shed a ray of light di-vine!
Come, with-in our bo-soms shine!
2. {Thou of com-fort-ers the best;
{In our la-bor, rest most sweet;
Thou, the soul's most welcome Guest; Sweet re-freshment here be-low;
Grate-ful cool-ness in the heat; Sol-ace in the midst of woe.

Plainsong: Whitsunday


3. O most bless-ed Light di - vine, Shine with- in these hearts of Thine,
Where Thou art not, man hath naught, Noth-ing good in deed or thought,
And our in- most be - ing fill! Heal our wounds, our strength re-new;
Noth-ing free from taint of ill. 4. Bend the stub - born heart and will;
On our dry - ness pour Thy dew; Wash the stains of guilt a - way:
Melt the fro - zen, warm the chill; Guide the steps that go a - stray.

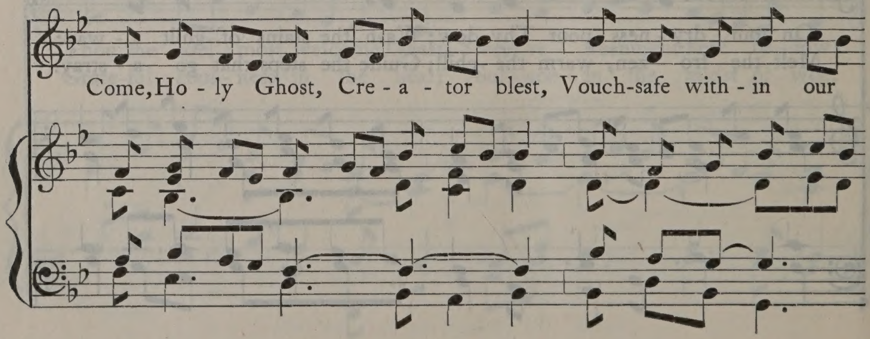

5. On the faith-ful, who a-dore And con-fess Thee, ev-er-more
Give them vir-tue's sure re-ward; Give them Thy sal-va-tion, Lord;
In Thy seven-fold gifts de-scend;
Give them joys that nev-er end.
Full Choir. A-MEN.
(♮)
(♮)

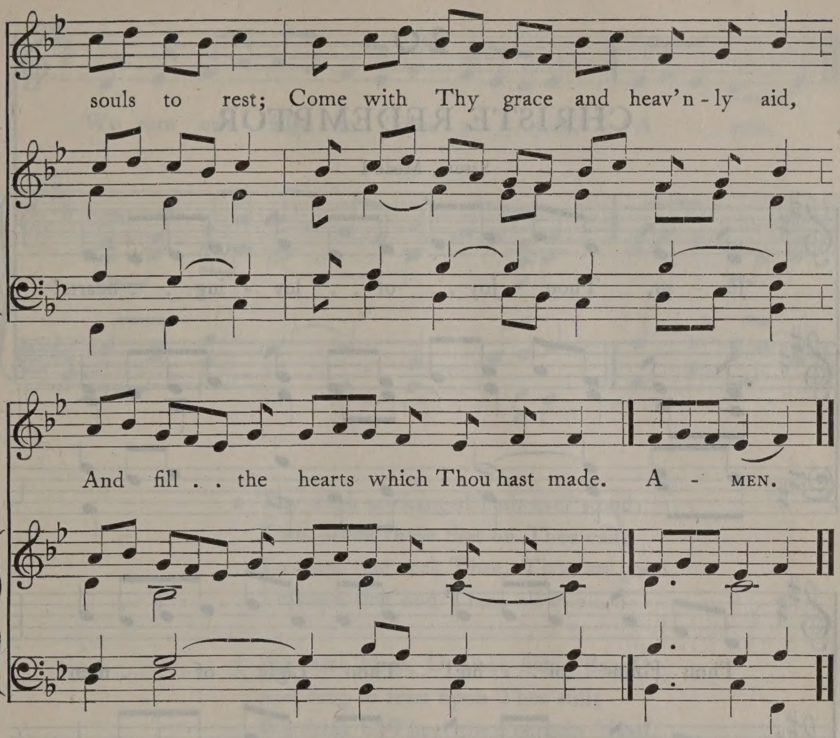
Latin. Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

19

VENI CREATOR

Sarum, Mode VIII


Come, Ho-ly Ghost, Cre-a-tor blest, Vouch-safe with-in our


souls to rest; Come with Thy grace and heav'n - ly aid,
And fill . . the hearts which Thou hast made. A - MEN.

2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry;
To Thee, the gift of God most High;
The Fount of Life, the fire of love,
The soul's annointing from above.

3 The sacred, sevenfold grace is Thine,
Dread Finger of the Hand divine:
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

4 Thy light to every sense impart,
And shed Thy love in every heart;
Thine own unfailing might supply
To strengthen our infirmity.

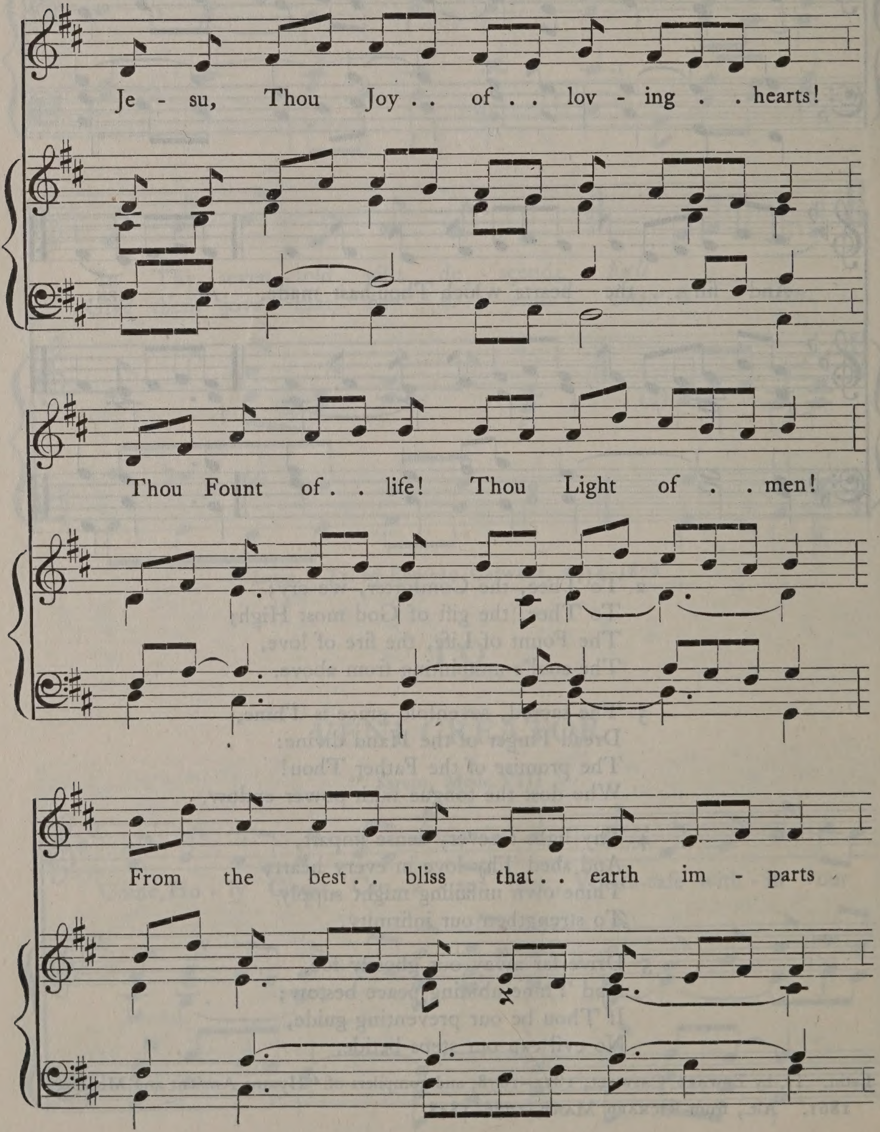
5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And Thine abiding peace bestow;
If Thou be our preventing guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

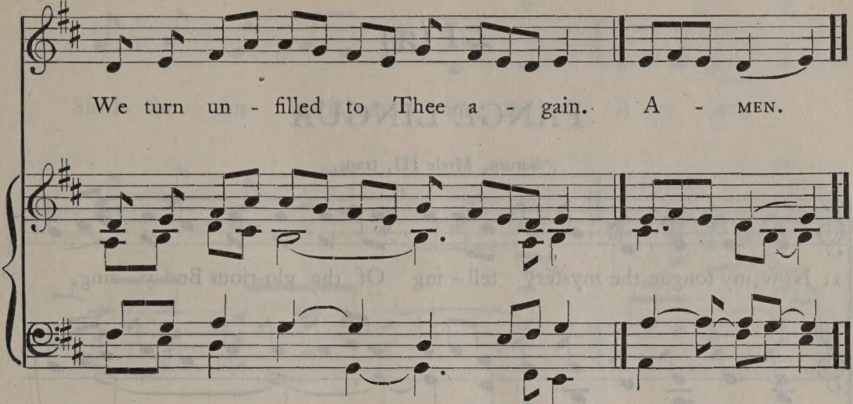
Latin. Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878, and compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," 1861. Alt., from Richard Mant, 1776–1848

20

CHRISTE REDEMPTOR

Sarum, Mode I


Je - su, Thou Joy . . of . . lov - ing . . hearts!
Thou Fount of . . life! Thou Light of . . men!
From the best . . bliss that . . earth im - parts



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst from Thee our souls to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

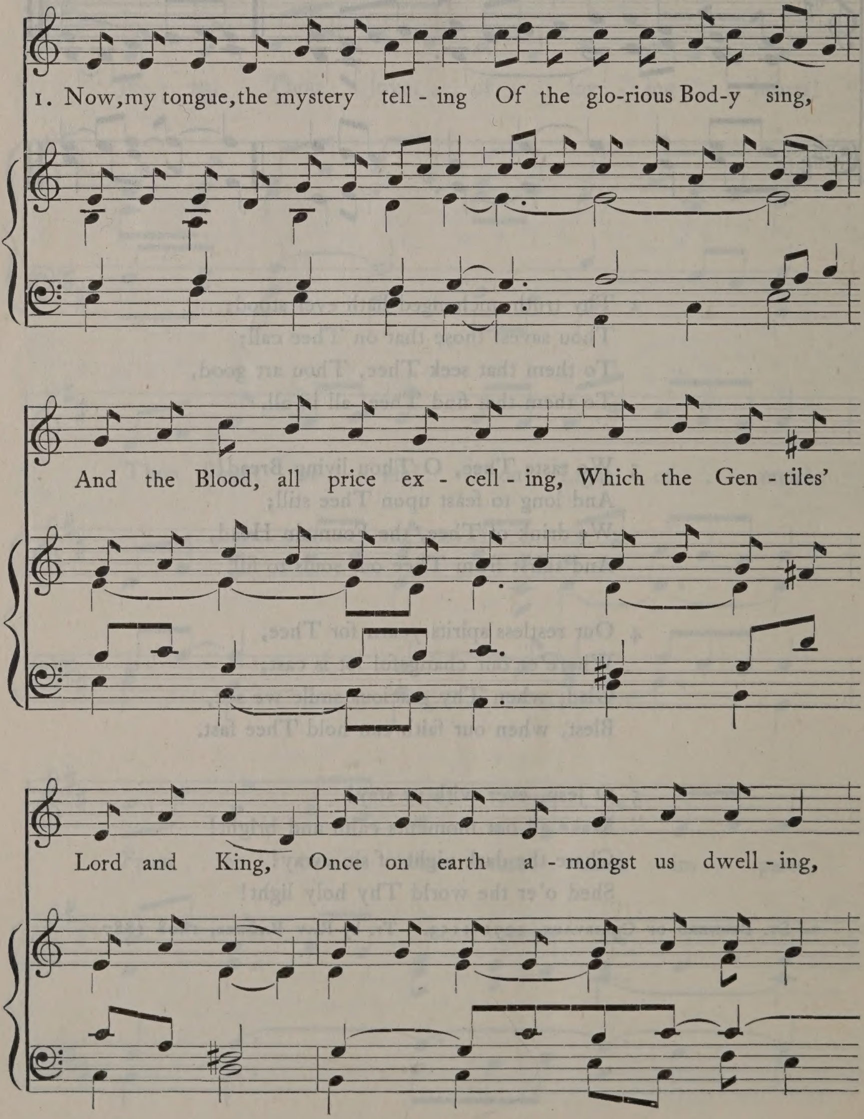
5 O Jesu, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away!
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153. Tr. by Ray Palmer, 1808–1887

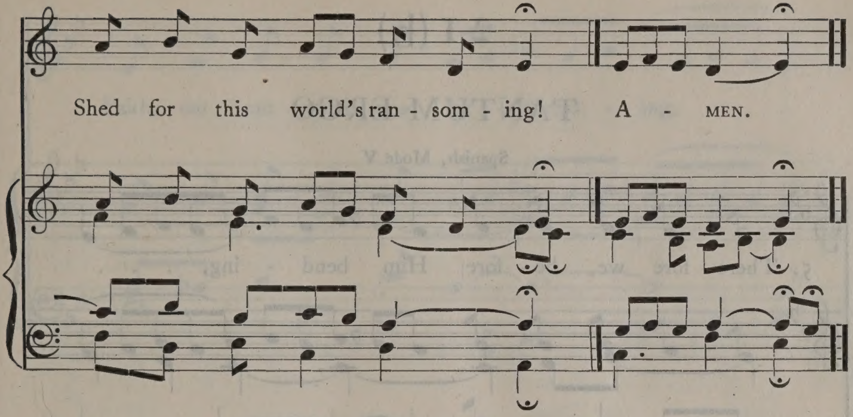
21 (a)

PANGE LINGUA

Sarum, Mode III, trans.


1. Now, my tongue, the mystery tell - ing Of the glo-rious Bod-y sing,
And the Blood, all price ex - cell - ing, Which the Gen - tiles'
Lord and King, Once on earth a - mongst us dwell - ing,

Plainsong: The Lord's Supper



2 Given for us and condescending
To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending
Dwelt, the seed of truth to sow,
Till He closed with wondrous ending
His most patient life of woe.

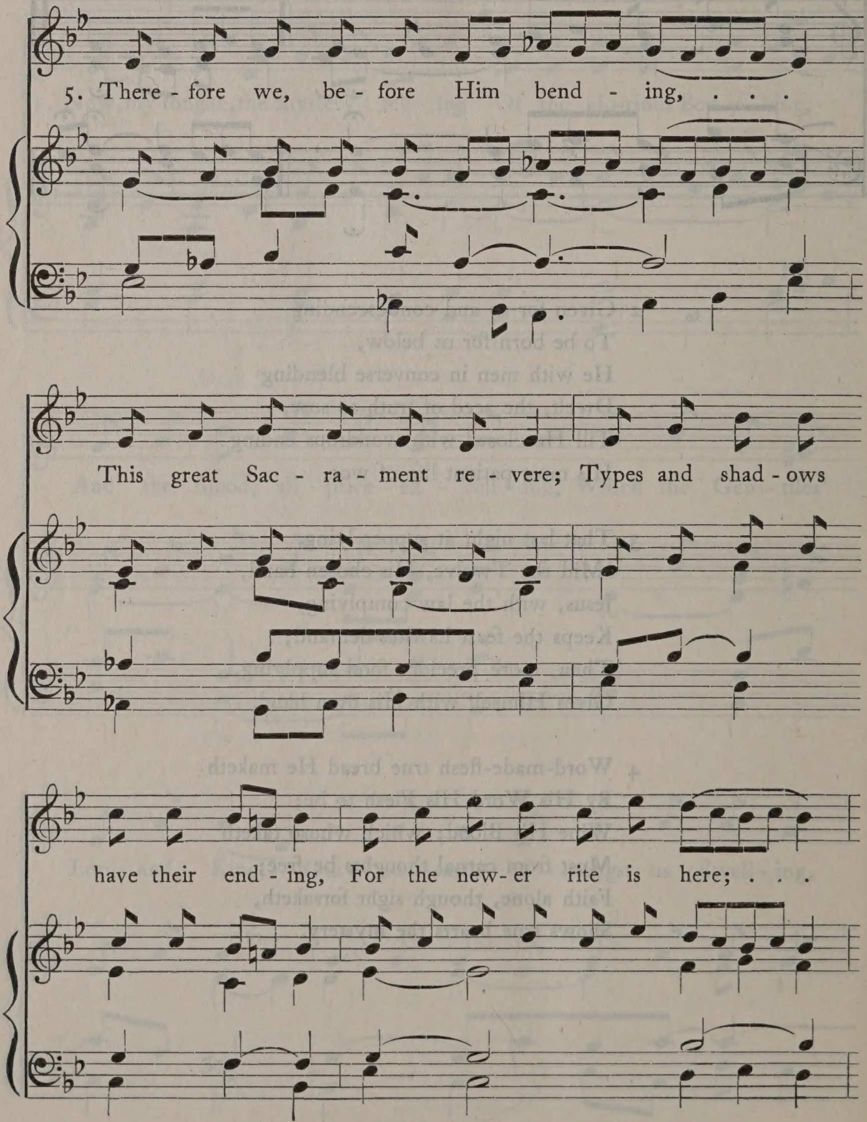
3 That last night at supper lying,
'Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
Keeps the feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious food supplying,
Gives Himself with His own hand.

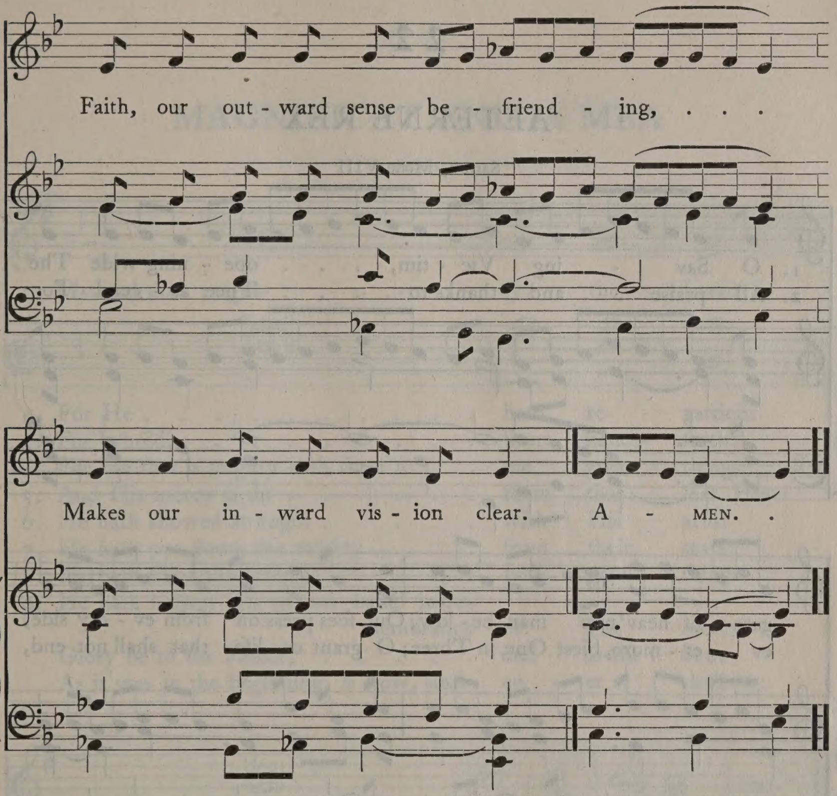
4 Word-made-flesh true bread He maketh
By His Word His Flesh to be;
Wine His Blood; which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the mystery.

21 (b)

TANTUM ERGO

Spanish, Mode V


5. There - fore we, be - fore Him bend - ing, . . .
This great Sac - ra - ment re - vere; Types and shad - ows
have their end - ing, For the new- er rite is here; . . .


Faith, our out - ward sense be - friend - ing, . . .
Makes our in - ward vis - ion clear. A - MEN. .

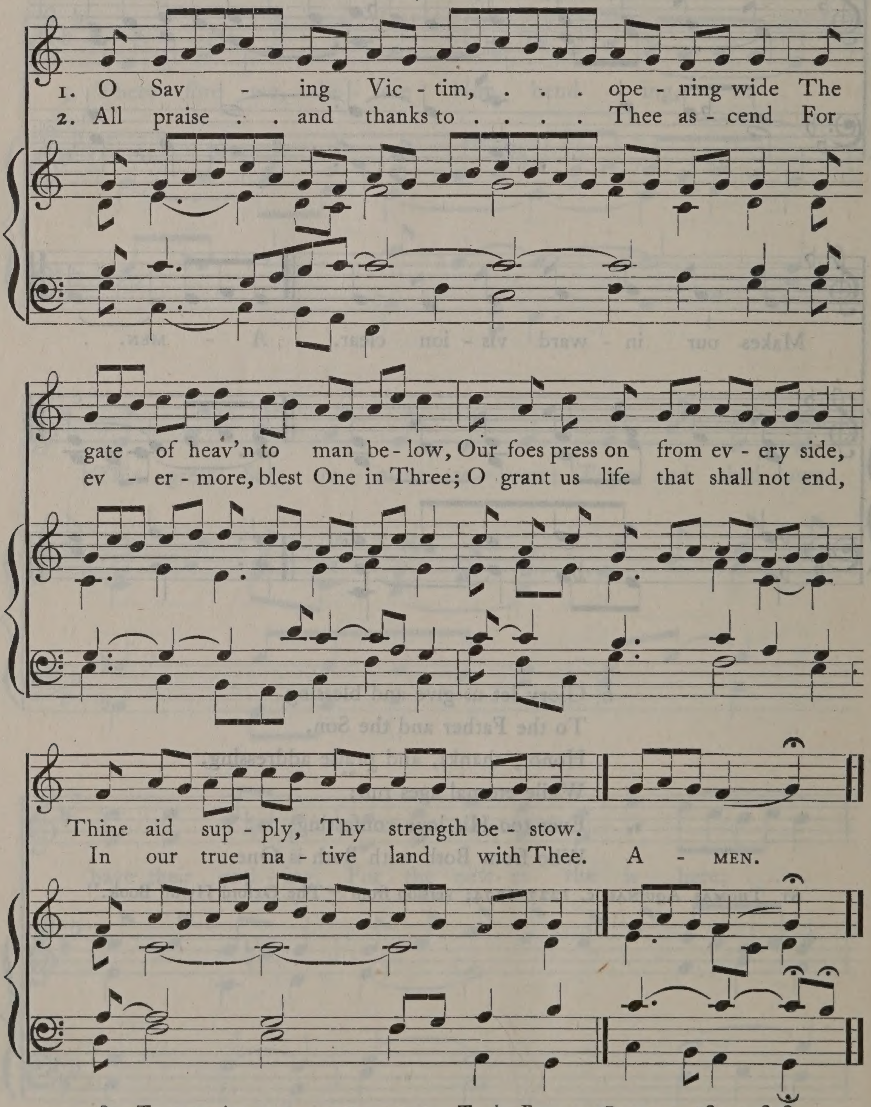
6 Glory let us give and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
Honor, thanks, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too His love confessing
Who from Both with Both is One.

St. Thomas Aquinas, c. 1227–1274; version from "The Oxford Hymn Book."

22

AETERNE REX

Sarum, Mode VIII


1. O Sav - ing Vic - tim, ... ope - ning wide The
2. All praise . . and thanks to . . . . . Thee as - cend For
gate of heav'n to man be - low, Our foes press on from ev - ery side,
ev - er - more, blest One in Three; O grant us life that shall not end,
Thine aid sup - ply, Thy strength be - stow.
In our true na - tive land with Thee. A - MEN.

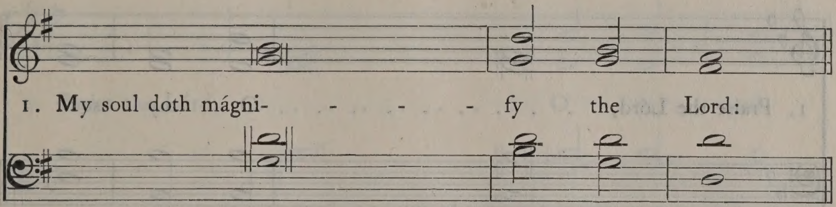
St. Thomas Aquinas, c. 1227–1274. Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

Canticles

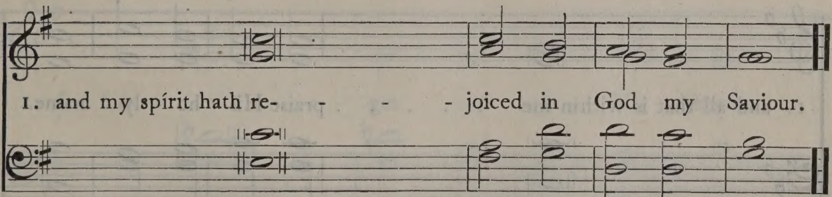
23

MAGNIFICAT ANIMA MEA

Anon.



2. Fór He . . . . hath re- garded:
3. For behóld, ... from hence- forth:
4. For He that is míghty hath done to . . me great things:
5. And His mércy is on . . . . them that fear Him:
6. He hath showed stréngth . . . . . with His arm:
7. He hath put down the míghty . . . from their seats:
8. He hath filled the húngry . . . . . with good things:
9. He hath holpen His servant Israél in re-
mémbrance of His mercy:
Glory be to the Fáther, ... and to the Son:
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and ev - er shall be:



2. the lów es- - - - - - tate of His hand- maiden.
3. áll gener- - - - - - ations shall call me blessed.
4. ánd . . . . ho- ly is His name.
5. fróm gener- - - - - - ation to gen- er- ation.
6. he hath scattered the próud in the im-
agin- a- tion of their hearts.
7. and exálted . . . . them of low de- gree.
8. and the rích He . . . . hath sent empty a- way.
9. as He spake to our Fathers, to Abra-
ham, ánd to his seed for ever.

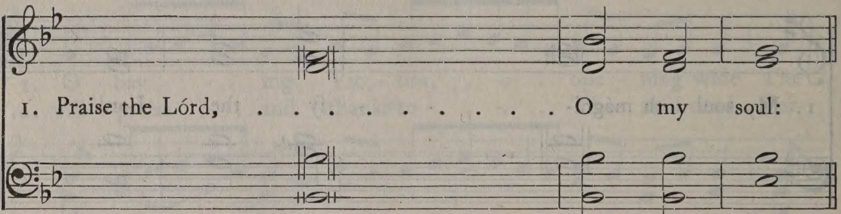
Luke 1: 46–55

ánd . . . . to the Ho- ly Ghost;
wórld without . . . . end. — A- — men.

24

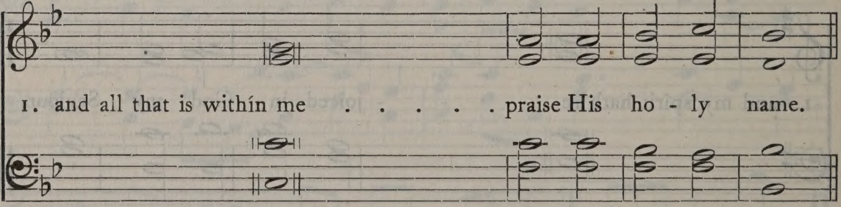
BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA

From Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770–1827



1. Praise the Lórd, ... O my soul:

3. Who forgíveth . . . . all thy sin:
5. O praise the Lord, ye an-gels of His, yé that ex- cel in strength:
Glory be to the Fáther . . . . and to the Son:



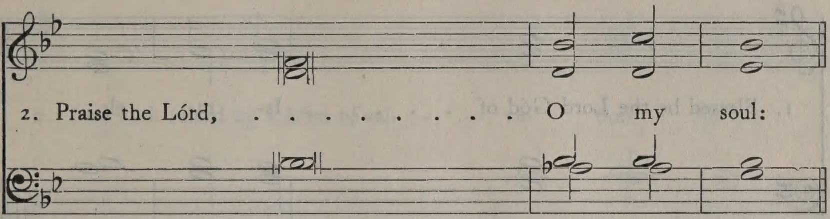
1. and all that is withín me . . . . . praise His ho - ly name.

3. and heáleth . . . . all — thine in- firmities;
5. ye that fulfil His commandment, and hearken
únto the voice — of His word.
ánd . . . . to the Ho - ly Ghost;

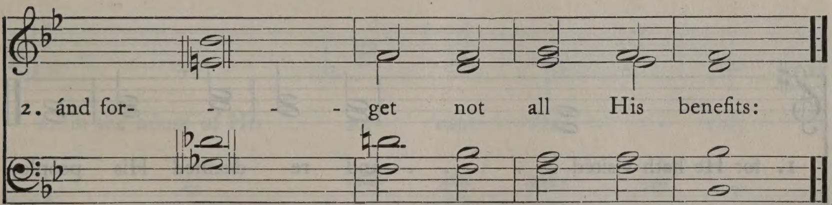
24

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA

From Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770–1827


2. Praise the Lórd, ... O my soul:

4. Who saveth thy lífe . . . . from de- struction:
6. O praise the Lórd, all . . . . ye His hosts:
7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of
His, in all pláces of His do- minion:
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and . . ev- er shall be:


2. ánd for- - - - get not all His benefits:

4. and crowneth thée with . mercy and lov- ing kindness.
6. ye sérvants of . . . . . His that do His pleasure.
7. praise thóu the . . . . . Lord —, O my soul.

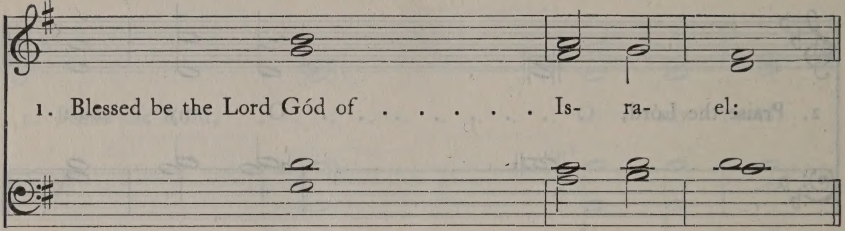
Psalm 103: 1–4, 20–22

wórld without . . . . . end —. A- — men.

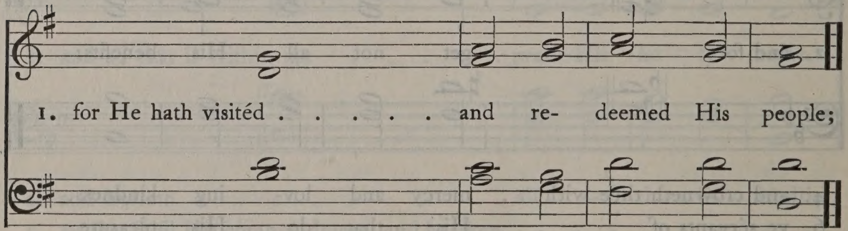
25

BENEDICTUS

W. Crotch, 1775–1847


1. Blessed be the Lord Gód of . . . . . . Is- ra- el:

3. As He spake by the móuth of His . . . ho- ly prophets:
5. To perform the mercy prómised . . . . to our fathers:
7. That we, being delivered out of the hánd . of our enemies:
9. And thou, child, shall be called the próphet . of the Highest:
11. Through the tender mércy . . . . . . of our God:
Glory be to the Fáther, ... and to the Son:

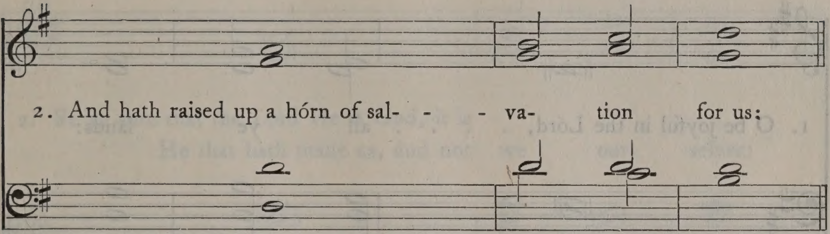

1. for He hath visitéd . . . . . . and re- deemed His people;

3. which have beén . . . . . . since the world be- gan;
5. and to remémber His . . . . ho- ly co- - ve- nant;
7. míght . . . . serve Him with- out fear,
9. for thou shalt go before the face of
the Lórd to pre- pare His ways;
11. whereby the Dayspríng from on . high hath visi- ted us;
ánd . . . . to the Ho- ly Ghost;

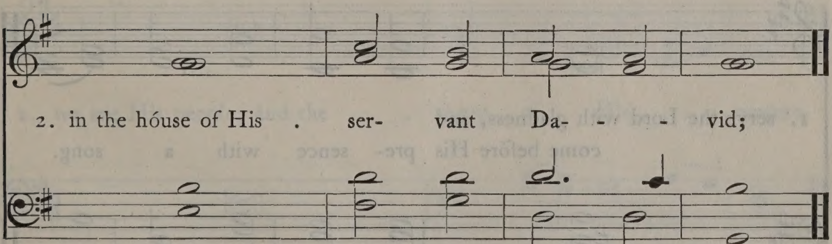
25

BENEDICTUS

W. Crotch, 1775–1847


2. And hath raised up a hórn of sal- - - va- tion for us:

4. That we should be sáved . . . . . . from our enemies:
6. The oath which He sware to our fáther . A- - bra- - ham:
8. In holiness and righteousnéss be- - - fore — Him:
10. To give knowledge of salvátion . . . unto His people:
12. To give light to them that sit in darkness,
and ín the shadow of death:
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and ev- - er shall be:


2. in the hóuse of His . ser- vant Da- - - vid;

4. and fróm the . . . hand of all that hate us;
6. thát He would . . grant — un- - to us;
8. áll the . . . . . . days — of our life.
10. bý the re- - - mis- sion of their sins.
12. to guide our féet . . into the way of peace.

Luke 1: 68–79

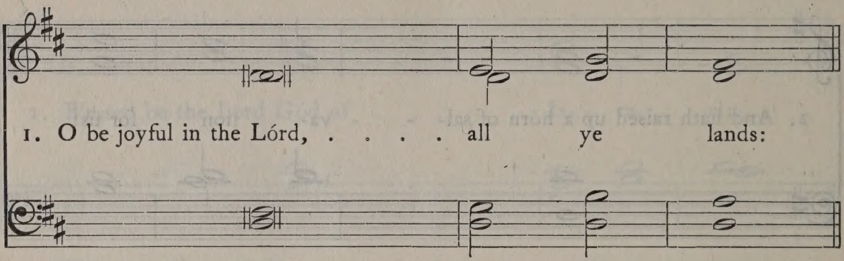
wórld . . . . . with- out end. A- - men.

Canticles

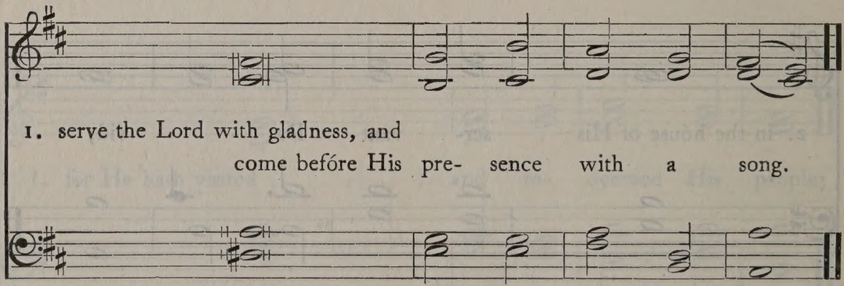
26

JUBILATE DEO

JOHN GOSS, 1800–1880


1. O be joyful in the Lórd, ... all ye lands:

3. O go your way into His gates with
thanksgiving, and ínto His courts with praise:
Glory be to the Fáther . . . . . and to the Son:

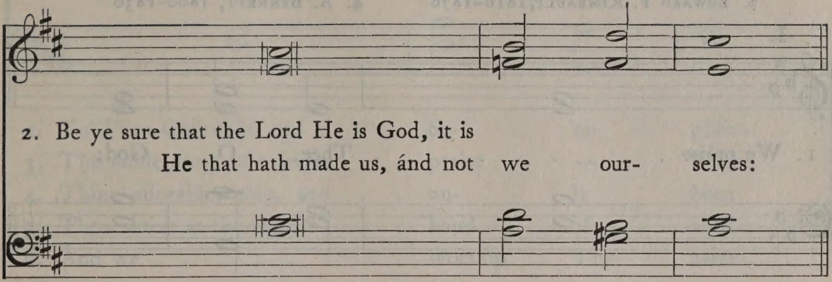

1. serve the Lord with gladness, and
come befóre His pre- sence with a song.

3. be thankful unto Hím, and . . speak good of His name.
ánd . . . . to the Ho- ly Ghost;

26

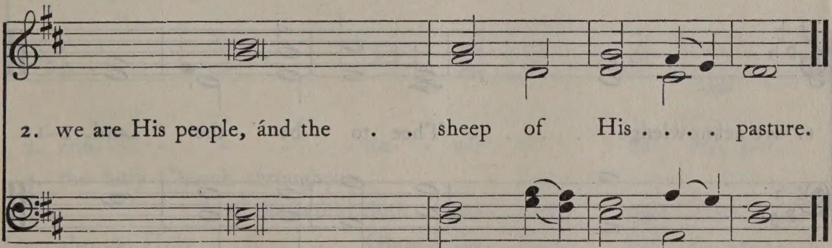
JUBILATE DEO

JOHN GOSS, 1800–1880



2. Be ye sure that the Lord He is God, it is
He that hath made us, ánd not we our- selves:

4. For the Lord is gracious, His mércy is . ev- - er- lasting:
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and ev- - er shall be:



2. we are His people, ánd the . . sheep of His . . . . pasture.

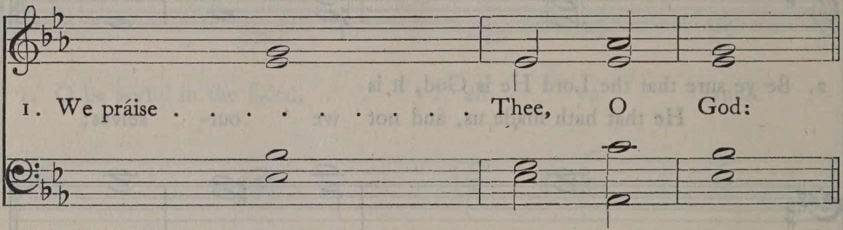
4. and His truth endureth from géner- ation to gen- er- ation.
Psalm 100
wórld . . . . with- out end. A- men.

27

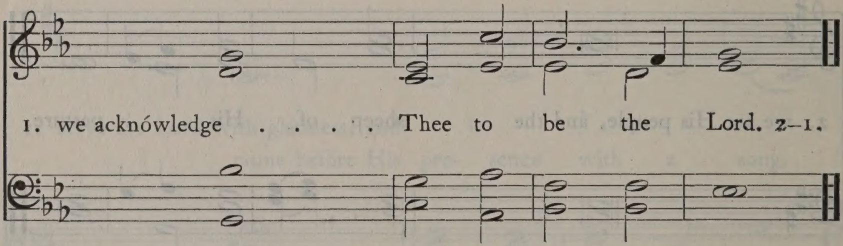
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

1. William H. Havergal, 1793–1870 3. Thomas Tallis, 1520–1585
2. Edward F. Rimbault, 1816–1876 4. A. Bennett, 1800–1830

1.



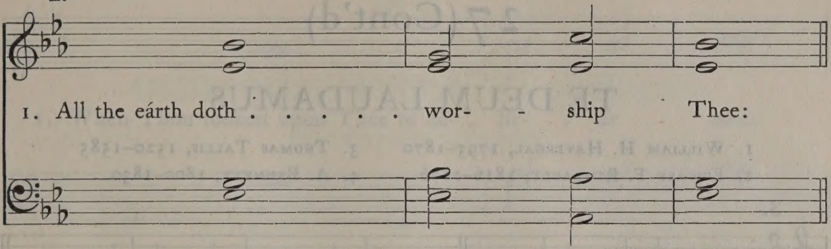
1. We práise . . . . Thee, O God:
2. To Thee all ángels . . . . cry a- - loud:
3. The glorious company of the Apóstles praise — Thee:
4. Thé . . . . Fa- - - ther:
5. When Thou hadst overcóme the . . sharpness of death:
6. Dáy . . . . by — day:



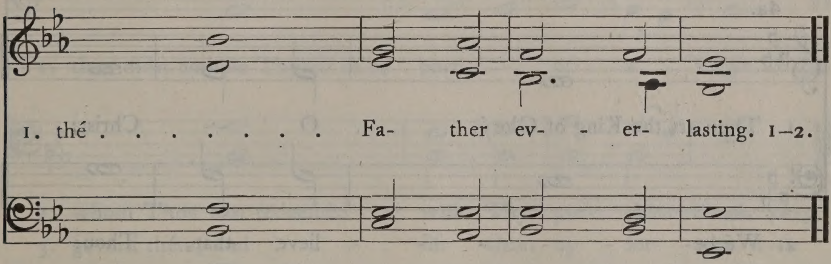
1. we acknówledge . . . . . Thee to be the Lord. 2–1.
2. the héavens and . . . . . all the powers there- in. 2–2.
3. the goodly fellowship óf the . pro- phets praise — Thee. 2–3.
4. óf an . . . . infin- ite ma- jes- ty; 2–4.
5. thou didst open the kíngdom of heaven to all be- lievers. 2–5:
6. wé . . . . mag- ni- fy — Thee; 2–6.

Anglican Settings

2.


1. All the eárth doth . . . . . . wor- - ship Thee:

2. To Thee Chérubim and . . . . Se- - ra- - phim:
3. The noble army of mártyrs . . . praise — Thee:
4. Thine adorable, trúe, and . . . on- - ly Son:
5. Thou sittest at the ríght . . . . hand of God:
6. Ánd we . . . . worship Thy name:


1. thé . . . . Fa- ther ev- - er- lasting. 1–2.

2. cón- - - - - tin- - ual- ly do cry, 3–1.
3. the holy Church throughout
all the wórld doth ack- nowl- edge Thee; 1–4.
4. also the Hóly . . . . . Ghost, the Com- fort- er. 4a–1.
5. ín the . . . . glo- ry of the Father. 4a–2.
6. evér, ... world with- out — end. 4a–4.

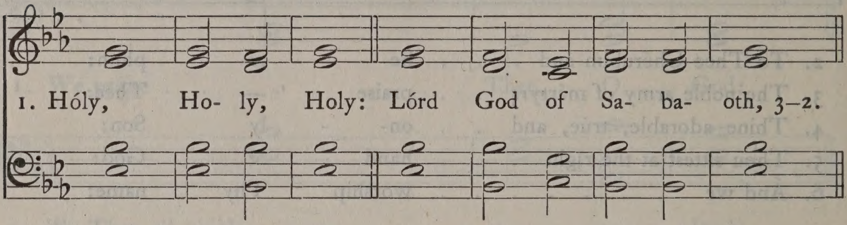
For parts 3, 4a, and 4b, turn to the two following pages.

27 (Cont'd)

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

1. William H. Havergal, 1793–1870   3. Thomas Tallis, 1520–1585
2. Edward F. Rimbault, 1816–1876   4. A. Bennett, 1800–1830

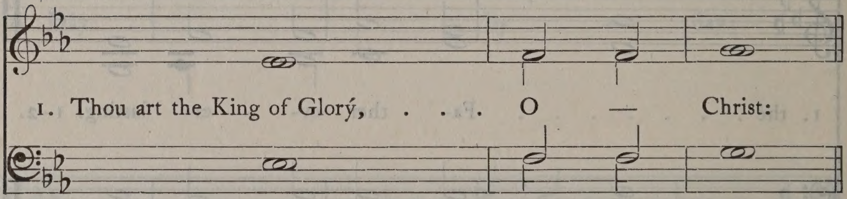
3.



1. Hóly, Ho- ly, Holy: Lórd God of Sa- ba- oth, 3–2.

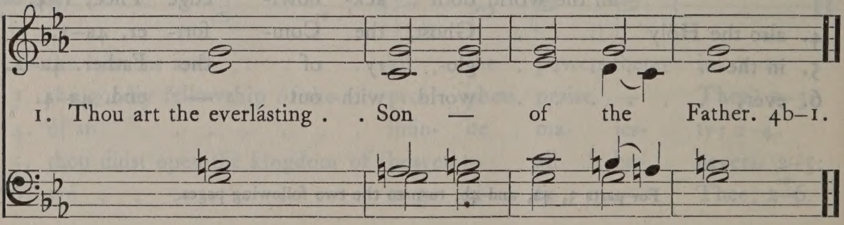
2. Héaven and earth are full: of the majes- ty of Thy glory. 1–3.

4a.



1. Thou art the King of Glorý, ... O — Christ:

2. Wé be- - - - - - lieve that Thou:
3. Make them to be numberèd . . . . with Thy saints:
4. Voúch- - - - - - safe, O Lord:
5. O Lord, let Thy mercý . . . . . be up- on us:

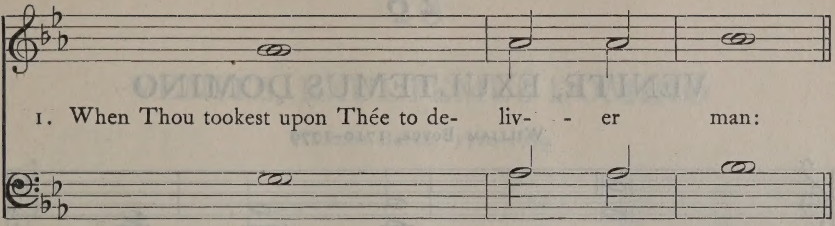


1. Thou art the everlásting . . Son — of the Father. 4b–1.

2. shált . . . . come to be our Judge. 4b–2.
3. ín . . . . glo- ry ev- er- lasting. 4b–3.
4. to keep ús this . . . . . day with- out — sin. 4b–4.
5. ás our . . . . trust — is in Thee. 4b–5.

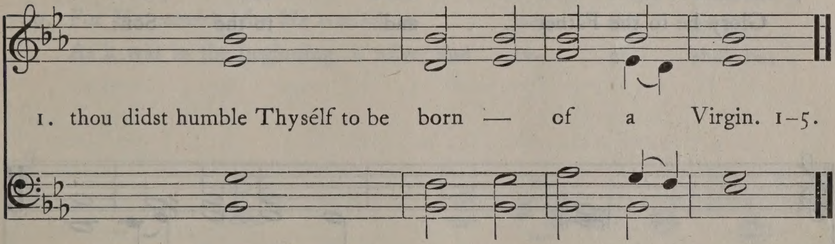
Anglican Settings

4b.



1. When Thou tookest upon Thée to de- liv- - er man:

2. We therefore pray Thée, ... help Thy servants:
3. O Lord, save Thy people, ánd . . bless Thine heritage:
4. O Lórd, have . . . . mercy up- on us:
5. O Lórd, in . . . . Thee have I trusted:



1. thou didst humble Thysélf to be born — of a Virgin. 1–5.

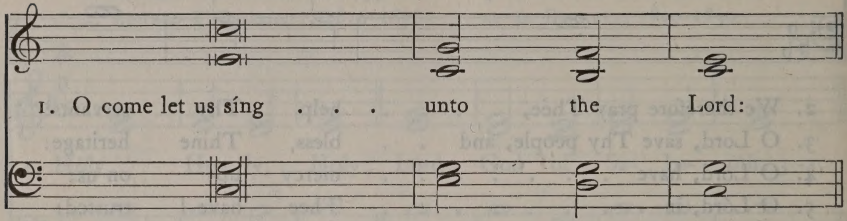
2. whom Thou hast redeemèd . . with Thy pre- cious blood. 4a–3.
3. govern thém, and . . . . lift them up for- ever. 1–6.
4. háve . . . . mer- cy up- on us. 4a–5.
5. lét me . . . . nev- er be con- founded.

Latin, 5th cent. Tr. 16th cent.

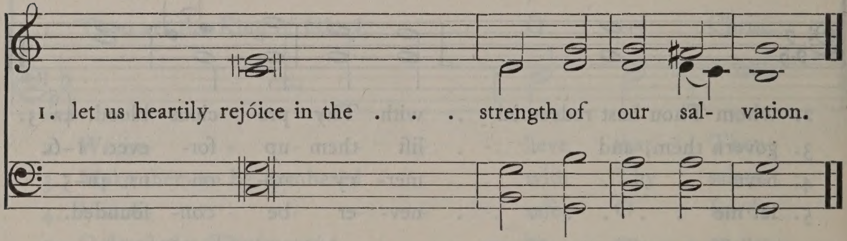
28

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

William Boyce, 1710–1779


1. O come let us síng . . . . unto the Lord:

3. For the Lórd is a . . . . . great — God:
5. The sea is Hís . . . . and He made it:
7. For Hé is the . . . . . Lord our God:
Glory be to the Fáther . . and to the Son:


1. let us heartily rejóice in the . . . strength of our sal- vation.

3. and a gréat . . . . King a- bove all gods.
5. and His hánds pre- - - - pared the dry — land.
7. and we are the people of His pastúre,
ánd the sheep of His — hand.

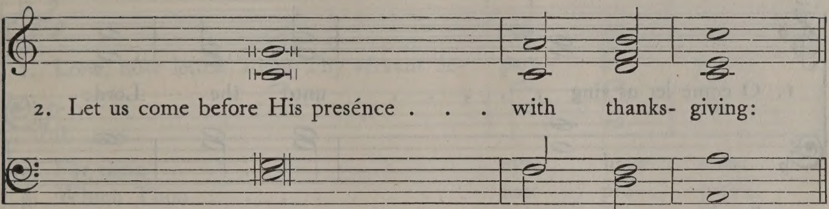
Psalm 95: 1–7

ánd . . . . to the Ho- ly Ghost;

28

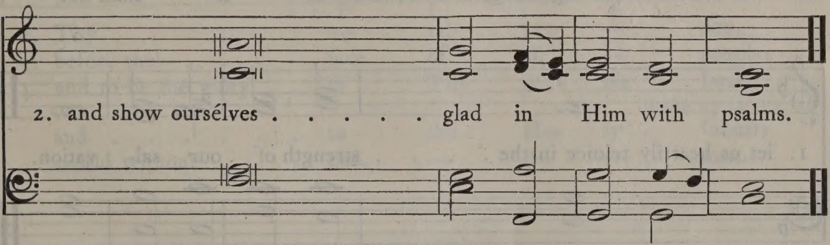
VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

WILLIAM BOYCE, 1710–1779



2. Let us come before His presénce . . . . with thanks- giving:

4. In His hand are all the córners . . . . of the earth:
6. O come, let us wórship, and . . . . . fall — down:
8. O worship the Lórd in the . . . . . beauty of holiness:
9. For He cométh, for He cométh to . . judge the earth:
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and . ev- er shall be:



2. and show oursélves . . . . . . glad in Him with psalms.

4. and the stréngth of the . . . . . hills is His — also.
6. and knéel be- - - - fore the Lord, our Maker.
8. let the whole eárth . . . . . . stand in awe of Him.
9. and with righteousness to judge the
world, ánd the peo- ple with His truth.

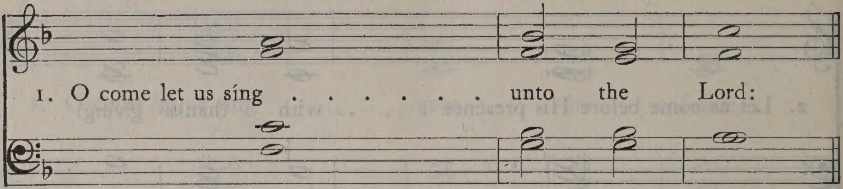
Psalm 96: 9, 13

wórld without . . . . . . end. — A- - men.

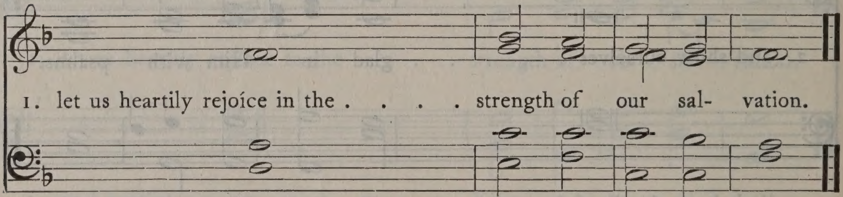
29

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

W. Russell, 1777–1813



2. Let us come before His presénce . . with thanks- giving:
3. For the Lórd is a . . . . great — God:
4. In His hand are all the córners . . . of the earth:
5. The sea is Hís . . . . and He made it:
6. O come, let us wórship and . . . fall — down:
7. For Hé is the . . . . Lord our God:
8. O worship the Lórd in the . . . . . beauty of holiness:
9. For He cométh, for He cométh to . . judge the earth:
Glory be to the Fáther . . . . and to the Son:
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and ev- er shall be:


1. let us heartily rejoíce in the . . . . strength of our sal- vation.

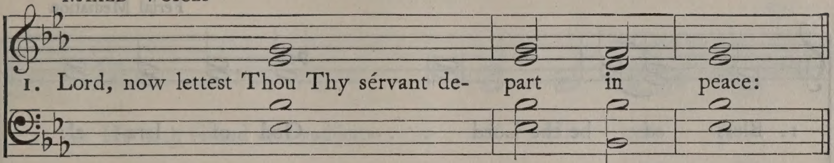
2. and show ourselvés . . . . glad in Him with psalms.
3. and a gréat . . . . King a- bove all gods.
4. and the stréngth of the . . . . . . hills is His — also.
5. and His hánds pre- - - - pared the dry — land.
6. and knéel be- - - - - fore the Lord, our Maker.
7. and we are the people of His pasture,
ánd the sheep of His — hand.
Psalm 95 : 1–7
8. let the whole eárth . . . . stand in awe of Him.
9. and with righteousness to judge the
wórld, and the peo- ple with His truth.
Psalm 96 : 9, 13
ánd . . . . to the Ho- ly Ghost;
wórld without . . . . end. — A- — men.

30(i)

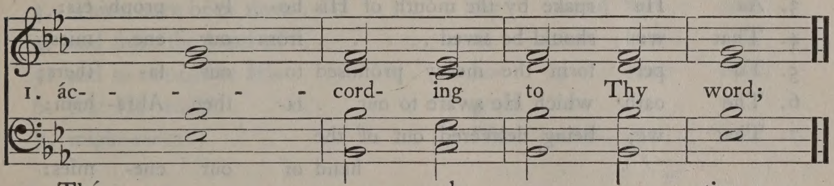
NUNC DIMITTIS

Thomas Tallis, 1520–1585

Mixed Voices


1. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy sérvant de- part in peace:

2. Fór mine . . . . eyes have seen:
3. Whích Thou . . . . hast pre- parèd:
4. To be a líght to . . . . lighten the Gentiles:
Glory be to the Fáther . . . . . . and to the Son:
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and ev- - er shall be:


1. ác- - - - - cord- ing to Thy word;

2. Thý . . . . — sal- va- — tion,
3. befóre the . . . . . face of all — people;
4. and to be the glóry . of Thy peo- ple Israel.

Luke 2: 29–32

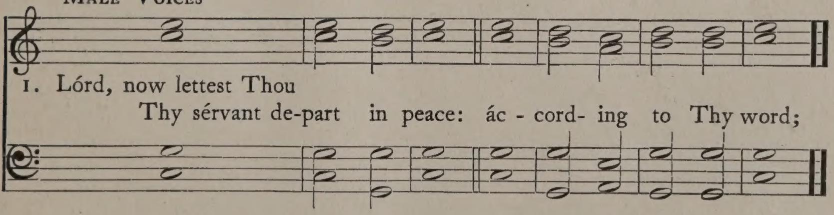
ánd . . . . to the Ho- ly Ghost;
wórld without . . . . end. — A- — men.

30(ii)

NUNC DIMITTIS

Thomas Tallis, 1520–1585

Male Voices

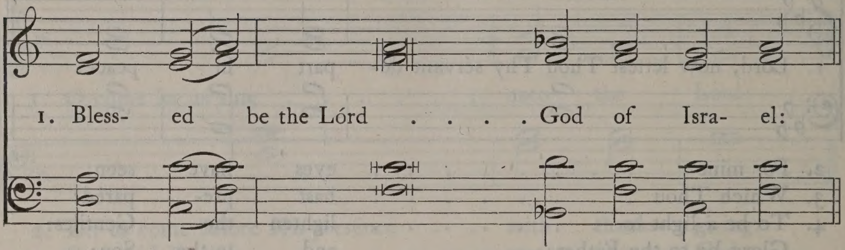

1. Lórd, now lettest Thou
Thy sérvant de-part in peace: ác - cord- ing to Thy word;

31

BENEDICTUS

Tone I

Ferial Mediation



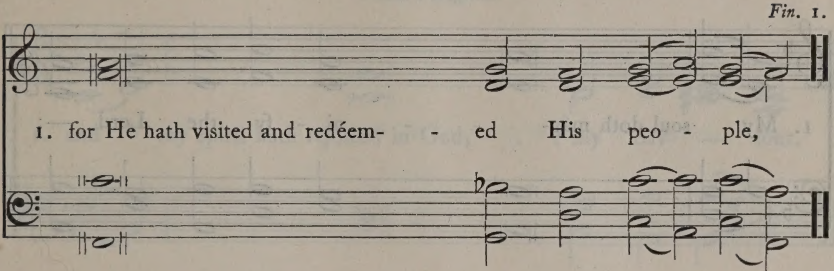
2. And hath raised up an hórn of sal- va- tion for us:
3. As He spake by the móuth of His ho- ly proph- ets:
4. That we should be sáved . . . . from our ene- mies:
5. To per- form the mercy prómised to our fa- thers;
6. The oath which He swáre to our . fa- ther Abra- ham:
7. That we, being delívered out of the
hand of our ene- mies:
8. In ho- liness and ríghteous- - ness be- fore Him:
9. And thou, child, shalt be called the
próphet of the High- est:
10. To give knowledge of salvátion un- to His peo- ple:
11. Through the tender mér- - - - cy of our God:

12. To give light to them that sit in
dárkness and in the shad- ow of death:
Glo- ry be to the Fáther, . . . and to the Son:
As it was in the beginning, is nów,
and ev- er shall be:

31

BENEDICTUS

Tone I



2. in the hóuse of His . . . . serv- ant Da- vid;
3. which have béen since . . . . . . the world be- gan:
4. and from the hánd of . . . . all that hate us;
5. and to remémber His . . . . ho- ly cove- nant;
6. that Hé would . . . . grant un- to us,
7. might sérve . . . . Him with- out fear,

8. áll the . . . . days of our life.
9. for thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd to pre- pare His ways;
10. by the remís- - - - - sion of their sins,
11. whereby the Dayspring from on hígh hath vis- it- ed us,
12. to guide our feét into . . . . . . the way of peace.

Luke 1: 68–79

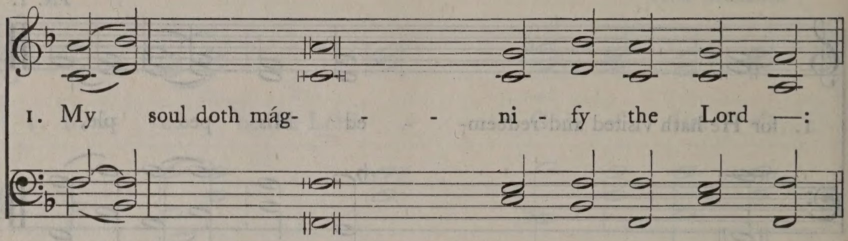
ánd to . . . . the Ho- ly Ghost:

wórld with- - - - - out end. A- men.

32

MAGNIFICAT

Tonus Peregrinus



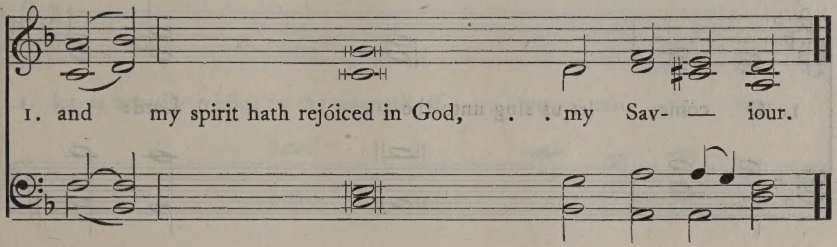
2. For Hé . . . . hath — re- gard- ed:
3. For behóld . . . . from — hence- forth —:
4. For He that is míghty hath done . to me great things —:
5. And His mércy is . . . . on them that fear Him:
6. He hath shewed stréngth . . . . with — His arm —:
7. He hath put down the mígh- - ty from their seats —:
8. He hath filled the hún- - - gry with good things —:
9. He hath holpen his servant Israel, in
remém- brance of His mer - cy:

Glo - ry be to the Fáther, ... and to the Son —:
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and ev- er shall be:

32

MAGNIFICAT

Tonus Peregrinus


1. and my spirit hath rejóiced in God, . . . my Sav- — iour.

2. the low estáte of His . . . . hand- maid- — en.
3. all generátions shall call . . . . me bless- — ed.
4. and hó- - - - - - - ly is His name.
5. from generátion to gen- - - - - - er- a- — tion.
6. he hath scattered the próud in the imágina- tion of their hearts.
7. and exálted them . . . . of low de- gree.
8. and the rích He hath sent . . . . . . emp- ty a- way.
9. as He spake to our Fathers, to Abraham,
ánd to His seed for- ever.

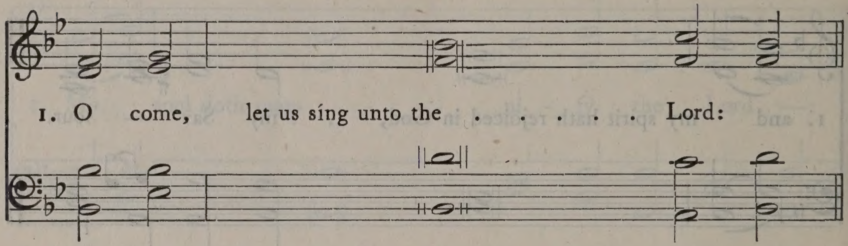
Luke 1: 46–55

and tó . . . . the Ho- ly Ghost.
world wíth- - - - - - - out end. A- men.

33

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

Tone VIII

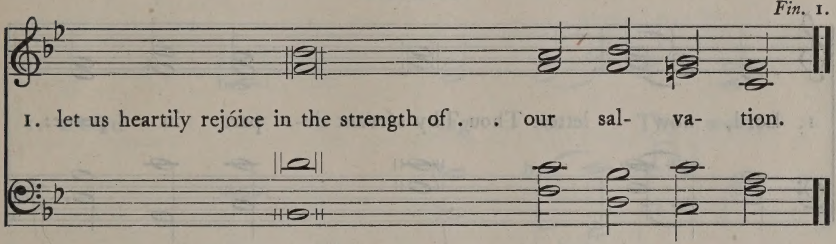


2. Let us come before His présence with
thanks- giv- ing:
3. For the Lórd is a great . . . . . God:
4. In His hand are all the córners of the earth:
5. The séa is His, and He . . . . . made it:
6. O come, let us wórship and fall . . down:
7. For Hé is the Lord our . . . . . God:
8. O worship the Lórd in the beauty of
holi- ness:
9. For He cometh, for He cométh to
judge the earth:
Glory be to the Fáther, and to the . Son:
As it was in the beginning, is now,
and éver shall be:

33

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

Tone VIII


Fin. 1.
1. let us heartily rejóice in the strength of . . . our sal- va- tion.

2. and show ourselves glád . . . . in Him with psalms.
3. and a great Kíng . . . . a- bove all gods.
4. the strength of the hílls . . . . is His al- so.
5. and His hánds prepar- - - - èd the dry land.
6. and kneél before the . . . . Lord our Mak- er.
7. and we are the people of His pasture, ánd the sheep of His hand.

Psalm 95: 1–7

8. let the whole éarth stand . . . . in awe of Him.

9. and with righteousness to judge the wórld, and the peo- ple with His truth.

Psalm 96: 9, 13

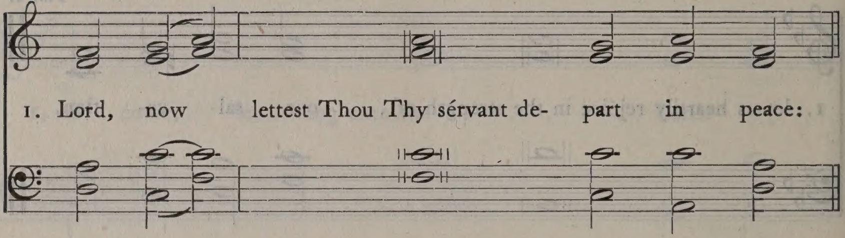
ánd to . . . . the Ho- ly Ghost:

wórld with- - - - - - out end. A- men.

34

NUNC DIMITTIS

Tone VI


1. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy sérvant de- part in peace:

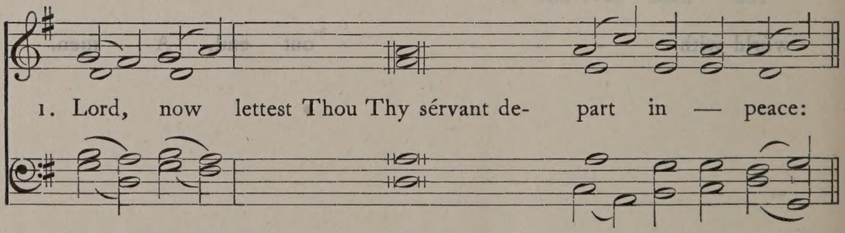
2. For mine eyes have séen Thy . . . . sal- va- tion:
3. To be a light to líghten . . . . . the Gen- tiles:

Glo- ry be to the Fáther, and . . . to the Son:
As it was in the beginning, is now,
and év- er shall be:

35

NUNC DIMITTIS

Tone VII


1. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy sérvant de- part in — peace:

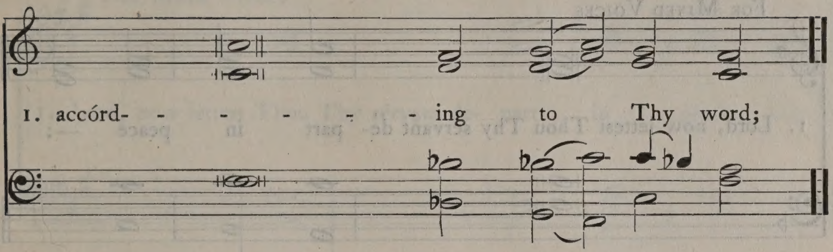
3. For mine eyes have séen . . . . . . Thy sal- va - tion:
5. To be a light to líghten . . . . . . the gen- - tiles:

Glo- ry be to the Fáther, and . . . to the — Son:
As it was in the beginning, is now, ánd ev- er shall be;

34

NUNC DIMITTIS

Tone VI

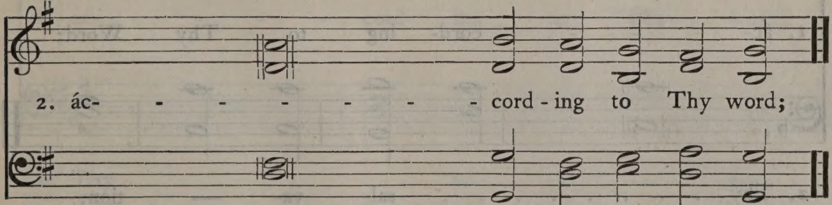

1. accórd- - - - - - ing to Thy word;

2. which Thou hast prepared before
the fáce of all peo- ple;
3. and to be the glóry of Thy . . . peo- ple Isra- el.
Luke 2: 29–32
ánd to . . . . the Ho- ly Ghost:
wórld with- - - - - out end. A- men.

35

NUNC DIMITTIS

Tone VII


2. ác- - - - - - - cord - ing to Thy word;

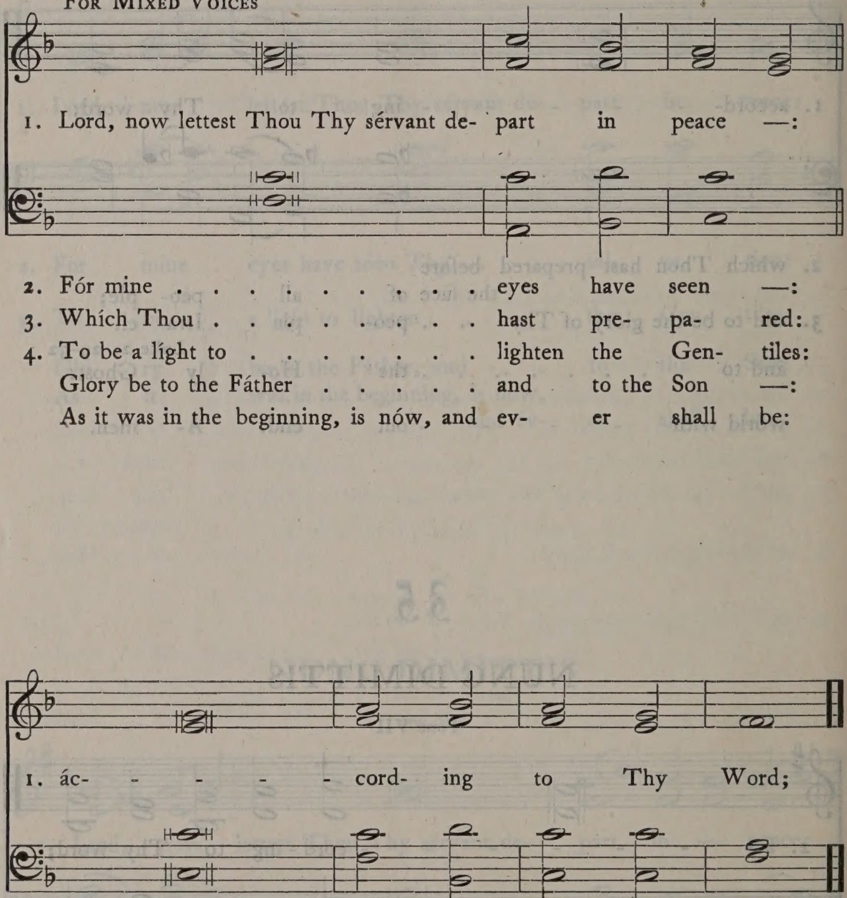
4. which Thou hast prepared before the fáce of all peo- — ple.
6. and to be the glóry of Thy . . . . . peo- ple Is- ra- el.
Luke 2: 29–32
ánd . . . . to the Ho - ly Ghost;
wórld with- - - - - out — end. A- men.

36(i)

NUNC DIMITTIS

Tonus Regius

For Mixed Voices



1. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy sérvant de- part in peace —:
2. Fór mine . . . . eyes have seen —:
3. Whích Thou . . . . hast pre- pa- red:
4. To be a líght to . . . . lighten the Gen- tiles:
Glory be to the Fáther . . . . . . and to the Son —:
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and ev- er shall be:

1. ác- - - - - cord- ing to Thy Word;
2. Thý . . . . sal- va- — tion,
3. befóre the . . . . . . face of all — people;
4. and to be the glóry . . . of Thy peo- ple Israel.

Luke 2: 29–32

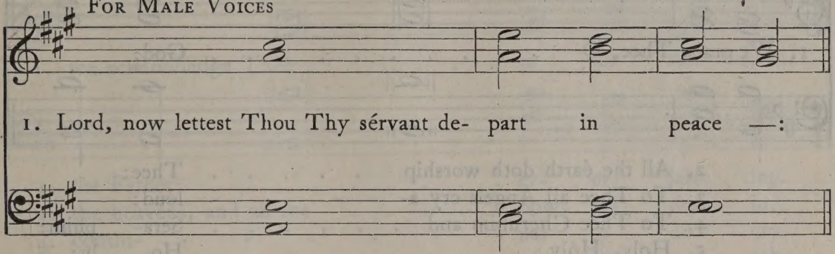
ánd . . . . to the Ho- ly Ghost;
wórld without . . . . end. — A- — men.

36(ii)

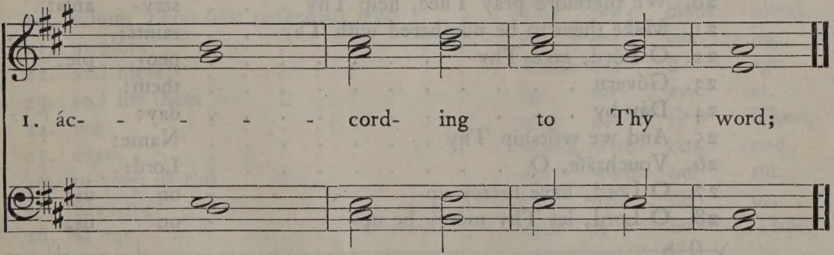
NUNC DIMITTIS

Tonus Regius

For Male Voices


1. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy sérvant de- part in peace —:

2. Fór mine . . . . eyes have seen —:
3. Whích Thou . . . . hast pre- par- ed:
4. To be a líght to . . . . lighten the Gen- tiles:
Glory be to the Fáther . . . . . . and to the Son —:
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and ev- er shall be:


1. ác- - - - - - cord- ing to Thy word;

2. Thy . . . . sal- va- — tion.
3. befóre the . . . . . . face of all — people;
4. and to be the glóry . . . of Thy peo- ple Israel.

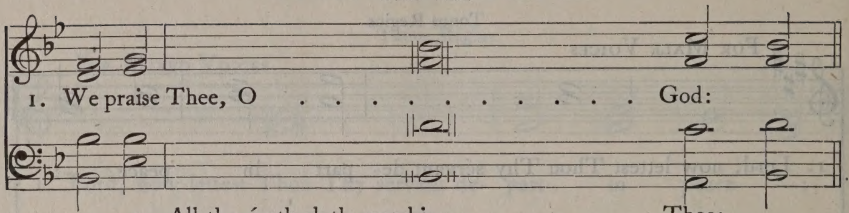
Luke 2: 29–32

ánd . . . . to the Ho- ly Ghost;
wórld without . . . . . end. — A- — men.

37

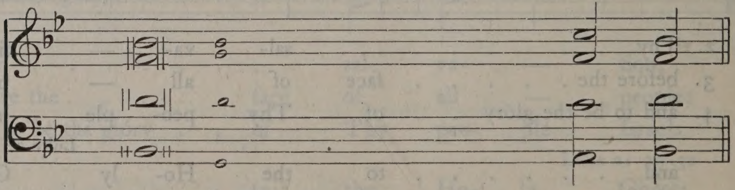
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Tone VIII



1. We praise Thee, O . . . . God:

2. All the éarth doth worship . . . . . . Thee:
3. To Thee all Ángels cry a- - - - loud:
4. To Thee Chérubim and . . . . Sera- phim:
5. Holy, Hóly, ... Ho- ly:
6. Heaven and éarth are full of the . . . . Majes- ty:
7. The glorious cómpany of the A- - - pos- tles:
8. The goodly féllowship of the . . . . . Proph- ets:
9. The noble ármy of . . . . Mar- tyrs:
10. The holy Chúrch throughout all the . . . world:
11. Thé . . . . Fa- ther:
12. Thine adórable . . . . true:
13. Álso the Holy . . . . Ghost:
14. Thóu art the King of . . . . Glo- ry:
15. Thóu art the everlasting . . . . Son:
16. When Thou tookest upon Thee to delíver . man:
17. When Thou hadst overcome the shárpness of death:
18. Thou sittest at the right hánd of . . . . God:
19. We belíeve that Thou shalt . . . . . . come:
20. We therefore pray Thee, hélp Thy . . . serv- ants:
21. Make them to be númbered with Thy . . saints:
22. O Lórd, save Thy . . . . peo- ple:
23. Góvern . . . . them:
24. Dáy by . . . . day:
25. And we wórship Thy . . . . Name:
26. Vouchsáfe, O . . . . Lord:
27. O Lord, have mércy up- - - - on us:
28. O Lord, let Thy mércy be up- - - on us:

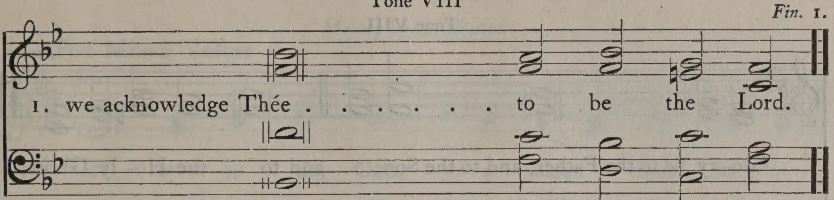


29. O Lord, in Thée have I . . . . . . trust- ed:

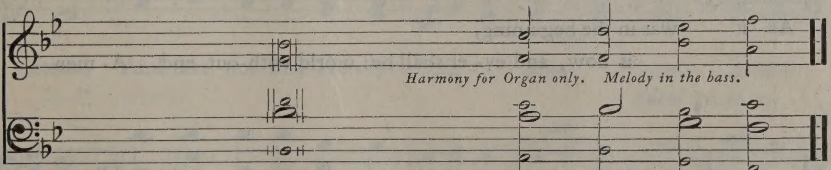
37

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Tone VIII



2. the Fáther . . . . ev- er- last- ing.
3. the héavens, and all the . . . . . . pow- ers there- in.
4. contín- - - - - - - ual- ly do cry.
5. Lord Gód . . . . of Sab- a- oth;
6. óf . . . . Thy glo- ry.
7. . . . . praise Thee.
8. . . . . praise Thee.
9. . . . . praise Thee.
10. dóth . . . . ac- knowl- edge Thee;
11. of an ínfin- - - - - - ite Maj- es- ty;
12. ánd . . . . on- - - ly Son;
13. thé . . . . Com- - - fort- er.
14. . . . . O Christ.
15. óf . . . . the Fa- ther.
16. Thou didst humble Thy self to be bórn . of a Vir- gin.
17. Thou didst open the kingdom of héaven to all be- liev- ers.
18. in the glóry . . . . of the Fa- ther.
19. tó . . . . be our Judge.
20. whom Thou hast redéemed with . . . Thy pre- cious blood.
21. in glóry . . . . ev- er- last- ing.
22. and bléss . . . . Thine her- it- age.
23. and líft them . . . . up for ev- er.
24. wé . . . . mag- ni- fy Thee;
25. éver . . . . world with- out end.
26. to kéep us this . . . . day with- out sin.
27. have mér- - - - - - cy up- on us.
28. ás our . . . . trust is in Thee.



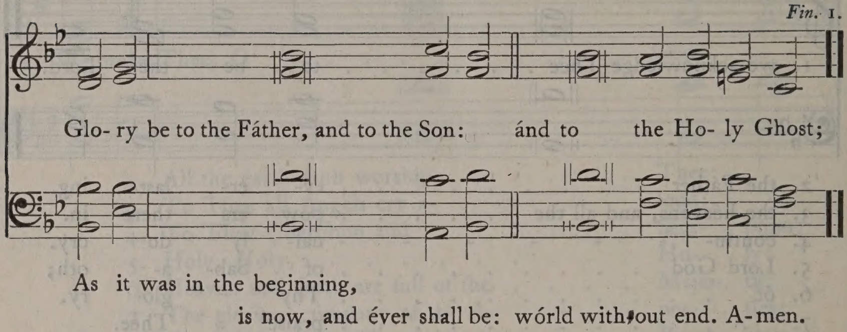
Harmony for Organ only. Melody in the bass.

29. let me néver . . . . be con- found- ed.

38

GLORIA PATRI

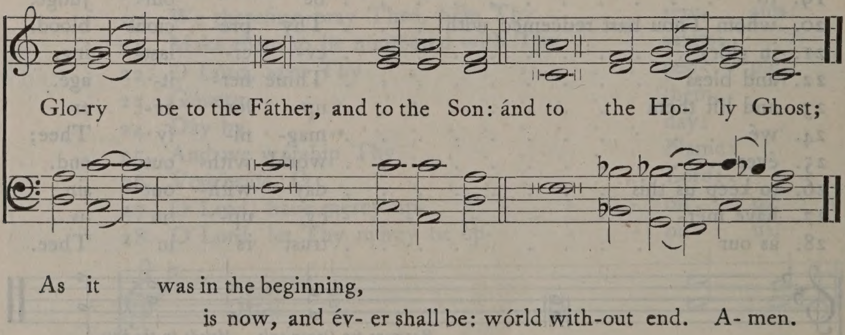
Tone VIII


Fin. I.
Glo- ry be to the Fáther, and to the Son: ánd to the Ho- ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and éver shall be: wórld without end. A-men.

39

GLORIA PATRI

Tone VI

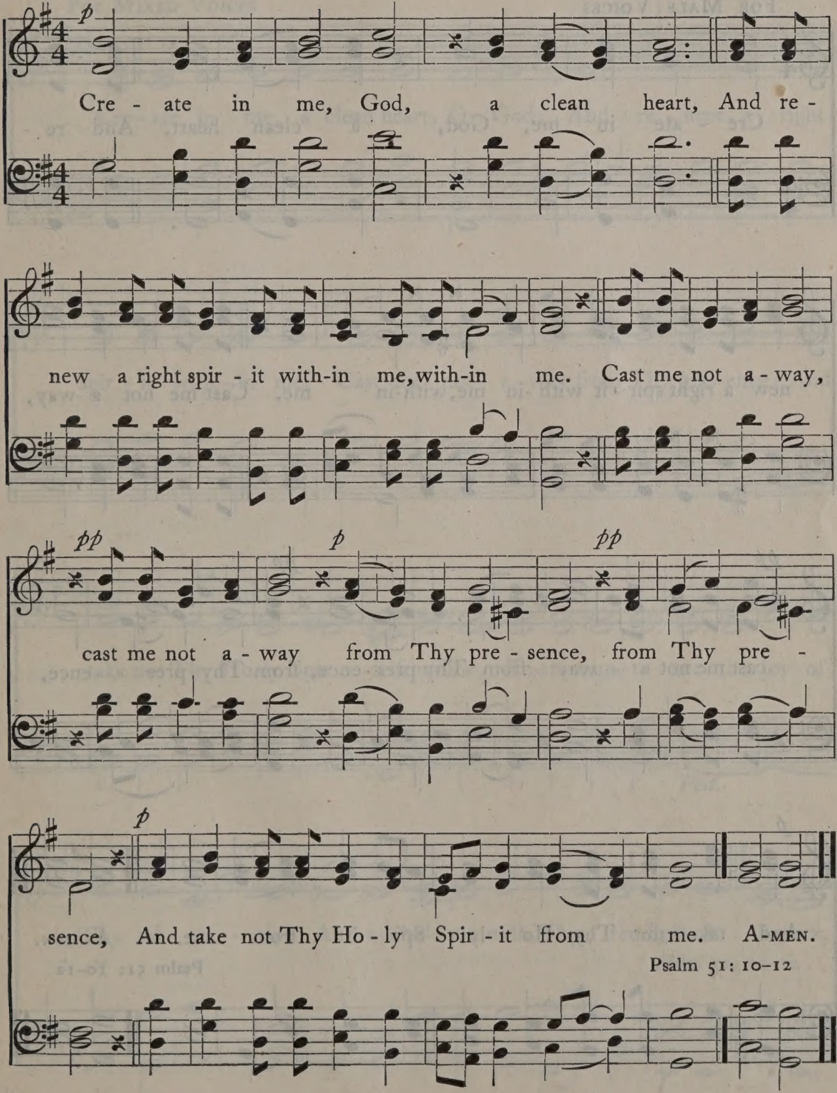

Glo-ry be to the Fáther, and to the Son: ánd to the Ho- ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and év- er shall be: wórld with-out end. A- men.

40(i)

OFFERTORIUM

Melody by G. Winer

For Mixed Voices


p
Cre - ate in me, God, a clean heart, And re -
new a right spir - it with-in me, with-in me. Cast me not a - way,
pp
p
pp
cast me not a - way from Thy pre - sence, from Thy pre -
p
sence, And take not Thy Ho - ly Spir - it from me. A-men.

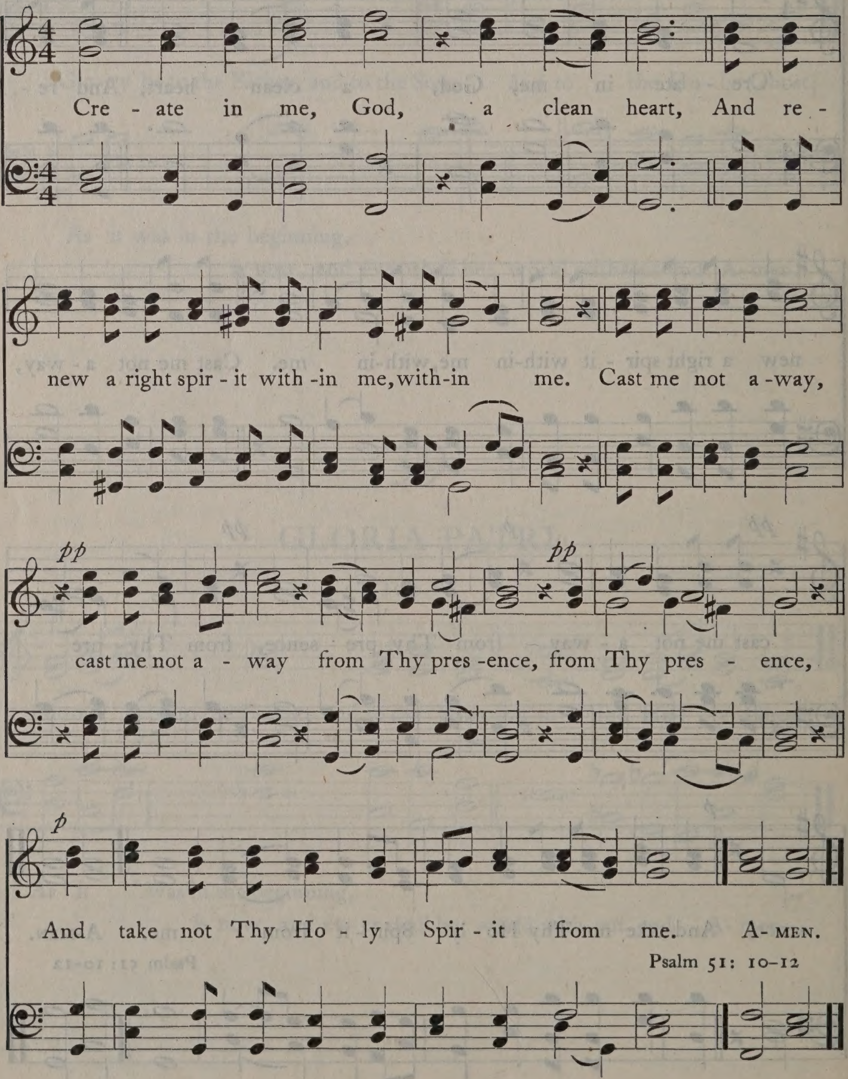
Psalm 51: 10–12

40(ii)

OFFERTORIUM

Melody by G. Winer

For Male Voices


Cre - ate in me, God, a clean heart, And re -
new a right spir - it with -in me, with-in me. Cast me not a -way,
pp
cast me not a - way from Thy pres -ence, from Thy pres - ence,
pp
p
And take not Thy Ho - ly Spir - it from me. A- men.

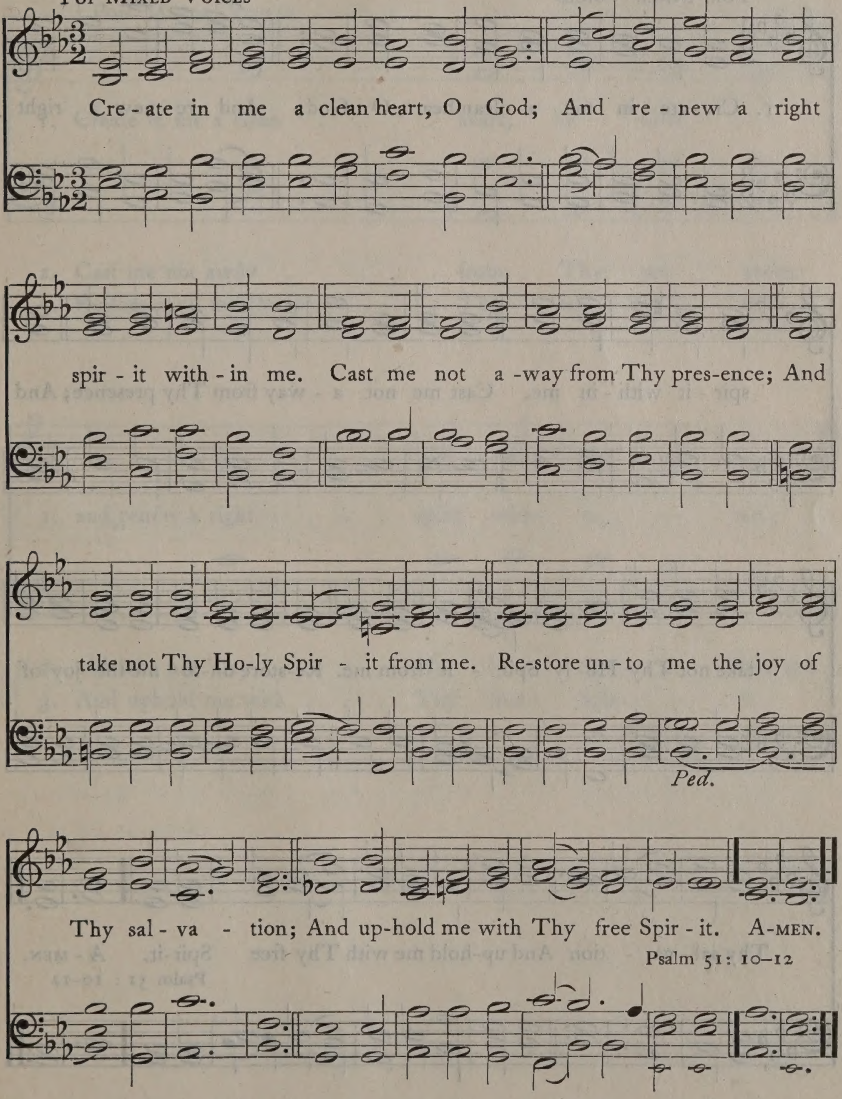
Psalm 51: 10–12

41 (i)

OFFERTORIUM

Harriet R. Krauth Spaeth, 1845–1925. From J. A. Freylinghausen, 1670–1739

For Mixed Voices


Cre - ate in me a clean heart, O God; And re - new a right
spir - it with - in me. Cast me not a -way from Thy pres-ence; And
take not Thy Ho-ly Spir - it from me. Re-store un - to me the joy of
Ped.
Thy sal - va - tion; And up-hold me with Thy free Spir - it. A-men.

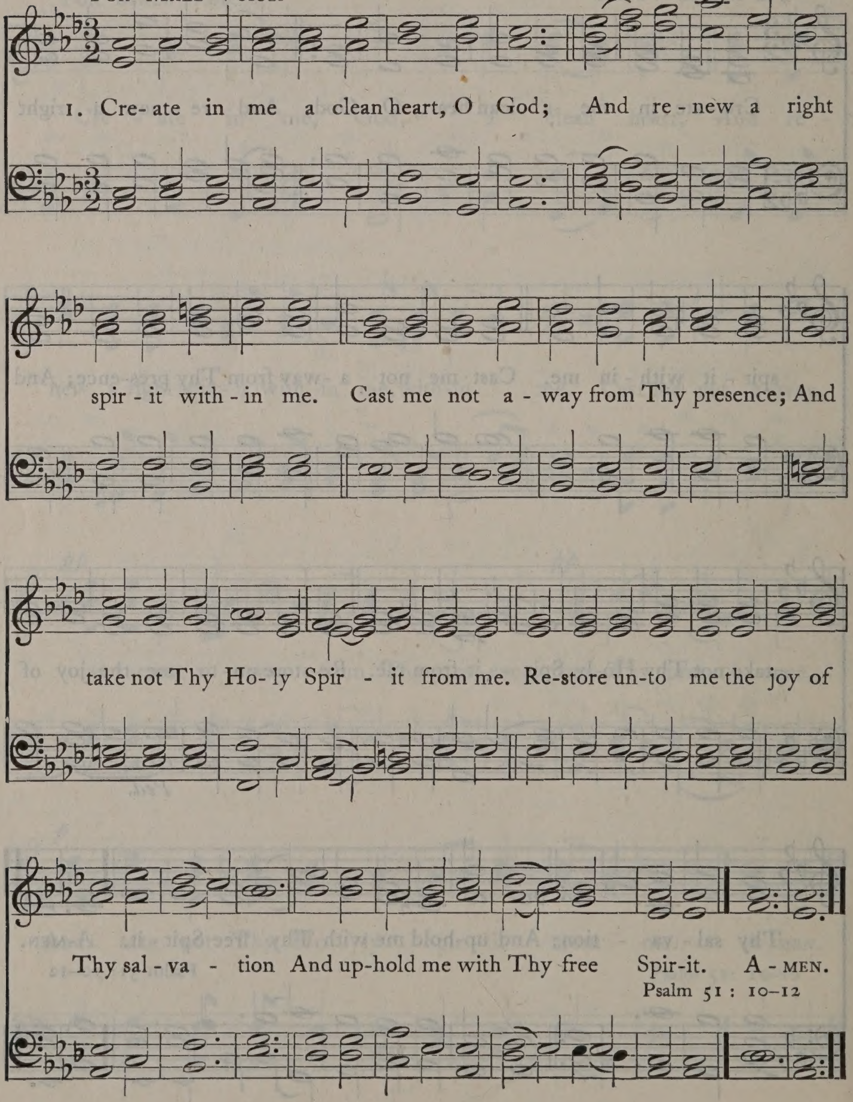
Psalm 51: 10–12

41 (ii)

OFFERTORIUM

Harriet R. Krauth Spaeth, 1845–1925. From J. A. Freylinghausen, 1670–1739

For Male Voices

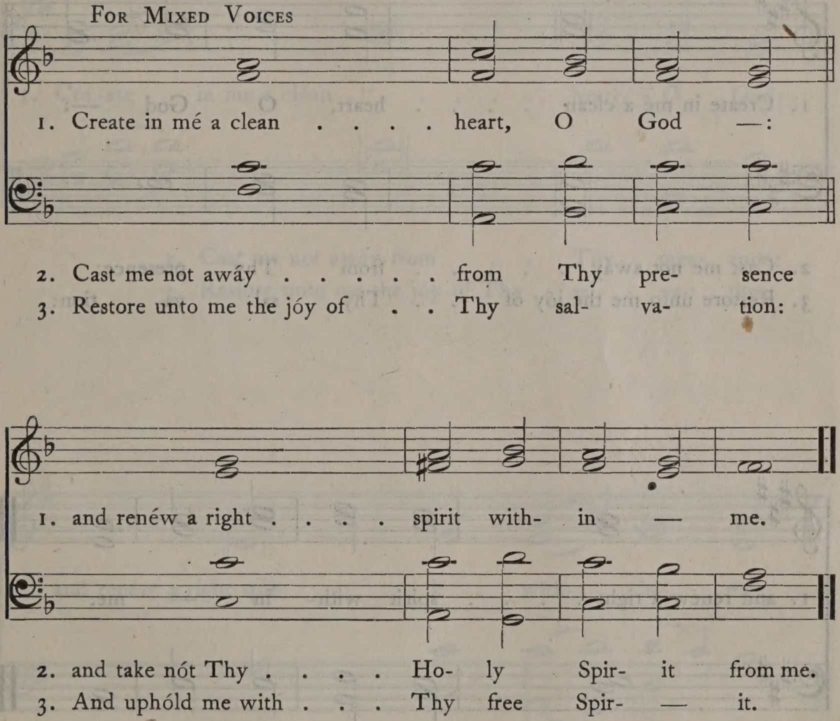

1. Cre-ate in me a clean heart, O God; And re-new a right
spir-it with-in me. Cast me not a-way from Thy presence; And
take not Thy Ho-ly Spir - it from me. Re-store un-to me the joy of
Thy sal-va - tion And up-hold me with Thy free Spir-it. A-men.

Psalm 51 : 10–12

42(i)

OFFERTORIUM

Tonus Regius


For Mixed Voices
1. Create in mé a clean . . . . . heart, O God —:
2. Cast me not awáy . . . . . . from Thy pre- sence
3. Restore unto me the jóy of . . Thy sal- va- tion:
1. and renéw a right . . . . . spirit with- in — me.
2. and take nót Thy . . . . . Ho- ly Spir- it from me.
3. And uphóld me with . . . . Thy free Spir- — it.

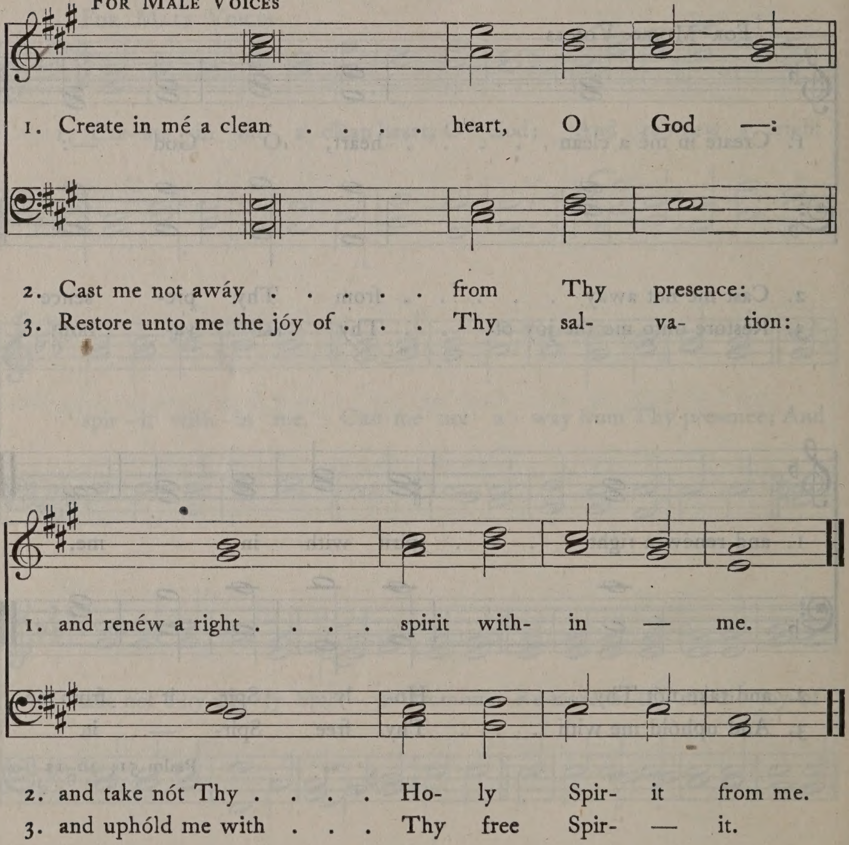
Psalm 51: 10–12

42 (ii)

OFFERTORIUM

Tonus Regius

For Male Voices

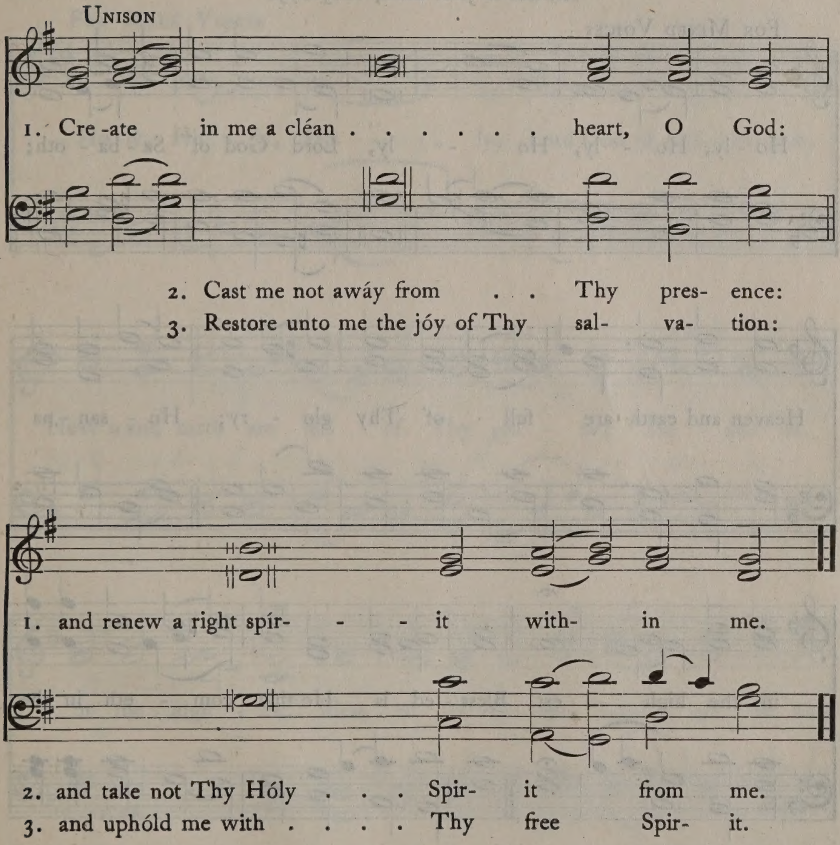

1. Create in mé a clean . . . . . heart, O God —:
2. Cast me not awáy . . . . . . from Thy presence:
3. Restore unto me the jóy of . . . . Thy sal- va- tion:
1. and renéw a right . . . . . spirit with- in — me.
2. and take nót Thy . . . . . Ho- ly Spir- it from me.
3. and uphóld me with . . . . Thy free Spir- — it.

Psalm 51: 10–12

43

OFFERTORIUM

Tone VI


Unison
1. Cre -ate in me a cléan . . . . . . heart, O God:
2. Cast me not awáy from . . . Thy pres- ence:
3. Restore unto me the jóy of Thy sal- va- tion:
1. and renew a right spír- - - it with- in me.
2. and take not Thy Hóly . . . Spir- it from me.
3. and uphóld me with . . . . Thy free Spir- it.

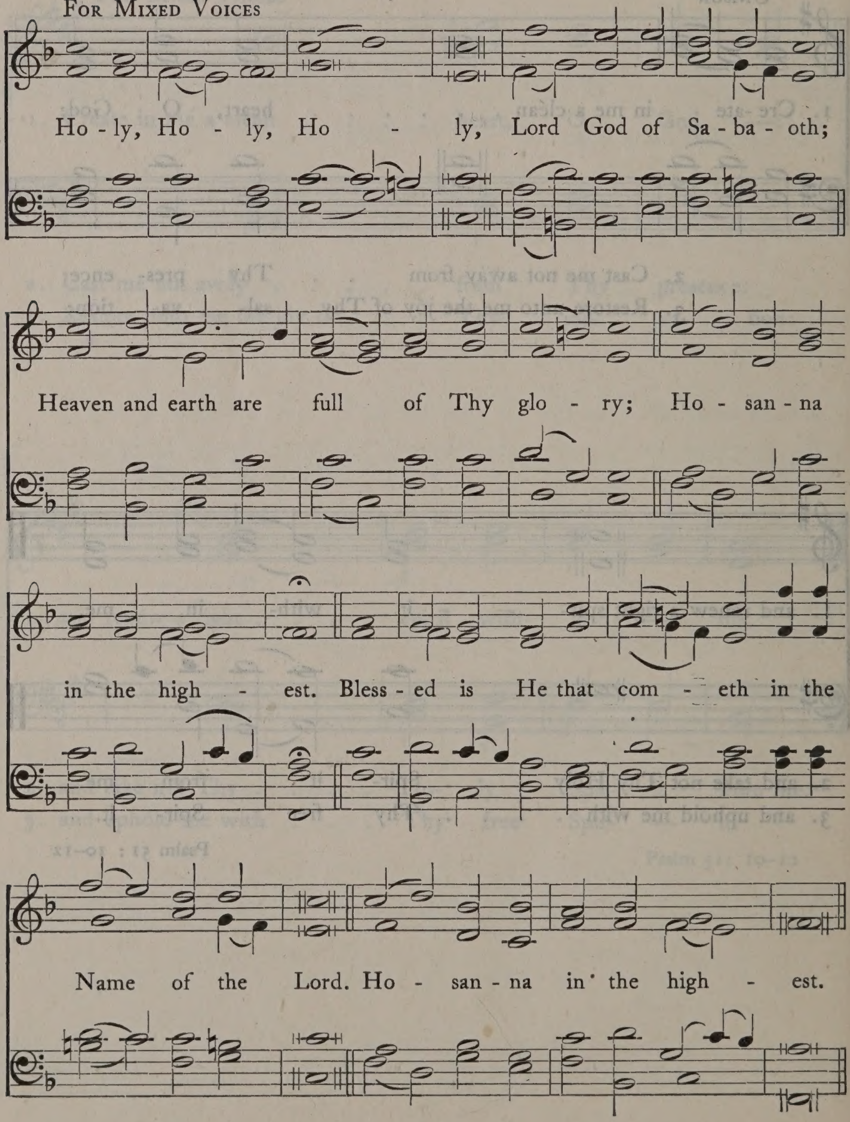
Psalm 51 : 10–12

44 (i)

THE SANCTUS

Ascribed to J. S. Bach, 1685–1750

For Mixed Voices

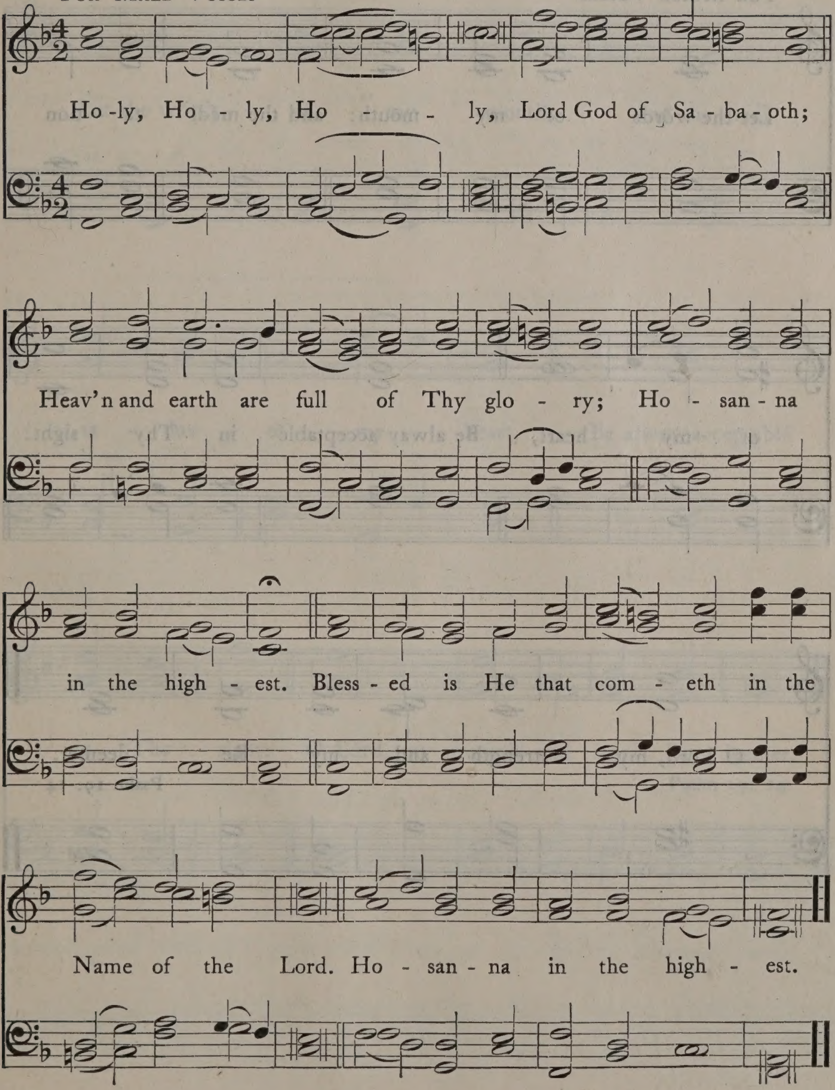

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth;
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - ry; Ho - san - na
in the high - est. Bless - ed is He that com - eth in the
Name of the Lord. Ho - san - na in the high - est.

44 (ii)

THE SANCTUS

Ascribed to J. S. Bach, 1685–1750

For Male Voices

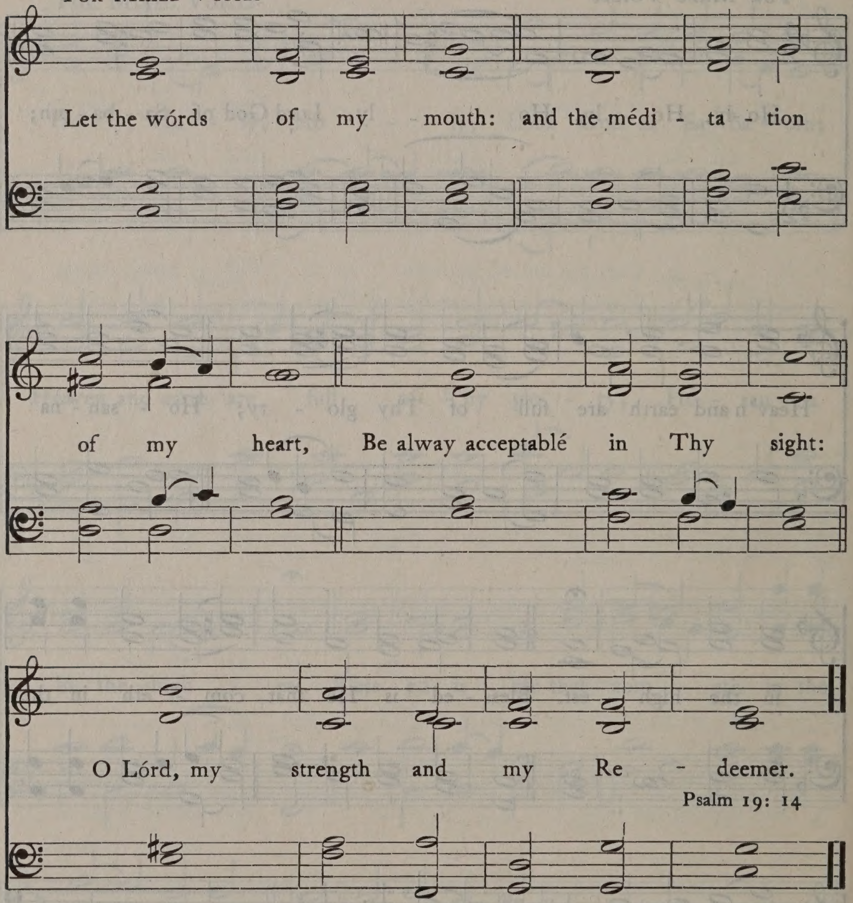

Ho-ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth;
Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry; Ho - san - na
in the high - est. Bless - ed is He that com - eth in the
Name of the Lord. Ho - san - na in the high - est.

45 (i)

CHANT AFTER THE PRAYER

Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896

For Mixed Voices


Let the wórds of my mouth: and the médi - ta - tion
of my heart, Be alway acceptablé in Thy sight:
O Lórd, my strength and my Re - deemer.

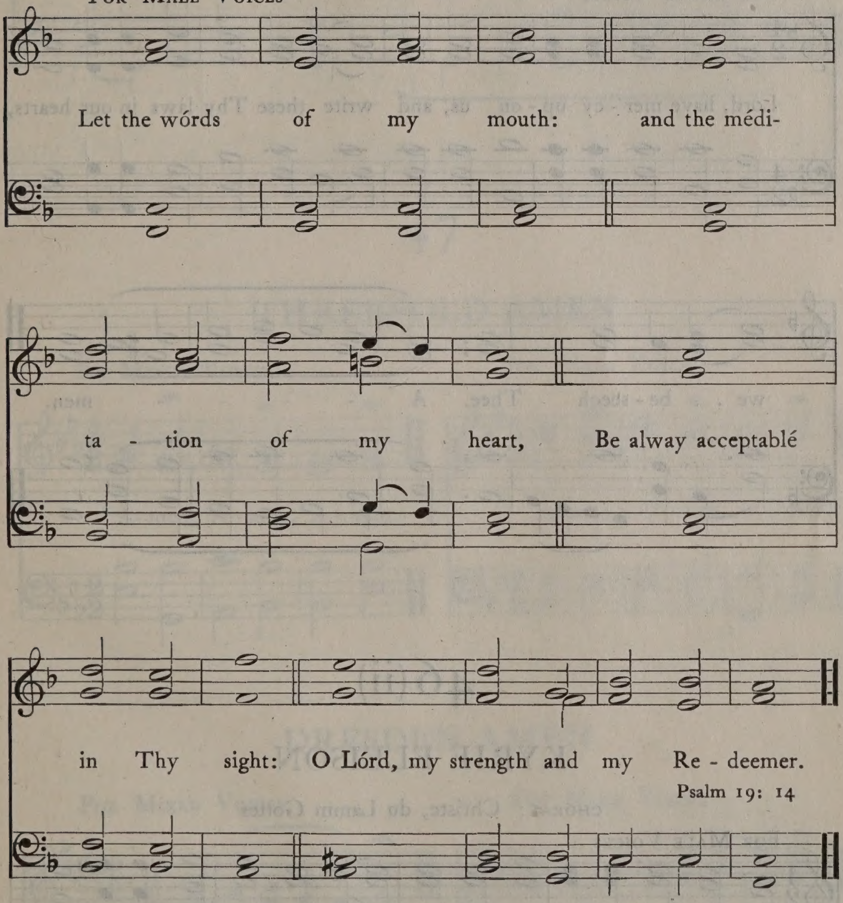
Psalm 19: 14

45 (ii)

CHANT AFTER THE PRAYER

Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896

For Male Voices


Let the wórds of my mouth: and the médi-
ta - tion of my heart, Be alway acceptablé
in Thy sight: O Lórd, my strength and my Re - deemer.

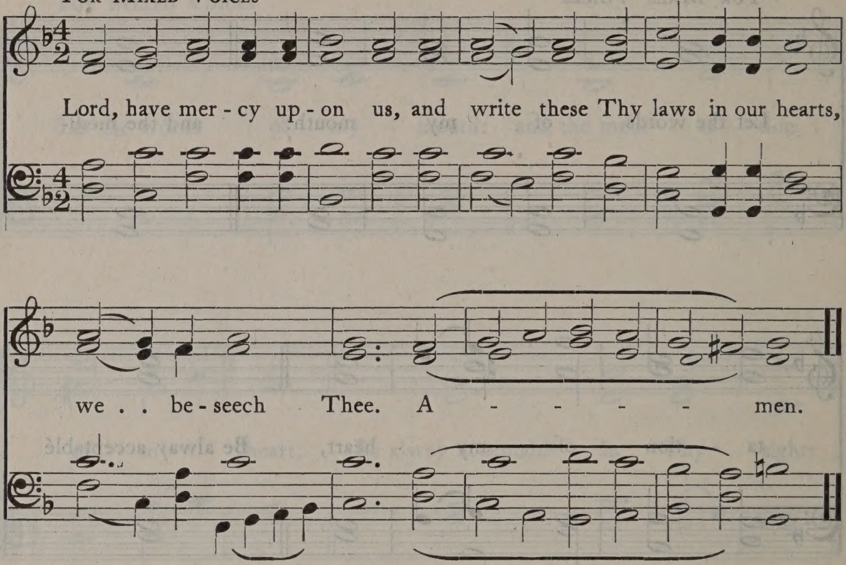
Psalm 19: 14

46(i)

KYRIE ELEISON

CHORAL: Christe, du Lamm Gottes

For Mixed Voices

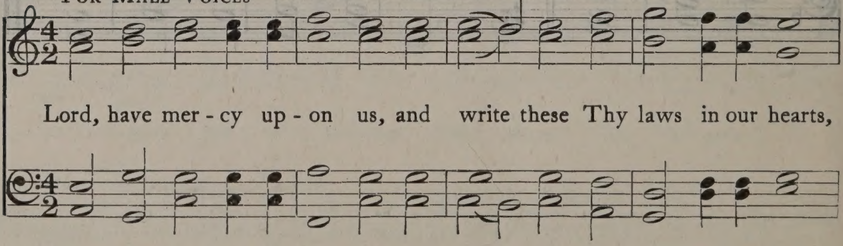

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write these Thy laws in our hearts,
we . . be - seech Thee. A - - - - men.

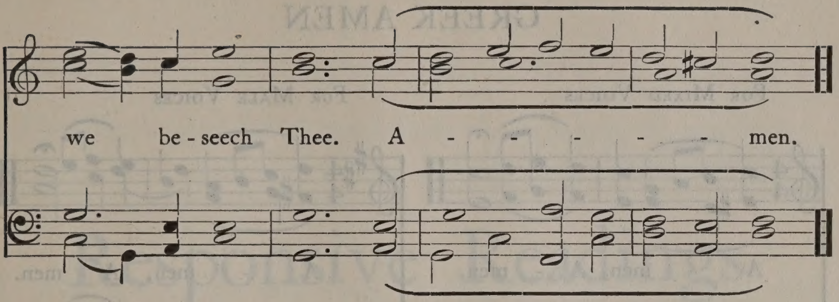
46(ii)

KYRIE ELEISON

CHORAL: Christe, du Lamm Gottes

For Male Voices

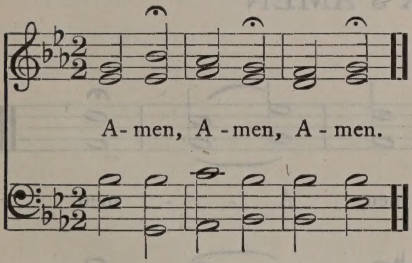

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write these Thy laws in our hearts,


we be - seech Thee. A - - - - - men.

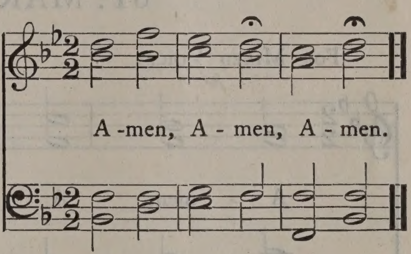
47

THREEFOLD AMEN

For Mixed Voices

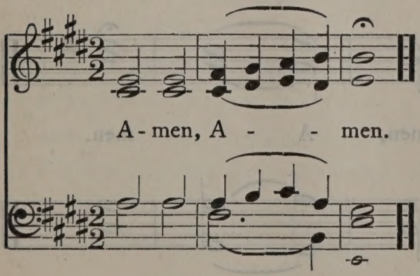

A- men, A -men, A - men.

For Male Voices

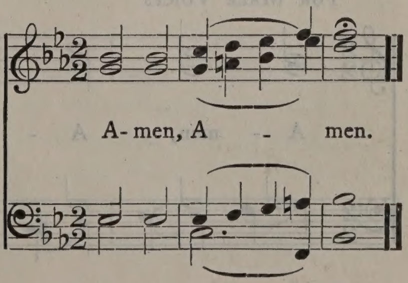

A -men, A - men, A - men.

DRESDEN AMEN

For Mixed Voices



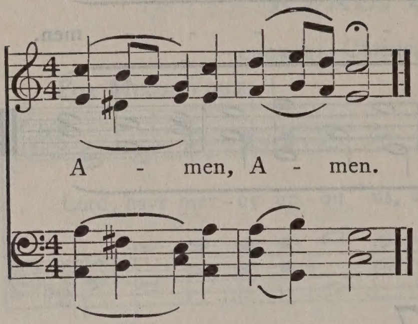
For Male Voices



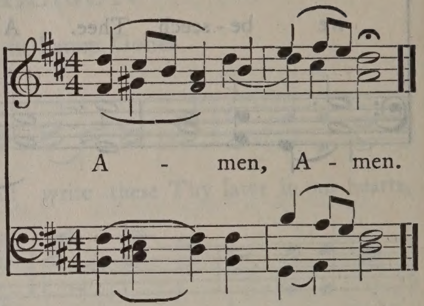
Amens

GREEK AMEN

For Mixed Voices

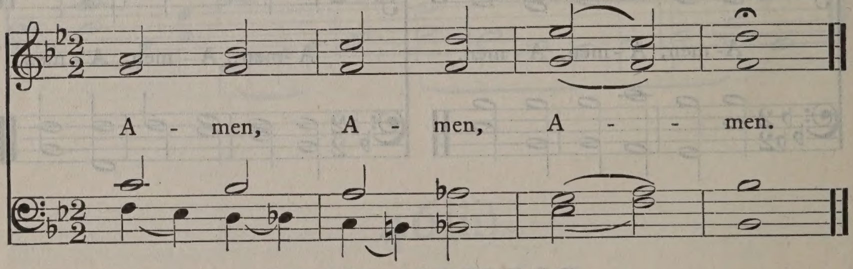


For Male Voices

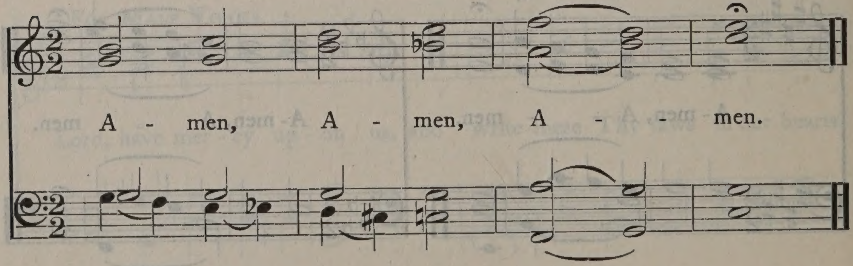


ST. MARK'S AMEN

For Mixed Voices


A - men, A - men, A - - men.

For Male Voices


A - men, A - men, A - - men.

Responsive Readings

The Responsive Readings follow the sequence of the books of the Bible.

1

I AM the LORD thy God; thou shalt have no other gods before me.

✠Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.

✠Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

✠Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

✠Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house.

✠Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

EXODUS XX, 1–17

2

ALL the commandments which I command thee this day shall ye observe to do, that ye may live, and multiply, and go in and possess the land which the LORD sware unto your fathers.

✠Therefore thou shalt keep the commandments of the LORD thy God, to walk in his ways, and to fear him.

For the LORD thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills;

✠A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates, a land of oil-olive, and honey;

A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

✠When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.

Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes, which I command thee this day:

✠Lest when thou hast eaten, and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein;

And when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied;

✠Then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage;

Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water:

✠Who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint;

Who fed thee in the wilderness with manna, which thy fathers knew not, that he might humble thee, and that he might prove thee, to do thee good at thy latter end:

✠And thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth.

But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth, that he may establish his covenant which he sware unto thy fathers, as it is this day.

DEUTERONOMY VIII, 1, 6–18

3

BUT where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?

✠Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith: It is not with me.

✠It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

✠The gold and the crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

✠The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

✠Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

✠God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven;

✠To make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure.

When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder;

✠Then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

JOB XXVIII, 12–28

4

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

✠But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

✠The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

✠For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM I, 1–6

5

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

✠Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

✠Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the ends of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun. Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

✠His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.

✠The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

✠More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover, by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

✠Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

✠Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

PSALM XIX, 1–14

6

THE LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

✠He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

✠Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:

For thou art with me; thy

rod and thy staff they comfort me.

✠Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

✠Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

PSALM XXIII, 1–6

7

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

✠The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

✠Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

✠For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;

✠I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

✠When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

✠When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

✠Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.

✠Wait on the LORD: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the LORD.

PSALM XXVII, 1–14

8

REJOICE in the LORD, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

✠Praise the LORD with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.

✠For the word of the LORD is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the LORD.

✠By the word of the LORD were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

✠Let all the earth fear the LORD: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

✠The LORD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the LORD standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

✠Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

PSALM XXXIII, 1–12

9

I WILL bless the LORD at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

✠My soul shall make her boast in the LORD: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the LORD with me, and let us exalt his name together.

✠I sought the LORD, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and

were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

✠This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

✠O taste and see that the LORD is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the LORD, ye his saints; for there is no want to them that fear him.

✠The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the LORD shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the LORD.

✠What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

✠Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the LORD are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

✠The face of the LORD is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the LORD heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

✠The LORD is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the LORD delivereth him out of them all.

✠He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

✠The LORD redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

PSALM XXXIV, 1–22

10

THY mercy, O LORD, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

✠Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep:

O LORD, thou preservest man and beast.

✠How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house;

✠And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

✠O continue thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee;

And thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

PSALM XXXVI, 5–10

11

THE steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.

✠Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

✠He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

✠For the Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints;

They are preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

✠The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

✠The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

PSALM XXXVII, 23–31

12

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

✠My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

✠When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

✠O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

✠Yet the LORD will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

✠As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM XLII, 1–11

13

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

✠Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

✠There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

✠The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The LORD of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

✠Come, behold the works of the LORD, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;

✠He breaketh the bow, and

cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

✠The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

PSALM XLVI, 1–11

14

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

✠Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight:

✠That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

✠Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

✠Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

✠Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

✠For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt-offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

PSALM LI, 1–4; 9–17

15

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

✠Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

✠For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

✠In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

✠Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

✠The days of our years are threescore years and ten;

And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

✠Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

✠Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

✠Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

✠And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us:

And establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

PSALM XC, 1–17

16

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

✠I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

✠He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

✠Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

✠Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation;

✠There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

✠They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

✠Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

✠With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

PSALM XCI, 1–16

17

BLESS the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

✠Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

✠Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

✠The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

✠The LORD is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

✠He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

✠As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the LORD pitieth them that fear him.

✠For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

✠For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

✠To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

✠Bless the LORD, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the LORD, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

✠Bless the LORD, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the LORD, O my soul.

PSALM CIII, 1–22

18

BLESS the LORD, O my soul. O LORD my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

✠Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

✠Who maketh his angels

spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

✠Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

✠They go up by the mountain; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

✠He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

✠By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

✠He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man:

That he may bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

✠The trees of the LORD are full of sap: the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.

✠The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.

He appointeth the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

✠Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

✠The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening.

✠O LORD, how manifold are

thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

PSALM CIV, 1–24

19

OH that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

✠For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron;

✠Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help.

✠Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

✠Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

PSALM CVII, 8–15

20

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

✠My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

✠The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

✠The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

PSALM CXXI, 1–8

21

OUT of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

✠Lord, hear my voice: thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

✠But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

✠My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say more than they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

✠And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

PSALM CXXX, 1–8

22

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and know me.

✠Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

✠For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

✠Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

✠If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

✠Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

✠Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day:

The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

✠Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

PSALM CXXXIX, 1–12, 23, 24

23

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

✠Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

✠One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

✠And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

✠The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.

✠All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

✠To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

✠The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

✠Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

✠The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

✠My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

PSALM CXLV, 1–21

24

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding:

✠For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

✠Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

✠She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath he established the heavens.

✠By his knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down the dew.

My son, let not them depart from thine eyes: keep sound wisdom and discretion:

✠So shall they be life unto thy soul, and grace to thy neck.

Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely and thy foot shall not stumble.

✠When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh.

✠For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.

PROVERBS III, 13–26

25

THE people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

✠For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder:

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

✠Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots:

✠And the spirit of the LORD shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the LORD;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the LORD: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

✠But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

✠The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;

And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

✠And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.

✠They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea.

ISAIAH IX, 2, 6, 7; XI, 1–9

26

THE wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

✠It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing:

The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon;

✠They shall see the glory of the LORD, and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

✠Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not:

Behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you.

✠Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

✠And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

✠No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there:—

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads:

✠They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

ISAIAH XXXV, 1–10

27

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned:

✠For she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

✠Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low:

And the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

✠And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry?

✠All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

✠The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain;

✠O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

Behold, the LORD God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him:

✠Behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

ISAIAH XL, 1–11

28

TO whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One.

✠Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the LORD, and my judgment is passed over from my God?

✠Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the LORD, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

✠Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles;

✠They shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

ISAIAH XL, 25–31

29

HOW beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

✠Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

✠The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

ISAIAH LII, 7–10

30

WHO hath believed our report?

✠And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness;

✠And when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:

✠And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows:

✠Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

✠The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

✠And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

✠He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

✠And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand.

✠He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death:

✠And he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

ISAIAH LIII, 1–12

31

HO, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat;

✠Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?

✠Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live;

✠And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

✠Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts:

✠And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

✠For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

✠So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace:

✠The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree:

✠And it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

ISAIAH LV, 1–13

32

IS not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

✠Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily:

✠And thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward.

Then shalt thou call, and the

LORD shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am.

ISAIAH LVIII, 6–9

33

ARISE, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee.

✠For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people:

But the LORD shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

✠And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee:

✠Thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.

Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged;

✠Because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron:

✠I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness.

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders;

✠But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.

The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee:

✠But the LORD shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself:

✠For the LORD shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.

✠A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the LORD will hasten it in his time.

ISAIAH LX, 1–5, 17–22

34

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

✠Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

✠Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

✠Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

✠Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

✠Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

ST. MATTHEW V, 3–12

35

AND Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,

✠And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

✠For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him, from generation to generation.

✠He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

✠He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy;

✠As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed, for ever.

ST. LUKE I, 46–55

36

BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people.

✠And hath raised up an horn of salvation for us, in the house of his servant David:

As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began:

✠That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;

To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant;

✠The oath which he sware to our father Abraham,

That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear,

✠In holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.

ST. LUKE I, 68–75

37

FOR as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

✠So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

✠Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching;

Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

✠Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.

✠Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

✠Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

✠Rejoice with them that do

rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

✠ Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

✠ Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the LORD.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

✠ Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

ROMANS XII, 4–21

38

RENDER therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour.

✠ Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.

For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

✠ Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.

And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep:

✠ For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.

✠ Let us walk honestly, as in the day: not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying.

But put ye on the LORD Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.

ROMANS XIII, 7–14

39

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

✠And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

✠Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

✠Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

✠Charity never faileth:

But whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tougues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

✠For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

✠When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child:

But when I became a man, I put away childish things.

✠For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face:

Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

✠And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

I CORINTHIANS XIII, 1–13

40

BRETHREN, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

✠Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

✠But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

For every man shall bear his own burden.

✠Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

✠For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption;

But he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

✠And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

GALATIANS VI, 1–10

41

FINALLY, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

✠Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

✠Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

✠And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

✠And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

EPHESIANS VI, 10–18

42

REJOICE in the LORD alway: and again I say, Rejoice.

✠Let your moderation be known unto all men. The LORD is at hand.

Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

✠And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report;

✠If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

PHILIPPIANS IV, 4–8

43

THEREFORE, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us,

✠And let us run with patience the race that is set before us,

Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith;

✠Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds.

✠Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin.

And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the LORD, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him:

✠For whom the LORD loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.

✠Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees;

And make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but let it rather be healed.

✠Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the LORD.

HEBREWS XII, 1–6, 11–14

44

BEHOLD, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God:

✠Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be:

✠My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.

And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him.

✠For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.

Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God.

✠And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight.

And this is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment.

✠And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him.

And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.

I JOHN III, 1–3, 18–24

45

BELOVED, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

✠He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the World, that we might live through him.

✠Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.

✠Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.

And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.

✠Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God.

And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us.

✠God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.

✠We love him, because he first loved us.

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

✠And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God, love his brother also.

I JOHN IV, 7–21

46

AND I saw a new heaven and a new earth.

✠For the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

✠And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things have passed away.

✠And I saw no temple therein: for the LORD God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

✠And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

✠And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

REVELATION XXI, 1–4, 22–27

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